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# THE LIFE BOAT;

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

IN THE INTEREST OF THE

CADETS AND OTHER YOUTHFUL ASSOCIATIONS OF A

LIKE NATURE.

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VOLUME IV.

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MONTREAL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

H. & G. M. ROSE, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

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A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

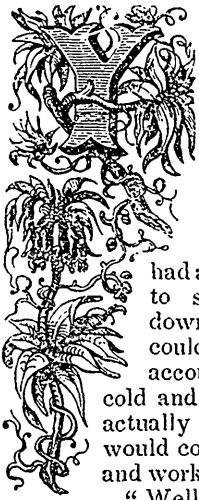
Vol. IV.

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1855.

No. 1.

REFORMED BY THE MAINE LAW.

BY G. F.



YOU are late this morning, Watson; what kept you so long? You know my business is very driving."

"I was quite unable to be here before, sir, and I had almost concluded to send my Billy down to tell you I could not come on account of a severe cold and headache; but actually I thought I would come to the store, and work it off, if I could."

"Well, you must be more punctual in future, or I shall employ another man to work for me. I have five orders from the country for liquors, late last evening, to be sent by this morning's train; but as you was not here, I could not get them ready; so you may roll them out to send this afternoon, as I expect Stevens here in about an hour to haul them to the depot."

Watson was a young man, about thirty, with a pretty, affectionate wife and two children; Billy, a

little blue-eyed, rosy cheeked promising boy of six, and Ellen, a daughter just entering her third year. Only a twelvemonth before, had death invaded their happy home, and snatched their second child Lucy, by his unrelenting agent, the croup!

The mother's heart still yearned for her departed; a shade of sorrow still rested on her fair brow, and her eyes once quite unused to tears, now frequently filled at the memory of her angel Lucy, or at the sight of the pretty toys and books which had so delighted the little one ere her departure to the spirit-world.

The winter was severe, and the times hard, and the father toiling at his labor from morning till night, seldom thought of his lost one, but directed his attention to the welfare of those who were left, dependent on his labor for support and protection from the inclemency of the weather.

He was in the employ of Mr. Randall as porter and jobber in his store. Mr. R. was an extensive wholesale dealer in wines and liquors; and was constantly supplying city retailers, as well as country merchant's with large quantities

of the article. How many widows and fatherless children have been made by the streams of liquid death which issued from Mr. Randall's store—Eternity alone can reveal!

Watson had been in his present situation nearly a year, and had, until about the time at which our story commences, been esteemed a sober and industrious man. But after he was installed in Mr. Randall's establishment, he was frequently in the practice of tasting a little wine, and by constantly handling the bewitching beverage, had contracted quite a desire for stimulating drink, and as his employer did not prohibit, but sometimes invited him to take a glass after doing a heavy job, he thought it was certainly no harm, neither for a moment did he reflect that those slight indulgences would, if continued, be the means of plunging himself, and more than that, his lovely family, into disgrace and ruin.

As a natural consequence, Watson had acquaintances among the liquor selling *gentry*, that class of sellers who lure the inexperienced and susceptible youth into their infernal dens by showey fixtures, glaring curtains, and beautiful signs with some curious device, or sentimental name emblazoned thereon, as though it directed the observer to a place of real enjoyment and pleasure, unfolded by pain. Alas, how deceitful! How fatal temptation which is so often, and in so many ways presented to the eye! Verily they lead to the "chamber of death."

At such places, as I have described, would Watson after a hard days work, meet with five or six others to sip a friendly glass, or in other words to have a kind of jollification.

When a man commences a career of dissipation he can hardly control

his appetite, so that he almost invariably travels downward, until the inebriate's grave receives his bloated and enfeebled form. Hence, total abstinence is the only sure refuge from intemperance.

The evening before the conversation detailed in the opening of our story, Watson had met a few companions at a small drinking saloon, and having been induced to imbibe more freely than usual, it was with much difficulty that he reeled home at a late hour. His wife was anxiously waiting for him, and was only too glad, when he returned to censure him for his long absence, or reprove him for drinking, as it was impossible for her to be ignorant of the fact that he was in liquor. Poor Mary Watson! How is thy happiness turned to gall! What wretchedness fills thy home, and what despairing thoughts displace thy bright hopes!

He awoke at a late hour in the morning with eyes swollen, head throbbing, and heart sinking, for he had slept off his intoxication, and felt ashamed to meet his wife, who had been up two hours.—It was well for his children that they were in bed before he came home; well that they were not aware of their father's degradation, else they would have been frightened at his changed appearance, and shunned the presence of him whom they loved, as only innocent children can love. These were thoughts which rushed impetuously into his mind, and made him shrink with loathing as he viewed himself in the mirror of the inebriate.

He knew Mr. Randall would be impatient, so dressing himself hastily, and he kissed Mary and the children, as if to make amends in part for his last night's carousal, and silently hurried to the store. It was the first time he had incurred Mr. Randall's displeasure, and the

severe and earnest tone of his employer pierced him to the quick; but he could say nothing to the palliation of his offence, and feeling somewhat humbled, he made no reply except what has been repeated, but commenced rolling out a score or two of casks and barrels, and filling huge demijohns, and before the truckman arrived, the liquors were ready to be taken to the depot.

Watson could not bear the thought of being thrown out of employment, for how could he then purchase bread and fuel, and clothing for his dependent family? With this thought he inwardly resolved to be more careful in future, and curb the desire which had already become so dangerous to his welfare and peace.

About this time petitions were circulated, asking the Legislature for a law to suppress the liquor traffic. The "Sons" and the "Watchmen" agitated the subject vigorously. Large and enthusiastic meetings were held and arguments were presented, sufficient in themselves to convince any person of the evil of the traffic. Newspapers teemed with articles in favor of, and in opposition to the law, but the wholesalers thrust their hands into their well filled pockets, and laughed at what they believed to be a futile attempt of the "*cussed ramrods*." The retailers only plied the toddystick the faster, and with the tinkling sound drew around them their besotted customers by dozens and scores.

Of course it is not to be supposed that Mr. Randall, a wholesaler, a man of respectable standing in society, and withal a member of the city government, could be persuaded to relinquish a business so prolific of gain as liquor selling. It was enough for him that his liquors yielded an immense profit, and

what cared he for the consequences, as long as folks were "fools enough to get drunk?" "I am not my brother's keeper," is the exclamation of many a hypocrite, who wrapped up in this garb of irresponsibility, deals out ruin and destruction to his fellowmen.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of Watson's career in intemperance for six months, of his negligence and carelessness in the store, of Randall's anger, and his turning the "drunken rascal" into the street; nor will I portray the scene which happened that night in the family of the Watsons when the father, in a state of maddening intoxication, staggered home to his now almost heart-broken wife and frightened children. Suffice it to say, that his descent was rapid, and the wretchedness of his family extreme.

It was a beautiful morning in June, 1851, that Watson might have been seen sauntering listlessly down — street to get his morning dram, his bloated countenance and tattered garments indicating that he had already sank low in the grade of intemperance — and his uncertain, tottering step that he had "tarried long at the bowl" on the previous evening.

As he was thus moving along, a familiar voice hailed him from a by lane, with "Watson, old covy, how are you this mornin'?"

"Oh, reg'lar as a tea-party, but these cobwebs in my throat are mighty ticklish."

"Well 'ave you heard the news; I mean the news from 'Gusta?"

"No, what news?"

"Why, man, them blasted ramrods 'ave passed a law agin liquor, and the 'olesalers, down in — street, are clearin' out their stores and sending it to Boston, and the Mayor has gin out word th. t unless



it is all cleared out in a fortnight, he'll take care of it himself."

"Well, I'll be soaked if that aint news to me: but never mind, I must have a drink, sart'n. Come let's go down to Butler's and get some brandy toddy, for I feel rather nervous after hearin' sich news as you tell me."

Watson proceeded down town, and found it just as his comrade had told him. The liquor sellers were in a great panic. Some cursed the law as unconstitutional, and defied the powers of the State, swearing to defend his property against seizure. The more discreet, who knew the law would be enforced, at all hazards, immediately disposed of their stock of liquors, and quietly, though reluctantly, complied with its requisitions.

Unable to procure any liquor, about 12 o'clock, Watson turned towards home, quite disappointed at not getting a "little something to clear out the cobwebs," and feeling a queer sensation at the stomach on account of not having his regular stimulus.

When he arrived home, he found that his wife had already been informed of the sudden revolution in the city, and her joy at the news with his own sober and rational feelings, conduced to make him in pretty good humor, with himself and family. In fact he felt inwardly gratified that he had returned sober to his family for the first time in many weeks, and he noticed with some pleasure, at least, the happiness of his wife while talking about the "glorious law," for women can appreciate the blessings of good laws, when men complain and condemn them as tyrannical and unjust.

That day Watson did not drink any, and when he came home at

night, he saw the smile of joy on his wife's countenance and his children springing to meet him—for their mother had told them the news, and said "she hoped father wouldn't drink any more,"—he felt more and more pleased with himself, and thought that the law might be a good one after all.

When the news from Augusta first reached Mr. Randall, he stormed and raved wildly about the "d—d ramrod Legislature," and swore he would shoot the first man who would attempt to seize his liquors with a warrant; but when the time had expired in which the dealers were expected to clear their stores of the proscribed article, and the City Marshal, with three efficient members of his staff, appeared at Mr. Randall's store to take his liquors, into custody, he did not object to their proceedings, nor hinder them from performing their duty, though he involuntarily clenched his fist, and ground his teeth with rage, and mentally repeated some awful words implying revenge, in which we may suppose the whole city government were involved.

As it happened, however, he could not help it, and so he vented his spleen in cursing the "Temperance men" who had been so instrumental in bringing his business to a close. He locked up his store, and after a few minutes walk, he found himself in the store of Mr. Haskell, a corn and flour dealer. Mr. Haskell was not a member of any Temperance Society, yet as a rational and good citizen, he had long been opposed to the liquor traffic. He was, moreover, a friend to the law, and he had just been apprised of Mr. Randall's loss, he was in a pretty fair humor to converse with him on the incidents of the morning.

The merchants exchanged salu-

tations, and shook hands, when the following colloquy ensued.

"How go the times with you to-day, friend Randall?"

"The *times!* curse such times as these, I say, when a man cannot pursue an honest business without being harassed and hunted down by these miserable dogs of the *law!*"

"Ah, what has happened to put you in such ill humor?"

"Why, my liquors have been taken and locked up in the market house, and the ramrods are almost tickled to death, blast 'em! that they have the privilege of smashing in the heads of my barrels and turning my brandy into the streets. If it was only their own heads that get smashed, I shouldn't care a fig."

"Well, the law must be obeyed," said Haskell, "though I don't see as you are essentially damaged, as I presume you have money enough to set up again in any good business which offers."

"Yes, indeed, I can command eight thousand at any moment, but I should have to delve half a dozen years to clear as much as I have made in as many months at liquor selling."

"Ay, that may be true, but a clear conscience is some remuneration, and if you don't make quite as much money, perhaps, you will find a profitable investment after all."

"Don't prate to me about conscience! It is very scarce, I should think, in this market, and it would take a great deal to make me feel very rich!"

"Come, come, don't be angry, I meant no offence: but as you are now out of business, I wish to make you a proposal; I want a partner in trade. Will you accept the chance? My business is first rate and constantly increasing."

Randall said nothing for several

minutes. At length he looked up and said:

"Well, I am much obliged to you, friend Haskell, but as I feel somewhat out of sorts, I should like to think of it a while. I will call to-morrow morning and let you know my decision."

The next morning Mr. Randall called on Mr. Haskell and informed him that he had concluded to accept his offer, and was ready to put five thousand dollars into the business. The necessary arrangement was accordingly drawn up, and Mr. Randall was duly installed as Mr. Haskell's partner.

One morning, about two months after the occurrence above named, Mr. Randall had been on the wharf to attend to a consignment of flour which had just arrived. Since his connection with Mr. Haskell, he had rented his store for a good price, and everything was going on swimmingly. Law had triumphed—Temperance and order had taken the place of drunkenness and brawling. The merchant had noticed this favorable change and had begun to be convinced of the utility of the law. As he was walking back to the store, he encountered at the end of the street a well dressed porter carrying a large bundle of goods, whom he immediately recognized as Watson.

"Ha, is that you Watson? But how is this? Quite changed since I last saw you. Plenty of business, I presume."

"Yes, sir, plenty of work, and good wages. You know that since the law was passed, we poor men that used to get drunk, can't get liquor, and the consequence is, we are steady—have work enough—our families in good trim, and we feel better every way.

"Since I left off drinking I have earned seventy-five dollars, and

have a good chance in a dry goods store, I was nearly ruined by drinking, and I see now how narrowly I was rescued from a drunkard's grave. I am proposed to join the "Sons" and expect to be initiated next Friday evening."

"Well, Watson, I wish you good luck. But I am in a hurry, so good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

The merchant had seen enough, and as he walked along he resolved to make a confession, as soon as he got to the store.

"This Temperance law is doing a good thing, Haskell. I declare I am astonished at the change. I just met Watson, who was my porter last winter, and drank so badly I had to turn him off. He says he has not drunk any since the law came into effect, has plenty of work, family all in good trim, and prospects good. It must be the Liquor Law, for I am satisfied that nothing else could have restrained him from drinking."

"Or you from selling?" jokingly interrupted Haskell.

"Ay, ay, you are right. I was greatly mistaken in supposing my business was respectable or useful to society. You are correct, I must confess, in your remarks about the reward of an approving conscience. In fact, I have seen so much of the good effects of the Maine Law that I believe I am quite a Temperance Man."

#### THE FOOLISHNESS OF INTEMPERANCE.

**O**UR next door neighbors were in an unusually excited state a few nights ago. They are, on the whole, a very quiet family, and very neighborly. On that night, however, there was quite a little disturbance raised among them, and I think you will exclaim, "no wonder!" when you learn the

cause. It was this: the master of the house, a very good natured, easy going man, had actually come home tipsy, and had become quite unmanageable for a time, doing some most "out of the way" things, as they were called, and acting altogether very foolishly. My own thought is, that he was vexed with himself, as it seems that he had never come home in such a plight before, and the exciting and stupefying drink made him express his vexation so unpleasantly and oddly.

It seems he had had a good deal of money in his pocket as he set out for home, and that actually, in the midst of his furious excitement, he had taken it out in handfuls, and scattered it in all directions.

What a fool that drink did make him! and yet how like that mad squandering of his money is the act of every sinner, who, in the commission of one sin, squanders

"Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind."

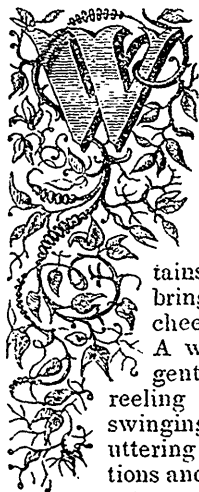
Well, if my neighbor had refused to touch, taste or handle strong drink, he would have been saved from so befooling himself. "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."—Prov. xxiii. 29, 30.

#### THE MOST WORTHY PATRIARCH.

**S**L. TILLEY, Esq., the acting Most Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance, who resides in St. John, New Brunswick, has lately been elected to the responsible post of Provincial Secretary of that Province. This is the chief office in the Ministry, and is one of high responsibility. Mr. Tilley is a self-made man. Only a few years ago he was a quiet

Druggist; he joined the Sons of Temperance, and was found to have a gift for speech making, and from speaking in the Division room, took to the field and public platform, where he was most effective; was elected to Parliament on the Maine Law issue; last June was elected M. W. P. of the S. of T., and has been elevated to the honorable post of Secretary of State of his native Province.—*Utica Tectotaller.*

"BUT ARE YOU NOT MY DEAR HUSBAND?"



WE were passing from our quiet lodgings in Craven Street, toward the Strand, in London, when we witnessed one of those scenes which open the foun-

tains of feeling, and bring a blush to the cheek of humanity.

A well clad, intelligent looking man was reeling down the street, swinging his arms, and uttering horrid imprecations and oaths. A delicate woman, with a pale, anxious, agonized face, was clinging to him, apparently with the purpose of steadying his steps, and leading him to his home. Perhaps she had sought him, after a sleepless night, at the place of his debauch, to claim the remains of the being she once loved with all a woman's tenderness, and still cherished, even in his degradation. As we passed the pitiable group, we heard her exclaim in tones that seemed to have been wrung from the yielding fibres of a breaking heart, "But are you not my dear husband?"

Poor daughter of sorrow! you have no husband left. That mind which used to command your respect and admiration is in ruins. That generous heart which once blended with yours, and whose warm affections made your young life sunny and glad, is turned into bitterness. That manly form, on which you were wont to lean is paralyzed. The destroyer has done his work: a living death has seized the partner of your life. You are a widow—nay, worse than widowed. What fiend hath wrought this change? Who turned that abode of peace into a carnival of devils? Who made that home a hell? Who caused that group of children to dread the step and to shun the bleared eye of the father that begot them? Who drew that mother from her family, to search among the bloated visitors of the gin palace for the companion of her youth? Who wrung from the depths of her sinking spirit the cry, "Are you not my dear husband?"

O, ye makers and venders of human poison; ye disturbers of domestic quiet; ye plunderers of hard earned gains; ye destroyers of public morals and private virtue; ye plagues of the family and the state—behold your work! See the apples of Sodom—the bitter fruit from the trees of your own planting!

Young woman, if you would avoid certain misery, and turn from exposure to a companionship which may extort the despairing enquiry, whether the reeling brute by your side is not your "dear husband," never, never listen to proposals of marriage from a man who indulges in the cup of intoxication. Though he may have a splendid mind, and pleasing person, and engaging manners, this single habit will be the bane and curse of your

domestic hearth, and the almost certain cause of ruin.

Young man, set down that glass! It is full of poison. It will steal your brains. It will curdle your blood. It will enervate your frame. It will ruin your mind. It will enslave your will. It will deprave your heart. It will destroy your soul. Have you a widow'd mother! and will you leave her without a son? Have you a sister? would you drown her in disgrace and misery? Have you a wife? would you make her a widow? Are you a father? would you plunge your children into the sorrows of orphanage? Oh! then, set down that glass!

#### HINTS ON HEALTH.



**S**IR ASTLEY COOPER said, that the methods he employed for preserving his own health were—temperance, early rising, and sponging the body with cold water each morning as soon as he arose. These habits, he stated, he had adopted for thirty years, and though exposed to all weathers at all hours, he scarcely ever had a cold.

Spirits of every description, are in their nature and ordinary effects extremely unfriendly to the human constitution; and the art of distillation is, beyond all doubt, the most fatal discovery, in respect to the health of the community, which the ingenuity of man ever devised.—*Dr. Graham.*

Water is the most natural and wholesome of all drinks; quickens

the appetite, and strengthens the digestion most.

Plain dressed food is easier of digestion, than that which is pickled, salted, baked, smoked, or in any way high seasoned.

*Cure for Indigestion.*—Rise early and walk a mile or two before breakfast; then drink a cupful of cold spring water—half a pint will not be too much if the stomach is strong enough—and walk another mile. Continue this treatment regularly for a month or 6 weeks.

#### TO MISS SARAH ———.

Two mutual hearts are like the rills,  
In solitude when single,  
That wander from the moorland hills  
In river streams to mingle;  
And then along the fertile vale,  
Their banks with blossoms painted—  
They heave their billows to the gale,  
Untroubled and untainted.

Two mutual hearts are like the flowers,  
That twine themselves together—  
When morning sends the drenching showers,  
Or evening comes to wither;  
And though they fall—as fall they must,  
They will not, cannot sever;  
But sink together to the dust,  
Together lie forever. W. H. H.

#### FAREWELL.

AND yet it is a word of power,  
Well form'd the heart to sway;  
The smiles of youth in friendship's bower  
Forgotten may decay;  
But that last word, so sad and sweet,  
Fitted to part with, or to meet,  
Shall never pass away;  
But when thy sails returning swell,  
Our greetings shall be still—farewell!  
Then fare thee well in every clime,  
Farewell on every sea;  
Farewell through all the years of time,  
And in eternity.  
Whatever may thine hours employ,  
In life, in death, in grief, in joy,  
A long farewell to thee:  
No better wish my voice can swell,  
Than this, God bless thee! fare thee well.

## THE WORSTED STOCKING.

## A TRUE STORY.



**B**ATHER will have done the great chimney to night, won't he, mother?" said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys, it's so risky—thy father's to be the last up."

"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners and spend all day amongst the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and then she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and, leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home,

he went round to see how his father was getting on. James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys which, in our great manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected; and as Tom, shading his eyes from the skinting rays of the setting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sunk with him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all round to see that everything was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long loud cheer, little Tom shouting as hartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a different sound—a cry of alarm and horror from above! "The rope! the rope!" The men looked round, and, coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the top of the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down, without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough, or skillfully enough, to reach the top of the chimney: or if it could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming every moment to grow more fearful, and the solid earth further and further

from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if, the next moment, he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and as swiftly as usual, with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children, in some way or other: and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home, and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in; his face was as white as ashes; and he could hardly get his words out. "Mother! Mother! He canna get down."

"Who, lad? Thy father?" asked his mother.

"They've forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. His mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed; then pressing her hands over her face as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless gazing up with faces full of sorrow. "He says he'll throw himself down," exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. "He is going to throw himself down."

"Thee munna do that, lad!" cried the wife, with clear, hopeful voice; "thee munna do that. Wait a bit. Tak' off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me, Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and, taking off his stocking, unraveled the worsted thread, row after row. The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but at last it reached the out stretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of twine, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread. "Now pull it up slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted drew it gently up. It stopped—the string had reached her husband. "Now hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God! Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and trembling rejoiced. The rope was up. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right; but would her husband be able to make use of them?—would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him, as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm

and steadfast, had filled him with—as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her true heart. She did not know that as he waited there, the words came over him, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.” She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God, and rested on him as on a rock. There was a great shout. “He’s safe, mother, he’s safe,” cried little Tom. “Thou’st saved me, Mary,” said her husband, folding her in his arms. “But what ails the? Thou seem’st more sorry than glad about it.” But Mary could not speak; and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy, after such great fear, had overcome her. “Tom,” said his father, “let thy mother lean on thy shoulder and we will take her home.” And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for His great goodness; and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and for the nearness that the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day,—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day?—*English S. S. Magazine.*

#### A WORD TO BOYS.

**D**ID you ever think, boys, that this great world, with all its health and woe, with all its mines and mountains set with brilliants, its oceans, seas and rivers laid with pearl and gold, its steamboats and ships, railroads and steam printing presses, magnetic telegraphs, &c., will soon be given over to the

hands of boys of this present age? This is what really awaits you, and you should look abroad upon your inheritance earnestly and hopefully, and prepare to enter with stout and cultivated hearts upon your duties. In after time, let it not be said that you disgraced the place of the great men and heroes whose mantle is to descend upon you.

#### LINES,

*Suggested by hearing a son of Baachus telling his (incurable) troubles to the lamp post, while reeling along Commissioner Street.*

I WISH I were in Maine;  
Where I might yet be free,  
And ease me of this chain—  
This bestial slavery.  
I oft make up my mind  
To be a man once more;  
But temptation comes behind,  
And points me to the door.

That door which woos me in,  
With glittering array:  
Of brandy, wine and gin,  
Such a “come and taste” display.  
Though when purse is scant  
I’m welcome there no more;  
Oh, I wish I could, but can’t,  
Pass by that open door.

At morn, when I set out,  
I feel so all secure;  
The pains of cold, or heat,  
I can manfully endure;  
But when I come in sight  
Of that dirty, low Shebin,  
Although I know it’s wrong,  
I can’t help stepping in.

’Tis said “a man’s a man”—  
When sober, so he is;  
But somehow when he’s drunk,  
The term might seem amiss.  
My wife says, “sign the pledge;”  
But what better would I be?  
Oh, I wish I were in Maine!  
Where I might yet be free.

MINNIE.

Montreal, Dec., 1854.



## REST OF THE SABBATH.



THE North British Review speaks of the physical necessity of the Sabbath, as follows.

The Creator has given us a natural restorative Sabbath-keeping; and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement, individuals

have passed weeks together with little sleep, or none; but when the process is long continued, the over-drawn powers rebel, and fever, delirium and death come on. Nor can the natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The Sabbath does not arrive like sleep. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hour of slumber. It does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but, addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it and bids us notice its return, and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business, or the man of letters, find his ideas becoming turbid and slow; the equipoise of his faculties is upset; he grows moody, fitful, and capricious; and with his manly elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, be subdued into habitual melancholy, or self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual worker—the artizan, the engineer, by toiling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intuition of his eyes gets

blunted; and, forgetful of their cunning, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor by a plastic touch mould dead matter, or yield mechanic power, but mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his locks are prematurely gray, his general humour sours and slaving it till he has become a morose or reckless man, for an extra effort, or any blink of balmy feelings, he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol.

## EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

HE KNEW a young man who went to college and studied very successfully. Being of a bright and animated disposition, he was invited to pleasure parties; and although he went to them, he never could be prevailed upon to take a glass of wine. He was engaged to be married to a young lady of the first rank, and all seemed to go well, and promise future happiness; but intemperance had to do its work. While at a party, the young lady was told about the abstemious nature of her intended partner. She was told that nothing in the world could induce him to drink a glass of wine. "Don't say so," said she, "till I have tried him." She asked him to take a glass from *her*. He firmly refused. She threw her charms about him. She prevailed. He got intoxicated. The abstemious youth became a drunkard, and ran rapidly in the downward course. Her father, though in the habit of drinking himself, could not bear to see his daughter marry a drunkard, and he was ordered from the house. The father got into difficulties, and became a bankrupt. He went into the back settlements to recruit his fortune.

One night, about 12 years afterward, while there was noise and dancing, and music, a strange wail-

ing noise was heard outside the building. It became louder and louder. All was silent. The music ceased. The door opened, and the figure of a man entered and threw himself on the floor, crying, "O God, save me from the fiends! O God, save me from the fiends!" The young lady went up to him, and, as she approached, his upturned eye met hers. It was too much for her. She fainted away. He whom she had wronged thus, lay before her a poor maniac, and in two days more, I had the melancholy duty of attending his funeral, and hearing the clods of the valley fall upon his coffin. She is now, if still living, in a lunatic asylum. Her father and mother sleep in an untimely grave.—*President Mahan.*

#### FALLING IN LOVE WITH A BONNET.



At a party of pleasure were ascending Mount Tom a few days ago, a well-dressed man, furnished with fishing tackle, accosted a lady, one of the party, who had loitered behind her companions, to enjoy without interruption the beautiful scenery which lay along the rich valley of the Connecticut.

"Good morning, madam," said the fisherman, touching his hat.

"Good morning, sir," replied the lady, with a dignity of manner which would have been considered perfect at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

"It is a fine morning, madam,"

continued the gentleman. "I saw your bonnet at the foot of the hill, and I thought I should like to marry the lady who wore that bonnet.—It struck my fancy, and I walked up here to ask you if you would like to enter that blessed state with me."

The lady was somewhat startled at the abruptness of this proposition, and her first impulse was to hurry on to her companions; but her dignity and self-possession prevailed, and she quietly turned to the stranger, and said—

"This is a very serious proposal to come from one whom I have never seen, and who has never seen me before."

"But I have seen your bonnet," said he, "and I know you will suit me. I have money, and a good house at the foot of yonder hill. My wife and children are dead.—I am alone. If you outlive me, you shall have my property. I have just got a new grave-stone for the grave of my wife, for which I gave twenty-six dollars! I buy all my things for the house by the quantity. You shall be well provided for in everything. I don't think you could do better!"

The lady had seen much of the world—had held command in the fashionable circles of the south—and "the chivalry" had bended the knee to her beauty and accomplishments, and she learned to the intelligence and cultivation of her mind. She had sailed triumphant and unconquered everywhere, and to be thus way-laid, and as it were entrapped into matrimony, was a thing not to be thought of for a moment; and so she raised her form to more than its usual height, and giving additional dignity to her head, she bowed "Good-by" to the fishing widower, and left him to bestow himself and his grave-stones upon some one else!

## DEATH TO ALCOHOL.

COME young men, "for you are strong,"

Gird you for the struggle long;

Vow destruction to the foe,

All his power o'erthrow!

Deeds of valour, acts of might,

In the cause of truth and right,

May in future years proclaim

Your undying fame.

Come ye fair ones, lend your aid,

On your hands a task is laid;

And your influence all must feel,

For their woe or weal.

Lend your winning words and smiles

Break the wary tempter's wiles;

Husbands, brothers, friends shall be,

By their might set free.

Come old men, of rev'rend age,

By the lapse of years made sage,

Mighty in the days of yore—

Still your help, we implore,

Give us counsel how to move,

In our work of peace and love,

Teach us how the foe to meet,

Shouting "NO RETREAT."

Come ye drunkards, come away!

Not one moment more delay,

Come, and in the Temperance Hall

Let your shackles fall.

Freemen now yourselves declare,

Put your armour on for war—

List beneath your banner all—

DEATH TO ALCOHOL.

## THE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW IN SCOTLAND.



ON Monday week one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever assembled in Edinburgh, was held in the Music Hall, every part of the magnificent building being crowded to suffocation, and hundreds retiring from the doors unable to gain admission.

Resolutions were proposed and unanimously carried in favor of the new Public House Act, and approving of the manner in

which it had been enforced in the city of Edinburgh.

We cannot help giving the following short but, characteristic speech by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in moving the third resolution:—

Dr. Guthrie said—The publicans might do what they chose, but they would never drive temperance men from the position which they had now taken up. (Applause.) We have carried the heights of Alma (proceeded the doctor) and I am for pushing on to Sebastopol. (Applause and laughter.) We have taken a good step in advance, and and if only Scotch patriotism were as pure and determined as Scotch courage was on that field, we will carry the day completely. (Applause.) A person said at the publicans' meeting that if united they (publicans) were the most powerful body in Scotland. (Laughter.) They have an uncommon good opinion of themselves—(renewed laughter)—it reminds me of the three tailors of Tooley Street; we will show them who is the most powerful body when we get grips of them—(laughter)—and if it turns out that they are the most powerful body, the mair's the pity. (Laughter.) If the publicans are to rule this country as the most powerful body in it, then my course is clear. I will fight it out with them. I will not give up the land of John Knox till the battle is fairly tried. (Applause.) If I am defeated I'll be off, for I will never breathe the air of a country ruled by publicans. (Applause.) It is come to this pass, that though I have never taken any part in political matters, I will register, and would advise the virtuous, Christian, part of the community to do the same. There are two things which I demand, and as long as I live in this land I will never cease demanding them. In the first place,

I demand that the people of Scotland shall be educated. (Applause.) My second demand is, that the means be taken which we are now taking to ascertain the extent for saving from ruin those people who are poor and neglected, who are perishing and netted round with temptations. Be a man Whig, Tory, Radical, I would almost say Chartist, be he what shade of politics he may, the man who, in my honest belief, is the most able and the most willing to carry these two measures, I will vote for the man who will come forward and put on Scotland's head her fallen crown, and place her as she stood in the days of old, on the very summit of nations, as the most virtuous, the best educated, and most moral people among all the nations. (Applause.)

#### BOOK NOTICES.

EDITH MORTON, or *Temperance vs. Intemperance*. By Mrs. Maria L. Buckley.—New York: Mrs. M. L. Buckley.

THIS is a very interesting story, well written, and suited to all classes of readers. The plot is well conceived, and as well carried out. This publication is destined to do much for the temperance cause, and we would say to our readers, procure it, and read it, and you will be well repaid for the trouble. It only costs 7½d.

THE FEMALE EMIGRANT'S GUIDE, AND HINTS ON CANADIAN HOUSE-KEEPING. By Mrs. C. P. Traill. Toronto: Maclear & Co.

WE have received the first part of this work, and from its contents we are satisfied it will be of immense value to new settlers in this country. It gives a graphic description of Canadian country

life, and of the different phases of a settler's career from the log shanty to the well cleared farm and comfortable house. It contains a great variety of useful information, which will be of great value to emigrants on their arrival. If a copy of this work could be put into the hands of newly arrived farmers, what an amount of trouble and anxiety it would save them. It will be completed in four monthly parts.

#### NOTICE.

As the terms of the Life Boat are payment in advance, we have to notify those who have not paid up for last year, that unless we hear from them before next month, we will be under the necessity of erasing their name from our Subscription List.

WOULDN'T ACCEPT ANY APOLOGY!—A droll story is related of an honest farmer, who attempting to drive home a bull, got suddenly hoisted over the fence. Recovering himself, he saw the animal on the other side of the rails sawing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The good old man looked steadily at him for a moment, and then shaking his fist at him, exclaimed—"Darn your apologies—you needn't stand there, you tarnal critter, a bowin' and scrapin'—you did it a purpose, darn your ugly picture."

WHY is a wrestling match the least immoral of all contests? Because it is a *try-flying* affair.

THE Virginia papers say that along the James River the tobacco has been severely *bitten* by the frost. The Cleveland *Herald* says the frost was engaged in a very *dirty* business.

It is a wonder when Eve went out walking, what she did without a parasol.

## CHARADES.

I.

I OFTEN murmur, though never weep;  
I always lie in bed, yet never sleep;  
My mouth is wide, and larger than my  
head,  
And much disgorges, tho' it ne'er is fed;  
I have no legs or feet, yet swiftly run,  
And the more falls I get, move faster on.

Y. Z.

II.

My first a dog is sometimes called,  
My next is two or three,  
And if these two you study well,  
My whole you soon will see.

Y. Z.

III.

A COMPANY of ten are we, link'd all in all  
together;  
Complete we roam, from home to home,  
o'er bush and brake and heather;  
But list for one half minute and I'll tell  
Where, individually, we each do dwell.  
With the prince at court or throne—the  
peasant in the cot,  
Our first alike aids pride or peace, pro-  
sperity or plot;  
The portrait painter it attends, but the  
artist scorns to gain  
Help from so much affliction, for it always  
is in pain.  
Our second and fourth together dive into  
the silvery deep;  
They're also in the chimney found, in  
waiting on the sweep;  
In life and death they too abide eternity  
and time,  
And true to their appointed place in every  
home and clime.  
Our third in debt is always found; it aids  
the wretched dun;  
'Tis beginning, end—'tis first and last, of  
every deed that's done:  
'Tis in the sordid miser's hand; it helps the  
proud to dress;  
'Tis with the spendthrift; so, of course, it's  
always in distress.  
Our fifth is foremost in the sky, in the sun  
and glittering star;  
The foreign sailor it adorns, but it scorns  
the British tar.

In sickness dire it there is found, and once  
in balmy sleep;

Praise without it would be nought, and  
tho' in tears it does not weep.

Our sixth alone attends the social board; 'tis  
always first upon the breakfast tray;

It gives the tempter double aid, twice helps  
the wicked traitor to betray;

But then in holy virtue it is found, as if to  
neutralize its share in theft;

It dwells in hate, affection, fiction, truth  
but friendship is of it bereft.

Rich is our seventh in all worldly store,  
In rank, authority and earthly power;

'Tis in the church, yet on the pulpit frowns,  
It graces priest and prelate, grave and  
tower.

Our eighth an egotist is ever found, yet it  
adorns the brilliant and the fair:

'Tis not in earth nor heaven, sky nor land,  
yet 'tis suspended in the midst of air.

First of all letters does our ninth rank, 'tis  
in all places and in every hand;

Music it loves not, yet in harp, piano, nay,  
'tis always found in the full band.

Our last is now the only one untold;  
It reigns in heaven and in the eternal throne;

The end of sin, in penitence 'tis found;  
'Tis in the centre of each earthly one.

In England, dear old England, with its  
valiant sons it dwells;

With the mariner, when ocean's roar grim  
thunder oft foretells;

And of my whole the only word I think I  
now need say,

Full many a mile I am known to go, o'er  
rough and thorny way,

Without the aid of horse or mule, or steam's  
impetuous force,

I travel on, and slowly wend my steady,  
onward course.

A. D.

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. What kind of fever have those who  
are anxious to appear in print?

2. What letters used to be distributed at  
tournaments?

A. D.

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