

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. V.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1856.

No. 5.

The Little Outcast.



“MAYN’T I stay, ma’am? I’ll do anything you give me; cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands.”

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage stood by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener or whitened with the angry redness of the poor boy’s benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth

to grant the boy’s request; and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman’s heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome, grey eyes.

“Come in, at any rate, till the good man comes home. There, sit down by the fire: you look perishing with cold;” and she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the “good man” presented himself, wearied with labor.

A look of intelligence between his wife and himself: he, too scanned the boy’s face with an expression not evincing satisfaction; but nevertheless made him come to the table and then enjoyed the zest with which he despatched his supper.

Day after day passed and yet the boy begged to be kept “only till to-morrow:” so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded

that so long as he was so docile, and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day, in the middle of the winter, a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar, evasively.

"And where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail-bird;" and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulders. "That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence, 'Ten months.' He's a hard one. You'd do well to look carefully after him."

O! there was something so horrible in the word "jail," the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the child hung down his head: his cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood; his lips quivered and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the words were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at onc't: there's no use in my trying to do better: every body hates and despises me; nobody cares about me; I may as well go to ruin at onc't."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight, if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful peace? Where was your mother—where?"

"O!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "O! I hain't no mother! O! I hain't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing more vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange-looking gray eyes, "I wouldn't ha' been bound out and kicked and cuffed and laid on to with whips. I wouldn't ha' been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. O! I hain't got no mother; I hain't got no mother; I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail bird?

No, no: she had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly, on his head; to tell him to look up and from henceforth, find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arms about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words, of counsel and tenderness.

O! how sweet was her sleep that night; how soft her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers, by the most silken, the strongest bands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little, shinning, but striving mortal.

Did the boy leave her?

Never! He is with her still, a vigorous, manly, promising youth.

The unfavorable cast of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead; his good foster-mother aged and sickly — but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence and nobly does he repay the trust.

Remarkable Wine Drinkers.



SOME of our greatest and most famous men have been addicted to intemperate habits. Our national roll of kings, poets, historians, painters, orators, and jour-

nalists, contains the name of many a drunkard. But this is an argument for total abstinence. If the strong thus fall, why should the weak touch the enticing and destroying cup!

Let us look at some of our remarkable wine drinkers. There was Lord Byron. His life was one of misery and despair. None can read of his convivial parties, his midnight revels, and his vile associates, without feeling repelled and shocked. He was a splendid poet and a great profligate. To him the cup of pleasure was familiar. He ran the round of sensual joys. He withheld not himself from any gratification. Music, wine, boating, the composition of poetry, licensed and unlicensed love, fame, and gold, all, all were his. What then? Was he blest? Was his horizon bright? Did the golden sunshine fall upon his path? Let his own lines answer:

“Though gay companions o’er the bowl,
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fills his maddening soul,—
The heart—the heart is lonely still.”

A lonely heart is a weary load, and bows down the mightiest. It is easy for young men to speak of a “short life and a merry one,” but such a career soon brings the lonely heart, the blighted reputation, and the deep, dark grave.

What student of English literature has not read the “Essays of Elia?” They were written by Charles Lamb. Ah! dear, quaint, witty, kind Charles Lamb. Born in London, educated at Christ Church, made a clerk in the South Sea House, the friend of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and a genius—who does not know him? Coleridge and Lamb used to sit together in the dark parlor of the Cat and Salutation, Smithfield, until morning, drinking and talking, talking and drinking. And such talking! They discussed politics, history, philosophy, and poetry; and they drank — drank until the wine was in and the wit was out. These bouts did Charles Lamb no good. In his confessions he thus wrote—

“The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot on the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself, to see all goodness emptied out of him, yet not to be able to forget a time when it was other-

wise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for the night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation.

Oh, if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats that summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to the pure element, the drink of children, and the child-like, holy hermit."

Again:—

"Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution for a weak one, was as happily exempt from a tendency to any malady, as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail anything. Now except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in the head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than many definite pains and aches. At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of remembrance to the last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awakened."

And once more:—

"I perpetually catch myself in

tears for any cause or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame and a general feeling of deterioration.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any farther? Or is this disclosure sufficient?

I have no vanity to consult by these confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he find his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time."

There is a hope that Charles Lamb took his own advice. I trust he did "stop in time." Peace to his memory? I would have the flowers ever blooming o'er his grave.

My mention of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, reminds me of his son, Hartley. When he was born his father proposed to make him "Nature's playmate." He was sent to Westmoreland to commune with books and mountains, rivers, clouds and stars. And he did so. He was intellectual, full of feeling, simple, true and dutiful. He went to college, and, alas! took to drinking. Being odd, clever, kind, and brimming with curious talk, he was a welcome guest at the college wine-parties. He managed, however, to secure a fellowship at Oriol College. Here he might have cast anchor, and road out the storms of life. Not so. The wine-cup ruined all. He lost his fellowship, came to London, failed in his literary life, went to Ambleside, wrote for Blackwood's Magazine, in which appeared his beautiful poem of "Leonard and Susan," commenced his "Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire," and plunged into all the fun and frolic of the country side. He would sit—and

drink—with tourists, farmers, gentry, peasants, lords, tramps—anybody. He went to “sheep-shearing, a wedding, a christening, or a country wake,” and there told stories, joked, danced and got drunk. And yet he could write fine and true poetry, like this:—

“Say What is Freedom? What the right
of souls

Which all who know are bound to keep or
die;

And who knows not is dead? In vain ye
pry

In dusty archives, or retentive scrolls;
Charters and statutes, constitutions, rolls,
And remnant's of the old world's history;
These show what has been, not what
ought to be,

Or teach at best how wiser Time controls
Man's futile purposes. As vain the search
Of restless factions, who, in lawless will,
Fix the foundations of a creedless church—
A lawless rule, an anarchy of ill;
But what is Freedom? Rightly under-
stood,

A Universal license to be Good.”

Poor Hartley died in 1848, and was buried in Grasmere churchyard. Wordsworth sleeps beside him. “Around them are the quiet mountains.”

Dr. Maginn comes next. Learned, eloquent, large-hearted, ready, and in good health, he might have been rich, and happy, and useful, but fondness for the ruby wine blighted his career. Speaking of him, a writer in the “Irish Quarterly Review” said:

“He now turned for comfort and inspiration, to the foul fiend, brandy, which has been the cause of misery and death to so many men of genius. We regret the errors of Addison and Steele; we sigh at the recollection of poor Moreland, the painter, working at his last picture, with a brush in one hand and a glass of brandy in the other; for he had arrived at that terrible condition in which reason could only reach him through intoxication; and Maginn, not so fallen as this, sunk deeply. The weary

hours of lonely watching brought no resource but that which copious draughts of the liquid could supply. Health was fast falling away, the brightest years of life were past forever; and as the dim future lowered, he gazed upon it under the influence of the demon which enthralled the brilliant souls of Addison, of Sheridan, of Charles Lamb; and which sent the once stalwart form of Theodore Hook, a miserable, wretched skeleton to the grave.

The writer of “Passages from the History of a Wasted Life,” relates a sad story of this brilliant inebriate.

“Maginn had a daughter to whom he was deeply and tenderly attached. She was about to be married, but her father had no portion to give her. Suddenly he determined to keep steady and work. Hedidso:abandoned drink, and soon earned enough to enable him to furnish a house splendidly for the young couple, who were accordingly united and set of on the marriage tour, on their return from which, they were to occupy the pretty new dwelling.

On the evening after their marriage, Mr. Maginn walked to the well-furnished house—sat down on the sofa, and afterwards walked over the apartments well pleased.

“Ah!” said he, “I have some reason to be proud; all this is the work of my own hand!” Then he sent for a friend to come and admire it also; and after all had been inspected the two sat down in the drawing-room.

“Now,” said Maginn to the old woman, who was left in care of the house and furniture, “go and fetch a bottle of brandy, and we’ll drink the young couple’s health.”

“The spirit was fetched and drank; and then more was procured. Other persons were also

sent for, and the beautiful drawing room was soon converted into a scene of bacchanalian revelry. Songs were sung, speeches were made, healths were drunk, and so it went on all night. The ball had now been set in motion, and on it went. The Doctor's money was all spent, so article after article of furniture was pawned!

Then went the piano, sofas, beds — *all* but the chairs they sat on, and the table. At last, these went too, and the carousers sat on the floor round a punch bowl! Nor did they cease their revels until the bride came home to a house from which every article of furniture had been swept a way?"

There is a scene of degradation such as any in the slums of St. Giles could not excel. And yet it was one in which literary men were the chief actors. Truly the pledge is needed in high life as well as low life.

Here is one more sketch. Some years ago there was a young man who grew famous as a public lecturer. Crowds went to hear him. He sat in the splendid halls of the rich. Fame and wealth waited upon him. Smart, droll, energetic, highly educated, proud, and a fine speaker, he drove the world before him. And then he fell, and such a fall! I found him in a den of filthy wretches — himself the lowest, meanest, worst.

"What are you doing for a living?"

"I recite in public houses, and when I am not allowed to do that, I sing in the streets."

"What do you sing?"

"The light of other days is faded," was his curiously appropriate reply.

What could I say? He had fully described and rebuked himself.

It were easy to write a commentary upon these sketches, but none that would render the warning of

Solomon superfluous. "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging! and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. 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. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The sparkling wine is death; the sparkling water is life. Who, then, would drink wine? Who is wise in despising water!—"Spring up, O, well."—*British Advocate*—

The Little One's Prayer.

A LITTLE child knelt at twilight hour near the broken lattice of a small, poverty stricken cottage. Casting a glance at the sleeping form of her inebriate father opposite her, she clasped her wan hands, and murmured, gazing out into the silvery starlight:

"O, God, make father leave his evil ways — make him my own dear father once again! Make mother's sad looks go away, and make her old smile come back: but thy will be done."

Just then the little one's mother entered the room; and taking her husband, who had just awakened, by the arm she said:

"Hearken to Minnie — she's praying."

"Oh, God, make father love me as once he did; and make him forsake his bad ways!" murmured the little one, her clear tones breaking the hushed silence.

"Oh, Paul — husband!" cried the mother: "oh, by our past joys and sorrows, by our marriage vows our wedded love, blight not the

life of our little one! Oh, reform, and let us all be happy once again!"

The conscience-stricken man bowed his head and wept. Then clasping his hands, he said:

"With God's help you will never be made to sorrow on my account again."

And he kept his vow.

A vince-clad cottage now rises where the old thatched one once stood; and the little child, Minnie, is its constant sunshine and joy. Her childish prayer was answered; and her present happiness is its response.—*Christian Ambassador.*

A Cat-Nurse for Young Foxes.

WHILST in Canada, some years since, I happened to be at the digging out of an old fox; and as a curiosity to show the people at the house, I brought away with me a pair of the young ones, of which there happened to be no less than seven. As they appeared to be no more than a day or two old, for they could not see, and as they were in size not much larger than kittens, some one proposed to put them beside the cat, and see whether she would not rear them. The suggestion, from its very novelty, was at once adopted. At first, puss seemed to be quite reconciled to them; but upon going afterwards to see how they were getting on, the foxes were indeed in the box, but the cat and kittens had disappeared. Having found out puss' retreat, she and her kittens were again carried back, and put along with the foxes; and feeding her well, and patting and clapping her, she was again left alone; and never afterwards, until the foxes were pretty large, did she deny them the attentions of a mother. When put to the test, by a fox and

a kitten being taken out and laid upon the floor, puss, whenever she heard the mewling of her kitten, was at once on the spot, and catching up the nearest—no matter whether fox or kitten—carried it away, and then returned for the second. Afterwards, although the cry of the fox was different from that of the kitten, being a kind of petulant whining, yet, whenever she heard it, she paid as much attention to the one as to the other, was as soon on the spot, and as restless until allowed to carry it off to her box.

At first it was feared that the foxes, accustomed to teats of larger dimensions, might fail to find out those of the cat, which were hardly discernible amongst the fur, and so perish after all. As it was, they did not appear to discover them until about the second or third day; but after that—and here is a point for naturalists—the teats gradually grew to be as large as those of a dog, returning, however, afterward to their natural size.

In course of time, puss began to bring in mice, squirrels, and such like; and here I may mention, that as *she* soon learned to comprehend the distressed cry of the helpless foxes, so *they* now as truly comprehended her particular cry when she brought in such game; for no sooner was she heard than off scampered both kittens and foxes, as though each fully comprehended the fact that the first there was sure to get the prize. Here the nature of the two kinds of animals was distinctly exemplified. The kittens delighted in fun, and liked to make the most of a mouse when they got it; but often, when they came trotting back with one in their mouths, they used to be met by one of the foxes, which, in the twinkling of an eye, would snap it from them, and devour it on the

spot; the foxes, at the same time, taking pretty good care that the kittens should never have an opportunity of treating them in a like manner, as everything they got was invariably despatched upon the spot. When, however, they did get enough, the surplus was carefully concealed in some quiet corner, over which they kept a watchful eye.

Hitherto, they had been allowed to run about uncontrolled; but the female having killed a young gossling, they were forthwith confined in a pen, the sides of which were about two feet high. Although they had now outgrown the kittens considerably, puss still acknowledged them; and regularly, day after day, calling her kittens after her she and they leaped into the pen, where she suckled the whole four. In the cool of the evening, the kittens also would invariably be found in the pen, playing with the foxes, where the agility of the former was finely contrasted with the clumsy antics of the latter. This state of innocent happiness was, however, suddenly brought to a close. Early one morning, the foxes had scraped a hole underneath their pen, and so got free. The first thing, therefore, that met the eye upon going out, was the female fox trotting past the door with a young turkey thrown over her back. Chase being given, she dropped it in a corner beside four other which she had killed, and then took refuge under a pile of boards. After this, they were not only put back into their pen, but chained, which effectually prevented them from doing further mischief.

About this time, puss began to suspect, apparently, that she had been played upon, as her conduct towards the foxes, now about as big as herself, began to change.

True, she still brought in mice, and gave them as freely to the cubs as to the kittens; but whenever they began to poke their noses about her, she would salute them with a cuff on the side of the head, which made them shake their ears, and keep at a more respectful distance. This, however, they took in good part, and always seemed to consider it as a challenge to play, as they immediately began to caper round about her; and while the one attracted her attention in front, the other would come creeping around the corners behind, and try to get up to her in that way. However, puss was always as knowing as they, and soon placed herself in a position commanding a view of both, ready to salute the ears of the first that should approach.—*From Chambers' Journal.*

Childhood.

BY E. M. CHENEY.

FRESH from the cradle, and new to the world,

Thoughtless and careless and free,
Like a gay vessel with white sails unfurled

Launched on a bright, peaceful sea,
Childhood appears, the springtime of gladness,

Joyous and happy and bright;
And, like the showers in April, its sadness
Breaks with the first dawn of light.

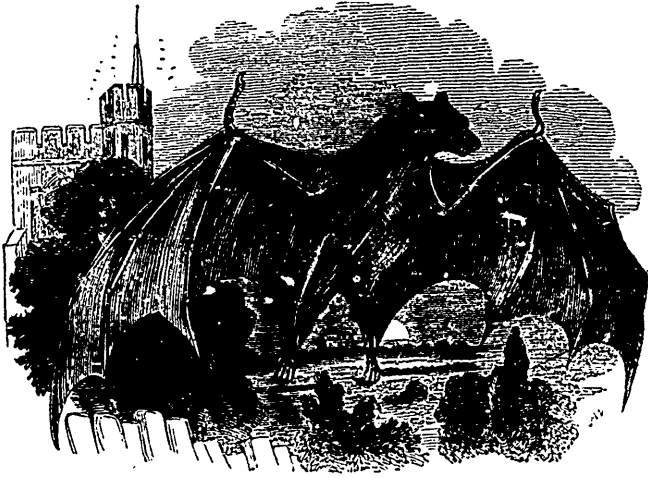
Earth with its beauties is cloudless and fair,

Life is a bright summer's day;
No dark'ning shadows of sorrow and care
Check with their cankering sway

All that is beautiful, pure, and divine
In the gay morning of life;

But its fair sunrise for ever shall shine
Through the dark future of strife.

I KNOW of no homage more worthy of the Deity, than the silent admiration excited by the contemplation of his works.



THE BAT.

PERHAPS I owe an apology to my readers, for introducing the bat among birds. It is very true that, in most respects, it much more nearly resembles a quadruped than it does a bird. It has the power of flying, after a fashion; but that is almost the only bird-like feature about it. The bat, you know, has four legs. That circumstance alone is enough to give the family a title among quadrupeds, to say nothing about its want of feathers. The truth is the bat has not a very good right to a place among birds, and although there was formerly some difference of opinion in this matter, most naturalists, at the present day, rank this singular race of animals among quadrupeds. Still the great mass of people regard them as properly belonging to the rank of birds, and so, with the reader's permission, I will classify them in telling my stories.

If I have no other authority for putting them among my friends the birds, I have at least that of the cat in the fable, though I must confess that Puss' judgment, in this

case, ought to be received with a good degree of caution. Are you acquainted with that fable, by the way? I will translate it for you. It is one of Perrin's, and is written in French. This is the English of it: "A cat, having been taken in a trap, promised a rat, who had liberated him, that he would never eat any more rats or mice. It happened one day however, that the cat caught a bat in a barn. The old rogue did not know what to do, at first. But he soon made up his mind. 'I dare not eat thee as a mouse,' said he, 'on account of my promise. But I will eat thee as a bird.' With this nice distinction his conscience was satisfied."

In some parts of Africa, on the coast, bats are found in such flocks, that when they fly, they obscure the light of the setting sun. At the dawn of day, they are seen sticking upon the tops of the trees, and clinging to each other, like bees when they swarm. Europeans, visiting that country, sometimes amuse themselves by shooting among these large flocks.

The largest bat in the world is

supposed to be the great bat of Madagascar. It is nearly four feet broad, when the wings are spread. Some people have called it the flying fox. When the bat rests at night, it sticks itself to the tops of the tallest trees, and hangs with its head downward.

A celebrated naturalist once made numerous experiments on the bat, and he became convinced that these animals possessed some additional sense, by which they are enabled to avoid obstacles, when in motion, even when deprived of sight. When their eyes were covered, as well as when quite destroyed, they would fly about in a room, carefully avoiding the sides, or anything projecting in a narrow passage. They would invariably turn where the passage turned at right angles, and always keep in the middle. They never failed to avoid these objects, even passing carefully between two of them, when placed so near together, so to render it necessary to contract their wings as they passed.

The name of *vampyre* is given to a large species of bat distinguished by its habit of sucking the blood of living animals during their sleep; yet this habit is common, also, to most of the bats of Java, and other hot climates. It is said to be exceedingly dangerous to sleep in the open air, in the island of Java, with the head and feet uncovered, or in the house, with the window open. Some of the species are so skilful in their operation of opening a vein, and thrusting their tongue into the wound, that people have been known to pass insensibly from the state of sleep to that of death. Besides blood, these animals also subsist on the juices of some kinds of fruit; and they are so fond of the juice of the palm tree, that they have been known to drink it, till they fall down insensible.

Finch, the traveler, informs us, that "they hang to the boughs of trees, near Surat, in the East Indies, in such vast clusters, as would surprise a man to see; and the squalling they make is so intolerable that it were a good deed to bring two or three pieces of cannon, and scour the trees, that the country might be rid of such a plague as they are to it."

More than twenty thousand bats were observed, in the space of a mile, at Port Jackson, in New Holland; and some that were caught alive ate out of the hands of those who caught them, and in a few days became as completely tame, as if they had been brought up in the house. One of these bats, belonging to Governor Philip, would hang by one leg a whole day, without changing its position.

The *spectre* bat does not differ much in its habits from the vampyre. It is found in South America, and in some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Various travelers speak of its eagerness to suck human blood. Captain Stedman relates, that sleeping in the open air at Surinam, he was awakened about four o'clock in the morning, and exceedingly alarmed to find himself covered with blood, but feeling no pain. Rising up hastily, he ran to the surgeon, as he was all over besmeared with blood. It was soon discovered that he had been attacked by a bat, which was judged by the surgeon to have taken from him about fourteen ounces of blood.

When these animals discover a person in a sound sleep, they cautiously approach, gently fanning with their extended wings, by which means a soothing influence is thrown over the sleeper, which renders his sleep the sounder, while the bat cautiously goes on with his bleeding operation.

The Beggar Girl.

BY R. JOHNSON.

I met a little beggar girl,
Disowned and very poor;
She had a basket on her arm,
And went from door to door.
Her feet half clad in tattered shoes,
But poor protection lent
Against the snow that piled the street,
As crying, on she went.

I said to her, my little girl,
What makes you look so sad;
While other girls about your age,
All seem to be so glad.
She said, "they do not beg for meat,
And mouldy crusts of bread,
And then be turn'd into the street,
And wish'd that they were dead."

Her little form half hid by rags,
Her bonnet torn, and old—
No shawl had she, nor mantle warm,
To shield her from the cold.
She told me that she had no home,
No one for her to care;
Her mother in the church-yard lay,
And brother John was there.

And then she sighed and said, "Dear sir,
I once had father, mother;
We all were happy in our home,
Though poor, we lov'd each other.
Twelve years we play'd in yonder vale,
Nor knew an hour of sadness;
Each morning found us happy there,
Each evening clos'd with gladness.

"At length the alcoholic fire
Swept o'er our peaceful home;
Broke my poor mother's heart, and made
Her orphan child to roam.
And now I am a vagrant girl,
Friendless, and very poor;
With father, mother, brother dead,
I sent from door to door."

And then she ask'd me of a law,
That could this curse restrain;
I told her that the best I knew,
Was that of good old Maine,
That Legislative law alone,
Possess'd in it the power
To drive the demon from the land,
That would our youth devour.

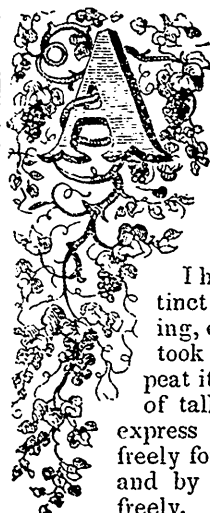
She ask'd me why the men of God
Did not this sin oppose?
A sin so damning in its force,
All should its wrongs disclose.
I told her that there were but few
Who dar'd these faults to tell;
Although they said the drunkard's doom
Was to the drunkard's hell.

They'll tell you "man must love his God,
Bow to religion's sway;"
While victims daily made by rum,
Lay strew'd along the way.
But when they'll show of one reform,
While man is steep'd in gin;
We then will own God's work is done,
And drunkard's never sin.

No, rather tell us how he's curs'd,
Who holds the poisonous bowl;
And that God's justice will revenge
A sin that sin's the soul.
I could have told how low he seems,
Cloth'd in a manly form;
Who stands behind the damning fount,
And braves the public scorn.

But, child of penury and rags,
Thy case is not alone;
For thousands just like you bereft,
'Neath poverty now groan.
Yet, pray thou on, God hears your prayer,
Your sighs, and sees your tears;
And will restore this once fair earth,
And bless your future years.

'Children Should be Seen--Not Heard.'



AMONG the
early lessons
which my
mother taught
me, I well re-
member an old
proverb: "Child-
ren should be
seen — not
heard."

I have a pretty dis-
tinct idea of its mean-
ing, especially as she
took occasion to re-
peat it when my love
of talking led me to
express my opinion too
freely for my years. By
and by I understood it
freely. I saw that I
must quietly listen when those
older than myself were speaking.
I found that my mother did not
wish to make me unhappy by re-
pressing my childish sociability.
She only strove to teach me the
proper time and place for it. I am
not a child now, but I still keep

some of my childish impressions. And when I hear little boys and girls talking loud and constantly in the presence of those older than themselves, I think how much more lovely it is for 'Children to be seen not heard,' in the sense that my mother taught it to me. I love to see children play; I love their bright happy faces; I even love to hear them make a noise; but the Bible tells us that 'there is a time for everything.' So then we must believe that there is a time for them to listen quietly to the conversation of those older than themselves; to be gentle, and careful not to disturb them by unnecessary questions, or by saying what they think, what they have done, or will do. I always feel interested when I see a child paying respectful attention to his parents, teachers, or older friends. I think that he is laying up thoughts which will make him, at some time or other, worthy to be heard.

I wish that all the boys and girls who read this would remember how much they may learn by quiet attention; and when the time-worn proverb, 'Children should be seen, not heard,' sound harshly to them, let them never think it means that they are troublesome little creatures, and must never make a noise, or talk, when they love to do both so well. No, no; they are the bright dew-drops which sparkle amid the green leaves; and the world would be very lonely without them. It only tells them to listen respectfully in the presence of those older than themselves; to cultivate a gentle, quiet manner. Perhaps at some time I may tell you the story of a little boy I once met, whose conduct strongly reminded me of my mother's early lesson. I think that you would join me in saying that he would have appeared much bet-

ter if he had been taught to observe more, and express his own opinion less. And now, if any of the little boys and girls, who read this will treasure up the spirit which the good old proverb teaches, I shall feel amply repaid for my pleasant talk with them this beautiful morning.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Drunkard's Raggit Wean.

AIR—"Castles in the Air."

A wee bit raggit laddie, gangs wan'ren
through the street,
Wadin' mang the snaw wi' his wee hackit
feet
Shriverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi'
the pain,
Wha's the puir wee callan'? he's a drun-
kard's raggit wean.
He stans at ilka door an' he keeks wi' wjst-
fu' e'e,
To see the croud aroun' the fire a' laughin'
loud wi' glee,
But he daurna venture ben though his
heart be e'er sae fain,
For he manna play wi' i'ther bairns, the
drunkard's raggit wean.
Oh see the wee bit bairnie, his heart is
unco fou,
The sleet is blawin' cauld, and he's dreepit
through and through;
He's speerin' for his mither, an' he wun'ters
whar she's gane,
But oh! his mither she forgets her puir wee
raggit wean.
He ken's na father's luvie, an' he ken's nae
mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows, or kame
his tautir hair,
To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth
his bed at e'en,
An' oh! he fears his faither's facc, the
drunkard's raggit wean.
Oh pity the wee laddie, sae guileless an'
sae young,
The oath that lea's the faither's lip 'll set-
tle on his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks his in-
fant lips 'll stain,
For oh there's nane to guide the bairn, the
the drunkard's raggit wean!
Then surely we micht try an' turn that
sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's
part,
An' mak them lea' the drunkard's cup an'
never taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parent's care, their puir
wee raggit wean.

A Tale of a Tea-Kettle.

ON a winter's evening, nearly one hundred years ago, the tea-board was laid out, and the window-curtains closely drawn, in the humble parlor of a small house in the town of Greenock, in the west of Scotland. A tidy, active matron was bustling about, slicing the bread and butter; a blazing fire gleamed and roared in the grate, and curled round the black sides of the kettle which reposed in the midst of it; and the fire crackled, and the water boiled with a faintly popping sound, and a stream of white vapor came whizzing out of the spout of the kettle with a shrill, cheery hiss.—Now the matron aforesaid saw nothing extraordinary in all this; kettles had boiled and fires had burned, from the beginning, and probably would do so to the end of the chapter.

As the matron stooped to pour the boiling liquid in the tea-pot, her son James, a boy of twelve summers, sat on a low bench in front of the fire, his elbows resting on his knees, whilst his hands, placed under his chin, supported his head. The boy was intently gazing at the fire, the kettle, and the steam, swallowing them with his eyes, absorbed in deep thoughts, and lost in contemplation. The boy looked at the fire, and the mother looked at the boy. 'Was there ever sic an idle ne'er-d'weel in this warl' as our Jamie?' was the question which almost unconsciously she proposed to herself.

A Mrs. B—— stepped in at this moment, when, turning to her visitor, Jamie's mother said, Mrs. B——, did you ever see the likes o' our Jamie? Look at him; he'll sit there for hours, staring at the kettle and the steam, till you wad

think his een wad came o't o' his heed!

And, truth to tell, there was something peculiar in the glance of the boy's eye; there was mind—active speaking mind—looking through it. He seemed as one who gazed on a wonderous vision, and whose very sense was bound up in the display of gorgeous pageantry floating before him. He had sat watching the escaping steam until the still vaporous column had appeared to cast itself upward in fantastic, changing shapes; sometimes the subtle fluid, gathering in force and quantity, would gently raise up the sides of the lid of the kettle, emit a white puff, and then let the metal fall with a low clanking sound. There was power and strength in that watery cloud; and as the dreaming boy saw this, an unbidden thought came into his mind, and he knew that the fierce struggle was symbolical of intellect waring with the elements of Providence.

And still he gazed, and saw in his day-dreams ships sailing without wind or sail, wagons propelled o'er deserts wild by some power unseen to mortal eye.—'Jamie, Jamie,' exclaimed his mother, 'sit by to your tea. If I find ye staring at the fire again, ye'll feel the wicht o' my hand.'

The boy rose meekly, and did as he was told. His name was James Watt, afterward, Sir James. He was honored by the title of knighthood, being the first who applied the powers of steam to any useful purpose.

The above anecdote is literally true. Watt was born in 1736. This incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He was the son of a poor tradesman in Greenock, and probably never had read a book—the spelling-book and the Bible excepted.

Beautiful Illustration of Life.

B'SHOP HEBER, upon departing from India, said in his farewell sermon: Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the willows upon its glassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and in manhood is a long, a wider, deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short lived enjoyments. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed—for rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

Children "Common Drunkards."

THERE is a case worthy the attention of conservative temperance men. A woman named Mary McGuire, and her three children, aged severally 7, 14 and 16 years, were taken from their home in Thatcher street court, on Sunday, by the police, both woman and children being in a state of beastly intoxication. In the Police Court, on Monday, John McGuire, aged 14 was charged with being a "common drunkard,"

to which he plead guilty. It was testified by the officer that he had been found often in a state of intoxication. His sister, Mary McGuire, 16 years of age, plead guilty to a similar to a like charge, and the evidence of the officer proved it to be true. Bear in mind, this was not a charge of being drunk, though that in persons so young would be sufficiently horrible: but with being "*common drunkards!*" The wretched mother was also charged with the same offence, and plead guilty. The children were sent to the House of Reformation, and the mother to the House of Correction.—*Boston Paper.*

Smile and Never Heed Me.

(From *Laura D. Juverne and other Poems.*)

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THOUGH, when other maids stand by,
I may deign thee no reply,
Turn not then away, and sigh, —
Smile and never heed me?
If our love, indeed, be such,
As must thrill at every touch,
Why should others learn as much? —
Smile and never heed me.

Where's the use that *they* should know
If one's heart beat fast or slow? —
Deepest love avoideeth show,
Smile and never heed me!
Let our hearts, like stars of night,
Shunning day's intrusive light,
Live but for each other's sight, —
Smile and never heed me?

Even if, with maiden pride,
I should bid thee quit my side,
Take this lesson for thy guide,
Smile and never heed me!
But when stars and twilight meet,
And the dew is falling sweet,
And thou hear'st my coming feet, —
Then—thou then—may'st heed me!

Simile.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into Eternity!

Puzzles for Pastime.

Charades.

I.

Go seek for my 1st in the wild winds that's blowing ;
 My second go seek in the keen drifting snow ;
 My third loves sweet flowers when the summer sun's glowing ;
 My fourth has gained knowledge and more wants to know.
 My fifth likes to stray with the sweet birds that's singing ;
 In apple tree orchards my 6th loves to rove ;
 My seventh's in the song of a country lass spinning ;
 My eighth keeps the keys of a bower that I love.
 Though my ninth and my tenth in Eternity's blended,
 I'm much used by all the fair ladies in Time,
 When they make a new dress, or an old one gets mended,
 And wish for assistance, they always have mine.

Sorel.

R. HUNT.

II.

My 1st is seen in Cephalonia ;
 My 2nd in Corfu is wont to dwell ;
 My 3d observe in Santa Maura :
 And with my 4th in Zante's Pitch Wells as well.
 My 5th in Calamos you're sure to see ;
 My 6th in Nations near the Ionian sea ;
 My 7th see on Sparta's rugged mount ;
 My 8th at Sapho's leap seek without fear.

My 9th is seen to linger at the fount
 Where verdant water crosses flourish near,
 The church, the water-mill, and olive grove ;
 Joined to my 10th those Grecian scenes they love.

At Helen's castle my 11th finds employ,
 You know the Dame who caused the fall of Troy,
 And every house-wife in this country
 Is quite familiar with the use of me.

Sorel.

R. HUNT.

III.

In Canada one half of me is seen,
 My other half in England's ever been ;
 The whole in both those countries may be seen,
 And also in each land where e'er I've been :

I three great quarters of this Globe did scan,
 And saw the thing in common use of man.
 Sorel. R. HUNT.

IV.

Over the ice in a bottle it came,
 It was not beer or brandy, port wine or Champaign,
 To an old chap whom all folks agree is a sinner,
 It was sent to the ship yard to help out his dinner ;
 Its 1st in an insect for diligence famed ;
 Its 2nd in cart wheels and wagons is named ;
 Its 3d in fair features will always be found ;
 Its 4th attends labourers when tilling the ground ;
 Its 5th acts with sea men when going to sea ;
 Its 6th with young ladies you surely will see ;
 Its 7th in steam boats afloat or a-ground ;
 Its 8th in propellers is sure to be found ;
 Its 9th in unkindness, usurpers and use ;
 Its 10th in processions, profane and profuse ;
 Its whole as I said was used by an old sinner,
 To day at the ship yard to help out his dinner,
 And I thought as I saw it go into his throttle,
 That I never beheld such a thing in a bottle,
 As he swallowed the last drop with zest and with zeal,
 He declared 'twas much better than wine, beer or ale.

Sorel, 14 April, 1856.

R. HUNT.

Olden Riddle Rhymes.

I.

A water there is I must pass,
 A broader water never was ;
 And yet of all waters I ever did see,
 To pass over with less jeopardy.

II.

There is a bird of great renown,
 Useful in city and in town ;
 None work like unto him can do ;
 He's yellow, black, red, and green,
 A very pretty bird, I ween ;
 Yet he's both fierce and fell :
 I count him wise that can this tell.

III.

Over the water
 And under the water,
 And always with its head down !

IV.

Two legs sat upon three legs,
 With four legs standing by ;

Four then were drawn by ten :
Read my riddle ye can't,
However much ye try.

v.

Black within, and red without,
Four corners round about.

vi.

As I was going o'er yon moor of moss,
I met a man on a grey horse ;
He whipped and he wail'd,
I ask'd him what he ail'd ;
He said he was going to his father's fune-
ral,
Who died seven years before he was born.

vii.

A house full, a yard full,
And ye can't catch a bowl full.

viii.

The calf, the goose, the bee,
The world is ruled by these three.

ix.

Banks full, braes full,
Though ye gather all day
Ye'll not gather your hands full.

x.

The land was white
The seed was black.
It will take a good scholar
To riddle me that.

Parlour Amusements.

TO MAKE A BALL CHANGE COLOURS.

You open a box, and show the company a ball of ivory, which fits into it; then you put the ball into the box, and the cover on. You then take the cover off, and the ball. You put the cover on, and when you show the ball again, it is black, &c.

EXPLANATION.

A box must be made for this purpose, with three or four covers ingeniously wrought, and the inside ones of different colours. After the ball is exhibited by a secret spring, you attach one of the covers to the ball which renders it of a different colour; in like manner another, and so on till all the secret covers are disposed of. These covers, which serve as shells for the ball, must be manufactured very thin, ingeniously turned, and nicely fitted for the purpose.

TO CAUSE FIRE TO BURN UNDER WATER.

You call for a pail of water, and having a certain composition in your hand, which you apply fire to, you throw it into the water, and, to the great astonishment of the company, it will burn under the water till quite spent.

EXPLANATION.

For the performance of this curious trick, by which many a wager has been won, take three ounces of powder, one ounce of saltpetre, and three ounces of sulphur

vivum, beat and mix them well together; then fill a pasteboard or paper mould with the composition, and it will burn till entirely consumed, under the water.

TO CAUSE A STONE TO BE IN PERPETUAL MOTION.

This requires some hours' preparation, as may be seen by the explanation. When the necessary pains have been taken, the stone appears in a bottle continually moving.

EXPLANATION.

Put very small fillings of iron into aquafortis, and let them remain there until the water has taken off the iron requisite, which will happen in seven or eight hours. Then take the water, and put it into a phial an inch wide, with a large mouth, and put in a store of *lapis calaminaris*, and stop it up close; the stone will then keep in perpetual motion.

A BRILLIANT METALLIC TREE.

Reduce to powder three-quarters of an ounce of sugar of lead; on this pour a decanter of water. Shake the mixture, and allow it to remain three days; take of the clear solution, rinse out the decanter, and then return it. Suspend a piece of zinc in the decanter, by means of thread or wire, to the stopper, so as just to be covered by the solution. Place it in a situation where it is not likely to be disturbed. The zinc will shortly become covered with a moss-like appearance, and substance of metallic lead, which will shoot forth in brilliant crystallization, bearing a resemblance to a tree or shrub. This experiment is much to be admired, producing a pretty room ornament, if suspended in a large round glass bottle, which will be much better in appearance than in a decanter. and will better show the beauty of the crystallization, in consequence of being made with thinner and more transparent glass.

PRECIPITATION OF SILVER IN A CRYSTALLIZED FORM.

Immerse phosphorus for a few days in a solution of nitrate of silver. The metal will be precipitated on the phosphorus in fine dendritic crystals.

ANSWERS

TO PUZZLES FOR PASTIME IN LAST NO.

CHARADES.—1. Mist-rust. 2. Cod-ling.
3. Ava-rice. 4. Tar-tar. 5. Pepper-corn.
6. Maine Law. 7. Taverus.

ENIGMAS.—1. A Chair. 2. The letter U.
3. A Card.

RIDDLES.—1. A wig. 2. The figure 8.
3. Vague, ague. 4. Ague, Hague. 5. Both. 6. COCOA. 7. A bun-dance.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—Worked 9½; played 2½ days.