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# THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1855.

No. 4.

## THE LITTLE SISTERS.



YOU were not here yesterday," said the gentle teacher of the village school, as she placed her hand on the curly head of one of her pupils. It was recess time, but the little girl addressed had not gone to frolic away the ten minutes, nor even left her seat, but sat absorbed in what seemed a fruitless attempt to make herself mistress of a sum in long division.

Her face and neck crimsoned at the remark of her teacher, but looking up, she seemed somewhat re-assured by the kind glance that met her and answered, "no, ma'am, I was not, but sister Nelly was."

"I remember there was a little girl who called herself Nelly Gray, came in yesterday, but I did not know she was your sister. But why did not you come? You seem to love study very much."

"It was not because I did not want to," was the earnest answer, and then she paused and the deep flush tinged that fair brow, "but,"

she continued after a moment of painful embarrassment, "mother cannot spare both of us conveniently, and so we are going to take turns. I'm going to school one day, and sister the next, and to-night I'm to teach Nelly all I have learned to-day, and to-morrow night she will teach me all that she learns while here. It's the only way we can think of getting along, and we want to study very much, so as to sometime keep school ourselves, and take care of mother, because she has to work very hard to take care of us."

With genuine delicacy Miss M— forbore to question the child further, but sat down beside her, and in a moment explained the rule over which she was puzzling her young brain, so that the difficult sum was easily finished.

"You had better go out and take the air a moment, you have studied very hard to-day," said the teacher, as the little girl put aside her slate.

"I had rather not—I might tear my dress—I will stand by the window and watch the rest."

There was a peculiar tone in the voice of her pupil as she said, "I might tear my dress," that Miss M— was lead instinctively to notice it. It was nothing but ninepenny print of a deep hue, but

it was neatly made and had never yet been washed. And while looking at it, she remembered that during the whole previous fortnight that Mary Gray had attended school regularly, she had never seen her wear but one dress. "She is a thoughtful little girl," said she to herself, "and does not want to make her mother any trouble. I wish I had more such scholars."

The next morning Mary was absent, but her sister occupied her seat. There was something so interesting in the two little sisters, the one eleven and the other eighteen months younger, agreeing to attend school by turns, that Miss M—— could not forbear observing them very closely. They were pretty faced children, of delicate forms, and fairy-like hands and feet—the elder with dark lustrous eyes and chestnut curls, the younger with orbs like the sky of June, her white neck veiled by a wreath of golden ringlets. She observed in both, the same close attention to their studies, and as Mary had tarried within during play-time, so did Nelly; and upon speaking to her as she had to her sister, she received, too, the same answer, "*I might tear my dress.*"

The reply caused Miss M—— to notice the garb of her sister. She saw at once that it was of the same piece as Mary's, and upon scrutinizing it very closely, she became certain that it was the same dress. It did not fit quite so pretty on Nelly, and was too long for her, and she was evidently ill at ease when she noticed her teacher looking at the bright pink flowers that were so thickly set on the white ground.

The discovery was one that could not but interest a heart so truly benevolent as that which pulsated in the bosom of that village school teacher. She ascer-

tained the residence of their mother, and though sorely shortened herself by a narrow purse, that same night, having found at the only store in the place a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Nelly, and sent it to her in such a way that the donor could not be detected.

Very bright and happy looked Mary Gray on Friday morning, as she entered the school at an early hour. She waited only to place her books in neat order in her desk, ere she approached Miss M——, and whispered, in voice that laughed in spite of her efforts to make it low and deferential, "After this week sister Nelly is coming to school every day, and oh, I am so glad!"

"That is very good news," replied the teacher, kindly. "Nelly is fond of her books, I see, and I am happy to know that she can have an opportunity to study her books every day." Then she continued, a little good-natured mischief encircling her eyes and dimpling her sweet lips, "But how can your mother spare you both conveniently?"

"O, yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, she can now. Something happened she didn't expect, and she is as glad to have us come as we are to do so." She hesitated a moment, but her young heart was filled to the brim with joy, and when a child is happy it is as natural to tell the cause, as it is for a bird to warble when the sun shines. So out of the fulness of her heart she spoke and told her teacher this little story.

She and her sister were the only children of a very poor widow, whose health was so delicate that it was almost impossible to support herself and daughters. She was obliged to keep them out of school all winter, because they had no

clothes to wear, but she told them that if they could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress, they might go in the spring. Very earnestly had the little girls improved their stray chances, and very carefully hoarded the copper coins which usually repaid them. They had each nearly saved enough to buy a calico dress, when Nelly was taken sick, and as the mother had no money beforehand, her own treasure had to be expended in the purchase of medicine.

"O, I did feel so bad when school opened and Nelly could not go, because she had no dress," said Mary. "I told mother I wouldn't go either, but she said I had better, for I could teach sister some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nelly's little face seemed all the time looking at me on the way to school, and I couldn't be happy a bit, so I finally thought of a way by which we could both go, and I told mother I would come one day, and the next I would lend Nelly my dress and she might come, and that's the way we have done this week. But last night, don't you think, somebody sent sister a dress just like mine, and now she can come too. O, if I only knew who it was, I would get down on my knees and thank them, and so would Nelly. But we don't know, and so we've done all we could for them—we've prayed for them—and O, Miss M——, we are all so glad now. Ain't you too?"

"Indeed I am," was the emphatic answer. And when, on the following Monday, little Nelly, in the new pink dress, entered the school-room, her face radiant as a rose in sunshine, and approaching the teacher's table, exclaimed in tones as musical as those of a freed mountain. 'I'm coming to school

every day, and O, I am so glad!" Miss M—— felt as she had never done before, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. No millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, lauded for his thousand dollar charities, was ever so happy as the poor school teacher who wore her gloves half a summer longer than she ought, and thereby saved enough to buy that little fatherless girl a calico dress.

## HOME.



HERE is magic in this word, and who has not felt its influence! We may roam far from our native land, may roam in foreign countries, and mingle only with strangers.

Various causes may combine to render us forgetful of home, its pleasures and its sorrows. The many cares and troubles of life may engage our attention, and the attractions of society may spread their charms. But in the calm powers of reflection, memory points to the past, and recalls to our recollection the scenes of our early years, of our childhood's home. Again in fancy we listen to the greetings of those dear familiar voices which long ago were hushed in the silent grave. Again we view each well known spot, endeared to us by tender recollections. Again the hills and villages so dear to memory rise before us. The dancing stream glitters in the sun beams, as in those by gone days when we played with its sparkling waters, and

gathered the flowers on its mossy banks.

Our childhood's home!—What recollections do these words recall;—associated as they are with all that our memory holds dear,—with the remembrance of a father's watchful care and a mother's affection. Almost insensibly we forget the years which have rolled away since we viewed these scenes as happy thoughtless children. But the delusion soon vanishes, and the stern realities of life again resume their sway.

C. M. A.

### THE RIVER OF FREEDOM.

BY J. C. HAGEN.



AIL, Mighty St. Lawrence!

The pride of the North!

As pure as the streams That from Eden gushed forth;

With islands of beauty

Where angels may dwell,

And man might mistake

For his home e'er he fell.

Oh! many the rivers

Thy beauty may share,

With waters as sparkling

And islands as fair!

While on their broad bosoms

Exultingly ride

The rich-freighted navies,

Of Nations the pride.

Yet 't is not thy islands,  
So fraught with delight;  
It is not thy waters,  
So sparkling and bright;  
For higher and holier  
Thy glory shall be—  
The slave that once touches  
Thy bosom is free.

Yes, glorious river!  
The chain of the slave  
Dissolves at the magical  
Touch of thy wave;  
And his ruthless pursuer  
Can reach him no more,  
For the hand of Oppression  
Falls dead on thy shore.

Blessed river of freedom!

Oh! long may thy wave  
Be the dread of the tyrant,  
The hope of the slave;  
And Afric's crushed children  
Still hail with delight,  
The moment thy waters  
First gleam on their sight!

And, oh! that some power  
From heaven would fill,  
With virtues like thine,  
Every fountain and rill,  
Till not a broad river  
A country shall lave,  
Where harbors a tyrant,  
Where trembles a slave.

—Christian Inquirer.

### THE SNOW FLAKE.

“**W**HERE art thou going, thou little snow-flake,  
Quivering, quivering, down the sky?”

What would'st be doing, thou little snow-flake,

Leaving thy home in the regions on high?

Earth is no place for a fair thing like thee,

Fragile as beautiful, graceful as white,—

Meet for an angel to place on his brow,

When he stands by the throne of the Father of light.”

“I am but one of a sisterhood fair;

We have a work to perform upon earth;

So we come quivering down through the air,

Leaving the fleecy clouds where we have birth,

We are commission'd to shelter and shield,

From the sharp frost and the keen nipping wind,

The roots and the seeds in the garden and fields,

That fruits in due season may grow for mankind.”

But dost thou know, O! thou little snow-flake,

Leaving thy home in the regions of air,

That when brought low, O! then little snow-flake,

Dark will thy lot be, and sad will thou fare?

Dashed into pieces, and whirl'd to and fro,

Trod on, defiled, and soon lost in the mire;

Ne'er again to thy home shalt thou go,

Never see the clouds with their edges on fire.”

“Light hearted questioner, we have no fear,

We have no care for what'e'er may betide;

God hath commanded, our duty is clear,

What shall befall us 'tis He must decide,

Although on earth we be melted, defiled,  
Forms yet more beautiful we shall assume;  
E'en like the soul of a dutiful child  
By the Son of Salvation called out of the tomb."

"IF MY MOTHER HAD LIVED, I  
SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN  
HERE."

BY T. W. BROWN.



ALTHOUGH on earth we be melted, defiled,  
Forms yet more beautiful we shall assume;  
E'en like the soul of a dutiful child  
By the Son of Salvation called out of the tomb."

Turning a corner, we stumbled against some obstruction upon the walk, and fell forward at full length. As our right hand struck out to save the severity of the fall, it fell upon a human face. A smothered curse greeted the act, and we found ourself in the company of a miserable object, too drunk to rise from where he had fallen. His hands were numb and nearly frozen, while his bloated face was burning with the accursed fever-flood which he had swallowed. With much effort we raised the poor fellow upon his feet, drunk as he was. As the lamp-light fell upon our faces, he knew us. "O Brown," said he, in unsteady yet touching tones,

"if my mother had lived, I should never have been here. God! father, mother, sister—all dead! wife and children at the poor-house, and I drunk in the gutter! It wa'n't so once, believe me, Sir." No, it was not so once. We could believe the wretched slave, for we knew he uttered but the truth. Our own eyes were flooded as were the drunkard's—the hardened wept as a broken-hearted child would weep.

His few words revealed a bitter history. His mother and sister dead, his own family at the almshouse, and he deserted in the heart of the city. He had grasped at the bubbles upon the breakers' brim, and learned to love their shadows. The deceitful tide of habit had borne him on, until every beacon-light of hope and home had faded out in the distance, and he found himself without a friend on earth, a wreck on the ocean waste.

The words of the drunken man made a deep impression upon our mind. They revealed the strength and lasting influence of a mother's teachings and a mother's memory. Alone, houseless, homeless, and hopeless, the wayward wanderer of the winter's night remembered the fireside of his boyhood, and the guardian form which presided there. The flames of the demon-draught, through long years of degradation, had not burned that sacred vision from his heart. Like a faint, lingering light of bliss for ever lost, it clung to the broken altars of his manhood. That holy love-light which beamed over his cradle did not die out when all else that was good and pure was forgotten. It lingered over the wreck of all, like a bright, blessed dream of the past. The heart-shrine was cast down and broken; yet, like the ivy upon the crumbled ruin, the remembrance of a

better dream was cherished to the last.

The mother little dreams of the lasting impress she casts upon a creature of immortality. She may pass away and leave her children behind her. That circle may be scattered up and down the earth, but the memory of a mother goes with them. The death-cup and the maniac revel may for a moment obscure a mother's memory, but the holy vision will live, and in the still hours return like the spirit of a better angel.

We once addressed a few words to the convicts of the — Prison, in their chapel. We spoke of the redeeming influence of home and friends; where wives, sisters, and mothers were quick to cheer and comfort in trouble, and to administer in sickness. We spoke of those who were early thrown out upon the world without the blessed guide of a mother's counsel. How many of them, clothed in the garb of infamy, and shut out from society for their crimes, who, had a mother lived to counsel and guard their unwary steppings, might have been virtuous, useful, and honored! We saw many a tear upon the convict cheek. How many are wretched, for the want of early friends, and a good education at home! How many wander from a mother's grave to a life of vice and crime! How many are now degraded, who, but for the greatest of earthly losses, would have been numbered among the good and the true! How many now treading in the pride of honorable manhood, who, if subjected to the same early loss, would have trod the pathway of dishonor! How many a fair one, now beautiful and pure, but for the existence of a mother and a home, would have gone down to the abodes of infamy! Think of these things, and tread lightly upon

the ashes of the erring, for they were your kinsmen and kinswomen, and, with equal advantages, might have trod as high a pathway as yourselves.

"All that's good in me I owe to my mother," said the "Old Man Eloquent," a tear gathering in his eye, as he stood where he afterwards died — at his post. How eloquent the tribute to the influence of the mother from one of the greatest of earth! It stands proudly in the history of John Q. Adams. Napoleon, while feted by the nobility of conquered Austria, and surrounded by the courtesans of a corrupt court, turned a deaf ear to their seductive plots; for he remembered his mother, her virtues, and her holy teachings. "How proud should a mother be of such a son!" once said a friend to one of the most gifted of American orators, at the conclusion of one of those electric harangues which have never been surpassed for fiery and impetuous eloquence. The eagle eye of the excited orator melted into tenderness as he replied, "Rather say, Sir, how proud a son ought to be of such a mother!" The eloquent and soaring Prentiss is in his grave, but his tribute to the memory of his mother gleams like a jewel of deathless beauty in the coronet of his fame.

No, the world moves on, unthinking of the silent, yet potent agency around the hearth. It hardly stops to ask the criminal if he had an early home. "Let me make the ballads of a nation," said a writer, "and I care not who makes the laws." All very true; yet we would go down to a deeper source of the greatness of a people, and say, Let us select the mothers of a nation, and its ballads and laws shall both be right—the ballads pure in sentiment, and the laws obeyed.

## ANTI-TEMPERANCE REMEDY.



Do not presume none of our readers will object to the application of the vinous poison in the following manner as described by the Paris Journal:—

Mr. H—, who dwells in the country, on awaking in the night, heard some one attempting to force the blind of his parlor window. Mr. H— was unarmed, but his presence of mind did not forsake him. He took a bottle of champagne, cut the wire, and retaining the cork with his thumb, and calmly awaiting till the burglar having forced the blind and introduced his head into the room when Mr. H— let the cork fly in his face. The report was loud and the burglar alarmed by it and supposing the champagne which covered his face was his own blood, fell to the ground crying for mercy. Mr. H— having assured himself that the robber was alone, sprang from the window, bound him, carried him to the village and delivered him to the constable.

## A PATCH ON THE COAT.



Most children dislike to wear patched garments. Evil habits may be considered as patches upon one's character.

Every youth especially should seek to put on a whole garment at least of sincerity, integrity, so-

briety, and virtue. But, alas! so far from all doing this, here is a little boy with the patch of profanity on his character; another of intemperance and tobacco extravagance; another of Sabbath breaking; another of bad behaviour in the House of God and at the places of public resort, and another of disobedience to parents, &c., &c.

My young friend, if your character is patched up in this way, let me advise you to get rid of these patches as soon as possible. You are exposed to public scrutiny; people will know what you are; and God will be justly angry with you for corrupting yourself and others by wrong doing.

If parents would take as much pains to prepare their children's characters for public admiration and respectability as they do in dressing up their bodies! how many a vicious curse would be renounced! how many gambling and drinking victims would be saved! how much profanity would be suppressed! how much dishonesty and Sabbath breaking would be avoided! How much happiness would be the fruits of this care and parental restraint.

J. T. D.

PREACH SMALL.—“Mother,” said a little girl seven years old, “I could not understand our minister to-day, he said so many hard words. I wish he could preach so that little girls could understand him.—Won't he, mother?” “Yes I think so, if we ask him.” Soon after, her father saw her going to the minister's. “Where are you going, Emma?” said he. “I am going over to Mr. —'s to ask him to *preach small*.”—*Christian Times*.

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



ROBERT DAWSON;

OR, THE BRAVE SPIRIT.



T was in the third year of my residence with Mr. Simpson, that he engaged to do a large amount of work for a publishing house in the city, in a certain time. But one evening toward the close of the job, the publisher suddenly appeared in the office. He and Mr. Simpson were closeted together some time. When the office was alone for the even-

ing, Mr. Simpson told us that the work must be finished in three days at the farthest, and that we must all bestir ourselves early enough in the morning. It was my duty to open the office and prepare it for work.

"Tom!" said Mr. Simpson, "I want you to get up and do Robert's work to-morrow morning; he looks pretty sick to-night, and must not come into the office until after breakfast." I had taken a severe cold.

The stranger saw and marked us both, and heard Mr. Simpson's directions.

"Robert, do you lie a bed to-morrow morning, and Tom by all means be up by four. Here! take my alarm watch and hang it up by your bed-side. Be up, sir, in good season!"

"Yes sir," answered Tom, though in no willing tone.

When we went to bed a tremendous snow storm was beginning to rage and howl without.

The cold was extreme, and the

wind a furious northeaster. I soon forgot the storm and sank into a peaceful slumber, with the agreeable expectation of lying as long as I choose in the morning. In an incredible short time (as it seemed, so profound were our slumbers) Tom and I were aroused by the alarm watch, one, two, three, four!—could it indeed be morning?

"It is time to get up, Tom?" shouted I; shaking his arm. "Get up, then!" he growled roughly.

"But I am sick, Tom, and you remember what Mr. Simpson said."

No, Tom was not to be roused. He was not going to get up such a stormy morning so early—not he! He was not going to do it for Mr. Simpson, nor for me, nor any body else—not he. He was not going to get up, if he never did any work.

How many are like Tom, when a demand is made upon them for a little extra effort! They are not going to work so—not they.

Now it was evident somebody must get up; and it must be, certainly, one of us. I felt that I had a right to sleep the night out that time. Besides I feared it might be hazardous to get up, for I was in a profuse perspiration, and the storm was raging violently. But my own personal consideration had no more effect upon my bed-fellow than had his master's commands.

Well, it must be done. Make up your mind to do it, and then do it courageously, thought I. Out of bed I jumped, and dressed myself rapidly, without suffering myself to regret the snug warm quarters I had left. In spite of the head-ache, sore throat and cough, I went bravely on. I ploughed my way to the office through the drifting snow, built the fire, and got everything in readiness for the workmen, long before they began to appear. Then tying the lantern.

before me, to see the way, I fought with the snow until I shovelled a respectable path from the house to the office. Some one beside myself was up in the house; several times he appeared at the window looking out and watching my progress. While I was in the office, a heavy step ascended the stairs. Not John's, nor Tom's, nor Mr. Farley's, nor Mr. Simpson's. Lo! the publisher himself entered. He, such a rich man! up and seeing about his business so early! I was amazed. Our office had much work for him, and we all respected him greatly.

"I thought you were the boy that was not to get up this morning, Robert? A stormy morning this and tough work you have had of it." "Only a few drops at a time," I added to myself.

"Right, right!" exclaimed the publisher, with great spirit. "You have had a training that is worth something; yes worth more to begin life with than thousands of dollars. I see you can put your hand to the plow and not look back. The great fault of young men now-a-days is, they are afraid to work, they want to live too easy; while the fact is, we cannot get anything worth having, reputation, property, or anything good without working, aye, striving for it. I must keep my eye on you, young man."

Upon what apparently little incidents hang the well-being of men. I saw apparently little chance-like incidents, and yet they are neither little nor by any chance; they are a part of the great moral wool which our habits weave into destinies. So that what so many call a lucky hit, or an unlucky turn, is in fact the true result of what the past hath wrought out.

To some it might have seemed a lucky hit, that the great publisher of — and I, an obscure appren-

tice, should have happened to meet just as we did, at half past four on a stormy winter's morning, in Mr. Simpson's printing office, because from that time he became my fast friend.

At twenty-one, I was free, with a good trade thoroughly learned.

At twenty-two, I was master of two hundred and ninty dollars.

At twenty-three a profitable paper and printing establishment in a large neighboring town was for sale.

"How much money did you earn last yea, Robert," asked the publisher, who contrived to meet me at the time.

"Two hundred and ninty dollars sir, clear."

"Just what I expected. I have bought the Journal office and furniture, and am going to set you up in business. I see you can take care of your own, therefore I can safely trust you with mine. You are not afraid of difficulties?"

No; it was not a lucky hit, or any hit at all, if by this is meant a chance event. The meeting was the natural consequence of the business habits of the man and the boy. And now when poor Charles Frazer, on beholding my comfortable home and pleasant lands the other day, called me a "lucky dog" and "one of fortune's favorites," I would say to all, as I said to him; Success in life, success in any department of life, can only come from, and is the legitimate result of a firm, unflinching resolution to work—to work honestly and industriously; and these habits must be formed in boyhood, or they will never be well formed. They must be inwrought at home.

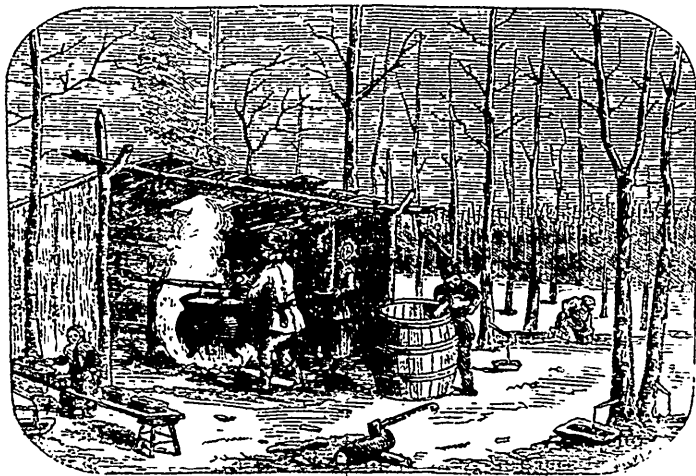
"Nothing good ever turned up for me!" exclaimed poor Charley, as he came the other day to talk with me, for the hundredth time, about some new prospect for busi-

ness. Alas! they seemed always to be prospects, and very distant ones too. "If I ever want to borrow a dollar of my richest neighbor, he never happens to have one just then, and now I do not care."

I looked at his shabby coat, and thought of his wife and children, poor, poor, very poor! and asked, "Why is it?" Had not Charley ability? Why, yes; but when Charley was a small boy, his parents always did his work for him. I had to do mine myself. Do not his present inefficiency and fear of work, and frequent complaints, grow out of the too much aid, the useless sympathy, the constant gratification of his wishes, rendered to him by his parents in boy-

hood? Children must engage in some active service, labors, dangers, fatigues, if they would have healthy constitutions, a self-relying spirit, and ability to take care of themselves.

Then, boys, be not afraid of work! Do not be afraid of obstacles in the pursuit of a good end. A life lies before you. Its length you know not. It offers materials for you to carve out your own destiny, of course under the providence and with the blessing of God our Creator. Carefully select your craft or calling. Work at it skilfully, industriously, faithfully. Then be sure it will yield you all you need.—*Extract from new publication of Am. Sun. School Union.*



THE MAPLE SUGAR GROVE.



had crusted the trees with ice, and left long icicles drooping from the

eaves of the houses. Cheerfully the rosy light slid through the half drawn curtains of a pleasant room where a row of little cots placed side by side, indicated the sleeping apartment of the younger members of a thriving family. It was very silent at that early hour, for the genius of sleep had strewed his poppies over every cot, and the little quiet faces that rested on the

pillows might each have personated a cherub of innocence.

Presently a pair of bright dark eyes slowly opened, and Emma, the eldest, sat up, and leaning on one elbow, looked on her sleepy sisters, while her baby brother, who was just awake, very quiet, trying to open Nurse's eyelids, as a hint, probably, that it was time to prepare his breakfast. The nursery was soon no longer silent; two or three elder children came running in, exclaiming, "we are going to the Maple Grove to-day," and directly all tumbled out of bed, and began dressing as fast as possible. Then there was heard a whistling on the stairs, and a rap on the door as loud again as was necessary; it was Harry, and he called to them.

"Come Emma, Jane and all of you, don't keep papa waiting to-day!"

"Oh, no," they answered, "for then we should be left behind;" and very soon the family met together in the breakfast room at their morning repast, and with much animation talked over the anticipated pleasures of the day. The younger children kept running to the window to see if the horses were coming round, and the clock seemed never to have moved so slowly to them. At the appointed hour, the appearance of a few friends who were to accompany them put an end to their impatience; they started off at a brisk pace, the sleigh bells ringing merrily, and though the winter roads were beginning to break up, under the influence of approaching spring, the carioles glided on with sufficient ease, and the ice-bridge still provided a safe passage across the river. The drive terminated at the distance of several miles, where some early "clearing" had left undisturbed a grove of Sugar Maples,

trees whose symmetrical forms and rich foliage are the pride of the Canadian woods, as the valuable sap is probably destined to become an article of extensive commerce to the country. They stood as regularly, almost, as if planted by the hand of art; the smooth tall trunks, and their leafless branches still encumbered with the frozen rain which began now to melt, and fell sparkling in sudden showers upon the crusted snow. Two or three huts or *cabans* of the habitans were erected in the midst of them, and a red blaze flashing through the dense smoke in several places, showed groups of persons busied in the simple process of manufacturing the maple juice into sugar.

The scene was a novelty to the young people, who looked on it with great interest, and Harry in particular had many questions to ask. Perhaps the observation and remarks of that day may have suggested ideas to his mind which time may mature and carry out to some great practical results, as the falling of an apple solved the law of gravitation to the mind of Newton. They stood before a tree of large size, whose trunk bore the marks of many incisious, and from which the sap was then flowing in a plentiful stream, with a large vessel placed below to receive it.

"I should think it would kill the tree, papa," said Harry, "to be cut in this manner."

"The cut is not deep enough to effect it vitally," said his father; "just as in our own flesh we often receive a severe cut or wound, which is healed by a kindly process of nature, leaving only a scar, as in the tree before us. It is a peculiar property of the maple-tree, however, that it will bear such severe treatment, which would be fatal to most trees, without receiv-

ing material injury. The gutta percha tree, it is said can only be tapped once, when it dies, and so there is an immense loss of these valuable trees; but the maples are often tapped every year in succession, though it is best to leave them each alternate year to recover their vigor."

"Why is not this sap as good for making sugar as the juice of the sugar-cane?" "It cannot be so troublesome a process, for that has to be crushed or ground to extract the juice, and this flows freely by only cutting the bark?"

"This will undoubtedly, in time, be brought to as great perfection as the manufacture of West India sugar," he replied. "There is a flavor peculiar to the maple, which is not agreeable for all purposes, particularly tea and coffee; but some remedy will undoubtedly be discovered for that. Constant improvements are making in the art of refining it, and there is no doubt it will yet rival the products of warmer climates. There were some specimens of white crushed sugar made from the maple tree somewhere about Cobourg, and sent to the Great Exhibition held in London, which excelled the same kind of sugar made from the cane, in brilliancy of particle, and it was also free from any peculiar taste.

"Why don't they get the sap, all summer long, papa?" asked Emma.

"Because, Emma, it is only when the sap begins to rise that it can be thus drawn off; these mild, spring-like days, when vegetable life first revives, the juices circulate freely, but are checked again by the frost at night. This is considered the reason for tapping the maple tree; later, the juices become absorbed, and go to nourish the branches, to form the leaves

and robe the beautiful and useful tree in its summer glory."

There were many persons engaged in making sugar in that Maple Grove, and the town visitors observed the process with much interest and curiosity. There were huge iron vessels, suspended by cranes over the blazing fire, in which the juice was boiled to the required degree, either for syrup or for sugar of different qualities. These fires were kept up constantly during the season of the sugar boiling, and men watched the kettles by day and night lest the contents should be spoiled or wasted.

Our little party had brought refreshments with them, and exercise, and the pure air, gave them excellent appetites. They obtained the use of a hut with a blazing fire in it, and the sugar in its various stages of progress was very tempting to the young ones. The hot fluid poured upon snow, formed thin cakes, which, when cool, were very crisp and palatable. The children were allowed to cool some of the liquid in this manner for themselves, and really fancied they were quite skilled in the art of sugar-making. The day seemed a very short one to them all, they had enjoyed so much and received so many new ideas. Above all, they had learned to appreciate the value of labour, and could understand more clearly how much intelligence is required, to secure the comforts and luxuries of life. Necessity compels the savage to make the first rude experiments in living; but it is only by the application of talent, and the energy of will, that the arts of refined life are matured and perfected.

LEARNING will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day.

THE ROMANCE OF SLAVERY;  
AN INCIDENT OF REAL LIFE.



It is probable that well-nigh all our readers are familiar with the character and experience of George and Eliza, in that undying work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The pure and beautiful devotion of those two slaves to each other constitutes one of the charms of that thrilling story, while the troubled history of their attachment embodies so many traits which all feel to be truthful, that the episode in slave life thus presented will never cease to interest the careful student of human nature. In the course of our reading lately, we have met with an incident so similar in kind, and so confirmatory of the verisimilitude of Mrs. Stowe's representations of this phase of slave character, that we hesitate not to transfer it to our pages. It is to be found in a very instructive and valuable work on the inhabitants of the African Sahara, under the title of "Evenings in my Tent," by the Rev. N. Davis—a gentleman of remarkable powers of observation, accompanied by an equal facility for communicating, in an agreeable manner, the results of his intercourse with the little known tribes of Northern Africa. We have styled the affecting incident which follows, "The Romance of Slavery;" yet surely it exhibits an aspect of slave life full of painful and terrible interest, and one which, it is probable, is of no unfrequent occurrence.

"During my residence in this

part of the world," (Northern Africa) he says, "I have had many opportunities of forming an estimate of the capabilities of that race, and I have no hesitation in bearing my testimony in its favor, in opposition to those who would place the black man upon a level with the brute, or regard him as the link which forms the connection between the brute and man. One of the finest logicians I ever met with was a black man from Soudan, who spoke the dialect of his country, and was, besides, a most proficient scholar of that most difficult of difficult languages, the Arabic. Another I knew from Damargo, whose poetry equalled that of the Moalquaar, the seven famous poems of Mecca. I have known them, soon after their arrival from the interior, manifest great mechanical ingenuity; and many ministers of state, and officers in the army, priests and lawyers of the same race, have proved to the various Mohammedan countries, that their intellect was in nothing inferior to that of the white. The love of country, the affection for kindred, the attachment to friends, the courage, the perseverance, the patience, the fidelity and humanity exhibited by the poor negroes, even in their rude state, as they are forced along the dreary desert, by those who have cruelly torn them from the places of their birth and all they prized and loved, might be illustrated by a number of most interesting and authentic anecdotes. But as there is every probability of a volume of this kind soon making its appearance in 'charming verse,' it would be unfair in me to anticipate the fair authoress, particularly as she is so able for the task she has undertaken. And as I shall have occasion to return to the subject of slavery in a following chapter, I shall

here only introduce an anecdote relating to an occurrence at Tripoli, a number of years back, and that from the pen of the author of 'Ten Years in that Regency.'

"As we were going one morning through the inner court-yard to the *harem* of a Moorish house of distinction, two remarkable fine figures, among some newly-purchased blacks, a beautiful woman and a well-looking man, arrested our attention. By their gestures it was easy to perceive that they laboured under some very deep distress; the moment, therefore, our first compliments on meeting the family was over, we inquired the history of these unhappy people, and the reason of their present apparent despair. We were told, they had given a great deal of trouble to the merchant's family, so that they were obliged to be watched day and night, and all instruments put out of their way, as they were at first continually endeavouring to destroy themselves, and sometimes each other. Their story will prove, that their friendship and fidelity to be found even among savages. The female, who is certainly very beautiful for a black, is about sixteen, her hair long, full, and shining like jet, her teeth beautifully even and small, and their whiteness more wonderfully striking from the contrast of her face, which is of the deepest black complexion. Her stature is tall, and fuller than that of the blacks in general. She is esteemed to be handsomer than any one that has been brought here for years. This beauty (probably the admiration of her own country) had bestowed her heart and her hand on the man who is now with her. Their nuptials were going to be celebrated, when her friends, one morning, missing her, traced her steps to the corner of an adjacent

wood, and immediately apprehending she had been pursued and that she had fled to the thicket for shelter, (the common and last resource of escape from those who scoured the country for slaves,) they went directly to her lover, and told him of their distress. He, without losing time to search for her in the woods, hastened to the sea-side, where his foreboding heart told him he should find her, in some vessels anchored there for the purpose of carrying off slaves. He was just easy enough in his circumstances not to be afraid of being stolen himself, as it is in general only the unprotected that are carried off by these hunters of the human race. His conjectures were just. He saw, with distraction, his betrothed wife in the hands of those who had stolen her. He knelt to the robbers who now had the disposal of her, to know the price they demanded for her; but all he was worth did not make him rich enough to purchase his female friend, on whom the high price of two hundred mahboobs (near a hundred pounds) was fixed. He, therefore, did not hesitate a moment to sell his little flock of sheep, and the small bit of ground he was possessed of, and then disposed of himself to those who had taken his companion. Happy that they would do him this last favour, he cheerfully accompanied her, and threw himself into slavery for her sake. This faithful pair was sold, with other slaves, to the African whose house we were in. The woman was to be sent off from this place, with the rest of the merchant's slaves, to be sold again, she having, from her figure and beauty, cost too much money to be kept as a servant. The merchant meant to keep the man, on whom a much less price was fixed, as a domestic in his own family.

“This distressed pair, on hearing they were to be separated, became frantic. They threw themselves on the ground, in the way of some of the ladies of the family, whom they saw passing by; and finding one was the daughter of their master, they could not be prevented from clinging round her to implore her assistance, and their grief could only be moderated by this lady’s humane assurance that she would interfere with her father not to part them. The master, too compassionate in so hard a case to make use of his right in keeping either of these unfortunate slaves by force, expostulated with the man, showing him how easy his own blacks lived, and telling him that if he remained with him, and was deserving, he should have many more indulgences. But the black fell at the merchant’s feet, and entreated him not to keep him, if he sent his companion away, saying, if he did, he would lose all the money he had paid for them both; for that, though knives and poison were kept out of the way, no one could force them to eat, and that no human means could make them break the oath they had already taken, in presence of the Deity, never to live asunder. In vain the merchant told this slave that the beauty of his companion had raised her far above the price of those bought for menial servitude, and that she must soon become the property of some rich Turk, and consequently be separated from him for ever. This barbarity, the slave replied, he expected, but still nothing should make him voluntarily leave her; adding, that when they were parted by force, it would be time enough for him to die, and go, according to their implicit belief, to their own country, to meet her, as, in spite of those who had her in their

power, he knew she would then be gone thither, and waiting for him to join her. The merchant, finding it impossible to persuade him by words to stay, would not detain him by force, but has left him at liberty to follow the fortunes of his companion.

“Among a number of these newly purchased slaves, ordered into the apartmen where we were, was the beautiful female black. For some time her attention was taken up with us, but the novelty of the sight did not keep her many minutes from bursting into the most extravagant grief again at the thought of her own situation. She ran from us, and, hiding her face with her hands, sat down in a corner of the gallery, while the rest of her companions, standing round her, frequently pulled her violently to partake with them of the sight of the Christians, at whom they gazed with fear, amazement, and admiration, while their more polished country-women, who had been longer in the family, laughed at them for their surprise and terror. But in these slaves, just dragged away from their native soil, hunted like wild animals from the woods, where they had taken shelter, and enticed from their dearest connexions, the sight of white people must naturally inspire every sentiment of disgust and horror. However, by the time they were a little convinced that their dread, at least of the Christians’ presence, was needless, some of them became quite pacified, and were ordered to make up a dance. About twenty of them stood up. The ablest amongst them took the lead, the rest, touching the tip of each other’s hand and foot, according to their manner of dancing, formed a long line, when each, with the greatest exactness, and the utmost grace imaginable repeated the steps and



actions of their leader in perfect time. But neither entreaties nor threats could prevail on the unhappy black to join in this dance. She sat inconsolable by herself, and continued many days in the same sullen condition; and all we could learn on leaving the house, concerning this unfortunate female, lately so happy in her own country, was, that she was destined, with her husband, or rather lover, to embark in a few days on board a merchant vessel, the owner of which had bought them both, with several others, to sell them at Constantinople.'

"Well might these, and all negro captives, join in this dirge of their own composition—

'O God! give us our liberty—  
Where do they hurry us?  
Tears rise on every side,  
Drear is the world wide—  
Where do they carry us?

'O God! free us from slavery—  
Shall we, in happiness,  
See our dear homes again—  
Where once no care nor pain  
Caused us uneasiness?

'O God! give us our liberty—  
In dreadful dreariness  
Nature on every hand  
Frowns in this horrid land!  
We die of weariness—  
O God! give us our liberty.'

"This original piece (the wording of which is only slightly altered) was handed to me, some few years ago, by my late lamented friend, James Richardson. On the same paper on which it was penned, he says, 'It is not to be wondered at that these poor bondswomen and children cheer up their hearts, in their lonely and painful wanderings over the frightful desert, with words and sentiments like these. But I have often observed that their fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and many, many days their mourn-

ful strains never broke the horrid silence of the African wilderness of stone and sand. But when in good health, and reposing at the stations of the route, they sing from morning to night.'" — *Leisure Hour.*

### CHARADES.

VI.

THE name of a tree that in England grows,  
A river next that in Northampton flows,  
A beautiful flower familiar to all,  
A troublesome insect exceedingly small;  
What miners will always contrive to conceal,  
And a delicate fruit which I shall not reveal;  
The heads of these words will give that which you  
No doubt have been puzzled at times to construe.

VII.

My *first* makes all nature appear with one face,  
At my *second* is music, and beauty, and grace,  
And if this charade is not easily said,  
My *whole* you deserve to have thrown at your head.

M. L., Drummondsville.—We have received the enigmas sent, and would have inserted them this month, but we find they are not correctly got up. Please revise them and send their answers, and they will appear next month.

### ANSWERS.

To Musical Instruments Enigmatically expressed, in February number:—

- |              |             |                |
|--------------|-------------|----------------|
| 1. Organ,    | 2. Violin,  | 3. Bagpipes,   |
| 4. Dulcimer, | 5. Drum,    | 6. Piano,      |
| 7. Bugle,    | 8. Sackbut, | 9. Harp,       |
| 10. Cornet,  | 11. Fife,   | 12. Accordion. |

To Names of Poets Enigmatically expressed, in February number:—

- |                |              |              |
|----------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Littleton,  | 2. Beaumont, | 3. Campbell, |
| 4. Wordsworth, | 5. Landon,   |              |
| 6. Cunningham, | 7. Dyer,     | 8. Broome,   |
| 9. Denham,     | 10. Moore,   | 11. Milton,  |
|                | 12. Beattie. |              |

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