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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. V.


MONTREAL, APRIL, 1856.

No. 4.

The Neighbour in Law.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

 O you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny, said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good nature, it must surprise those who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty," replied Mrs. Fairweather,— "She has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her poverty, many were

the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover, whom she had too much sense to marry. Then you know she feeds her brother's orphan child.

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane, "the poor child looks cold and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she was chased by the east wind. I used to tell Mrs. Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap on the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as she is herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humoured smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane, "and it must be confessed that you carry it with

you wherever you go. If Mrs. Turnpenny has a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never heard of anybody else that could. All the family within the hearing of her tongue called her the neighbor-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy was not only under the same roof with Mrs. Turnpenny, but the building had one common yard in front. The very first day that she took possession of her new habitation, she waited on the neighbor-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water, before her own wood and coal had arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street;—I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "it is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five cent piece, for I see it will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare Peggy to run up and down stairs while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence for every hour.

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal, but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with a timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament, for good or evil. "Now

mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty, "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered "yes ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quiet otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of, "mind how you do that. If you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "there, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice handy little girl you are!" Under these enlivening influences, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "stop your noise, and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head and said, "what a pretty voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the fields. By and by you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, carolling. The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given to her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of a thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid that the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest awhile; and eat some ginger-bread." The child took the offered cake with a hum-

ble little curtesy, and held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from dropping on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were strewn about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in the room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that it was a music-box, and after a while she opened it, and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures till she again wanted her. Peggy stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back as if afraid. "What is the matter?" ask Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down with her finger on her lip, and answer in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play."

"Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the sole enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity, that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and intelligence.

"It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty: "if I had heard any complaint I should have given her a wipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt, since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether her

new neighbor would want her services again during the day. Her desire that it should be so, soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and to leave it on the frontier line of her neighbour's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow the dirt about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped right out into the court, and after arranging divers matters, she called aloud to her domestic. "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Did I not tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray, make haste and sweep it up. I wouldn't have her see it on any account. I told her I would try and keep everything nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have such tidy neighbors." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out, with brush and dust pan, and swept quietly away the pile that was intended as a declaration of frontier war. But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean, scraggy animal, that looked as if it were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather also had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor poverty-stricken Tab, the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name

was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behaviour in his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of the door without being saluted with a growl, and a short, sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house with fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed it was a burning shame, for people to keep dogs to worry their neighbor's cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved that he would be scalded first; that he would. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head and reasoning with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference amounting to toleration: but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home sitting like a steam engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own privilege to cuff the poor creature, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions she rushed into her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she. "What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors."

"I am very sorry to behave so,"

replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly, "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny. "what do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so, that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbour Turnpenny, it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the whole neighborhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarrelling with the cat; but if he won't be neighborly, I will send him out into the country to board. Sally will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly,—and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her if I didn't keep the switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of

Peggy, said "that does very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the most economical. But, neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you are a neighbor. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turning back, pie in hand, to say,

"Neighbor Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab in doors, and perhaps after a while they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron. "We will try them a while longer, and if they persist in fighting, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head. "Ah you foolish little beast," said she, "what's the use of plaguing Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel."

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was

one of those cold, snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes, the whole herd were kicking and hooking each other, with great fury. My mother laughed, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you're hit.' Just so I've seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning. Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard begun. Never give a kick for a hit and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble.'

That same afternoon, the sunshine dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy sewing, as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem on business," said she: "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a pleasuring and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor; "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched Mrs. Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy

that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbor was certainly one of the good fairies she read about in the picture books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child can enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off, and Nature folds the young heart lovingly on her bosom! A flock of real birds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstasy. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, "See, how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah, our little stunted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand them.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when winter came she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she. "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like the dew on her

own dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done?" Bless me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When Spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed this point, but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care.

At another time she would say, "Well really my ground is too full. Here is a root of a lady's delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds, that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright, good natured little thing." Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded with flowers; and she even declared of her own accord, that they did look pretty.

One day when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw upon Pink's neck,

and little Peggy was sitting at her work as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerfully you look here," said Mrs. Lane. "And you have really taken the house for another year. Pray how do you manage to get on with the neighbor in law?"

"I find her a very kind obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it never was thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy and there will not be half the quarreling, nor a tenth part of the wickedness there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practiced, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy.—Her nature, which was first growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed, in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music teacher thought her more than almost handsome, for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than any other; and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pretty little cottage on her wedding day, she threw her arms around the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said, "Ah, thou dear good aunt, it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather."

No punishment is so terrible as prosperous guilt.

What Rum is Doing.



HE work of rum has become so familiar to the public mind, that its victims go down like the bubble.

People look coolly on while husbands and fathers are killed

by inches and whole households beggarded.

Let a man who has a heart to feel for a brother's ruin, watch the progress of his fall, and he will think of much which will stir the blood hotly in his veins.

What accursed institutions, these rumshops are! Their consuming lava leaves the manliest heart and form, a blighted waste. They are slaughter-houses, where men are robbed and killed for money, and pauperism and crime poured out by the dram. Were our merchants to thus injure society—our doctors or our lawyers—they would be hunted like wolves from the land.

There is an old man standing before our window, a fast crumbling monument of the destroying power of the rum traffic. He was an excellent mechanic, and could have furnished his family with bread instead of spending his all at the drunkeries, and leaving his children to seek in the world their living. When we first knew him, he was a pest in his own house, only speaking but to abuse his own household and profane the name of God. He spent his time and money at the rumshop. At day-break he was there, and at night. Look at him now, and see how humanity can be crushed. He has wasted to a skeleton, bowed down, and slowly tottering along the sidewalk. He


is a piteful wreck. The rumsellers have coined his frame, and health, and manhood into coppers! They have sucked the life blood out of him. They have robbed his family of bread. And still they pluck the palsied old man.—*He begs*—begs for money of the passer-by—and his gains go to the rum-shop. Could he sell his skeleton form and stupified soul for money, they would take it from his shaking hand. That man must be worse than a devil incarnate who will clutch the coppers from such an object, and add poison to that which is now consuming the last of an infatuated victim. Yet to have destroyed the whiskey this man drank, saved him, and his family a thousand pangs, would have been “unconstitutional!” It would seem that humanity is worthless in comparison with whiskey!

Here is another triumph of the rum traffic. Look at him! God seldom endows our humanity with a more powerful physical organization. He is in the prime of life, but under present circumstances, will be launched out upon the shoreless sea. He had no advantages in early life, and is not polished in manner or speech, but has a heart full of generosity, and of true friendship for those he loves. We have known him in a better day. We have been shoulder to shoulder with him in many a gathering, he standing erect, sober and happy. We loved to take his large, warm palm in our own, and to think of his home as we looked in his eye. We did not allow ourself to dream that there was a possibility of his ever again returning to his cups. But he has fallen—deeply, sadly fallen. He herds with the most degraded of the dramshop, and all day long lingers by the deadly craters whose breath is consuming him. We watch him from our

window until blinded by fast dripping tears. We think of his fall with a quivering lip, and of his destroyers until our fingers close like sinews of steel, as if we would smite them to earth at one blow. Bitter thoughts come crowding up until we think that we should rejoice to see heaven's hottest thunderbolts lick up forever the dens where our friend is butchered by inches, and his family robbed. Should one of the vampyres who suck out his substance, *steal* from him, they would be lodged in prison. They both rob and kill, and find abettors in the community and in our accursed rum press.

We hope the day will come when we can no more look from our window and see men marching in shackles down to premature graves. These tears are scalding and bitter.—*Cayuga Chief.*

Honesty.

 A QUAKER passing through a market, stopped at a stall and inquired the price of citrons.

“I have none,” said the honest countryman, “that will suit you; they are decayed, and their flavor is gone.”

“Thank thee, friend; I will go to the next stand. Hast thou good fruit to-day?” said he to the dealer.

“Yes sir; here are some of the finest nutmegs of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind.”

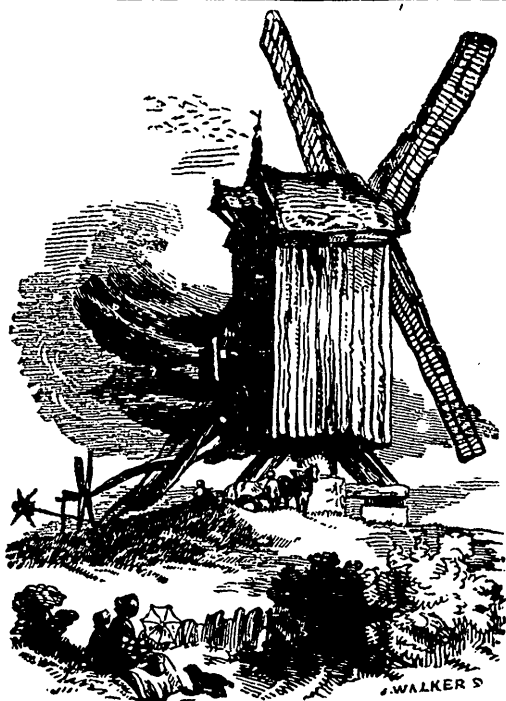
“Then thou canst recommend them?”

“Oh, certainly, sir.”

“Very well, I will take two.”

He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound, but miserably tasteless.

The next morning he again repaired to the same place. The man who sold him the fruit the preced-



A Conversation on the Windmill.

CHARLES. — “ See, mamma, I have been drawing a windmill ; is it not very pretty ? ”

Oh ! I like a windmill of all things, it looks so odd, swinging its long arms about in the wind ! I wonder what the reason is that they are not used now, as they were long ago, I have heard.”

Mamma. — “ Because, Charles, they have given place to water-mills, which are found far more useful, and a great improvement on the earlier inventions. You have something of an artist’s eye, and the picturesque appearance of the windmill has charmed your fancy ; but in these utilitarian times, people regard the *uses* of things rather than the outward appearance ; and yet I think it is a very pretty sight, a mill turning its busy wheel, and

the foaming water pouring over a dam, though it may not have all the charms of a natural cascade. But, in compensation for this, it bears evidence of man’s intelligence, forethought, and enterprize, which you will learn to value, I trust, when you are old enough to appreciate them.”

Charles. — “ And how did our fathers manage, when they had only windmills to grind their corn, mamma ? Were they less intelligent than we are ? ”

Mamma. — “ Perhaps not less intelligent, Charles, but certainly less enterprising. Every age is progressive, and there is no invention that is not improved upon by succeeding trials. Compare any mechanical art of the present day with the product of a century ago,

and you will perceive how greatly we have the advantage, both as it regards appearance and real utility. That old fashioned watch of your grandpapa's, how clumsy it is, compared with the delicate workmanship of this, which I am now wearing! When this country was first settled by our ancestors, the native Indians were accustomed to grind their corn between two stones; it was the expedient of ignorance, and served their purpose sufficiently well. They only thought of supplying their own wants from day to day, and held no property in common.

But as soon as the English had established themselves, they began to gather around them the conveniences of civilization; they were not content to grind their corn by hand-mills, which were first in use, but the community must be served, and windmills were erected, at which all the inhabitants within reach could be served for a moderate compensation.

Generally, a person who took corn to be ground at the mill paid *toll*, as it was called, to the miller, that is a certain proportion of the meal for each bushel, instead of giving money, which the poorer classes could not always command."

Charles.—"And why did not these windmills answer all the purpose required of them, mamma? If they ground the corn well, what more was needed?"

Mamma.—"In the first place, Charles, they depend too much on the state of the wind, which, as you know, is a very fickle element, and not being able to make any compromise with it, the good housewife was sometimes obliged to delay her support, because the wind did not please to blow strong enough to grind the corn for her cakes. This, however, was in the days

when there were few people in the land, and every one grew his own gram. The defect, to be sure, was somewhat remedied by an apparatus contrived to turn the sails of the mill, so that they might catch the wind in any direction, but after all, this was but a partial provision for a very serious defect."

Charles.—"And so some one, I suppose, set his wits to work and invented the watermill, which will work at all times—except," he added, laughing, "when the stream happens to dry up."

Mamma.—"Exactly so, Charles; constant improvements took place, till now, our country is covered with mills and manufactories of every description, a source of wealth and commerce, which has brought it into friendly competition with the most powerful nations of the world. Windmills could never have effected this great change; just fancy our spindles, and cotton jennies, and carpet looms, all stopping for the wind to blow, and thousands of operatives sitting idle in the meantime!"

Charles.—"I see it all now, mamma, but still I shall always have a regard for the windmill, were it only out of respect to the memory of Don Quixotte, who fought one so valiantly in the dark! and after all it is a pretty object in a landscape, far more poetic than a humdrum watermill!"

Mamma.—"If you looked at it with the eyes of a manufacturer, or a capitalist about to invest his fortune in a cotton speculation, your ideas would probably be more practical, but at your age I am not sorry to see a love of the beautiful predominate over a spirit of gain. The crust of selfishness and worldyness grows over one soon enough, and it can only be counteracted by that diligent cultivation of the mind and heart, that true refinement and

intelligence, from which arises a just discernment of the beautiful and the good, and which can never be found in union with a sordid and money-getting spirit."

Charles.—"Well, I must love my windmill after all, mamma; I will keep this sketch in my portfolio, after I have enlarged it and given it a more finished grouping, and it may often remind me of this conversation, which has suggested some new ideas to me."

Mamma.—"It may at least remind you of *progress*, which is the secret of all excellence. No individual and no state of society arrives at perfection at once, and like the old windmill, which served its purpose in a past age, old ideas pass away, or are moulded into new forms, as the dresses which we wear, like those of our forefathers are borrowed from the sheep and the silk worm, yet the fabric is woven in fresher looms, better adapted for the requirements of more advanced civilization. We may respect all things praise-worthy that have preceded us, and admire even the old windmill on the heights of the past, but we must *act* with the living age, and cheerfully give our best and most unselfish energies to the advancement of every good work, in which Providence may call us to engage."

Written For the Life Boat.

Look at the Bright Side.

O! is not this earth a beautiful earth,
And filled with beautiful things;
O! might not an angel passing by,
Pause on his starry wings
To see our sky like a tent of blue,
And the waters reflecting its azure hue;
Our glorious sun like a mighty king,
His floods of light around him fling;
Our towering mountains, cap'd with snow,
And the verdant plains that stretch below;
Our islands green on the waters rest,
Like diadems on its surging breast;
Our flocks of birds and our tinted flowers,
Our day and night, our calms and showers;

Our mighty forests stretching wide,
And all that is beautiful beside;
From east to west, from south to north,
O is not this a beautiful earth.
Then, mortal, if it be thy lot
To dwell in such a pleasant spot,
Why should'st thou murmur or repine,—
Why spend in sadness thy fleeting time?
Look at the bright side ever while here;
Never give up and never despair,
Though the clouds may be thick round thy
weary head,
Some ray of hope will o'er them be shed,
If, like a faithful soldier thou
Dost lift on high thy drooping brow,
And call with a trusting heart for aid
To him who this beautiful earth has made.
Never give up, O never, never!
Look at the bright side, now and ever.

MARY ANN.

Montreal, March, 1856.

Written for the Life Boat.

The Evening Star.

Again I view my much loved star,
Its twinkling rays come from afar,
To greet my expectant sight;
Shines in the west like a beauteous gem,
Like a bright enduring diadem,
With silvery' unfading light.

So calm and pure doth its spirit seem,
In that bright azure vault serene,
That my heart forgets its cares;
And thoughts of earth are flung away,—
A beam of hope lights up my way,—
Steals o'er my spirit unawares.

And as I gaze on thee I feel
A spirit of gladness o'er me steal,
Around me cast a magic spell,
Stirring the fountains of the soul,—
The tide of thought may freely roll,—
Far from the place I dwell.

Though many stars around thee shine,
No light attracts my gaze but thine;
For sweet yet sad the memory,
When first in childhood's happy hour,
Beneath a lovely rural bower,—
I fixed my gaze on thee.

ANNA THOMPSON.

Chatham, March 8, 1856.

GREAT thoughts and great emotions have a place in human history which no historian has hitherto given them; and the future is to be more determined by these than the past.

Striking Temperance Story

THE following striking temperance story we find afloat in our exchanges. There is many a man with as strong an appetite for rum as this man, but who is not so fortunate as to have the Maine Law so summarily and firmly administered at the right time. Could this outside help only have been at hand, many thousands of drunkards, once apparently reformed, would not be filling dishonored graves:—

An intelligent wealthy man, who did not drink in society, nor habitually at home, had a room in his mansion in which, as often as three or four times a year, he would gorge himself with liquor. When he found his craving for rum coming on, he would lock himself up in that room until "the scale" was finished. The appearance of this room at the close of one of these sprees was disgustingly filthy. A friend who knew his habits remonstrated with him, but was told that reform was impossible, so irresistible was his craving for rum at certain times. His friend begged him to try. His two sons, fifteen and seventeen years of age, earnestly pressed the appeal. At last the man consented to try, and drawing from his pocket a key, said to his older son: "Here is the key to the liquor-closet; will you take it and promise me on no condition, and for no violence with which I may threaten you, to give it up when I demand it?" The boy, knowing how furious his father was on these occasions, declined the trust. The father then asked the younger son, a boy of uncommon nerve, the same question, and he promptly replied "I will." For a few weeks things went on smoothly, but one day the father came home at an unusual hour.—His manner betokened that his ap-

petite was gnawing and craving. He called his younger son and demanded the key to the liquor-closet, but was refused firmly. The refusal maddened him, and seizing some weapon, he sprang at his son. For a moment he stood over him with glaring eyes and insane with rage, but the young hero, never quailed. Fixing his firm but tearful eyes on his father, he said: "Father, I promised you that I would not give you that key, no matter what violence you might threaten, and now you may kill me, but I will never give you that key!" Instantly the weapon dropped from the man's hand, and as he himself expressed it, "the appetite for liquor seemed to abandon me before the noble firmness of my son." He was reclaimed, and never fell. His cure was radical and thorough.

A Short Sermon.

Beloved, let me crave your attention, I am a little man come at a short notice—to preach a short Sermon from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved my text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences there being none; nor into words there being but one; I must therefore of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four, M. A. L. T.—M, is moral—A, is allegorical—L, is literal—and T, is theological.

The moral is to teach you good manners: therefore M. masters—A, all—L, leave off—T, tipling.

The allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of, and another meant; the thing spoken of, is malt—the thing meant is the spirit of malt, which you make M, your meat—A, your apparel—L, your liberty—and T, your trust.

The literal is according to the

letters—M, much—A, ale—L, little—T, trust.

The theological is according to the effects it works; in some—M, murder—in others—A, adultery—in all—L, looseness of life—and in many—T, treachery.

I shall conclude the subject by way of exhortation, M, masters—A, all of you—L, listen to—T, my text! Second by way of caution—M, masters—A, all of you—L, look-out for—T, truth—and third by way of communicating the truth, which is this—A Dunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoiler of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the ale house's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbor's scoff; a walking swill bowl; the picture of a Beast;—the monster of a man.

A Nip of Sling.

"Give us a nip of sling," said a young catechuman in the school of rum drinking, as he stepped up to the bar of a village groggery, "give us a nip of sling, to wash down the teetotal lecture we have just been hearing!" Nip of Sling thought I, as I walked away, musing and trying to analyze the cognomen—how appropriate.

1st, Sling, as a verb, means to throw or cast out, and so, thought I, *his Sling* will soon "throw" the remnant of his money to the winds—if he has a family it will throw them—

1. Into discouragement.
2. Into wretchedness.
3. Upon the town.

It will probably sling himself—

1. Into idleness.
2. Into debt.
3. Into crime.
4. Into the ditch.
5. Into prison.

6. Into a drunkard's grave.

7. Into a miserable eternity.

2nd, Sling as a noun means—

1. Something to throw with.
2. Something to hang in.

If my analysis of the verb is correct, then the first definition is true; and when the sheriff, the judge, the jury, the hangman, and the gailows, came rushing into my mind, surely, thought I, there is more truth than fiction in its second definition.

And there is the gratifying word "nip," this means, to bite—to blast, to pinch, the first agrees with Soloman's description of intoxicating drinks. It biteth like "a serpent and stingeth like an adder"—it blasteth the fondest hopes of parents, wife and children, and how often has the drunkard, as he stood on the hangman's scaffold, pointed to the "nip of sling"—as the procuring cause of his awful and final *nip of sling*.

Thus musing I felt constrained to warn the young man to "sling" his nip into the fire, and go and wash down his teetotal lecture with a hearty draught of *cold water practices*.

"Alliance" Principles Eighteen Years ago.



CORRESPONDENT sends us the following extract taken from Chambers's Journal, of date November 12, 1836:—

INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

Louis XII. of France first gave permission to distil spirits on a large scale. So terrific were the effects, twenty-two years afterwards, that Francis, his successor, was obliged, for the safety of his subjects, to enact a law, that the drunkard who remained incorrigible after severe monitory punishments, should suffer amputation of the ears,

and be banished from the kingdom. *How much more wisely would Francis have acted*, if, instead of banishing the drunkard, he had banished the *pernicious material of drunkenness*. Let us take another example; Sweden was a temperate country, on account of ardent spirits being, to a great extent, prevented from coming into ordinary use. In 1783, however, Gustavus, king of Sweden, gave permission for opening spirit shops in all the villages of his kingdom. But mark the consequences. Such was the increase of drunkenness and crime, of fatal accidents and premature mortality, that the very same king who gave the permission, was obliged, for the preservation of his people, to withdraw it, and by the repeal of his law put ardent spirits under the same bondage as before.

It is mentioned by Colquhoun, in his work on the police of London, as a curious and important fact, that during the period when distillers were stopped, in 1795 and 1796, though bread and every necessary of life were considerably higher than during the preceding year, the poor in that quarter of the town where the chief part resided, were apparently more comfortable, paid their rents more regularly, and were better fed, than at any period for some years before, even though they had not the benefit of extensive charities. This can only be accounted for by their being denied the indulgence of gin, which had become in a great measure inaccessible from its very high price. It may be fairly concluded, that the money formerly spent in purchasing liquor had been applied to the purchase of provisions and other necessaries, to a great amount. The effect of their being deprived of this baneful liquor was also evident in their more orderly conduct. Quarrels and assaults were less fre-

quent, and they resorted seldomer to the pawnbrokers' shops; and yet, during the chief part of this period, bread was 15d. the quarter loaf, and meat was higher than the preceding year.

From the above, we see what the common sense of men will lead them to, when they are not warped by prejudice or interest. *Banish the pernicious material of drunkenness*. Most certainly, that is the wisest course, and to attain to this must now be the great object of the temperance movement.—*Athenaeum*.

Notices.

THE HOME: a Fireside Monthly Companion and Guide, for the wife, the mother, the sister, and the daughter. Edited by Mrs. H. E. G. Arey. Buffalo: E. T. Beadle.

We have to thank the publisher of the above excellent Monthly Magazine for Nos. 2 and 3, which we have received. We have read the Nos. carefully through, and find the work eminently adapted for the class indicated on the title page, as copied above. It is beautifully printed on fine paper, and illustrated with wood engravings. We recommend the work to the attention of our readers. The price is moderate,—single copies, one year, \$1.50.

THE YOUTH'S CASKET: an illustrated Magazine for the young. This Magazine is edited and published by the same as the "Home," noticed above, and reaches us regularly. It is eminently adapted to instruct and interest the youth of all ages. Terms: 50 Cents a year.

Puzzles for Pastime.

Charades.

I.

My first can dim the sun's meridian ray,
In hardest Iron my second eat away;
My whole indulged will have their powers
combined
To cloud the judgment and corrode the
mind.

II.

My first and second both abound,
Much valued in the British sea;
Nor many orchard-fruits are found
In England better known than we.

III.

My first an Indian realm denotes,
My second what they live upon;
My whole a sordid vice which dotes,
On dust, and clings to earth alone.

IV.

My first and second are the same,
One both in substance and in name.
You all dislike and fly their touch;
Some hate their smell, but not so much.
They spring alike from mine or tree,
And serve you by the land and sea.
But in my whole they issue forth
Whole tribes and nations of the earth.
And now they roam unfix'd and far,
In quest of rapine and of war;
Not easy to be won when wooed,
Hard to be taken when pursued;
And, so the proverb long has taught,
More to be dreaded still when caught.

V.

My first in torrid clime has birth,
And helps both rich and homely feast;
My next, the general fruit of earth,
Supports the life of man and beast.

Perhaps my whole might weigh a grain,
A pin's worth is perhaps its cost;
Yet many their estates re-ain
For payment of that price at most.

T. E. W.

VI.

Friend Rose I take my pen just now to tell
What all agree is wanted in Sorel;
My first and second in each maple grove,
And in each man both good and bad will
prove
Conspicuous. As my third appears in time,
Which also with my fourth, doth oft com-
bine,
With minstrels and musicians when they
sing
At dinner parties of a prince or king.
My fifth and sixth among the upper lakes

Their station keep,—But with my seventh
takes
Up their position in St. Lawrence River:
When shall we get it? some say "never,
never."

Sorel.

R. H.

VII.

Friend Rose a temperance damo requests
I'll tell
You what we have got rid of in Sorel:
We asked our Parliament for the Maine
Law,
In our petitions they found out a flaw,
Which caused the varlets to reject our
claim,
And tell us that the grog shops must re-
main.
In their proceedings we some flaws could
! 1,
If we to criticise them were inclined.—
Our first in true teetotallers and tea,
Each school boy in the town may plainly
see.
Our 2nd in alms and apples and assail.
Our 3rd in velum, velvet, vault, and veal.
Our 4th and 5th in energy of man,
'Put forth to keep the drunkard from his
dram.
Our 6th in nuts is with our 7th seen.
Our whole will soon be reckoned a has
been.
Five hundred housekeepers thought us an
evil,
And caused the mayor to send us to the
d—1.

Sorel.

R. H.

Enigmas.

I.

I may be framed of stone or tree,
Of Iron or of brass;
Of pearl or ivory I may be,
And have been seen of glass.

In every shape I may be found,
All fashion, form, and air;
Am squat, or taper, corner'd, round,
Am oval, or am square.

Met in all places, used by all
Of every age and stamp,
In hut or palace, nursery, hall,
The cabin and the camp.

A back I have, but not a breast,
Have arms without a hand;
I am for sitting made and rest,
Yet nothing do but stand.

I have no head, no tongue, no brain,
Nor any power to know;
Yet half the knowledge youth attain
Is said from me to flow.

Oft too as umpire I decide
When parties disagree,
And disputants on either side
Must bow to my decree.

II.

In earth and air I am not found,
Yet dwell in clouds and in the ground.
I am the centre of the sun,
Years by my help are said to run.
Extinguish me, and in your sport
You mar the country and the court:
Both squire and duke you would destroy,
And change a bishop to a boy.
Hundreds and thousands without me
Would lose their form, and cease to be.
Without my aid what would be pure?
Triumphant what? or what endure?
What would be dug, or cut, or spun?
And what concluded or begun?
E'en Truth without me could not stand,
Justice would perish out of hand,
Virtue herself would take to wing,
And Nature be a nameless thing.

III.

I am of paper, spotted o'er,
And portraits of the court I show;
I mark, with hieroglyphic lore,
All points from which the wind can blow.
With iron teeth I may be seen,
Prepared to pull, to scratch, and tear;
I am a servile go between,
Ready all messages to bear.
By me the sailor finds his way,
And holds his path upon the deep;
Thousands by me are lead astray,
And waste their health and lose their sleep.
The artist's and the housewife's tool,
I help them to their trade and thrift.
By me the idler and the fool
Of time and money are bereft.

J. B.

Riddles.

I.

Perfect with a head, perfect without a
head, perfect with a tail, perfect without
a tail, perfect with either, neither, or both.

II.

My head and tail both equal are,
My middle slender as a bee,
Whether I stand on head or heel
'Tis all the same to you or me;
But if my head should be cut off,
The matter 's true, although 't is strange,
My head and body sever'd thus,
Immediately to nothing change.

III.

One syllable I am, and bring to mind
No meaning, or a meaning ill defined;

But when curtail'd, two syllables I grow,
And what that means I hope you ne'er
shall know.

IV.

Two syllables I was before,
And then I shiver'd, or I burn'd,
And could not fail to move your pity;
But when I gain'd a letter more,
A monosyllable I turn'd,
And you admire me as a city.

V.

One syllable only, whose letters are four,
I always mean two, and can never mean
more;
But my second and first are so jumbled in
one,
You must take them together or let them
alone.

VI.

To half a circle add a circle,
The same again repeat,
Adding a triangle
That stands on two feet.

VII.

My days were spent in merriment,
When I was a careless boy;
'Twas a dainty treat my first to eat,
And my last was a special joy.
Now I've my whole, a merry soul
By all my guests I'm reckoned;
With girl and boy I still enjoy
My first and lively second.

E. N.

Arithmetical Question.

A farmer set his labourer John
A twelve days' job to do,
And sixteen-pence a-day he'd give;
But then 't was ordered so,
That John should forfeit eight-pence, for
Each day that e'er he played,—
Because to fuddle he was apt:
So was the bargain made.
At last just half a guinea he
Received.—Then tell me, pray,
How many days did Johnny work,
How many did he play?

J. C.

ANSWERS

TO PUZZLES FOR PASTIME IN LAST NO.

CHARADES.—1. Autumn. 2. Ale. 3. Spring. 4. Prop-er. 5. Goose-berry.
ENIGMAS.—1. The Life Boat. 2. The Maine Law. 3. Will-o'-the-wisp. 4. Short, which with the addition of *er* becomes shorter in one sense, though longer in another.
Riddles.—1. Civic. 2. Dim. 3. A tree. 4. Gold.