

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					

THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

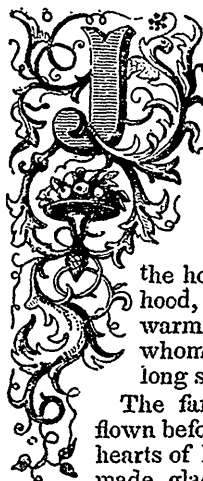
VOL. III.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1854.

No. 4.

TOM BOND.

A SHORT STORY FOR BOYS.



NINE about seven years ago Tom Bond, of Indiana, graduated with the highest honors at one of the western institutions of learning and returned to the home of his childhood, and to a circle of warm friends from whom he had been long separated.

The fame of Tom had flown before him; and the hearts of his parents were made glad by the voices that spoke in his praise. He was courted in society; he was admired everywhere. His truthfulness, his learning, his wit, his benevolence, made him the favorite of all, and the bright centre of every social circle in which he moved. Many a time, when the good and the wise were speaking of him, they would say—"That young man has virtue, and genius, and learning; and he will some day hold a high rank among the great and good men of his country."

Such a man was Tom Bond, when I knew him, about seven years ago. Where is he now?

Some time in the month of January, 1854, a stranger was passing through the suburbs of one of the principal cities of the west, when his attention was arrested by the voices of angry men, uttering most horrid oaths, and the most blasphemous imprecations.—The sound of these voices came from a low dirty-looking frame building, upon the weather boards of which, written in chalk, was the sentence, "*Whisky for sale here.*"

Suddenly a man was forced violently from the house. He made several staggering steps forward—paused for a moment, then shouted at the stranger, and reeled towards him to grasp his hand.

The stranger saw the tattered and soiled garments, the watered and inflamed eyes, the bloated and ulcerated face, the purple lips, the tremulous hands, and the unsteady step, but he could trace no familiar features in the face, no familiar sound in the voice—of the miserable wreck of humanity that stood before him.

"What!" exclaimed the wreck

of a man, "don't *you* know me! Don't *you* know Tom Bond?"

Poor Tom Bond was a loathsome drunkard: sinking into degradation, infamy, and death. Intemperance had prostrated his intellect, and corrupted his heart. His relatives had abandoned him. His early friends shunned his presence, and he was left an outcast and a wanderer, in a land that his genius and his virtues might have adorned and blessed.

As long as his mother lived, he was not utterly forsaken. There was one star that would still glimmer over his sad destiny;—there was one heart that would still struggle to lead him back into the paths of temperance and virtue. But even the tremendous energy of a mother's love cannot endure all things; and death deprived Tom Bond of his first, and last, and best friend.

This is no sketch of fancy. It is truth; and it presents only a single instance of the desolating power of intoxicating liquors.—Oh! boys! oh! men! you who have true and manly hearts, do not by your voices, or by your votes, defend the use of such spirits as a social beverage. They prepare victims for the gallows—they fill the prisons of the country with criminals—they destroy the happiness of their families—they obstruct the progress of knowledge—they taint the purity of religion—they make man a tyrant, and they make him a slave—they move over the earth like a pestilence, leaving their blasting traces upon the brightest, the best, and the purest institutions of human wisdom, and corrupting and crushing in their course even the most glorious works of God.

Many a parent has mourned the loss of a son, many a sister has wept over the ruin of a brother—

many a wife, borne down by mental agony, and suffering from sickness and poverty, and hunger and cold, has drawn her shivering infant closer to her heart, and sobbed aloud in bitterness of spirit, over blasted hopes and crushed affections, while the demon of Drunkenness has stood by her side, to howl curses in her ears, and to mock her in her desolation.

"Lord! call thy palid angel!—

The tamer of the strong,
And bid him smite with want and woe,
The champions of the wrong."

A CAPITAL JOKE.

WE were made acquainted, says the *Baltimore Times*, with a laughable occurrence that happened to a young married friend of ours, on the evening of the Law Grey's ball. Although usually of temperate habits, it seems he had simultaneously become imbued with material and alcoholic spirits, and after having a glorious time with a lot of "jolly good fellows," (members of I.O.T.H.'s we suppose) he went home to his neglected spouse in an awfully oblivious state. His business generally detained him until a late hour, and it appears that his wife, before retiring, was in the habit of preparing a lunch for his enjoyment after the fatigues of the day were over.

On the night in question, besides the usual supper, she left a wash-bowl filled with caps in starch. The lamp had long been extinguished, when the staggering husband returned, and by mistake, when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, stuck his finger into the wrong dish. He worked away at his mouthful of caps very patiently for some time, but finally, being unable to masticate them, he sung out to his wife—"Old woman where did you get your cabbage—

they are so confounded stingy, I can't chew them."

"My gracious," replied the good lady, "if that stupid fellow aint eating up all my caps that I put in starch over night."

We understand our friend suddenly became an uncompromising advocate of the Maine Liquor Law, and joined the teetotal society at the earliest possible moment.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

HE is the Paganini of orators. He plays only on one string, but one capable of infinite responses; the life of a drunkard! Oh, heavens and earth; oh, angels, men, and devils; what a theme! running from the cherub infant, through wasted youth, blasted manhood, days of alternate revelry and cursing, a home of unrelieved misery, a death of shame and anguish! It is this that Mr. Gough recites night after night. He paces up and down some 12 or 20 feet of platform, judiciously left clear for him; paces up and down, with hands clenched as in agony, or pawing the air to keep off the ghosts of memory; pouring out words with such spontaneity that they sometimes seem to tumble over one another, and smother meaning in their fall; scarcely stopping at a cheer, never inviting one. He tells you with gestures, even more significant than his passionate and sometimes beautiful words, how he went out from the home of a poor but pious living mother; wandered from the straight road; was whipped by demons over an arid desert; fed upon the hot sand in his burning thirst; felt a word of mercy like cooling water on his tongue; saw a rainbow of hope over the abyss of seven years of sin; and was restored to strength and purity, if not to happiness. When he has told

this, he can turn to other men; can paint society with a vivid pencil and conduct an argument with a vigor the more effective because tolerant.—Sometimes he will introduce an illustration; like that of the boat on the rapids; which will hold an audience in a suspense almost of agony, and force them to seek relief in appropriate tumult.—*London Times.*

LOVE.

BY WM. J. BLACK.

"Nothing in life is half so sweet
As Love's young dream."—*Moore.*

How bright and beautiful is Love,
In life's sweet morning hour;
When the sweet spell from Heaven above,
Throws over us its power.

Hail holy Love! ethereal light,
What doth such sweets impart,
Eternal and forever bright
Bewilderer of the heart.

It is the garland spring of life —
A holy mystic tie;
It is with heavenly beauty rife —
'Tis Nature's poetry.

Friends may forsake us and may rove,
Fond heart from us estrange,
But holy, pure, devoted Love,
Oh, it can never change!

Love is an unseen mystic spell,
That soothes our natures wild;
May such love in our bosoms dwell,
As mother feels for child.

Love will all tests and trials stand,
And knoweth not decay;
Love is no letters traced in sand,
The waves may wash away.

Love graven on the human heart,
Is holy, pure, and free;
It came from heaven, *it is a part*
Of God's Divinity.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

Spring has come, its buds are bursting;
Forest songsters all abroad,
Join the joyous notes of gladness,
Mid the brightening works of God.

JEWISH PRINCIPLE.

THE Jews sometimes display a lofty principle, which shows that the divine light exists among them, although frequently concealed by the old incrustations of Rabbinical institutions. In my own family, an interesting and characteristic incident occurred.

My worthy grandfather was a man of great sensibility and of a warm heart, but easily excited to wrath. He had a brother whom he dearly loved. One day they fell into a dispute, and each returned to his home in anger. This happened on a Friday. As the evening drew near, my good grandmother, who was another Martha, full of activity, began to make preparation for the Sabbath day.

"Come, dear Joseph," she exclaimed, "the night is approaching; come, and light the Sabbath lamp!"

But he, full of sadness and anguish, continued walking up and down in the room. His good wife spoke again in anxiety.

"See, the stars are already shining in the firmament of the Lord, and our Sabbath lamp is not yet lighted."

Then my grandfather took his hat and cane, and, evidently much troubled, hastened out of the house. But in a few moments he returned with tears of joy in his eyes.

"Now, dear Rebecca, now I am ready."

He repeated his prayer, and with gladness lighted the Sabbath lamp. Then he related the dispute which had occurred in the morning, adding:—

"I could not pray and light my lamp before becoming reconciled with my brother, Isaac."

"But how did you manage to do it so soon?"

"O," he replied, "Isaac had been

as much troubled as I was; he could not begin the Sabbath either, without becoming reconciled with me. So we met in the street; he was coming to me, and I was going to him, and we ran into each other's arms and wept."

Might not we end this anecdote with those simple words of Jesus, "Go, and do likewise."

HAYDON, THE ENGLISH PAINTER.

MANY boys like to have their own way; they hate the healthy discipline of parents and teachers; they would break away from the restraints of schools and work and home. But these are just what you need to curb you, to steady you, to make you a true man and not a monster.

Benjamin Haydon was an English painter, who, with considerable talent, might have gained fame and fortune by his profession, but for his self-will and obstinacy, which misled his judgment, soured his temper, disappointed his patrons and turned his friends into enemies. "Oh, why did I not yield?" he bitterly cries on one occasion, when he had quarrelled with his best friend, Sir George Beaumont, "why did I not yield? It was because my mind wanted the discipline of early training. I trace *all the misfortunes of my life to this early and irremediable want*—my will had not been curbed. Perhaps mine is a character in which all the parts would have harmonized if my will had but been broken early." This was his bitter lamentation; and he at last ended his unhappy life by committing suicide. He was found dead one morning in his painting-room, at the foot of his easel. He perished by his own hand. Let not such examples be lost upon us,—and let every young person mark them well.

Concluded from page 35.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.



ONCE I had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife—a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fibre was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet tender blossom—but my hand destroyed it, and it liveth with one who loves children.

“Do not be startled, friends; I am not a murderer, in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again returns back to virtue and honor. The child-angel visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life.

God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine.”

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange interest, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strong emotion.

“I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home, to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply.

“I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread.

“One New Year's night, I returned late to the hut where charity had given us roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek. At this moment the child in the cradle awoke and sent up a famishing wail, starting the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

“We have no food, James—have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, must we starve?”

“That sad pleading face and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I—yes, I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The fires of hell boiled in my bosom, and

with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stopped as well as I could in my drunken state and clenched both hands in her hair.

“God of mercy, James!” exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, ‘you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie,’ and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend, I still dragged her on and hurled her out into the darkness and storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete.

“I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out.—In the agony of fear, he called to me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his finger into my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was, shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist.”

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have

since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

“It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had had a fearful dream, but I involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow and striking the floor with a sharp, bad sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—it—O! God how horrible! it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-opened eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy.”

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded.

“I was arrested, and for long months, raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. Oh, God, no—I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful one to me, as I would.

see my wife and children beyond the vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my love and lost ones."

My father wrote "MORTIMER HUDSON." The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and deathlike paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled and held up the left arm from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped—

"My own injured son."

"My father!"


They fell upon each other's necks and wept until it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church and sad faces around me.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the

pledge, slowly going to their homes as if loath to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grand child on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

DRAM SHOP SCENES.

 COLORS are often used emblematically—thus, black denotes grief and despair; green is said to signify forsaken, and I have noticed in many towns that the screens in the genteel tipping shops, miscalled coffee houses, are generally of a green color; that is as it ought to be for several reasons:

1st. It is applicable to those who superintend the establishment—they have forsaken all honest and honorable employment, and have taken up one which will cause all peace of conscience, all happiness of heart, all the noble feelings of manhood to forsake them; and they say virtually, by their employment, that they are willing to forsake the company of the honorable, sober part of the community, and associate with the tiplers and moderate drinkers. Happy will they be if they descend no lower.

For those who make these places a resort, the *green screen* is very emblematical. The young lad who steps over the threshold with a trembling heart is forsaking his home, the counsels of his kind parents, his bright prospects in future life, his health, and all that makes an earthly residence desirable. He who goes in, and seats himself, and calls for his favorite beverage, without any remorse, has already forsaken his business in a great measure, he has forsaken the comforts and happiness of his family, he has forsaken the house of God, his Bible, the Spirit of God,

and all those sweet influences which ought, perchance, reform him; he has forsaken all reasonable expectations of happiness in this world.

A drunkard is never happy, though he sometimes becomes so drunk that he is constantly laughing; but it is the laugh of insanity. And, finally, he is content to take his portion in this world amid the intolerable stench of whisky and tobacco. This case varied occasionally with a visit to the abode of the pigs when his head is too heavy to stay where the image of God ought to be. He is content for all this to give up all chance of going to heaven, for the Bible is express in its declaration that such characters cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.—*Western Spectator*.

CAPITAL FOR THE YOUNG.

IT is a consolation for all right-minded young men in this country, that though they may not be able to command as much pecuniary capital as they would wish to commence business themselves, yet there is a moral capital which they can have, that will weigh as much as money with those people whose opinion is worth having. And it does not take a great while to accumulate a respectable amount of this capital. It consists in truth, honesty and integrity; to which may be added decision, firmness, courage and perseverance. With these qualities, there are few obstacles which cannot be overcome. Friends spring up and surround such a young man almost as if by magic. Confidence flows out to him, and business accumulates on his hands faster than he can ask it. And in a few short years such a young man is far in advance of many who started with him, having equal talents and larger pecuni-

ary means; ere long our young friend stands foremost, the honored, trusted and loved. Would that we could induce every youthful reader to commence life on the principle that moral capital is the thing after all.—*Token*.

THE CURSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

A WRITER in the *Methodist Protestant*, speaking of the curse of intemperance, makes use of this decidedly strong language: "When the sword of pestilence in Europe, far and wide, mowed down like grass its helpless victims, the angel of the pestilence grew weary with the slaughter and he sheathed his deadly blade. The terrible two handed sword of alcohol slays with an unceasing slaughter. He never tires—he never holds back his bloody hand, neither night nor day. 'The slogan' of his internal mercenaries is: 'slay and slay,' until your very soil is soaked with blood, and your grave yards groan with the bloated corpses of his victims. When the black plague swept over the Eastern world, it killed, passed on, and left the survivors free from fear and danger. The black plague of intemperance is an ever abiding destruction—it will not pass on—it never departs.—*Mass. Life Boat*.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The velvet moss grows on the sterile rock, the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches, the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins, the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the vegetations of the preceding year; and, Heaven be praised, something green, something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul, will, in the darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.



LORD ELGIN, GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.

ABOVE we present our readers with an engraving of the likeness of His Excellency, Lord Elgin, the Governor General of Canada, &c. He arrived at Montreal on the 10th of June, on his way to Quebec, from England. Immediately after his arrival at New York, he proceeded to Washington to complete some negotiations pending between the Government of the United States and

England. On his way home he was invited to visit Portland, where he received a most flattering and enthusiastic reception. Along his route to Montreal, he was presented with flattering addresses at Sherbrooke, St. Hyacinthe and Longueuil. At the latter place the Guard of Honor of the 71st Regiment was in attendance, and the admirable band and the pipers of the regiment played the National

Air, while the Guard presented arms. The Governor General proceeded on board the boat for Montreal, and was received at the wharf by the civil and military authorities, and by a Guard of Honor of the 26th Regiment. He was greeted on landing by military music and the cheers of the people. Having arrived at Donegana's Hotel, he was presented with addresses of congratulation by the Municipality of the City, the President, Council and Professors of McGill College, and from the Montreal Board of Trade. After partaking of a slight collation, His Excellency proceeded to the *Admiral* Steamer, which had been chartered to convey his Excellency and suite to Quebec, and left Montreal about 4 P.M., amid the cheers of the assembled people who lined the wharfs.

During Lord Elgin's stay in England, Dr. Guthrie mentions in a speech which he delivered at Edinburgh lately, that a party which he attended not long ago in London, consisting of noblemen and gentlemen, Lord Elgin said there was nothing he was watching in America with so much interest as the working of the Maine Liquor Law. The conversation of that party had turned upon the history, the growth, and success of total abstinence societies in our country, and the good which they had achieved. This led to the remark from Lord Elgin, to the effect already mentioned. "*I believe,*" he said, "*that it is destined to work a*

very great change on the face of society; I wish the cause the utmost success. They have adopted it in New Brunswick, and I am watching its operations with more interest than that of any cause now under the sun." A gentleman who was there said, "Oh, but is that Maine Law just, Lord Elgin? I understand, from what you say, that a gentleman can have his pipe of wine, and a merchant can have his barrel of whisky; they can go and enjoy their fermented liquors, while the poor man, who could only get his refreshment at the public house, is denied the opportunity. Is that not unjust to the poor?" Lord Elgin had a very good answer to this. "The poor man," said he, "is the best judge of what is justice, and that law in the State of Maine, and in our Province of New Brunswick, were passed by the votes of the poor laboring men themselves." We hope His Excellency has come back to see such a law enacted for Canada. Let the friends of Temperance do their duty, and the next Parliament, elected by the people of Canada, will enact a prohibitory law for this province.

THE Maine Law passed the Legislature of Prince Edward's Island, on the 20th ultimo, after a hard battle — the vote standing 15 to 6.

THE curious woman would like to turn the rainbow, to see what there was on the other side.

A SIGN of luck — a will signed in your favor.

GEOFFERY MANNING.

BY ANNA LENYAN.

"The beautiful are vanished, and return not."



ERY bright and very beautiful was the young Geoffery Manning. To look on his fair earnest face; to meet his large dark eye, sad in its earnestness,

though almost joyous in its gleam of affection, produced upon the spirit, heart, brain — what we will —

that excitement which sends a thrill through the frame, brings tears into the eyes, and makes us long for that purity which in our best moments we thirst to have for ours — such as the deep swelling organ brings; a landscape bathed in autumn sunset, every sound of melody, or sight of beauty.

How earnestly would he clasp a new thought; how fondly gaze upon it, till, in his childish consciousness he felt it was all his own — forever written on his brain, or laid upon his heart.

"Blush—blush," murmured he one day—"what is blush," turning his soft, earnest eyes upon us, "is it when I stand on a fence and kind o' tremble lest I fall." Hesitating for an intelligible answer, we said—

"You blushed, Geoffery, when you whispered so low to me the other day, and told me who was the little girl you loved the best."

A burning crimson mantled his cheek, a beautiful smile wreathed his lip, and the merriest light we had ever seen shone from his eye as he said, "I shall never forget,"—and turning away to dream of the

new thought that met his consciousness.

His love of truth was very beautiful in its simplicity and its strength. "Do you think I know as much as Horace Beman? he one day asked;—Horace was one of his school-fellows; a boy of uncommonly "bright parts," and several years his senior, although they were playmates—"No, Geoffery," we answered, "I think you are as bright a boy as Horace, and will know as full as much as he if you live to be as old, but I don't think you know as much now." Deep disappointment was pictured on his face, and with an almost agonized earnestness he said, "will he *always* know more than I do? Shall I never *catch up*?"

After thinking a little while he spoke more calmly: "Horace Beman can write a letter—think I can't?—Mayn't I write you one?"

We have the letter now—a sweet record of his childish love of the simple, the clear, the untinted truth.

The little boy had not got into "small hand," and each letter was about a quarter of an inch in height—round, open, and distinct.

It was the adventure of a cat he told of, and in one sentence he wrote, "out run o puss."

"What is that o for Geoffery?" said we.

"I was going to write *our puss*," he replied, "and I had made that o when mother said it was not ours that did it, but one of the neighbor's."

And that love of truth never left him, but he ever shrank with loathing from the least odor of falsehood, and would turn away faint and sick when in the transactions of buisness he marked the swervings even of "honorable men."

Too strong for the health of so young a spirit were all his passions

and emotions.—Exhaustion—the tiredness and languor which follows over-exertion, came upon him even in his boyhood. His step was feeble; his dark eye was still beautiful—“Soft as the memory of buried love.” but all the lightness of its light had fled.

Then strength of mind yielded to the pressure of bodily disease; reason darkened, and thick clouds gathered about his path, and he died in the very glory of his youth and with “beauty round him for a shroud,”—bright, beautiful and good.—*Portland Transcript.*

DO THEY MISS ME ?

[The following lines were written in California by a young man, and addressed to a sister:—]

Do they miss me at home ? Do they miss me ?

’Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know at this moment some loved one
Was saying, “I wish he was here !”
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam !
Oh yes ! ’twould be joy without measure,
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever was sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long ?
And is there a chord in the music,
That missed when my voice is away ?
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay.

Do they place me a chair at the table,
When evening’s home pleasures are nigh,
And the lamps are lit in the parlours,
And stars in the calm azure sky ?
And when the “Good nights” are repeated,
And each lays him down to sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and wait me
A whisper “Good night,” o’er the deep.

Do they miss me at home ? Do they miss me
At morning, at noon, and at night ?
And lingers one gloomy shade ’round them,
That only my presence can light !

Are joys less invitingly welcomed,
Are pleasures less hailed than before,
Because one is missed from the circle ;
Because I am with them no more ?

THE SISTER’S REPLY.

We miss thee at home. Yes ! we miss thee
Since the hour we bade thee adieu,
And prayers have encircled thy pathway
From anxious hearts loving and true,
That the Saviour would guide and protect
thee

As far from the loved ones you roam,
And whisper, when e’er thou wert saddened,
They miss thee — all miss thee at home.

When morning awakens from slumber,
We watch from her lips the first kiss,
And fold in a wandering zephyr
To be wafted to him whom we miss ;
And when we have joined the home circle
And replaced the still vacant chair,
In each eye rise the gathering tear-drops
For him we were wont to see there.

The shadows of evening are falling,
Oh where is the wanderer now ?
The breeze that floats lightly around us,
Perchance may soon visit his brow ;
O bear on thy bosom a message,
We are watching — Oh, why wilt thou
room ?

The heart that has grown sad and dejected,
For we miss thee—all miss thee at home !

FACTS CONCERNING CHINA.

FROM THE HISTORY OF CHINA, BY COL.
DAVIS OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

THE earliest account of China we have, is by two Arabs, who traveled through China, 877, A. D. Nestorians were then found in China.

Jesuits from Portugal and Spain, very early went to China; but, after gaining many converts, 1785, they made themselves very unpopular with her sovereign, by trying to alienate his people from him, and therefore they were banished.

The Portuguese founded a settlement at Macoa in 1573, the Dutch at Formosa, in 1621, and in 1670,

the English were permitted to trade at Formosa and Amoy.

Raw produce has always found a much better market in China than manufactured articles.

The bricks of which the Chinese Wall is built are of bluish color. The wall has stood for two thousand years. It has been estimated that it contains materials sufficient to surround the whole globe at the equator, with a wall several feet in height.

Travelers think there is not much skill and labor displayed in the canals at China.

Before the Chinese were conquered by the Tartars, they wore their hair tied up; but one of the earliest Tartar Emperors proclaimed that all should have their hair shaved off, except enough to make a monkey's tail, pendant from the very middle of their head.

With the Chinese, the heart is the seat of the mind. They call the heart the husband, and the lungs the wife.

According to some Chinese records, they formerly began the year at one time in the spring.

Confucius is known among the Chinese as the tall man. He taught them to guard their secret thoughts as the sources and origin of action. He died 477, B. C., aged seventy-three.

The Chinese claim the art of printing as early as the 10th century. The best paper of the Chinese is made from the stalks of the bamboo. Some say paper was invented in China, A. D., 95.

The invention of gunpowder is carried very far back by the Chinese, and was probably applied to their fireworks in which they excel.

It is known that the mariner's compass was known in Europe as early as the 13th century, but it is never mentioned as being invented

there, and this has led some to suppose that a knowledge of it was acquired by the crusaders in Asia. A description of the attractive power of the loadstone, is mentioned in a Chinese dictionary as early as A. D., 121.

The hull of a Chinese junk is, in appearance, not unlike a Chinese shoe. The anchors have sometimes a single arm, and are made of a hard wood, called iron wood. In China able seamen are called heads and eyes, and ordinary ones, comrades.

The Emperor of China is, in most oriental countries, regarded as the ultimate owner of all lands, from which he receives a tax of about 10 per cent.

The Chinese admire gravity of deportment in men, but the reverse in women.—The Chinese are very much attached to their native places. They have a popular saying: If he who attains to honors and wealth, never returns to his native place, he is like a finely dressed person walking in the dark.

The Chinese are, in general, peculiarly fond of their children.

If the custom of women having small feet, was first imposed by the tyranny of men, the women are fully revenged in the diminution of their charms and domestic usefulness.

The Emperor, Kea king, died in 1820.—His death was announced to the several provinces by dispatches written with blue ink, the mourning color. All persons of condition were required to take the red silk ornament from their caps, with the ball or button of rank. All subjects of China, without exception, were called upon to forbear from shaving their heads for 100 days within which period none might marry, or play on musical instruments, or perform any sacrifice.

Chinese spectacles are made of rock crystal, ground with the powder of corundenin, and kept on by silken cords cast behind the ears.

At one time in China ginseng sold for eight times its weight in silver. The Chinese call mercury water-silver, and the author of one of their medical works says, it is above 1000 years since it became famous.

The Chinese inoculate by placing a little vaccine matter on some cotton and putting it in the nostril. The blindness of some of the people is attributed to this method.

Decimal fractions are the common fractions of the Chinese. Considerable attainments in Algebra, are made in Hindoo, but not in China.

EVERY MAN HAS "A CALL."



EVERY man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea. This talent and this call depend on his organization, or the mode in which the general soul incarnates itself in him. He inclines to something which is easy to him, and good when it is done, but which no other man can do. He has no rival. For the more truly he consults his own powers, the more difference

will his work exhibit from the work of any other. His ambition is exactly proportioned to his power. The height of the pinnacle is determined by the breadth of the base. Every man has this call of the power to do somewhat unique, and he has no other call. The pretence that he has another call, a summons by name and personal election and outward "signs that mark him extraordinary, and not in the roll of common men," is fanaticism, and betrays obtuseness to perceive that there is one mind in all the individuals, and no respect of persons therein.—*R. W. Emerson.*

TESTIMONY OF GRAND JURIES.

THE Grand Jury of Philadelphia County speak as follows: "The Grand Jury have no doubt, whatever, that the disorderly and riotous spirit manifested every where in the city and country, is owing mainly to the sale of intoxicating drinks; and that much poverty which eats like a cancer into the vitals of society, is attributed to this nefarious traffic. Not only the licensed houses which amount to thousands, but the unlicensed which are greater in number, must be supported by the profits of the trade. To any one who will take the trouble to estimate the amount of money which it takes to support these establishments, it will be manifest, that, upon an average, they must sell to the amount of \$1800 each in a year; one-third of which is profit, or six hundred dollars a year for each house, and they can hardly pay house rent, and live upon less. This appalling account makes the figures rise to five millions four hundred thousand dollars paid yearly in the city and county of Philadelphia, for intoxicating drinks! The loss of time by the

intemperate must be more than equal to the cost of liquor by them, and the whole is a dead loss to the community."—*Mass. Life Boat.*

THE HAPPY FARMER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Saw ye the farmer at his plough
As you were riding by ?
Or, wearied 'neath his noon-day toil,
When summer suns were high ?
And thought you that his lot was hard ?
And did you thank your God,
That you and yours were not condemn'd
Thus like a slave to plod ?

Come, see him at his harvest home,
When garden, field, and tree,
Conspire, with flowing stores to fill
His barn and granary.
His healthful children gaily sport
Amid the new-mown hay,
Or proudly aid with vigorous arm,
His tasks, as best they may,

The dog partakes his master's joy,
And guards the loaded wain !
The feathery people clap their wings,
And lead their youngling train.
Perchance the hoary grandsire's eye
The glowing scene surveys,
And breathes a blessing on his race,
Or guides their evening praise.

The Harvest Giver is their friend,
The maker of the soil,
And each, the Mother, gives them bread
And cheers their patient toil.
Come join them round their wint'ry hearth,
Their heartfelt pleasures see,
And you can better judge how blest
The farmer's life may be.

WHO OUGHT TO DRINK LIQUOR ?

NOT the rich, for there is no refreshment.

Not the poor, for it injures their purse, their credit, their health, their morals, their families.

Not the idle man for he is lazy enough without it.

Not the industrious man, for it

will soon render him idle and improvident.

Not the merchant, for it will probably render him a bankrupt.

Not the mechanic, for it will cause him to make promises which he cannot keep and so lose his customers.

Parents do not need it ; children do not need it ; masters do not need it ; servants do not need it. Who does?—*Nobody.* Why then does any one drink it ? Because reason is asleep and appetite governs.

Not the farmer, for it will make his cattle lean, his sheep hide bound, his barn empty, and fill the windows of his house with old rags.

Give us the Prohibitory law in every State in the Union ; then appetite will be extinguished, and reason restored.—*Prohibitionist.*

At Leoni, Michigan, a few days since, a barrel of whisky was left by the cars. The ladies of the place soon gathered around it, knocked in the head, and saw the earth drink it up. They have given notice that if any person wishes to have his liquor destroyed, send it to Leoni, for they "will not give the monster a night's lodging."—*Boston Journal.*

APPLETON, Wis., does not contain a billiard room, bowling alley, or liquor saloon, and the man who would attempt to establish either, would find the place uncomfortably warm.

A BACKSLIDER. — Married, on Thursday, the 22d ult., by the Rev. Clay Boulder, Mr. Andrew Horn, to Miss Julia Parker, President of the Young Ladies' Temperance Society.

Fair Julia lived a Temp'rate maid,
Preached temperance ditties night and morn,
But still her wicked neighbors said
She broke her pledge and took *A. Horn.*

THE YOUTH'S CASKET: an Illustrated Magazine for the young. Buffalo: E. F. Beadle.

The June number of this Juvenile Magazine has been received. The reading matter is of a very interesting and instructive kind, and the manner in which the whole is got up is creditable to all concerned. We cannot but recommend it to all our youthful readers.

ENIGMAS.

NO. VII.

My name contains 9 letters.

My 5, 1, 3, is another name for boy.

My 5, 9, 2, 3, is not to be found on the sea.

My 7, 4, 2, 3, was much used for floors.

My 3, 8, 9, 5, is a time piece.

My 7, 4, 3, is not to be merry.

My 2, 9, 7, 7, 4, 6, is in Germany.

My whole is the name of a country in Europe.

A. T. D.

NO. VIII.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 10, 7, is a vehicle.

My 5, 2, 7, 6, is part of a strait.

My 7, 6, 2, 8, is a dark brown.

My 8, 2, 9, 3, is much used by carpenters.

My 1, 10, 7, 6, 3, 4, 8, 10, is in Germany.

My 6, 2, 7, is used by boatmen.

My whole is the name of a country in North America.

A. T. DUTTON.

MAY I request that you will insert the following question in French, with a request that some of my young brothers in Temperance will translate it, and also shew the work :

Quel temps entre 12 et 1 heure faire le maims d'un commun pendule ou montre pointe dans directions exactement opposite.

HENRY PILSON.

Bytown, 14th June, 1854.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST NUMBER.—No. 4; Oliver Goldsmith. No. 5, Candlestick. No. 6, Switzerland.

ANSWER TO QUESTION.—76.78 yards nearly.

THE answers sent in by Henry Pilson, Bytown, & H.F.S., Smithville, are correct.

ACROSTIC.

No pity moves him, and no laws affright
In the brute exercise of brutal might;
Cold as the snow-drift of his barbarous
lands,
His heart relents not when his pride commands.
O'er cringing slaves, who hear but to obey,
Lashes and knout proclaim his genial sway.
A free soul's curse is on him, and his name
Sinks to an immortality of shame.

—London Examiner.

CONUNDRUMS, &c.

WHY cannot a gentleman legally possess a short walking stick? Because it can never be-long to him.

WHY is a locomotive engine like an habitual drunkard. Because it is continually *over the line*; often *wets its whistle*, and is accustomed to *draughts*!

A YOUTHFUL INQUIRER. — "Father, what is this?" "It is logwood, my dear." "Is it, father? the temperance men say that logwood is put into port wine. Is that what makes your nose so red?" "Nonsense, boy; go to bed."

CHINESE SAYING.—A drunkard's nose is said to be like a "lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes underneath."

WHY is Sir Charles Napier's expedition a pleasant one? Because he is gone to Revel in the Baltic.

WHY is a bullock a very obedient animal? Because he will lie down if you axe him.

WHY is rheumatism like a glutton? Because it attacks the joints.

WHY is Russia like Rome in the golden age. Because it has a C-zar at its head.

WORSE.—Why is Jacob's ladder like tender glances? Because it's a lot of *stares*.

WORST.—Why is every man a clergyman? Because he's a *pa's son*.

THE plan that was on foot has begun to ride.

Printed by H. & G. M. ROSE, and published by them on the first of every month, at their Office, 34 Great St. James street, Montreal. All orders and communications to be addressed to the Publishers.