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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1855.

No. 7.

SAVING TWO LIVES.

[From the "Pride of the Mess," a Naval Story of the Crimean War.]



FROM his boyhood upwards, Herbert had always had strongly impressed upon his mind, when boating up and down the river, the horrors of the well known rock at the mouth of the river Dart. He knew how many lives had been lost upon it, how much property sacrificed on its frightful altar; and while it is the wonder of every one who visits Dartmouth that such a hideous dan-

ger can be left unbuoyed or unmarked, everybody who passes up and down the Dart hears some fearful legend of its past; misdeed, and shuddering, gives it the widest possible berth.

While Herbert was straining his utmost glance, watching for another gleam of lightning to reveal the scene once more, something like a faint cry was heard.

"By heaven!" cried he, starting to his feet, "that cry is from the rock, and it is a woman's voice."

Without further thought, except

to get to the scene of danger as quickly as possible, Herbert dashed from his covert.

Heedless of the lightning, and regardless of the rain, he was speedily wet to the skin; but that was a trivial matter.

After diverse falls and bruises, he contrived at last to get to the shore opposite to the point where he knew the rock was, and going slightly up the river, so that the wind might convey the cry of the sufferers to him, instead of drowning it, he listened for a moment, and distinctly heard the cries of

"Help, help! We are drowning, we are drowning!"

"Where are you—are you on the rock?"

"Yes," shouted back a man's voice, "we are on the rock—the water is rising rapidly on us, and our boat has gone down. Quick—make haste—make haste, if you hope to save us."

"Have you time to wait while I run up to Dittisham for a boat?"

"No, no," shrieked back one of the voices; "the water is above our waists already, and sweeping over us with such force we must be washed away in ten minutes."

"Can you swim?"

"No," was the answer

"God help you! It will soon be over," muttered Herbert, "And I fear I shall be lost too. My poor Mother!" said he, throwing off his clothes one after another: "but it is a duty to try; help me, God of Heaven!" cried the youth, dropping no his knee for one moment; then running down as far above the rock as he thought was practicable, shouted out:

"I will swim to you."

He then plunged boldly into the stream with nothing on but his shirt and trowsers, having previously tied the latter round his waist with his neckerchief.

At the time that Herbert took his leap, the tide was running strongly up the river. He therefore swam boldly down the stream, as if making for Dartmouth, proceeding slantingly across the river towards the opposite shore, where the beautiful woods of Greenaway shaded the boyish steps of the immortal Walter Raleigh.

In the course of a few minutes he lifted his voice up, "Where are you?" but he heard no answer, for the westerly storm swept up the river at that moment with a fresh gust and drowned the reply. In another second the heavens were once more brilliant with lightning, and Herbert beheld, two or three yards under his lee, the rugged point of the rock, like some demon holding up his jagged head, while, clinging to it, in all the agony and desperation of impending death, was a young man, who clasped in his arms a girl of some seventeen years.

Strange it is, that in a single glance that human mind takes in the whole character of the face on which it gazes. Even in that awful hour, when the fearful grave that yawned beneath them appeared about to swallow up all these three beings, Herbert detect-

ed in that countenance just the very face that seemed to have haunted him in all the poetical day-dreams of his soul for years. Large, full speaking eyes, with small delicate face; long, flowing and luxuriant hair, drenched as it was with rain, and anguish-stricken as those features were with the horror of such a situation; that single glance, while it filled his soul with the deepest sympathy for the fate of this fair unknown, nerved him with fresh courage to strive against the elements, and it lit in his soul a stern determination to succeed in saving her, or to perish in the attempt.

"Cheer up!" he cried, as, relaxing his swimming, he put forward both his hands to guard himself from being dashed too violently by the roaring storm against the sharp and jagged edges of the rock; then, as he succeeded in placing his foot, and setting his back against the stream, he said to the man, "Can not you swim at all?"

"O, heavens! no, not a bit."

"Where is your boat?"

"She struck and filled, and went down instantly, when that squall came on. We were trying to cross the stream on the Dartmouth side of the rock, when the squall took us."

"Stay, said Herbert, "what stick is that pointing up?"

"Nothing but one of the oars entangled in the rock."

"All right!" said Herbert. "Now, listen to me," putting his face close to that of these two unfortunate people, whom he could yet scarcely see in the dark, further than just to discern the general outlines of their heads. "You have no time to lose, and you must follow implicitly what I tell you, or we shall all be lost. I will pull this oar from its sticking place, and while you put your two hands

upon it—and nothing more, remember—this lady must place her two hands upon my left shoulder. Now, before we start off into deep water, is there any amount of your clothes that you can get rid of? The least thing adds to your weight. Men's clothes are heavy, ladies' are light, and do not so much signify."

"How can I get rid of my clothes, they are all so wet and clinging to me?"

"Well, I will help you; first of all there is your coat. Can you hold on by the rock with one hand for a few moments?"

"I think so."

"Very well then, first let go your left hand gently, and I with my right will pull that sleeve off; then let go your right hand and we will pull that off."

"But there is my pocket-book in my coat."

"Has it much money in it?"

"Yes, two hundred pounds."

"That had better have been left on shore in boating. Is it in notes?"

"Yes."

"Well, first of all, I will take out the book. Let me feel. Oh, here it is; come, it is not so heavy as I feared, I will just stick that inside my waistband. Now then, I am ready to pull off the left hand, take that hand off the rock. So! now hold fast. How the coat sticks! Hurrah! that is done. Now then, hold fast with your left hand and let go the right. So there he goes up the stream to Totness," said Herbert, as soon as he had drawn the coat from its late wearer, and thrown it to sink in the bubbling tide. "Now, what boots have you got on?"

"O, luckily, I have got on shoes."

"Well, kick them off directly then."

"I cannot; they are tied."

"Well, put your foot out, so that I can get at it, and break the shoe string. So that is it. There, he is gone. Now the other."

"O, how the rocks cut my feet."

"Never mind the cuts now, up with the other foot. I have him. There goes the second shoe. Now, how about gold watch and chain? Have you got one on?"

"Yes."

"Well, give it to me, I will do my best to throw it towards Dittisham shore. If it does not reach the dry ground, we may at least throw it so far into shallow water that it may be picked up next tide."

"Just take it off my neck, will you?"

"I will. Ah, it is a nice watch. It is a pity to use it so roughly."

"Oh, here is my watch too," said the lady, "if you will take it over my head."

"Thank you," said Herbert; and gathering the two watches up together in the hollow of his hand, he gave them a good vigorous cast towards the shore, and saw them sink a few yards from it. "Now, those will be easily recovered tomorrow morning. Have you anything else about you—keys or anything of that sort?"

"Nothing," said the lady.

"I have some silver in my trousers pocket," said the gentleman.

"Pitch it all into the river," said Herbert; "this is one of those occasions on which money is a curse to man."

"Just put your hand in my left trousers pocket, and take it all out then."

Herbert did so, and produced a whole handful of silver, which he threw after the watches.

"Now, then, we are as light as we can get. The water is rising very rapidly. Be ready to start. You must neither of you attempt to

breathe through your mouths, you must breathe through your nostrils, and nothing more. Just hold your noses up as much as you can above the water, but do not attempt to lift your hands above it, for you will sink directly. I will take hold of the other end of the oar, and swim with you towards Dittisham; but remember that both your lives depend upon not lifting a single finger above the water. If you do that, you will sink; if you do not do that, you cannot help floating. Do you understand?"

"Quite," said the lady.

"I will try," said the man.

"Now, then, may God help us," said Herbert, and laying one hand on the oar, while he still clung to the rock with the other, after a little difficulty he succeeded in extracting the blade of the oar from the crevice of the rock in which it had stuck, and it once more floated in the water.

"Now, then," said Herbert, getting it round into the proper position, "just lay your two hands here, where the leather is."

"But if I let go of my sister she will sink."

"No, please God, she shall not. Here, madam, place both your hands now on my left shoulder, before he takes the oar. Now, rest on me your full weight, and never mind swallowing a little water both of you."

As Herbert said this, he slipped round to the side of the rock where they were, and placing himself on the lady's right hand, she took fast hold of his dress at the point indicated, and as she did so, she felt her feet borne away by the river.

"Oh, I am sinking! Oh, I am sinking!"

"O no, you will not sink. Keep your head down and rest on me. Now, quick, my boy, clasp hold of the oar."

"I will! I will!" grasped the unfortunate man; and the moment he did so, away went all three on the bosom of that angry tide, right into the deep water.

"I am drowning! I am drowning!" shrieked the man.

"No, no, you are all right now; keep your courage up — we will soon be on shore." And Herbert getting sufficiently out of his reach not to be entangled with him, stuck the blade of the oar between his teeth and struck out boldly for the little fishing village of Dittisham. Going up the river, with the stream and wind, the progress of the trio was very rapid; and as Herbert struck out with the utmost possible energy towards the lights that still gleamed from the cottagers' windows, where the beach shelved down much more gently than in the adjacent parts of the river, he succeeded in about ten minutes in getting them into the still water, made by the projecting race as it advanced out to that narrow strait of the river where the scene of this catastrophe happened.

In a few minutes Herbert struck his foot against the shore, and instantly rose up, the water not coming above his waist.

"Thank Heaven we are saved!" said he, for the first time placing his arm round the waist of the gentle being, who, without a murmur, had so implicitly followed his instructions, but, when he expected some reply, he found the excitement of the scene had ended in her fainting.

Knowing well, from past lectures of his friend Drystick, what was the proper treatment of a lady under these circumstances, and that the best practice was instantly to lower the head, Herbert, (no ways reluctant, be it confessed) caught her light and graceful figure in

his arms, and while the long dishevelled hair fell down streaming with water, he raised her little tiny feet, as she lay in his embrace like a pale statue. Even in that time of excitement he could not help momentarily glancing, with an admiring and minute eye, on the lovely features he pressed to his bosom; but the darkness was too great to do more than just assist the imagination in believing that nothing could surpass her beauty.

"Come along quickly, my boy," said he, turning to the brother, who to his astonishment, was so overcome with the danger through which he had passed, that he remained floundering in the water up to his neck, unable to rise.

"Help me, help!" cried he, "all my strength is gone."

"I cannot help you, my boy, I have to carry your sister. Come jump up, like a man; all the danger is over now—put your arms around my waist, and I will walk slowly to the shore. Cheer up my lad; we will go and get a little refreshment and some dry clothes at the village inn, and you will soon be all right."

"Oh, I shall die! I shall die!"

"Nonsense, die! You were very near it just now, and that is quite enough for you. Come along, come; put your arm out; that is it. There, now, clasp me round the waist with the other hand—so, that is it. Make an effort to come along. You will soon be out of it. So, man, that is it. My eyes, what tremendous lightning! Ahoy, there—Dittisham ahoy! Help!" cried Herbert, shouting with the voice of a stentor, overjoyed and restrung with the delight of having saved two fellow creatures.

That flash of lightning had done good service, for some of the old

fishermen looking out from the village had caught sight of the three strugglers, and perceiving a lady lying helpless in the arms of one, and the other floundering in the water, two or three men rushed down.

"Here, sir, give me lady," cried one.

"No, thank you—never while I live," said Herbert. "Here, you may take this gentleman off my waist if you like. There, that is right. So, well done. Now, run one of you over to the inn, tell them to make roaring fires in their best bed-rooms, and have plenty of blankets ready, also something warm to drink.

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the men, hearing at once from the decisive tone of Herbert's voice that they were speaking to one accustomed to command, and of a rank superior to themselves; and in five minutes more Herbert bore his lovely burden into the village inn, and having moistened her lips with wine, she eventually opened her eyes, and uttered the words "My brother."

A gentle pressure of the hand returned the lady's thanks more expressively than words could have uttered, and if Herbert had doubted how well his heroic labors were appreciated, that doubt would have been dispelled by some words that followed.

"I do not quite hear," kneeling and placing his ear close to her lips.

"See to your own clothes before you catch cold."

"God bless you!" said Herbert, "I will," pressing her fingers to his lips; and then, as he covered them carefully over from the cold, he saw her gentle eyes close, and the big bright tears gush from under those long and darkly fringed lids.

LOCKS OF HAIR.

YOU'VE often heard me promise, Fred,
 One day to tell you where [shred
 And from what treasured heads I
 These treasured locks of hair.
 Well now the time has come at last,
 Your birthday festival,
 Has blithely come and swiftly past,
 And you shall know them all.

Twelve year have fled since I bowed
 In tearless grief, my knee
 Beside our dying sire, and vow'd
 A parent's care for thee ;
 And I remember how you tri'd,
 Till even the menials wept,
 To wake our father when he died,
 And said " he only slept."

This short cur'd lock, half dark, half grey,
 I clipt it from his brow,
 I've kept it sacred till to-day,
 We will divide it now ;
 And when you look upon it, Fred,
 Still think you hear the voice ;
 That with its dying accents said
 " My Father, bless my boys ?"

This raven braid belong'd to one
 You never knew, my brother,
 She only blessed her new born son—
 And died— our sainted mother !
 She left us — but with us she left
 A fairer, tenderer flower ;
 But like a plant of sun bereft
 She withered from that hour.

Spring's buds, around our mother's tomb,
 Came just in time to wave ;
 We saw the flowers of autumn bloom
 Upon our sister's grave.
 My boy ! your tears are falling fast
 On yonder golden tress,
 It is a relic and the last,
 Of her lost loveliness.

And this long waving silken curl,
 Ah ! *that* you must not share ;
 You never knew that angel-girl
 Who gave that auburn hair.
 My beautiful ! my blessed one !
 And she, too, passed away :
 I strove to breathe " Thy will be done,"
 But it was hard to say.

O ! by how weak and frail a thing
 May the heart's depths be stirred :
 How close and long will memory cling
 To one light look or word ;
 And are not these slight looks with more
 Of spirit-meaning fraught
 Than all the mystic, letter'd lore,
 That sages ever taught.

Well they are happy now dear boy,
 Their ransom'd souls are free ;
 They feel no more earth's hollow joy,
 And real misery.
 Our barks are struggling slow to shore,
 By storm and tempest driven,
 But they have past life's ocean o'er,
 And anchor'd safe in heaven.

TWO LITTLE STARS.

TWO little stars, at eventide,
 Rose in the azure, side by side,
 And 'mid the glittering orbs on high,
 Floated serenely through the sky,
 Then sparkled with a trembling ray,
 But lovingly pursued their way,
 Though others blazed, more brilliant far
 than they !

The night stole on—but, with it came
 A sweeping storm, of mist and flame,
 Which hung with gloom the starry dome,
 And lashed the billows into foam,
 While a phantom, stern and stark,
 Stretching its thin arms in the dark,
 Through the wild chaos tossed my trem-
 bling bark !

The night wore on—the angry blast
 Had spent its fury and was past,
 And gentle zephyrs woo'd to rest
 The troubled Ocean's heaving breast—
 When, far above, amid the blue,
 As one by one, the clouds withdrew,
 Those little loving stars came beaming
 through !

And on they went, with rising force,
 Up to the zenith of their course,
 Till in the Orient's rosy light,
 Melted the shadows of the night ;
 And then with undiminished ray,
 Still side by side, they stole away,
 Lost in the glory of the coming day !

Thus, dearest onward, side by side,
 Through youth, the spirit's eventide,
 Up to the night of Life have we
 Humbly fulfilled our destiny—
 And though around the rich and great
 Are glittering stars in loftier state
 Contentedly we share our lowlier fate !

And thus though storms may come and go,
 Shrouding with gloom the world below,
 Above the tumult, as we rise,
 In calm communion with the skies,
 Still be it ours, serenely bright,
 To bless the darkness of the night,
 Cheering the tempest toss'd with heavenly
 light !

And when at length, each end attained,
The zenith of our course is gained—
As side by side those stars withdrew,
Still riding in the brightening blue,
Still beaming with unbroken ray—
As gentle may we glide away,
In the effulgence of Immortal day!

GOOD-BY.



OW many emotions cluster around that word? How full of sadness, and to us, how full of sorrow it sounds! It is with us a consecrated word.

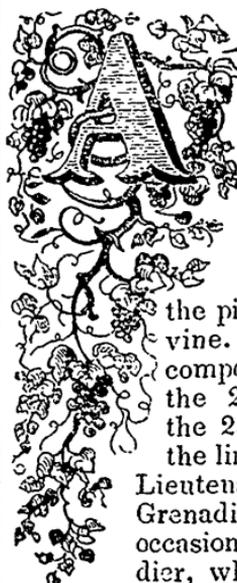
We heard it once with the year, as we hope never to hear it again. It was in the chamber of death, at the still

hour of night's noon. The curtains to the windows were all closed, the

lights were all shaded, and we stood in the dim and solemn twilight, with others, around the bed of the dying. The damps of death were on her pale young brow, and coldness were on her lips, as we kissed her the last time while living. "Good-by, father," came faintly from her dying lips. We hear that sorrowful word often and often, as we sit alone, busy with the memoirs of the past. We hear it in the silence of the night in the hours of nervous wakefulness, as we lie upon our bed thinking of the loved and the lost to us. We hear it in our dreams, when her sweet face comes back to us, as it was in loveliness and beauty. We hear it when we sit beside her grave in the cemetery where she sleeps, alone, with no kindred as yet by her side, was the hope of

our life, the prop to lean on when age should come upon us, and life should be running to its dregs. The hope and the prop is gone, and care not how soon we go down to sleep beside our darling, beneath the shadow of the trees in the city of the dead.—*Albany Register.*

A TRAGEDY IN THE CRIMEA.



SAD tragedy occurred lately at the entrance to the Karabenaia ravine. A body of French troops were marching down to furnish the usual relief to

the picket in the ravine. The relief was composed of part of the 2nd battalion of the 25th regiment of the line. On the way

Lieutenant Briant of the Grenadier Company, had occasion to check a soldier, who, being partly

intoxicated, was marching very irregularly, and giving expressions to angry sentiments in a loud voice. Scarcely had the reprimand been given, when the man replied, "Lieutenant, you've punished me often enough; you shall not punish me any more;" and on the instant levelling his musket, he fired, and shot him through the body. The unfortunate officer, a man of powerful frame, and said to be popular in the regiment, at once fell. He was carried to one of the English hospitals near at hand, and died immediately after his arrival. The murderer was secured without delay, and was being taken back under escort to the head-quarters of his regiment, when a general murmur arose from the men for his imme-

diate punishment. The general in command of the trenches was in the ravine close by, and after a brief consultation between him and the commandant of the relief, a council was held, and the man condemned to be shot. About 200 yards down the ravine, and at a slight elevation above it on the one side of Frenchman's hill, a small heap of stones was observed with a clear space before it. To this the unhappy culprit was brought, while on the other side the battalion was drawn up in companies, and here he received the fire of twelve muskets from a party placed on the opposite side of the ravine. He fell forward pierced by eight bullets, and after a short address from the general, the regiment proceeded on its way. Half an hour elapsed between the perpetration of the crime and the execution of the criminal. The soldier had become sober immediately after committing the murder. He had seen eighteen years' service, and was spoken of as a brave and able man. He had lately received a slight punishment for some irregularity of conduct, by no means such as to form a motive for his crime, and this tragic episode in the history of the siege, involving the destruction of two valuable lives, must be regarded as one more among the many examples of the fatal effects of drunkenness.

NEAL DOW.

THE "Zion's Herald," in an article upon Neal Dow and the Portland Riot, says:—

"After reading all the reports of the Portland riot, which have fallen under our eye, we cannot resist the conviction that Neal Dow did right. He used the military arm because he could not maintain the peace of Portland without it. He should therefore be sustained

and honored for his conduct by every true friend of municipal order. It was unfortunate that circumstances rendered military force necessary; but it would have been an infinitely greater misfortune had its assistance been refused and the mob permitted to triumph.

"Portland spirit-dealers and drinkers have shown the country what sort of men the enemies of the prohibitory law are; for what they are in Portland they are substantially everywhere—rowdies at heart—ready to sacrifice every thing at the shrine of the rum demon. Who then should regard their cries against the liquor law? Their anger is selfish, and their cries should be answered as Elijah answered the voices of the priests of Baal on old Carmel, by contempt, and by diligently pushing forward the work of prohibition, as he did the erection of the altar on which he demonstrated the supremacy of Israel's God!"

COMPLIMENT TO NEAL DOW.—The Portland Advertiser says that the ladies of Bedford have sent to the Hon. Neal Dow a very pretty testimonial, a silver pitcher of about the capacity of two quarts, covered with a vine in high relief, and elegantly chased—the stalk of the vine forming the handle. The inscription is, '*Presented to Hon. Neal Dow by the Temperance Women of Bedford.*' Accompanying the pitcher were two goblets ornamented to match, with the inscription, "*Fidelity to Temperance, June 19th, 1855.*"

AN Eastern caliph being sorely afflicted with ennui, was advised that an exchange of shirts with a man that was perfectly happy would cure him. After a long search, he discovered such a man, but was informed that the happy fellow had no shirt.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY
PHYSICIAN.

HERE is nothing, perhaps, that so effectually awakens in our minds pleasurable recollections, as the scenes and associations of our early days.

One of these occurrences which I now recollect, was an occasional visit with an esteemed friend and fellow student, to the rural home (situated on a plain, at the base of a beautiful mountain range) of as pleasant and agreeable a young lady as I ever knew. Remarkably neat in her person, and all her domestic arrangements, very sociable and agreeable in her manners; in short, she seemed to me then, and in after life, with one exception, a model woman. Her parents were in easy circumstances and respectable. She was in due time united in marriage to a young man in every respect her equal.

They started in life with fair prospects of earthly felicity. But alas! it was not long before it was whispered among a few confidential friends, that they were both falling victims to intemperance. The progress of this insidious enemy, in their case, was slow, but sure. After the lapse of a few years, I was occasionally called to administer to her complaints. But O, what a change. Instead of the bright and cheerful face, I beheld the impress of the destroyer, in her bloated visage. I saw the cause of her illness very plainly, and attempted as well as I could to prevail on her to abandon the use of alco-

hol. She would from time to time refrain, (but alas! in those days there were no temperance movements.) but would return again with increased rage to her cups, and so continued until her fall and shame became public. And so lost to all sense of propriety was she, that she would drink herself drunk on any occasion that presented. But her early habits of personal and household neatness never forsook her. When her household matters became deranged, during her paroxysms of intemperance, upon the return of consciousness, she would immediately restore everything to order.

And thus she continued for several years, becoming more and more besotted. A near neighbor having occasion one day to call in at her residence, found her sitting near a large open fire, quite intoxicated, warned her of her danger and left the house. Sometime after, feeling uneasy respecting her safety, called again; and dreadful to relate, found her prostrate on the hearth, with her head in the fire, literally roasted to death. Being in the neighborhood, I was called upon, but she was beyond the reach of medical assistance.

Here, thought I, is another case of the doings of rum. Fortunately, there were no children to mourn a parent's fall. Her parents had years before gone to their rest. O! that I could so lift my voice as to be heard and heeded, as far as the curse of rum is found, especially by our law makers, beseeching them to give us a prohibitory law; that the poor drunkard may be saved, and our youth preserved from destruction.—*Prohibitionist*.

A boy will decline a substantive, an adjective, or pronoun, but he will never decline a blow-out at the pastry cooks.

For the Life Boat.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

BY ISIDOR.

 T evening's still hour, when the stars faintly blink,
At night when we lie down to rest;
In sorrow, in joy, let us all try to think,
That all things are done for the best.

Oh, let not thoughtless man complain of his fate,
Nor think of some fanciful sorrow,
But try and avoid it, before 'tis too late,
No clouds then will darken the morrow.

From one sparkling fount all things have their source;
There's wisdom in all things around;
And all things *ordained*, now must run their course,
As the plant that shoots from the ground.

That sweet smelling flower was once hid to the view;
It ripened, we know not the cause;
By and by 't will have faded, have lost all its hue;
'Tis subject to heaven's own laws.

There's destined for us now both sorrow and joy;
This God has ordained at our birth:
In the purest of gold we find some alloy—
'Tis thus with our joys on this earth.

The clouds that are hovering in the wide-spreading sky,
The sun will soon brighten—chase them away,
Or, lost for a moment, then vanish and die,
'Tis the same with our grief of to-day.

Let's never regret what *has* happened, what's past,
But do all things *now*, with a zest,
We don't see it now, but will see it last,
'T was done at the time for the best.

Let's look to the *future*, there 's bright sunny days,
In store for the whole of mankind,
Peaceful and calm, e'en as the moon's tranquil rays
That leave sweet remembrance behind.

In all our life's actions, in all our life's ways,
Let 's have one bright purpose in view,
To love and fear God, to do good all our days,
In all things be faithful and true.

Then at eve's still hour, when the stars faintly blink,
At night when we lie down to rest,
In sorrow, in joy, let's all try to think,
That all things are done for the best.
Montreal, June, 1855.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

"PLEASE, sir, *don't* you want a cabin boy?"

"I *do* want a cabin boy, my lad, but what's that to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the berth."

"Oh, sir, I'm real strong. I can do a great deal of work, if I ain't so very old."

"But what are you here for? You don't look like a bad boy. Run away from home, hey?"

"Oh, no, indeed, sir; my father died and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come."

"Well, sonny, where are your letters of recommendation? Can't take any boy without these."

Here was a damper. Willie had never thought of its being necessary to have letters from his minister, or his teachers, or from some proper person to prove to strangers that he was an honest and good boy. Now, what should he do? He stood in deep thought, the captain meanwhile curiously watching the workings of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom and drew out his little bible, and without one word put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened to the blank page, and read:

"Willie Graham, presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath School, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School teacher."

Captain McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child

standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday School teacher, as it was given in his little bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie

heartily on the shoulder, he said: "You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me; and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother."



THE SQUIRREL.

THE annexed elegant engraving represents an animal which comprehends a great variety of branches, and most of them, with the exception of New Holland, are found in every region of the habitable globe. The Squirrel is remarkable for the elegance of its form, the beauty of its fur, the ease and elasticity of its motions, the gentleness of its disposition, and the contented temper it exhibits in confinement, never losing its vivacity, and becoming quite tame and familiar when treated with kindness. That

this lively little animal should be so easily domesticated seems the more singular, considering that its natural habits are so wild and unrestrained, nestling as it does in tall tree-top, and bounding from branch to branch with almost inconceivable swiftness.

The tree squirrel, which is the most common kind, is of a brownish red, with white underneath. It lives in the woods, and makes its nest of moss or dried leaves in some hollow which has begun to decay. It has always a store house separate from its

nest, but near at hand, where it deposits its winter's provision of nuts and acorns, which it never touches till the intense cold and the deep snow prevents its finding food anywhere else. In the spring it feeds on buds and the young shoots, and in summer on the ripening grain and fruits. It is also very fond of the cones of the pine and fir.

In Lapland and the extensive forests of the north, these little animals migrate at the approach of winter in immense numbers from place to place, and when a river or lake obstructs their progress, each one procures a piece of bark on which he seats himself, when the whole fleet is wafted across, their tails serving both for rudder and canvass. But if it chance that the daring mariners encounter a gale, the tiny boats are surely wrecked, and then the Laplanders, who are on the watch, reap a spoil, using their flesh for food, and making a profitable merchandise of their skins.

The Grey Squirrel belongs to this genus, but it abounds chiefly in the higher latitudes of Europe. Its fur is very beautiful, being of a dark grey, which changes in winter to a lighter hue. There is also the American Grey Squirrel which inhabits the whole of the United States, but is most numerous in Pennsylvania and the Carolinas. Its coat is of a fine blueish-grey, tinged with a slight golden hue. It builds its nest on the extreme ends of the branches, and in winter retires to the hollow trunk, where it has an ample store-house of provisions. It is about the size of a half-grown rabbit, and often commits great ravages in fields and orchards. Many years ago, in some of the least populous of the North American States, they were so numerous, that the legis-

lature offered a reward for their destruction, and a sum of no less than eight thousand pounds was actually distributed in premiums to persons who had been engaged in killing them, and who, it was supposed, must have destroyed six or seven hundred thousand.

The Flying Squirrel is another variety of this graceful animal. It is found in the Asiatic Islands, in Siberia, and in North America; those inhabiting the latter country are very beautiful, being little more than half as large as the northern species, with a tail measuring three-fourths the length of the body. A late naturalist writing of them says, "It would be difficult to find in the entire class of quadrupeds, a more graceful little creature, or one better fitted for a lady's pet than this elegant animal. Its diminutive size, never exceeding five inches in length, head and body, singularity of its form, the expression of its physiognomy, the vivacity of its motions, and the gentleness of its disposition, all combine to render it one of the most interesting, as well as most beautiful, of an interesting tribe."

It is principally distinguished from the common squirrel by that peculiar membrane which enables it to take those astonishing leaps that resemble flying. This consists of an extension of the skin from the four legs along the body to the hinder ones, and though it does not possess the muscular power of the bird's wing, nor sufficient even to elevate the body, yet when it is expanded, it gives the animal a buoyancy in descending, which enables it to skim through the air with great velocity, and often to an incredible distance.

The largest of the tribe is the Malabar Squirrel, which measures fifteen or sixteen inches from the

nose to the root of the tail, and is eight or nine inches in height. It inhabits palm trees, and feeds on cocoa nuts, and their milk. There is besides, the Palm Squirrel, a native of the south-eastern part of Asia, and which is only about six inches long, with a tail of the same dimensions. It is a social little creature, even in its wild state, delighting in towns and villages, and taking up its abode in the roofs of houses, and cavities of old walls, but sporting all day among the palm trees in the vicinity, whence it derives its name. It is very mischievous, but so good tempered and familiar that it is a great favorite

We once passed the summer in a pleasant country house surrounded by old elms which were frequented by great numbers of the little common striped squirrel, called by the boys, chipmunk, probably from the peculiar noise it makes, and it was a perfect delight to watch their merry gambols among the branches, chasing each other from tree to tree, or sitting on their hinder legs cracking their nuts, and looking at us through the green bows with saucy defiance.

An overgrown grimalkin who lived by hunting, was always on the watch for these pretty creatures, and though we never ceased driving him away, he would soon return to his post, where he was but too successful in seizing the coveted prey. We generally contrived, however, to rescue the frightened captive from his jaws, but frequently at the cost of its tail, which bushy little appendage seemed too delicate to bear a touch. But we were glad, at all events, to set it free, hoping only, as we saw it bounding back to its native trees, that a new tail might grow out to supply the place of the old one, though whether it did or not, we

had never an opportunity of knowing.

Mrs. Howitt's beautiful lines present so pretty a picture of this graceful little creature that we copy them as an appropriate conclusion to our sketch.

The pretty brown squirrel lives up in a tree,
A blithe little creature as ever can be;
He dwells in the boughs where the stove-dove broods,
Far in the shades of the green summer woods;
His food is the young juicy cones of the pine,
And the milky beach-nut is his bread and his wine.
In the joy of his nature he frisks with a bound
To the topmost twigs and then to the ground:
Then up again like a winged thing,
And from tree to tree with a vaulting spring:
Then he sits up aloft and looks waggish and queer,
As if he would say, "ay follow me here!"
And thus he grows pettish and stamps his foot;
And then independantly cracks his nut;
And thus he lives the long summer thorough,
Without a care or a thought of sorrow.
But small as he is he knows he may want,
In the bleak winter weather when food is scant.
So he finds a hole in the old tree's core,
And there makes his nest and lays up his store;
And when cold winter comes and the trees are bare:
When the white snow is falling, and keen is the air,
He heeds it not, as he sits by himself
In his warm little nest, with his nuts on his shelf.
Oh, wise little squirrel! no wonder that he
In the green summer woods is as blithe as can be!

FAMILY JARS.

Jars of jelly; jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberries nice,
Jars of mince meat, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles all home made,
Jars of grape plucked from the vine,
Jars of honey, superfine;
Would the only jars were these
That occur in families!

THE POWER OF A BAD HEART.

 SABBATH School teacher going one day to inquire after an absent scholar, went into a chandler's shop, where a man partly drunk was buying a piece of tobacco. The shop-keeper tore a leaf from an old Bible, and was about to wrap the tobacco up in it. "Excuse me, sir," said the man; I should be glad if you would put the tobacco in another piece of paper, for I cannot bear to see the Bible used so."

Such a remark from such a man surprised the bystanders, and the Sabbath School teacher asked how it was that he, who professed so much outward respect for the Word of God, was not trying to live according to its pure and holy precepts. "I know your meaning," said the lover of rum and tobacco; "I am sensible of what I am doing, and where I am going; I know it as well as you can tell me; but," he continued with terrible emphases, and bouncing his fist upon the counter, "*I love the liquor, and the liquor I will have.*"

In spite of conscience, in spite of the Bible, in spite of friends, in spite of every effort to save him, this man will go down to a drunkard's grave. The appetite for strong drink has got hold of him, and will drag him to ruin. Let the young men and the boys, for I am sorry to say there are such, who are just beginning to drink and to smoke, mark this well.—*Abst. Journal.*

SELF-MADE MEN.

"I CAN'T do it."—Yes you can! Try—try *hard*—try *often*—and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will

be astonished at yourself—your advancement in whatever you undertake. *I can't* has ruined many a man, has been the tomb of bright expectations and ardent hopes. Let "*I will try,*" be your motto, in whatever you undertake, and if you press onwards, you will steadily and surely accomplish your object, and come off victorious. *Try—keep trying*—and you are made for this world. Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break its thread twenty times, he will mend it again. Make up your mind to do anything, and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble comes upon you: keep up your spirits though the day be a dark one. As an encouragement, to begin—to persevere—and to conquer—read the following list of "Self-made Men." George Abbott, (Archbishop of Canterbury) was the son of a clothier.

Adams, (astronomer—discoverer of the planet Neptune) son of a farmer.

Æsop was a slave.

Bloomfield, (the poet) was a shoemaker.

Bramah, (the celebrated engineer) was bred a carpenter.

Burns (the poet) was a shepherd.

Bunyan was a travelling tinker.

Cervantes, (author of Don Quixote, &c.) was a common soldier.

Columbus, (the discoverer of America) was a weaver.

Captain Cook (the great navigator) was, at the age of thirty, a common sailor.

Cromwell, (Protector of England) was the son of a brewer.

Thomas Cromwell, (Earl of Essex) was the son of a blacksmith.

Demosthenes, was the son of a cutler.

Dr. Farady, (one of the first philosophers of the day) was a bookbinder.

Dr. Franklin, (philosopher and

statesman). was a journeyman printer.

Fulton, (the first to establish steam navigation) was the son of Irish emigrants.

Gainsborough, (one of the most eminent English landscape painters) was entirely self-taught.

Halley, (philosopher and astronomer) was the son of a soap boiler.

Sir John Hawkins—was a carpenter.

Haydn, (the composer) was the son of a wheelwright.

Howard, (the philanthropist) was a grocer in his youth.

Dr. Samuel Johnson (the great writer,) was the son of a poor bookseller.

Johnson, (the poet) was a bricklayer.

Kean, (the greatest tragedian of modern times) was the son of a carpenter.

Peter King, (Lord Chancellor of England) was the son of a grocer.

Linneus, (the great botanist) was a shoemaker in his youth.

Martin Luther, (the great Reformer) was son of a miner.

Dr. Priestly, (the eminent philosopher and divine) was son of a clothier.

Rollin (the historian) was son of a cutler.

Shakspeare, (the greatest English dramatic poet) was son of a butcher.

Sixtus fifth, (Pope of Rome) was a swine herd in his youth.

Stephenson, (the great civil engineer) was a common miner.

Taylor, (the poet,) was a common waterman.

Jeremy Taylor, (Doctor of Divinity) son of a barber.

Virgil, (the poet) son of a baker.

Cardinal Wolsey—son of a butcher.

Wordsworth, (poet laureat of England) was a barber's boy.

—*Family Friend.*

PROVERBS.

HERE is a valuable bunch of proverbs: Borrowed garments seldom fit well. Hasten often trips up its own heels. Men often blush to hear what they are not ashamed to do. What is not needed is dear at any price. He who buys too many superfluities may be obliged to sell his necessaries. A fool generally loses his estate before he finds his folly. A man that hoards riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles. Towers are measured by their shadows, and great men by their calumniators. That man who knows the world will never be bashful, and that man who knows himself will never be impudent. Success rides on every hour—grapple it and you may win: but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

THE BIBLE.

SOME writers give the following analysis of the "Book of Books:"

It is a Book of Laws, to show the right and wrong.

It is a Book of Wisdom, that makes the foolish wise.

It is a Book of Truth, which detects all human errors.

It is a book of Life, that shows how to avoid everlasting death.

It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published.

It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences.

It is a complete code of Laws:

It is a perfect body of Divinity.

It is an unequalled Narrative.

It is a Book of Biography.

It is a Book of Travels.

It is a Book of Voyages.

It is the best covenant ever

made; the best deed ever written.

It is the best will ever executed; the best testament ever signed.

It is the young man's best companion.

It is the school-boy's best instructor.

It is the house-wife's best guide.

It is the learned man's Master-piece.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's dictionary.

It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing.

But that which crowns all, is the Author.

He is without partiality, and without hypocrisy, "with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning."

I T E M S.

SLANDER.—Against a slanderer there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a foe. It stabs with a word, with a nod, with a shrug, with a look, with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness spreading far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid. It is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable. It is as mortal as the sting of the deadly arrow; murder is its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin.

A LUMP of wet saleratus, applied to the sting of a wasp or bee, it is said, will stop the pain in one moment, and prevent it from swelling. Pin this fact up some where for this season's use, for those who are not fond of the sensation of a sting.

FIRST GUN.—A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire. He kept on charging but without firing, until he got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother learning his temerity, smartly reproved him and grasping the old continental, discharged it. The recoil was tremendous, throwing the old lady

on her back! She promptly struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out, "lay still granny—there are five more to go off yet!"

A Fool in high station is like a man on the top of a monument—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

GOOD ADVICE.—An exchange says: "Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank Heaven that she has health and spirit to be one. It is much better than a distorted spine or hectic cheek." Girls ought to be great romps—it is better than paying doctor's bills.

ADVICE to young Legal Students—better fir to make a pursuit of the law than allow the law to make pursuit of you.

ANSWERS.

To Charade, No. 6, April number—

THE name of your tree is Elm, I suppose,
And the Nem, we all know, in Northumberland flows;
The beautiful flower, a sweet Iris we call,
And the Gnat is an insect both teasing and small.

What Misers conceal, surely money must be;
And the Apricot's luscious, as each one may see.

So the head of these words, fairly puzzled indeed,
When right put together, Enigma will read.

JENNIE.

To Charade, No. 7, April number—

YOUR first, my friend, on winter's face,
Is falling snow I clearly trace;
Your second scarce I need to call,
Music and beauty, grace a ball.

So your whole is a snow ball,
That's quite easy to see;
And, when in season,
Pray not throw one at me!

JENNIE.

To Enigmas, Nos. 1 & 2, in May number.
—1, The Main Liquor Law; 2, A Son of Temperance.

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