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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1854.

No. 9.

FATHER AND SON, OR TWO PLEDGES.



ON the shore of the beautiful Horicon, now known as Lake George, in the eastern part of New York, there lived a few years ago a clergyman. His happy family of five daughters, and a darling son, a boy, of more than ordinary promise, were growing up, under the influence and instructions of parents, such as few children could boast. Happy among themselves, with their home amidst the most beautiful scenery in nature, life seemed to them a bright and glad reality. But occasionally, a shade of anxiety might have been detected on the usually calm brows of both father and mother.

The time at which my story commences, was before the days of Temperance. It was when every family kept a supply of ardent spirits constantly on hand; and children were accustomed to the dangerous beverage daily. So

it was in this family. The little "Dennie," accustomed *every morning* to his glass of bitters, and to a treat every time a friend called upon the family during the day, soon began to show a decided fondness for the intoxicating drink, and sought for more frequent occasions to gratify his taste. His parents saw his growing appetite with alarm, and often admonished him, but with little effect; his appetite increased, and more than once they had the mortification of seeing their promising boy in a state of evident *intoxication*. Various were the remedies they tried, but with little good: and they could only hope that time, and his own good sense, would at length enable him to control the habit that threatened to ruin him. But an event occurred which blasted every hope, and they saw nothing before their child but a drunkard's life and grave.

One morning little Dennie came running in with the eager enquiry—"Mother, Mr. Smith is going to have a raising this afternoon, and James has invited me. May I go?"

"My son, if your father thinks it best, you may go," his mother replied.

His father's consent was readily

obtained; and after dinner he started off full of happy anticipations. Arrived at the place, his attention was occupied for a time in the erection of the building; too soon, however, he discovered a keg on the premises which his ready genius quickly told him contained his favorite beverage. Without a moment's hesitation he asked for a drink—it was given him; he asked for another, and then another, and before the afternoon was half gone Dennie was *dead drunk*; and the workmen had laid him on a board under a tree.

About four o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him, he eagerly inquired for his child; they pointed him to the place where he lay. With a heart full of sorrow, he carried him home to his mother and sisters. Together his parents watched by his bed during the tedious night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful stupor would result in his death; but fully resolved if he lived not to leave untried any effort that might promise to save him.

It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to perfect consciousness. His parents thought it best not to speak to him of the *cause* of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do him much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the first symptom of remorse or consciousness that he had done wrong.

About a week after the event just related, his father invited him one pleasant morning to take a walk. Their road lay along the shore of the lake, and was lined with stately trees on either side. For a time they walked on in silence.

"Dennie," said he, "do you know

what it was made you sick the other day?"

"Why, I suppose I drank too much rum," he artlessly replied.

"Well, my son, do you know that I think you are in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

"Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I am not afraid of it. You drink rum every day, and you are not a drunkard; and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me to drink, then I can keep from being drunk too."

They both seated themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance, then taking a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had long desired to call his own, he said, "Dennie, if you will promise me that you will never drink any more rum, I will give you this gold watch. Will you do it?"

Rising from his seat, and looking his father full in his face, he replied, "if it is wrong for me to drink rum, I *scorn* to be *hired not to drink it*. But I will tell you, sir, what I *will* do. If it is wrong for me to drink, it is wrong for you, and if you stop drinking, I will."

Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them, his father would not have been more startled. "How could he preach or perform the laborious duties of a pastor without his daily glass of bitters? How could he get up in a cold winter's night, and go to pray by the bed of some dying parishoner, without a glass of something to prevent him taking cold? How could he attend the various ecclesiastical meetings of the Church without something to help him bear the fatigues of the journey?" The sacrifice was indeed great, but the welfare of his child demanded it. And summoning all his resolution with a falter-

ing voice, he replied—"I will do it my son." And thus they pledged themselves to *Total Abstinence* there.

The lake, the trees, and the pure blue sky, being their only witnesses, save only that Holy Being who is everywhere. As they retraced their steps, his father, taking the little watch from his pocket, gave it to Dennie, and said, "My son, you have long wished that I would give you this watch. It is now yours as long as you keep your promise. Should that ever be broken, I shall expect you to return it to me;—till then, let it be a token to you of this promise we have now made."

Years have passed; and the same little Dennie is now a distinguished clergyman in one of the most populous Western cities. Four bright little boys call him father. The same little gold watch decorates his parlor wall, and often does he point to it and tell of his danger and his escape from the whirlpool of *INTEMPERANCE*.

A SKETCH.

"**A**RE you crying because father does not come?" said Ella. Then twining her arms around her mother's neck, she whispered, "Do not cry, I will stay with you till father comes."

"My gentle child, thou art a blessing to me," said her mother, as she kissed her cheek, "but you must not sit up later; go to bed now; not forgetting to pray for thy father and thy almost desolate mother." Ella knelt beside her lowly couch and lifted her heart in prayer to God; then laying her head upon her pillow she slept the sweet sleep of innocence, while angels hovered near, gently whispering of a happy home in Heaven.

Charles Orme, the father of Ella, was a physician, once eminent for

his skill in the practice of medicine, and beloved by all who knew him, for his many virtues. He had married an amiable, pious woman, whose cheerful smile ever welcomed him, making his home to him the dearest spot on earth. But in an evil hour, at the wedding of a friend, he yielded to temptation, and drank deeply from the sparkling wine-cup. From that day he took his daily glass; and his wife, who saw the danger, strove with all the earnestness and gentle influence of woman's love, to win him from the inebriating bowl. At length, he became intoxicated daily; neglecting his professional duties, and often speaking harshly to his wife; which she bore meekly, never answering unkindly but beseeching him if he loved her and his children, to throw off the chains that bound him.

Ella awoke in the morning with a slight fever, for which her father prescribed, then paid his usual visit to the tavern where he spent the day, and returned home too much intoxicated to notice the symptoms of a malignant fever. She became dangerously ill; and the mother's heart fainted as she gazed upon her child and saw that she must die: that her lovely flower would soon be torn from her embrace, and consigned to its last resting-place, the dark, lone grave. Fervently she ejaculated, "Father in Heaven, if this beloved child is to be taken from me, grant I beseech thee, that the bright gem now fluttering to be freed from its clay casket, may be washed in the atoning blood of thy Son, and transplanted to bloom afresh in the garden of the Lord." Precious Saviour, take her to thyself, and may I bow submissively to the afflicting dispensation."

On the eighth day of her illness, her father came home comparative-

ly sober. He could not forget her imploring look as she saw him leave the room; and when he raised the maddening liquor to his lips, that look seemed to penetrate his soul, vibrating upon the holy but long slumbering feelings of the father's heart. That night he watched by her couch, and when the crisis came, he knew no earthly physician could save her.

"Father," faintly articulated the dying child, "I'm going home to God; do not drink any more, nor be unkind to mother and Charlie." Awhile no sound was heard in that room where death stood waiting to unfold the child in his cold embrace; but the tumultuous heavings of the father's breast told of true penitence. Taking the hand of his wife, he said, "Our child is nearly gone, and heart-rending thought, if I had not neglected her, she might have lived. *Twice as my only hope have I signed a petition, praying the legislature to enact a prohibitory law; and last autumn when the friends of that law battled so nobly for the victory; I vainly hoped that after a few months of thralldom, freedom would once more be mine.* WHILE I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR MY BROTHERS TO SAVE ME, MY CHILD HAS FALLEN A SACRIFICE. I am resolved, God helping me, never to taste intoxicating drinks again; and though too late to save our beloved Ella, henceforth my life shall be devoted to the happiness of my wife and son."

As he concluded, a smile of ineffable joy lighted up the countenance of Ella, and her parting soul lingered on her lips in thanksgiving to God for his abounding mercy, rich and free; then conveyed by angels, winged its happy flight for an immortal home.—*Prohibitionist.*

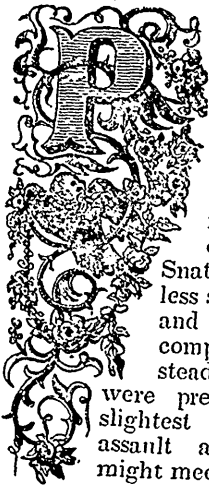
BEAUTY attracts—worth retains.

TEMPERANCE IN SWEDEN.

A N English correspondent of one of our exchanges, says of Sweden that "from the king to the meanest boor, the entire nation, each in its own way, seems to be moved with a laudable desire to effect the suppression of intemperance. The working classes have made a remarkable demonstration against the great distillery kings near Carlshaun; they marched in immense crowds to the distilleries, and demanded that no more *hells-broth* be made at present. Petitions are numerous sent to the king from all parts of the kingdom, entreating him to check the disastrous fabrication and consumption of that liquor. Drunkenness, in fact, has reached a climax in that country; the distilleries are burning up all the corn and potatoes they can lay hold of for the manufacture of the fire liquor, and the result is the want of bread, and the necessity of importations from abroad of the very product in which the country most abounds. The very wickedness of the people corrects them, and their backslidings reprove them; their country is washed by the distillers and venders in their work of death, and the people begin not only to see but to feel it, and to avenge themselves, as it is their perfect right to do. May the iniquity of these men in our own country prove not *their* ruin, but the salvation of those they are leading on to ruin!"

SOME one rather facetiously gives one of the many evils of the Maine Law in Portland, Me.:—"A sad effect of the Maine Law in Portland, is, that the city is driven to hiring men to do the work formerly done by the inmates of the almshouse. So badly has the almshouse degenerated! Here is food for the thoughts of tax payers."

ALCOHOL, ROWDYISM AND CRIME.



FADING on one of our principal streets, a few nights since, we encountered seven men, all young, in a rowdyish state of intoxication.

Snatches of senseless songs, profanity and obscenity, accompanied their unsteady steps. They were prepared, on the slightest provocation, to assault any one they might meet.

As we reflected on the conduct of these young men, and the cause of their conduct; as we viewed them in the full vigor of life, capable, perhaps, of great and noble things, at least of good and useful deeds, we recalled to mind a convivial association of young men, fifteen in number, with whom we became acquainted when a boy. They were in the habit of meeting once or twice a week for the purpose of talking, smoking, and drinking alcoholic beverages. The usual, we may say inevitable results of this conduct became manifest. They, too, became rowdies and disturbers of the peace. Some became criminals: and all but one have become the tenants of dishonored and premature graves. And this result is directly attributable to alcoholic drinks.

One was drowned, in a dark, bleak night, having, while drunk, fallen from a skiff. He left a large family.

One, with a constitution of unusual strength, drank, until the fiery liquid made a sponge of his vital organs, when he drooped away under the convenient name

of fever. It was a fever, sure enough.

One, whose appetite had exhausted all the powers of the alcoholic fires, resorted to the oil of peppermint, in order that he might have something strong enough. It was strong enough. It killed him in two hours.

One died of *delirium tremens*, having been restrained from suicide for several days.

One, a man of wonderful athletic powers and strong vital temperament, after an unceasing drunken spree of ten years, at last perished by the superior power of the liquor. He, too, breathed his last amid the hissing snakes and internal phantasms that can be conjured only from the brain of the subject of *delirium tremens*.

One, having committed a heinous crime while under the influence of liquor, fled from civilization, and finished his career in the forest, without a friend or acquaintance to soothe him in his last hour. But it made no difference. He knew not when he died.

One, after drinking to excess for fifteen years, endeavored to reform himself into a moderate drinker. He became industrious and accumulated a little property. But the poison had entrenched itself in his system. He died suddenly, in the prime of life.

One, under the influence of liquor, and impelled by a disgraceful act, committed while in a drunken spree, sought the woods and hung himself.

One, after carousing every night for a week, was prostrated by a violent fever. He never arose from that bed.

One, having gone West, was found dead in the woods, with his constant bottle by his side.

One, having become utterly idle and dissolute in his habits, joined

the Mexican army, and was murdered outside of the camp one night.

One, who had risen to a post of high standing, lost his position on account of inattention to business, caused by his habit of drinking, and died of a broken heart, aided by increased potations.

One, a man of fine intellect, became a bloated idiot. He lived in this condition for several years, and finally died "as the fool dieth."

One, when drunk, fell from a canal boat into a lock, and was drowned.

One remains, the sole remnant of that jovial band. He is a bearded, and bloated, and malignant devil, inspiring nothing but hatred and disgust by his presence. His death would be cause of rejoicing to all who knew him.

We have mentioned these cases, because they were associated as we have mentioned. We might mention a hundred others, fully as sad as these.

Young man, do not use spirituous liquors, as a beverage. A damnation, more cruel than the horrors of any fabled hell, pervades the intoxicating cup. You need not look to the awards of an unknown world to deter you from this habit. The present is enough. If you have any respect for yourself, any love for your friends, any regard for the well being of the community, be all the man that your nature entitles you to be. If you would render yourself odious to all decent people, a disgrace to your friends, a nuisance to yourself; if you desire to dwell in the horrors of perdition while still in the body, drink alcohol.—*Wayne Co. Whig.*

ATTENTION, YOUNG MEN!—Education is a young man's capital: every hour spent in studying is working for higher wages.

A CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN.

A GENTLEMAN, eminent as a merchant and no less eminent for intelligence and Christian integrity, once deeply interested us by a relation of the incident which opened his eyes to the wickedness of liquor selling, and made him a practical and efficient friend of the temperance reform.

He was doing a prosperous business, as a country grocer, in one of the interior towns of Pennsylvania. Among other articles of traffic, he kept on hand an assortment of liquors, adapted to the tastes and purses of his customers, which he sold, with as little doubt of the propriety of doing so, as he felt in reference to the sale of any article in his store. Yet, all this time, he was not only a professor of religion, but distinguished above most men for enlightened zeal and Christian activity, being a leading member and a licensed exhorter in the church with which he was connected.

One morning, at his family devotions, he was impressed in an unusual degree, with a desire for a greater measure of usefulness to his fellow-men. This was the burden of his prayer—that he might be made an instrument of good to others, and with much earnestness he supplicated for that measure of grace which would make him a minister of good to the world. In great peace of mind, he rose from his knees and went to his place of business. Soon after, one of his daily customers—an intemperate man—entered with his jug, and asked for his usual supply of whisky. The clerk was about attending to his request, when suddenly, the prayer of the morning flashed upon the merchant's mind. He thought of his strong desire to do good—and he asked himself:—"Shall I benefit or injure this man, by ministering to his depraved ap-

petite?" To ask such a question, in his then frame of mind, was to answer it. He knew that strong drink was the bane of his neighbor and the curse of his family, and for the first time he recognized his own guilty agency in the wretchedness and worthlessness of the man. Turning to his clerk, he said, mildly, "Give back the jug—Mr. H. can get no whisky here." The man looked up inquiringly, and striking his hand on his pocket, said, "I'm able to *pay* you, sir." "But I am not able to *sell* to you," was the reply; and then, in a kind and earnest manner he gave him his reasons for the refusal. The man, disappointed and displeased, turned away to find some less scrupulous trafficker; but the merchant, changed at the moment from a liquor seller into a practical temperance man, said to his assistant, "Roll all the liquor casks into the cellar, for from this hour I abandon the traffic, and wash my hands from all participation in drunkard-making."—We need scarcely say that the pledge thus taken was sacredly kept, and from that day to this, he has been among the most active, intelligent, and efficient advocates of the temperance reformation.—*The Prohibitionist.*

RUM AND WAR.

THE advent of British soldiers and sailors in Constantinople has introduced some new features in the quaint streets of that oriental city. Among other things English signs are constantly going up, not a few of which are amusingly Anglican. For instance, the sign "*Grog Shop*," actually painted out in full, may be seen over many doors. A correspondent of the *Traveller*, thus refers to another curious sign, in Galata:

"I was most amused, however, with a somewhat ambitious look-

ing sign, I saw in Galata, upon which was written, *verbatim et litteratim*, '*Wines and Spirits sold here, and diverse kinds of Trunks.*' At first I wondered what connection there might be between the sale of 'Trunks' and that of spirits, but soon my mind was enlightened on that point. The man who wrote the sentence was no Englishman, but probably a German, and it was intended to be '*Diverse kinds of DRUNKS,*' (of course for DRINKS.) But how indisputably true! Wherever wines and spirits are sold, there are also sold '*Divers kinds of DRUNKS!*' Would that such miserable establishments might not follow in the train of British soldiers and sailors! The well known propensities of many of this class, however, hold out every inducement to the rum-seller to be always within call."—*Exchange Paper.*

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN and a needle, being neighbors in a work basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes; but you will not live long."

"Why not?"

"Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You're a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you

can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again."

"I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember, your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and, undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle.

"How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers till they be down in the dust together, as we are."

TEMPERATE DRINKING.

"Tis but a drop," the father said
And gave it to his son;
But little did he think a work,
A work of death was thus begun.
The drop that lured him when the babe
Scarce lisped his father's name,
Planted a fatal appetite
Deep in his infant frame.

"Tis but a drop," the comrade cries,
In truant school-boy tone;
"It did not hurt us in our robes,
It will not now we're grown."
And so they drink the mixture up,
That reeling, youthful band;
For each had learned to love the taste,
From his own father's hand.

"Tis but a drop," the husband said,
While his poor wife stood by,
In famine, grief, and loneliness,
And raised the imploring cry;
"Tis but a drop—I'll drink it still—
'T will never injure me;
I always drink—so, madam, hush!
We never can agree."

"Tis but a drop—I need it now,"
The staggering drunkard said,
"It was my food in infancy—
My meat and drink, and bread.
A drop—a drop—O let me have!
'T will so refresh my soul!"
He took it—trembled—drunk—and died,
Grasping the fatal bowl.

A BRITISH peer, when dining with the Queen, was challenged by a royal duchess to take wine with her. His lordship politely thanked her Grace, but declined the compliment, stating that he never took wine. The duchess immediately turned to the Queen, and jocularly said, "Please your Majesty, here is Lord —, who declines to take wine at your Majesty's table. Every eye was turned on the Queen, and not a little curiosity was evinced in the manner in which the total abstainer would be dealt with by royalty. With a smiling and graceful expression her Majesty replied, "*There is no compulsion at my table!*"

THE English language is composed of 15,734 words, of which 6,732 are from the Latin, 4,312 from the French, 1,665 from the Saxon, 1,168 from the Greek, 691 from the Dutch, 211 from the Italian, 106 from the German, (not including verbs) 90 from the Welsh, 75 from the Danish, 56 from the Spanish, 50 from the Icelandic, 34 from the Swedish, 31 from the Gothic, 16 from the Hebrew, 15 from the Teutonic, and the remainder from the Arabic, Syriac, Turkish, Portuguese, Irish, Scotch, and other languages.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.



N passages from the "History of a Wasted Life," noticed last week, we find the following account of the folly and madness caused by intemperance. It is said to be literally true."—*Central Ch. Herald.*

The following anecdote respecting Dr. Maginn, was communicated to me by a friend, and, as I believe it has never been published, I here present it as a specimen of what drink will lead a man to do, even when the welfare of those nearest and dearest to him is concerned.

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

"On the evening after their marriage, Dr. Maginn walked to the well-furnished house—lounged on a sofa, and afterwards walked over the apartments, well pleased.

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

"Now," said Maginn to the old

woman who was left in care of the house and furniture, 'go and fetch a bottle of brandy, and we'll drink the young couple's health.'

"The spirits was fetched, and drank; and then more was procured. Other persons were also sent for, and the beautiful drawing-room was soon converted into a scene of bacchanalian revelry. Songs were sung, speeches were made, and healths drank; and so it went on all night. The ball had now fairly been set in motion, and on it went. The doctor's money was all gone; so article after article of furniture was sent out and pawned! Then went the piano—then sofas—beds—all but the chairs they sat on and the table. At last these went too, and the carousers sat on the floor round a punch bowl! Nor did they cease their revels until the bride came home to a house from which every article of furniture had been drank away!

"Man, whoever you are,—educated, intellectual though you be,—read the above and tremble. With the intoxicating glass in your hand, reason ceases to assert her claims; and safe though you may deem yourselves, remember that greater men than you have fallen, even while thinking their foothold most secure!"

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER TO HER AUNTY.

"MY puss has got four kittens. Oh, they are such beauties. They are Maltese. I am going to sell them for 10 cents a-piece; mother says I may, and pussy is willing as soon as they are weaned. That will make 40 cents. That is my Temperance money. George says puss is a temperance cat. I like my *Life Boat* dearly, aunty. Father says it is beautiful. Father reads it to me. I liked that story about 'Henry the match-seller.'—

Aunty, is n't it a great deal better to be good? I am tired of writing any more. From somebody you love, and somebody who loves you.

ANNE."

ONE OF THE JURYMEN.

THEY have some queer jurymen in Iowa. A few days since an old toper died rather suddenly. The coroner, in consequence, held an inquest—listened to the testimony of a physician—and was about rendering a verdict "water on the brain," when Mr. Slocum Pepplepolis "riz" to object. "Mr. Coroner, I have known the deceased for ten mortal years, and I know he has never seed a sober moment in all that time. To say that such a man can die with 'water on the brain,' is, therefore, blamed nonsense. It can't be did! 'Cause why? He never took any into his system. The true verdict, Mr. Coroner, should be 'gin, rum, or brandy on the brain;' but as I cannot get such a verdict, I am willing to split the difference—compromise—and bring in a verdict as follows: 'Died from the effects of brandy and water on the brain.'" The compromise was agreed to, and the above verdict is a part and parcel of the recorded doings of Iowa.

WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOES.

A DISTINGUISHED writer says: "And yet its march of ruin is onward still. It reaches abroad to others, invades the family and social circle, and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age with sorrow to the grave. It produces

weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It hails fever, feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imparts pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, crime. It fills your jails, supplies your alms-houses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It condemns law, spurns order, and loves mobs. It crowds penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary.

"It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, and reverences fraud and infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns man, consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven.

"It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine.

"It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And now, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills

peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs, at its ruin." And yet half is not told. Great God! can man uphold and encourage a traffic from which such a dreadful catalogue of human misery flows? One would think not; yet, strange to say, many professing Christians advocate this monstrous work, which thus converts earth into hell, and peoples it with fiends, and giants in crime.

THE LUNCH AND THE FLY-TRAP.

BY A LADY.



"HAT have you got there?" said Mr. Edgar to his little son Charley, as he was just going to his evening work from which he seldom returned till midnight.

"A lunch," said Charley, "I am afraid you may want something to eat before you come home, and I don't want you to stop at the Exchange. Please don't, father!"

"What are you talking about, my son? What do you know about the lunches and the Exchange? What do you mean?"

"Why, it is in the paper, father, and I asked mother, and she thinks it is to get folks in to drink.—Something like a fly-trap."

"A fly-trap. A very dignified comparison your mother has hit upon, truly! Then she has been telling you that I stop at the Exchange, and that I get lunches and all that! Fine gossip for your mother!"

"O, no father, she did not say a

word about you, and did not know that you went there, until I told her that I found you there the day Bessie was so sick. And O, father, how bad she looked when I told her!"

"What did you distress your mother for, you mischievous fellow? Why did you report such a thing when you never found me there but once? Do you think that I am going to stop and eat anywhere to night? Why, child, you are crazy!"

"Why, the paper tells them to come just quarter before ten; but please, father, don't stop—come home early, just as you used to when mother used to sing and play the piano, and you played the flute—O, they were such nice times! I could just lie in the bed, and listen, and it helped me to go to sleep, and have pleasant dreams, too. Come, father, do take it!"

Mr. Edgar was softened, and could not deny the request. He went away not only with a lunch in his pocket, but a weight upon his conscience. He had noticed at the table the troubled countenance of his wife, but dare not enquire the cause. He knew too well already. He repaired to his office, and from thence to the Exchange. A rare entertainment was in course of preparation, which was to be enlivened with wine and merriment. "Perhaps," thought he, "I can go once more and then break off." But he had no sooner come to this decision, than the pale countenance of his wife, and the importunity of his child, would rush upon his mind. Neither could that formidable fly-trap be forgotten. "Surely," thought he, "I was almost *suds'd* the last evening, and dare I venture again? No, there is safety only in flight, and I know it is not an inglorious retreat." He wrote a hasty apology to his friend,

stating that the circumstances of his family required his presence, and then returned home. No bright lamp illuminated his parlor; only a dim light shone from a solitary chamber. "Poor Mary," thought he, as he found the street-door fastened, "you do not look for me for many a long hour." Noiseless and unperceived, he entered by a side door, and approached the room occupied by his wife and children.

The little son had dismissed his inquietudes for a season, and was sleeping sweetly upon the little couch. Little Bessie occupied the crib, and the mother sat by it in her cushioned chair, with her head reclining, resting on her hand. She would sometimes raise her head, press her throbbing temples, heave a sigh, then resume her former posture. Mr. Edgar was moved. "Ah!" thought he, "is that my own dear Mary—the only daughter, that I severed from doting parents, whose hearts still bleed over the separation? Is that pale, languid face the same that was once radiant with smiles? Oh, wine! wine! what hast thou done? This heart has been steeped in thy poison till it has ceased to love—to feel—no, thank God! he does still love—still feel; and, by God's blessing, he will show it henceforth. Here I do solemnly pledge myself that this liquid poison shall never again enter my lips." Stepping gently forward, and seating himself by the side of his wife, he said, "Why, Mary, are you ill to-night?"

Starting up in surprise she said, "Why—yes—no—not very. But, Edward, are you sick, that you have come home so early?"

"O, no, not at all, I feel better than usual this evening, but I observed that you looked so pale at

the table, and have hastened home on your account."

"Dear Edward, do not leave me," said the wife with a beseeching look, "just stay with me one evening."

"No, Mary, I am not going to leave you, you are to share the entertainment, and it is prepared already," he said, as he drew the paper from his pocket.

"There, Mary, the lunch had well nigh ruined your husband, and verily I believe the 'lunch' will save him too."

Mrs. Edgar at once recognized the agency that had restored her husband to her side, and smiling amid her tears, she begged the privilege of adding something to the repast.

"No," he said, "nothing but some cold water; let us have Charley's identical lunch, and while you prepare the table, I will wake our young temperance orator, and I think mother will be inclined to excuse this one departure from established rules."

In a few moments the happy trio were seated around their entertainment. Charley was mute with pleasure and surprise. He sat and looked first at one parent and then at the other; now a smile, and then a tear.

"Come, Charley," said Mr. Edgar, "don't set mother to weeping; but as you say, they are not sorry tears this time. Well, Charley, you don't think that your father is quite at the bottom of the trap," said Edgar, with a smile.

"No, father, and I don't think you will ever get there, if you will just take your lunches at home with mother and me. If I had known we were to eat with you, I would have put up more. But, father, what is to be done about these places when they are making so many drunkards?—Why, I could

not keep from crying when I just looked on and saw the poor flies caught, and then trying to get away, and after struggling a little while they would sink, and others drop right in at the same place. Now, I know it is a great deal worse to kill folks than flies. Father, what can be done about it?"

"Why, my son," said Mr. Edgar, "I don't see as any thing can be done while persons continue to place themselves in so much danger."

"But mother said the Legislature can help it," said the child, with much earnestness: "but they don't begin right. They act just as Bid- dy did with my sore finger; you know how much salve she put on and never tried to get out the splinter."

"Now, Charley," said Mrs. Edgar, "we have all had our lunch, and you have talked Temperance and State Reforms enough for one evening. Now kiss, good night, and slip back into the little bed again."—*Christian Herald.*

THE ROLLING STONE.

A HINT TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE rolling stone! the rolling stone!
That "gathers no moss" where'er 'tis
thrown;

But a barren and useless thing appears
A rolling stone, though it roll for years.

The stones that lie—the stones that lie,
Will gather of moss a good supply;
And furnish, in climes that are bleak and
bare,

Some food for the tenants of earth and air.

The girl or boy; the girl or boy,
That hurries away from a just employ,
Like a rolling stone, will useless be,
And gather no good for futurity.

The boys and girls; the boys and girls,
Who stick to their places like well set pearls,
And on temperance bent, their course begin,
Will honor obtain, and a prize may win.

Not that alone which a purse can hold,
Of perishing silver, or wasting gold;
But the prize of a life in contentment passed,
And the prize of a happy exit at last.

O, LEAVE THE SPARKLING BOWL.

O, LEAVE the sparkling bowl,
Thou wanderer from peace,
'Twill ne'er give joy unto thy soul—
O, do thy wanderings cease.

Leave all the sorrows of the cup,
And lead a temperance life;
'Twill ease thee of thy burning thirst,
'Twill lead from woe and strife.

O, leave the sparkling bowl,
No pleasure can it give—
It gives not joy but strife
To all who for it live.

Leave all the sorrows of the cup,
Thy wandering cease, oh, cease!
And dwell in paths of temperance—
Whose paths are paths of peace.

O, leave the sparkling bowl,
Let joy once more revive,
Among the household band,
Who with woe had long to strive.

O, leave the sorrows of the cup,
Let pleasure once more shine,
And God will bless thy efforts,
And peace shall yet be thine.

RUM, VERSUS EDUCATION.

THE *Lexington Era* gives a sad account of the once great Transylvania University. It has all gone to seed. Less than twenty small boys are now its occupants. The once famous medical school is also abandoned, and the great building is going to decay. The *Era* says, "Well informed men and old citizens of Lexington assure us that the liquor traffic has undermined and destroyed both the Medical School and the University. Parents in the west and south-west, who have patronised them have become tired of sending sons here to be ruined. Many scores of promising young men have been inoculated with the vice of intem-

perance, and indoctrinated in the art and misery of gambling, and gone forth to poison the moral atmosphere."

It is a wonder that more of our institutions of learning have not been entirely ruined. Years ago Rev. Dr. Pierce and Pres. Bates gave their testimony that wine was the chief cause of intemperance among students in College. And yet how many wealthy citizens are giving it to their sons in the College or counting house. We believe President Everett discarded all wine from parties while he was at Harvard. In relation to the College at Williamstown, the students have signed a pledge of total abstinence from all that intoxicates while in College! What institution is there which is not to be benefited by a Maine law?—*Tem. Union.*

SHOULD HAVE BEEN A MAN.

"**W**HERE goes something that should have been a man," exclaimed a friend.

The poor wretch was just leaving a low grog-shop. A tall form, with a massive chest, a noble brow, with a shock of frizzled grey hair; eyes deep, dark and lustrous once, now, still deep but sepulchral, and burning, like smouldering fires on red altars; these made the sum bodily of that something that should have been a man.

But at once to trace his career.

A beautiful babe pressed fondly on the breast of a joyous mother, clinging to her neck, playing with her ringlets, all innocence; filling the house with the music of his laugh.

A lovely boy, towards whom all eyes are turned; his face bright with enthusiasm, his brow curved with intellect, wending his way to school, and there winning prizes, —perhaps silver medals. So, in

the play-ground, the king amongst his fellows; vivacious, full of fun and repartee, eager at play. Hear the ring of his glad shouts!

A youth, already singling, his gentle, blue-eyed partner, from the band of social girls; such ardent spirits seek for the frail clinging of graceful vines; strangely enough. A youth, sipping at small parties bright-hued wine, and poetizing upon the frothy pearls that deck its surface.

A young man! How the words leap to paper. How much of strength, what beaming eyes, what high resolves, and proud startings for fame! What yearnings to be rich! What hopes of happiness! What mines of gold! What height of greatness! What excess of joy, those three little words conjure before the mind! A young man! Does he mean to be drunken? To be poor? To be dishonored? To have the children laugh and point the finger at him? To strike down the helpless woman? To deform innocent children? To turn home into worse than a howling desert? Oh! assuredly not.

Nor does he think so, while he leans back in the gorgeous saloon, and amid flashing lights and the bewilderment of beauty, aided by every artifice, takes to his heart, to his soul—hugging it as the miser hugs his treasure—the fiend that desolates.

Well, time has passed swiftly; the brand is burnt out; it is charred, and the star fallen from the heaven of home.—He bickers, he quarrels; he laughs with silly leering, and kicks at the harmless chairs and tables. He roars, that you may roar him back, and thinks it wit. If his wife smiles, he curses her. It is cursing, cursing, and going to the grogshops, and coming home to curse again, from morning till night.

Alas! poor drunkard. Whichever you behold him, you see "something that should have been a man."—*Religious Herald, Hartford, Ct.*

AN HONEST BOY.



That is right, my boy," said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his shop boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay amongst the dust and papers of the sweepings.

"That is right," he said again; "always be honest; it is the best policy."

"Should you say that?" asked the lad timidly.

"Should I say what? that honesty is the best policy? Why it is a time honored old saying. I don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing; the spirit is rather narrow, I will allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy. "She said we should do right, because God approved it, without thinking what man would say."

The merchant turned abruptly toward the desk, and the thoughtful faced little lad resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning, a rich and influential citizen called at the store. While conversing, he said:

"I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is that if a boy of twelve (the age I should prefer,) is fixed in his habits, and if they are bad—"

"Stop!" said the merchant. "Did you see that lad yonder?"

"With that noble brow? Yes, what of him?"

"He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes—that's what everybody tells me who has boys to dispose of. No doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," remarked the merchant calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, sir, never. He would restore a pin; indeed, (the merchant colored,) he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws in goods, and I cannot teach him prudence in that respect. Common prudence, you know, is—common prudence—ahem!"

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say:

"He was a parish orphan—taken by an old woman out of pity when a babe. Poverty has been his lot. No doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold unaccounted times; his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than have been dishonest. I can't account for it, upon my word I can't."

"Have you any claim upon him?"

"Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed, the boy is entirely too good for me."

"Then I will adopt him; and if I have found one really honest boy, thank God."

The little fellow who rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious home; he who sat shivering in one corner, listening to the words of a poor old pious creature who had been taught by the spirit, became one of the best and greatest divines that England ever produced.

SELECTIONS.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—It is stated in the papers that only two towns granted licenses in the County of Wayne. A justice was elected in Palmyra as a Temperance man, and as he was a prominent member of the Baptist Church, it was taken for granted he would sign no licenses. He, however, proved a traitor, and united his fortunes with the rummies; whereupon, the church of which he was a member threw him overboard with as little ceremony as possible. The Baptist Church at Palmyra must have some *religion*, or at least a decent amount of *self-respect*.—*Utica Teetotaler*.

ALWAYS REFLECT.—Never do anything rashly. So reader, just sit down, rest your elbows on the table, make of your arms two pillows, rest your chin upon the palms of your hands, look straight ahead and think—take a cursory survey of your past and present life. What a queer thing it is; almost everything has turned out different from what you expected. How you have changed in purpose, in condition, in character and in everything since the small amount of clay you inhabit became animated. After you have reflected fully on the varied events of your life, and reviewed your past existence in all its bearings, go to work and make the best of the circumstances around you, be they what they may. This is the best advice we can give you.

A BEAUTIFUL CONCEIT.—Some author, we remember not who, informs us how we became indebted for the red rose. They were all of spotless white when in Eden they first spread out their leaves to the morning sunlight of creation. Eve, as she gazed upon the tintless gem, could not suppress her admiration

of its beauty, but stooped down and imprinted a warm kiss on its snowy bosom. The rose stole the scarlet tinge from her velvet lip, and yet wears it.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

“MOTHER,” said a sly urchin the other day, “what does dad do with all the rye he raises?”

“Oh, my child, I am sorry to say that he sends it to Deacon Jones’ distillery to make whisky of.”

“Well, now I thought just so, when he came home last night.”

“Why, how did he look last night, my child?”

“Oh, I can’t describe him, mother, he had such a horrible *wry* face!”

A CHEERFUL HEART.—There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining, from day to day, that they have so little, and are continually anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good. They do not follow the example of the industrious bee, which does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on its road, but buzzes on, selecting its honey where it can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not.—*Penny Gazette*.