

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1856.

No. 11.

Noble Boys.



'LL have no hand in it—no hand in it, Carter—it is unfair, unkind, absolutely *wrong*, and I tell you you had better give it up.”

“*Mirabile dictu!*

The jester professional of our school is alarmed at the prospect of a good practical joke, and all at once astounds us with great words of caution. You may go your way, Lane; I am only sorry that we let

you know of it at all. We should not,” he added, with a sinister smile, “had we not known how well you like a joke.”

“True, Carter, I have indulged in jesting quite too much (though harmlessly I trust.) but I have joked but little lately, and from this time less than ever—mark me, *from this time less than ever*. But, Carter, I do not recognize any joke at all about this cruel plan of yours.

To invite a schoolmate to a sail, and then to plunge him into the river, to wet his clothes and make him tardy, or absent, because he gets more merits than any other boy, is no joke; it is——”

“Oh, pass on, pass on, Lane; we have had lecture enough for now.”

Master Carter’s mocking words reminded Arthur Lane of those beautiful passages that should rest in the mind of every youth—“My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Go not in the way of evil. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away,” and he said, more meekly than he could have spoken a moment before, “I will pass away.” After advancing a few steps he paused and called to the boy that was with Carter on the bank, waiting for another that was coming with the unsuspecting victim. Hugh Newman, the lad with Master Carter, was one of that numerous class of boys who are easily influenced for good or evil—whose character is stamped by association. But Arthur Lane belonged to that admirable class who can do *right* under *any* circumstances, who can

take an upright course in opposition to *any* associates, who if they cannot dissuade their comrades from an evil course will turn from them and pass away. Such are *noble boys*—such will, with God's blessing, become *noble men*; and it is the noble, upright, and *holy* men, who, with clean hands and pure hearts, stay the torrents of vice that would otherwise inundate the world.

"Hugh, Hugh," called Arthur, and it was the feeling of kind, earnest entreaty that swelled the tone in which his name was called that made Hugh throw the oar on the bank, and bound towards young Lane, before Master Carter could utter a word of remonstrance.

It is *too bad, too bad* to treat a schoolmate so! Hugh, would you like to be in Ansel's place, and be thrown out of the boat?" asked Arthur, as the two walked on together.

"I don't think I should."

"Why then, did you consent to accompany these boys?"

"Oh, they asked me to go with them, and told what rare sport it would be, and so I went without thinking much about it."

"But you *must* think, Hugh. When one asks you to do a thing, you must ask yourself is it kind? is it honorable? *is it right?* and if your whole heart does not say yes, then you must not do it?"

"Well, I guess I'll do as you say the next time; at all events, I'm glad you called me away, for it would be dreadful if Ansel should be drowned."

Arthur hurried on in silence. You might have known, however, by the occasional side nodding of his fine head, that important cognitions were within it. Nor did he slacken his rapid pace until he called at the Principal's door, and then he pulled the bell-knob so

violently it would have made him blush with shame at any other time. A moment after, he stood before the Principal with cap in hand, and modestly but earnestly related Master Carter's wicked scheme. Prof. Leland was highly indignant, saying warmly, that Ansel Stearns was one of his *best boys*. He could scarcely believe that there was a student among his number that would engage in aught so low, so wrong! But when he recalled the general character of the aggressor, his incredulity vanished, and he would have hastened at once to the river bank, had not Arthur suggested the necessity of procuring dry cloths for Ansel, that he might appear in school at the usual hour. Apparel was soon obtained from a friend of Arthur, about Ansel's size, and then the Principal and pupil walked rapidly to the river, impelled by a desire to arrive there in time to arrest the perpetrators. But the "joke" was finished, and the low-minded boys immediately left the river, feeling less pleasure than they had wickedly anticipated in laying their vile plan.

Ansel was standing with uncovered head and bared feet upon a rock that projected into the river, while his coat, vest, and stockings were hanging upon a tree to dry. Poor boy! he presented a very sad picture, standing there in the burning sun, with wet garments, and an expression of mingled grief and pain upon his usually cheerful face. The kind-hearted Professor was affected almost to tears, and accosted him with great tenderness. A blush akin to shame came over Ansel's fine face, as he beheld Prof. Leland, but it vanished a moment after as Arthur with moistened eyes, assured him that it was no disgrace to *him*, and more and better, that he could be in his seat

at the usual time, and he slyly whispered with much kindness, that their beloved Principal had called him one of his best boys. How Ansel's dark eyes sparkled, and how rapidly he dressed, and how prettily he looked too, walking modestly along by the Professor's side, looking up and meeting every now and then a look of respect and love from that estimable gentleman.

"How did these misguided boys get you into the water?" inquired Prof. Leland.

"Oh, sir! they rested on their ears, and called my attention to a bit of scenery that I could enjoy by standing in the boat and looking through the trees. It was a charming view, sir, a beautiful green lawn, with two or three cows grazing, while another, a graceful animal, was reaching up her head and eating leaves from a tree. I was just saying that I would like to sketch it, when one of the boys propelled the boat suddenly, and the other swayed violently against me, and knocked me out. He said it was accidental, and I might have believed it had it not been for their unkind laugh. It was so stinging," he said softly—turning to Arthur.

"Falsehood and crime! Ah, so it is, boys; the former always accompanies the latter. How very important it is, then, that we always speak and act *truth*, even respecting the most trivial matter." The boys cordially assented, and entered the academy, feeling grateful that good angels had kept them in the way of integrity.

Ansel Stearnes lost no merits that afternoon, but Master Carter and his accomplice lost their places in the school, and gained, alas, that badge of dishonor most disgraceful to a scholar—**EXPELLED**.

But our noble boys, Arthur and

Ansel, continue in the school, getting honors every term, and in years to come they will doubtless occupy honorable places among noble men. May they give their hearts to God, and then shall they receive the

"Stamp and signature of Heaven
Truth, mercy, patience, holiness and love."

All's Well.

THE following exquisite gem is worth retaining and preserving. We doubt if the whole range of English or any other literature can furnish anything more simply beautiful—more purely eloquent:—

"Twelve o'clock at night and all's well."

False prophet! Still and statue-like at yonder window stands the wife. The clock has told the small hours; yet her face is closely pressed against the window-pane, striving in vain with straining eye to pierce the darkness. She sees nothing, she hears nothing—but the beating her own heart. Now she takes her seat, opens a Bible, and seeks from it what comfort she may, while tears blister the pages. Then she claps her hands, and her lips are tremulous with mute supplication. Hist! there is an unsteady step in the hall; she knows it—many times and oft it has trod on her very heart-strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her, and in maudlin tones pronounces a name he had long since forgotten to honor. Oh! all enduring power of woman's love—no reproach, no upbraiding—the light arm passed around that reeling figure, once erect in "God's own image." With tender words of entreaty, which he is powerless to resist if he would, she leads him in. It is but the repetition of a thousand such vigils! It is the

performance of a vow with a heroism and patient endurance, too common! and every day to be chronicled on earth; too holy and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the "registering angel" above.

"ALL'S WELL."

False prophet! In yonder luxurious room, sits one whose curse it was to be as a dream of Eden. Time was when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face—when a kind, loving father laid his trembling hand, with a blessing, on that sunny head—when brothers' and sisters' voices blended with her own heart-music around the happy hearth. Oh! where are they now? Are there none to say to the repenting Magdalen, "Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more!" Must the gilded fetter continue to bind the soul that loathes it because man is less merciful than God?

"ALL'S WELL."

False prophet! There lies the dead orphan. In all the length and breadth of the green earth there was found no sheltering nest where the lonely dove could fold its wing when the parent bird had flown. The brooding wing was gone that covered it from the cold winds of neglect and unkindness. Love was its life, and so—it drooped!

"ALL'S WELL."

False prophet! Sin walks the earth in purple and fine linen; honest poverty, with tear bedewed face, hungers and shivers and thirst, "while the publican stands afar off!" The widow pleads in vain to the ermined judge for "justice;" and unpunished of heaven, the human tiger crouches in his lair and springs upon his hopeless prey.

"ALL'S WELL."

Ah, yes, all is well! for He "who seeth the end from the beginning," holds even the scales of justice.—

"Dives shall yet beg Lazarus." Every human tear is counted. They will yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient and enduring disciple! When the clear, broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked paths, we shall see the snares and pitfalls from which our hedge of thorns has fenced us in! and, in our full-grown faith, we shall exultingly say, "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt?"—*Fanny Fern.*

A Reason Why

ONE, and I believe the principal, reason why so many persons engage in the traffic of intoxicating liquors is, on account of the immense profits accruing from so small an outlay of capital. Men are inclined to look wholly at money, and disregard the mighty and oft repeated appeals of conscience for principle. They do not hesitate to think whether the traffic is *per se* right or wrong—honorable or dishonorable—injurious or beneficial to the community. All their narrow minds can comprehend is, the paltry pittance which the poor inebriate pays for his grog.

Search the catalogue of rum-sellers through, and few, very few, indeed, would be found who would persist in selling a beverage which they know is daily depriving the social circle and the State of their brightest ornaments, the country of her noblest sons, and the world of her jewelled intellects, were the sale of it but one-fourth as lucrative.

Let us refer to facts and figures for one moment, to show what the profits of liquor venders really are:

One gallon of whiskey costs 40 cents. There are 60 drinks in a gallon, which at 5 cents per drink, bring \$3, leaving a profit of \$2.60

to the vnder — he making six hundred and fifty per cent. Again: one gallon of ale costs 33 cents. In it there are 24 drinks, which, at 5 cents per drink, will bring \$1.20. In this, as in the former instance, the profits are enormous, being 86 cents, and the seller realizes a gain of two hundred and sixty per cent.

Beer costs 16 cents per gallon. There are, at least, 30 glasses in a gallon; and allowing two glasses for 5 cents, the retailer receives 75 cents a gallon for his beer, making a profit of 59 cents. Thus his money brings him two hundred and sixty-five per cent.

This is "the reason why" so many men engage in the traffic, when they know that they are injuring society. Money yields a greater income when invested in liquors, than in almost any other article; and some persons are so wrapped up in this, *their idol*, that they sacrifice every noble principle and attribute of their being, upon the golden altar of their money-god.

The traffic cannot be checked successfully until these enormous profits are, in some manner, overthrown.—*Crusader.*

The Rum Fiend.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The rum fiend cast his eyes abroad
And looked o'er all the land,
And numbered his myriad worshippers
With his bird-like, long right hand.
He took his place in the teeming street,
And watch the people go
Around and about, with a buzz and a shout,
Forever to and fro;
"And it's hip!" said the rum fiend, "hip,
hurra!"

For the multitudes I see,
Who offer themselves in sacrifice,
And die for love of me."

There stood a woman on a bridge,
She was old, but not with years—
Old with excess, and passion and pain,
And she wept remorseful tears,
As she gave to her babe her milkless breast,

Then goaded by its cry, *CONTRITION!*
Made a desperate leap, *she was deep!*
In the sight of the multitude,
"And it's hip!" cried the rum fiend, "hip,
hurra!"

She sinks, and let her be—
In life or death whatever she did,
Was all for the love of me!"

There watched another by the hearth,
With sullen face and thin,
She uttered words of scorn and hate
To one that staggered in.
Long had she watched, and when he came,
His thoughts were bent on blood;
He could not brook her taunting look,
And he slew her where she stood;
"And it's hip!" cried the rum fiend, hip,
hurra!
My right good friend is he,
He hath slain his wife, he hath give his
life,
And all for the love of me!"

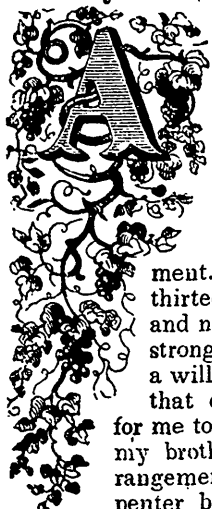
And every day in the crowded way,
He takes his fearful stand,
And numbers his myriad worshippers
With his bird-like, long right hand;
And every day the weak and strong,
Widows and maids and wives,
Blood warm, blood cold, young men and
old,
Offer the fiend their lives.
"And it's hip!" he says, "hip, hip, hurra.
For the multitude I see,
That sell their souls for the burning drink,
And die for the love of me!"

Idleness.

THERE is a fault we all condemn in the young, and too often indulge in without remorse ourselves. That fault is idleness. There is a busy idleness which sometimes blinds us to its nature—we seem to ourselves, and to others, to be occupied, but what is the result of it all? What Hannah More calls "a quiet and dull frittering away of time," whether it be in "unprofitable small talk, or in constant idle reading, or sauntering over some useless piece of work," is surely not "redeeming the time," and yet how many days and hours are thus unprofitably wasted, and neither ourselves nor others benefited. All women who have much leisure are liable to

this fault; and besides its own sinfulness, for surely waste of time is a sin, it encourages a weak, unenergetic frame of mind, and is apt to produce either apathetic content in a trifling occupation, or restless desire of excitement and amusement, to help on the sound, "like the cars," which so frightened weary time these trifles cannot kill; and those who have their time entirely at their own disposal, with perhaps no definite duty to occupy them, should guard resolutely against waste of time. Make duties for yourselves; fix hours for your different occupations; do with your might whatever your hands findeth to do; and carefully, conscientiously ascertain which of your employments is *not worth* all this care. Have a motive, a reason for all you do, and frequently examine yourself as to *what* you are doing, and surely you will find time too precious to be either squandered, or fritted, or idled away.

My First Temptation.



Morris, and I was taken into his shop as an apprentice. With him I remained two years, but at the

end of that time I became so worn down by the hard work imposed upon me, that my mother resolved that I should remain there no longer. My sister Lucy, who was two years older than myself, had long detected my failing strength, and it was mainly through her efforts that I was removed from the place, for I should never have complained.

I was now fifteen—tall, slim and pale, and I knew that I could not stand any sort of work which taxed my physical strength, to any great extent. But fortune favored me. A Mr. Joseph Evered, who kept a dry goods store near by was in want of a salesman, and through my sister's influence I obtained the place. Mr. E. had a daughter, Julia, about my own age, who was very intimate with Lucy, and it was by her intercession with her father that Lucy gained her point. I was duly installed in my place, and I was soon happy and contented, for my employer was kind and an intimacy sprang up between myself and Julia, which afforded me a purer bliss than I had ever before experienced. Thus matters passed on for a year, and at that time my health was restored, and I had so far gained upon the confidence of Mr. Evered, that he trusted me with some of his most particular business. Only one thing troubled me. I was not receiving such wages as I fancied my services entitled me to. In fact I was in debt. I had purchased a suit of clothes of a tailor in the neighborhood, and was owing for them. The tailor wanted his money, and I promised him he should have it at a certain time, but that time came and passed—I could not pay him. He threatened, and I promised anew. O, how I wished I had never bought those clothes! I could have got along without

them, and I resolved that never again would I buy anything which I could not pay for on the spot. But that did not help the case.

One evening I sat alone in the store. It was Saturday evening, and the day had been a busy one. We had sold a great quantity of goods, and the money drawer was well filled. Slowly a demon rose up before me and began to advise me. He pointed to the money drawer and whispered—There are the means of paying your debt. I knew that Mr. Evered had no knowledge of the amount of money there, for he knew not how much I had sold. I could take even fifty dollars, and he might never miss it; for I had sold a great quantity of stuff which he had no account of. I had promised the tailor that he should have the money that very night, and I had planned to get Mr. Evered to advance me the necessary sum. I had not been spending money foolishly, but from my poor pittance supported my mother, and that ate it all up.

For a long time I sat and looked upon that drawer, and all the while the tempter was persuading me. I knew that young clerks often did such things, and that sometimes necessity compelled them to do it—at least, so I thought. How could I meet my creditor again without the money? I could not—and at length resolved and re-resolved that I would not; I opened it and saw the bank notes which had been jammed in there; my hand trembled and my heart beat quickly as I counted out twenty dollars. I thrust the notes into my pocket and then hastened back to my seat, and not long afterward my employer entered.

“Well, Charles,” said he, “I guess we’ll shut up now.”

I arose, went out and put up the shutters, and when I came back I

found Mr. Evered engaged in counting the money. As I approached him, he eyed me with a sharp, searching look. I trembled like an aspen.

“What ails you?” he asked.

“Nothing, sir,” I answered trying to compose myself.

“But there must be something the matter,” he resumed, “for you look as pale as a ghost.”

“I am tired,” I said.

“Well, well, you have worked hard to-day and you may go. I’ll attend to the rest.”

With a desperate endeavor to compose myself, I thanked him for his kindness, and then seized my hat and left the store. The fresh air revived me somewhat, and I hurried on to the tailor’s.

I paid my bill and for a moment my heart was lighter; but it was only for a moment. When I reached the street again, the thought of what I had done came upon me with overwhelming force, and I was miserable. When I reached home I professed to be sick, and retired at once. But my mother, weak and sick herself, came up to my bed, and wanted to fix me some medicine. She gave me a simple preparation, drew up the clothes snugly about me, and having kissed me she said—“Be careful, Charles for t’would be painful indeed to have you sick. God keep and bless you. Good night.”

O, how these last words rung in my ears. What would my mother say—how would she feel if she knew that her son was a thief! It was a long while before I could not keep it back. Thief! thief! rang in my soul till an agony was upon me so intense that all other conception of pain was as nothing. The night passed away in sleepless, phantom-making restlessness; and when the morning came, I

arose and walked out before my mother or sister was up. I did not return until breakfast was over, and then I had overcome all outward signs, so that little remark was made upon it. But the worm was gnawing at my heart.

That forenoon I went to meeting with my sister. As I entered the little church I met the gaze of Mr. Evered. He watched me sharply, and I saw marks of pain upon his face. After the service was over, I saw him in conversation with the tailor. I noticed how earnestly they spoke, and once I saw the tailor point his finger towards me. I felt sure, then, that all was discovered.

"For mercy's sake, Charles, what is the matter?" cried Lucy as she caught hold of my arm.

"He's faint! he's faint!" I heard a low, tremulous voice; and on turning, I saw Julia Evered. She was frightened—and at that moment came the conviction that she loved me. But that other thought came with it; and then I knew ere long she would dispise me.

Sick and faint, I hurried away, and to all the anxious inquiries of Lucy I only replied that I was not well. O, how miserable I felt, for I knew that my employer had detected the theft. His gaze at me in church was proof enough; but his conversation with the tailor made it sure. That afternoon I dared not go to church, and my mother worried over me. If she would only have let me alone, I might have been less miserable; but she clung close to me and I had to lie to her—the first lie I ever spoke to that noble woman.

Another night of sleepless agony, and then I came to the severest part of all. I must meet my employer! It was late when I descended to the kitchen, and I

found my mother as pale and as deathly as death itself. For the moment I forgot my own pain and hastened to her side. She gazed into my face with such a look as I hope I may never see again.

"Don't ask me any questions, Charles," she said, "but go at once to the store. Mr. Evered wants you immediately."

I could not ask a question—I could not speak. Without breakfast, without waiting to see Lucy I started from the house. People whom I met gazed at me sharply, and once I heard the word thief pronounced! O, Mr. Evered had told the story of my crime! How could he? No, no, 'twas the tailor who told it, for my employer never would have done it. Yet it was known. I stopped and suddenly the thought of flight occurred to me. Why should I stay longer where shame could only be mine? I turned to flee, and just then my sister came rushing after me with her hair floating wildly in the morning air, and her face as pale as death.

"O Charles!" she uttered, "come with me at once! Come, come, our mother is dying!"

My sister seized my hand, and by force dragged me away. I reached my home. I know not how, for my reason had almost left me, and into the little bed-room Lucy dragged me—there lay my mother, stark and cold!

"O, Charles, you have killed her!" sobbed my sister, as she threw herself upon the bed. "She could not stand your disgrace!"

One moment, I gazed upon that pale, cold form, and then a wild, unearthly cry broke from my lips. I plunged madly forward upon the bed.

"Charles! Charles!"

I started up. I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder; again my name was called.

“What is the matter? Come, raise up. For mercy’s sake what ails you?”

It was Evered who spoke. I was still sitting upon the stool behind the counter, but my head had fallen forward upon a pile of goods that lay heaped up before me. Instinctively I cast my eyes upon the money drawer, and slowly the truth worked its way into my mind. A cold, clammy sweat was upon my brow, a pain in my limbs, and I trembled like an aspen.

“What ails you, Charles?” Mr. Evered kindly asked.

“My soul, such a dream!” I involuntarily gasped.

“Well, well—if it’s nothing worse than that I am glad. But come, I want to have a few words with you before I go.”

I was fully aroused now; I looked at the money drawer, though, many times, ere I could realize that I was safe. The tempter had come, but an angel had met and beaten him away. The doors and shutters were first closed, and then my employer sat down by my side.

“Well, Charles,” he commenced. “Julia has been telling me this afternoon that you wholly support your mother.”

“Yes, sir,” I tremblingly answered. “My sister thus far has only been able to support herself, and the rest comes on me.”

“But how do you get along? Surely, your salary here is not sufficient.”

“It has been sufficient, sir, to find us in food and fuel. For—for clothing—I have—”

“Run in debt, eh?”

“Yes, sir; but I will never do it again. I will go ragged, if need be, but I will never run in debt.”

“Right—right, my boy. But we will fix that all right now. I have been thinking for some time

of increasing your pay, and I will do so now, not only so, but I must put it back to where I first thought of it, and that was more than three months ago. Let’s see: three dollars a week for thirteen weeks would be thirty-nine dollars,” he said. “Will that square up your debts?”

“O yes, sir, and more—more too!”

“Then you shall have that, and hereafter you shall have that amount over each quarter.”

He said something more about making me his head clerk at some future time, but I did not fully understand him. I received the money, paid the tailor, and when I reached my home, I had become calm and happy. I told my mother and Lucy of my good fortune, and they wept with joy.

Yet I could not help shuddering fearfully, whenever I thought of that terrible vision which came upon me while the tempter was with me. But—let me say it again—’twas an angel’s visit.

Years have passed away since that time. Mr. Evered is an old man; my children are his grand children, and the store that was once his, is now half mine. He has retired, and the other half of the extensive business belongs to Lucy’s husband. My mother still lives, and, thank God, can yet bless her son that he has never called one drop of sorrow to her life-cup.

AN ARABIAN having brought a blush to a young maiden’s cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her:

“My looks have planted roses in your cheeks—why forbid me to gather them? The laws permit him who sows to reap the harvest.”

An Old Poem.

Who shall judge a man from manners?

Who shall know him by his dress?

Paupers may be fit for princes,

Princes fit for something less.

Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket

May beclothe the golden ore

Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—

Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar

Hidden, crushed, and overgrown,

God, who counts by souls, not dresses,

Loves and prospers you and me,

While he values thrones the highest

But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,

Oft forgets his fellows then;

Masters—rulers—lords, remember

That your meanest hinds are men,

Men by labor, men by feeling,

Men by thought, and men by fame,

Claiming equal rights to sunshine

In a man's enobling name

There are foam-embroidered oceans,

There are little weed-clad rills,

There are feeble inch-high suplings,

There are cedars on the hills;

God who counts by souls, not stations,

Loves and prospers you and me;

For to him all vain distinctions

Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders

Of a nation's wealth or fame;

Titled laziness is pensioned,

Fed and fattened on the same,

By the sweat of others' foreheads,

Living only to rejoice,

While the poor man's outraged freedom

Vainly lifteth up his voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,

Born with loveliness and light;

Secret wrongs shall never prosper

While there is a sunny right;

God, whose world-heard voice is singing

Boundless love to you and me,

Sinks oppression with its tiles,

As the pebbles in the sea.

“Where there is a Will there's
a Way.”

HENRY BURGETT was not quite twelve years of age when his father died; and fast as his tears fell when he knew that his papa would be with him no more, he wept, if possible, more violently when his mother told him they must leave the pretty cottage, the only home they had

ever known, and that hereafter he was to live with Farmer Howard.

“We are poor, Henry,” she said, “very poor, and young as you are, my boy, you must now earn your own support. But keep up a stout heart, you can do it. Fie on those tears!” and she turned hastily that he might not perceive the grief that was piercing her own soul.

Farmer Howard was a hard master, and a sorry time had poor Henry during the long summer days that succeeded this interview with his mother. It was work, with no relaxation, from the earliest dawn until the twilight had quite faded. Often did his courage fail, and dispondency and indolence urge him to stop, but a stern necessity was upon him, he must do or starve; and hence he kept at it, wearily enough to be sure, until the last apple was in the cellar, the last ear of corn in the crib, and all things secured against the winter, with the most painstaking thoroughness.

The winter, tardy as its approach appeared to Henry, came at last, with its three months' privilege of school, and its glorious long evenings that he might spend as he chose, with no spectres of huge heaps of corn to husk, or vast fields of potatoes to dig, looming up in the distance.

How well those hours for study were improved, or how highly prized, the bright light which the blazing pine splinter shed from the attic window, until long past the hour of twelve, might tell. (A pine splinter, because the mistress was a careful soul, and saved the candles to light Henry to bed.) He advanced with surprising rapidity in his studies, and what wonder? Ardent, persevering effort was never unsuccessful. When spring came he was quite master of the Latin grammar, and was be-

ginning to read in this language with some degree of ease. The summer, with its wearisome round of duties, could not damp his desire for knowledge. Every spare moment was carefully seized and sedulously employed in his favorite study.

The winter came again, and with gleeful heart Henry bounded away to the village school. On the way a classmate overtook him; one who had often cheered him for his bashfulness, and plain homespun attire, and who, with every advantage, had uninterruptedly pursued his studies.

"Ha, ha, how are you Hal?" said he; "don't you wish you could read all that?" triumphantly holding up a Latin Reader, and spreading his palm completely over the open page. Henry kept his own counsel, and together they proceeded toward the school house.

Soon after the opening of the morning exercises, the class in Latin was called to the recitation bench.

"Henry," said the master, "I think you will not be able to go on with the class you were in last winter, you must fall back with the beginners."

"I should like to enter the Virgil class, Sir."

"Virgil class! Nonsense, boy, you could not read one word. Just let me see now," opening the book and placing it in his hand.

"How far shall I read?"

"As far as you can," replied the master, with a sharp twinkle of his gray eyes, and an involuntary sarcastic smile.

Henry commenced unhesitatingly to read, and had turned the first, second, and third leaves before the master had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to arrest him.

"Stop, sir? Where did you learn all this?"

Henry told him where. Taking him by the arm, the master led him to the centre of the room, and placing his hand upon his head, said:

"Attention, boys; here is a greater conqueror than was Cæsar or Napoleon. Give him a round; three times three, now."

Cheerily, heartily, rang out that applause, penetrating the farthest recesses of that timeworn building, making the windows fairly shake again. What a proud day was that for Henry! How his heart leapt and almost bounded out of his bosom—how the boys shook hands and envied him—how the girls nodded and blinked their pretty eyes at him, he has not yet forgotten; and although at the present time the laurels of a country's regard are clustering thick about his brow, he often says, "That was the victory of my life. It was at Farmer Howard's I learned to labor unflinchingly."

Children this is no fancy sketch. Such a lad as I have described really existed, and from his example may we not learn to plant for ourselves elevated standards, and never give over until we have mastered every obstacle and reached our aim?

It is not always lessons to be learned, or wood piles to be demolished or rebuilt. There are bad hearts to govern, vicious inclinations to restrain, selfish dispositions to overcome, many, many wrongs to be righted. There is room for a life-long labor in our hearts. Up then, my young friends, with a strong purpose of life. Shrink not at the sight of difficulty. Remember that "where there's a will there's a way," and that perseverance is a sure guaranty of success.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Life of a Drunkard.



If you would mark the misery which drunkenness infuses into the cup of domestic happiness, go with me to one of those nurseries of crime, a common tipping shop, and there behold, collected till midnight, the fathers, the husbands, the sons, and the brothers of a neighbor. Bear witness to the stench and the filthiness around them. Harken to the oaths, the obscenity and ferocity of their conversation. Observe their idiot laugh, record their vulgar jest, with which they are delighted, and tell me what potent sorcery has so transformed these men, that for this loathsome den, they should forego all the delights of an innocent and lovely fireside.

But let us follow some of them home from the scene of their debauch: There is a young man whose accent, and gait, and dress, bespeak the communion which he once has held with something better than all this. He is an only son—on him the hopes of parents and sisters have centred. Every nerve of the family has been strained, to give to that intellect, of which they all were proud, every means of choicest cultivation. They have denied themselves, that nothing should be wanting to enable him to enter his profession under every advantage. They gloried in his talents, they exulted in the first buddings of his youthful promise, and they were looking forward to the time when every labor should be repaid, and every self-denial be rewarded, by the joy of that hour, when he should stand forth in all the blaze of well-earned, and indisputable professional pre-eminence. Alas! these visions are less bright than once they were!

Enter that family circle—be-

hold those aged parents, surrounded by children, lovely and beloved. Within that circle reign peace, virtue, intelligence and refinement. The evening has been spent in animated discussion, in innocent pleasantry, in the sweet interchange of affectionate endearment.

There is one who used to share all this, who was the centre of this circle. Why is he not here? Do professional engagements, of late, so estrange him from home? The hour of devotion has arrived. They kneel before their Father and their God. A voice that used to mingle in their praises is absent. An hour rolls away. Where now has all that cheerfulness fled? Why does every effort to rally sink them deeper in dispondency? Why do these parents look so wistfully around? and why do they start at the sound of every footstep?—Another hour has gone. That lengthened peal is too much for a mother's endurance. She can conceal the well-known cause no longer. The unanswered question is wrung from her lips; "Where—Oh, where is my son?"

The step of that son and brother is heard. The door is opened—he staggers in before them, and is stretched out at their feet, in all the loathsomeness of beastly intoxication.—*Smyrna Times.*

The Young Man's Story.

READ it, youth, and beware; read it mothers, and beware:—

"I am twenty-three years of age, and in me you see the miserable wreck of a man, whose evil destiny was caused by a mother's ill-directed influence, and mistaken views of etiquette; nay, she was the blind slave of a pernicious fashion.—When I was eighteen years, I was

a young man of promise; my education was liberal and my advantages had not been neglected. I was a close and attentive student. I had entered ——— College, to complete my studies, which were pursued with special reference to the ministry. At the age of sixteen, I joined the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, which had been recently formed in the town of my residence; and for three years I scrupulously observed its pledge. In my nineteenth year, during my summer recess, I visited the place of my nativity, and high and cheering were my anticipated joys as I neared the home of my boyhood. But how deeply were these hopes blasted. I was welcomed home with every demonstration of affection, and for a few days my happiness was unbroken. I visited old friends and old scenes and old walks. I strolled through the woods in which my boyish feet had often wandered. I sat once again in the old school house, and looked with almost reverence upon the village church—but my bliss was of short duration. I found that wine was almost everywhere proffered to friends, and I always refused the offered glass, until, in a moment of evil, my mother pressed me to throw away my foolish scruples, and to drink wine with my youthful friends! nay, my mother's hand filled and presented me with the first glass of any intoxicating drink I ever remember to have drank. Now look at me, look at me! Twenty-three years old, and all my prospects blasted—my education thrown away—my manhood dishonored, and me, a poor, miserable wreck! a poor, drunken sot! Yes, I am a drunkard, and my mother made me what I am. My mother caused me to break my pledge—she urged me to drink—she made me what

I am—a poor, miserable drunkard. Had she not put the wine glass to my lips, had she not banded me with her jokes and rallied me with her sarcasms, I should now have been a sober, respectable, and useful man."

—————
 "I Did as the rest Did."

THIS tame, yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did" has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the tavern or the gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply, "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy—other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers and fops.

The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others do, to sing, to dance, and several other useless matters. In time, they marry. Their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished.—"Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

—————
 GREAT effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life.

Autumn.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Through the window shows the stain
Of the oak grown redly sere;
Autumn frost, and autumn rain,
Fall a month too soon this year—
Fall a month too soon, my dear.

Were you sitting near me,
O, my friend this dreary day,
Brownest fields would seem to be,
Sweet with speckled pinks and hay,
And the maples twice as gay.

In their yellow caps they stand,
Down the ridges two by two,
Looking very proud and grand,
As if God had made them new—
As I should be, loved by you.

From its bower of biting thorns,
Will the sweet brier break in May,
Like a thousand little morns
To one round and rosy day,
Never, with my love away.

A Cigar.

MR. M——, as skillful a physician as New York can boast of, tells us the following story, which the medicine man vouches for, and which we feel safe therefore in endorsing for a fact.

Two or three years ago, a Spaniard from Cuba, came to this city to be treated for a disease of the lungs. He came to Dr. M——, described his symptoms, and put himself in the Doctor's hands.

Well, said the Doctor, if I undertake your cure, I shall be obliged to impose one condition—and that is a rather hard one for you to comply with.

What is it? said the Cuban.

That you entirely cease smoking until I give you permission to resume.

Never! I'd rather let the thing kill me. What pleasure is there in life if one cannot smoke?

The Doctor was a smoker himself, and felt some sympathy. So he said:

Well, perhaps that is beyond

your power. But you must solemnly promise me to smoke but one cigar per day, or I will not undertake your case.

The Cuban promised; it was his only chance. Four or five days afterwards, the Doctor thought he would call upon him as he passed his house, and thus save him a walk to his office for the day. He walked up stairs—knocked—come in—behold the Cuban with a cigar about eighteen inches long and a proportionate thickness! He confessed that he had that brand made to order for him—but said he:

Doctor, I smoke but one a day, as I promised.

Drunkenness in France.

IT is a great mistake to say there is no drunkenness in wine countries. Says Dr. F. R. Lees, of England, to the *Alliance Weekly News* :—

“The French, especially, have no just views of Temperance: and indeed are, in the strict sense, a universally intemperate people. I have indeed, seen less of sottishness than in England, but far more universal drinking of wine, and beer, and *eau de vie*—far more excitement.

But even drunkenness as we have it is very common. In walking down the Rue Censier, near the Jardin des Plantes, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I met five blouses reeling, two carters affected with liquor, and several others “merry with wine.”

Dogs.



MONG the mental problems which occupied much of the attention of Ampere was the vexed question of the nature of the faculties of animals. He originally decided against their capa-

city to reason, but he abandoned the opinion in deference to a single anecdote, related by a friend on whose accuracy he could rely. This gentleman, driven by a storm into a village public house, ordered a fowl to be roasted. Old fashions then prevailed in the south of France, and turnspits were still employed in the place of the modern jack. Neither caresses, threats, nor blows, could make the dog act his part. The gentleman interposed. "Poor dog, indeed!" said the landlord, sharply; "he deserves none of your pity, for these scenes take place every day. Do you know why this pretty fellow refuses to work the spit? It is because he has taken it into his head that he and his partner are to share alike, and it is not his turn." Ampere's informant begged that a servant might be sent to find the other dog, who made no difficulty about performing his task. He was taken out after a while and his refractory partner put in, who began, now that his sense of justice was satisfied, to work with thorough good will, like a squirrel in a cage.

A similar incident was related by M. de Liencourt to the great Arnauld, who with other Port Royalists, had adopted the theory that dogs were automatons and machines, and who, on the strength of this conviction dissected the poor creatures to observe the circulation of the blood, and denied that they felt. "I have two dogs," said the remonstrator against this cruelty, "who turn the spit on alternate days. One of them hid himself, and his partner was about to be put in to turn in his place. He barked and wagged his tail, as a sign to the cook to follow him, went to the garret, pulled out the truant, and worried him. Are these your

machines?" The great Arnauld, mighty in controversy and redoubtable in logic, must have had a latent consciousness that the turnspit had refuted him.—*Arago's account of Ampere.*

The Way to Cape Ann.

SOME forty years ago there lived in Boston a Frenchman, who had been but a short time in the country, and who spoke our language very imperfectly. He had occasion to visit Gloucester, Cape Ann, and in those days there were no railroads, consequently he had to make his journey by some other conveyance. Accordingly he procured a horse and started off on horseback. He found but little difficulty on the road until after he had passed Beverly Bridge, when not knowing which way to turn, he did as any other wise man would have done in such a case, inquire of the first person he met which was the right road. There happened to be a free and easy Yankee passing along just at the time, and our traveller raised his hand to his hat and bowed, as Frenchmen often will do, and thus addressed the Yankee:

"Voulez vous tell me de way to *Keep On!*"

"Well," was the reply, "I don't know any better way you can keep on unless you tie your legs together under the horse."

"Be gar, I no vants to keep on the horse; I vants de place *Keep On!*"

"Oh? you want the place to keep on, do you? Now, down this way, we always think the place to keep on is the saddle; and I guess you're in the right spot."

"You no understand; I no vant de horse nor de saddle; I vants vat you call de *Keep On de Keep On.*"

"Well now, stranger, you are an old rogue. This is a very moral town, and our Select men won't allow anybody to keep Ann or any other woman."

"You be von tick head, you rascal; I no wants your M'me Ann; 'tis de town, de place, *Keep Ann.*"

"Worse and worse; you want the town to keep Ann, do you? No, Monsheer, that won't go down at all; you would ruin the reputation of the town of ancient Beverly. 'Twon't do, stranger."

"I vill vight you, sare; you insult me. I ask you de vay to *Keep Ann*, and you tell me about de horse, de saddle and de voman. Now sare, vill you tell me de vay to *Keep Ann*, de Glosset-her?"

"Oh! ho! now I take. I suppose you want te know the way to Gloucester, Cape Ann, don't you?"

"Oui, oui: dat's it."

"Well, why in thunder didn't you say so at first? Keep straight ahead and turn to the right."

"Tanke you, tanke you, Monsier; I no vights you now. *Bonjour.*"

And the traveler went on his way rejoicing.

The Best Safety Valve.

IT is known to some of our readers that our friend and brother Washingtonian, Arch. Gordon, Esq., lately bought out the new steamboat called the *FAME*, which we noticed some time ago as having no place to entertain the 'Bible Ruin.' Captain Gordon was commander of this boat a few trips. He states that at one time a gentleman called upon him in the cabin and informed him that himself and about twenty in his company were anxious to go on in his boat. 'But,' says he, 'I can't do it, neither can my company; for I have been below examining your machinery, and I find you have not 'Evans'

Patent Safety Valve' attached to your engine, and we cannot go with you.'

Captain Gordon remarked to the gentlemen that he should be happy to have their company. 'Come below,' said the Captain, 'and I will show you the best Safety Valve in the world.' They walked down together, and stepping up to his sturdy engineer, and clapping him upon the shoulder—'There,' said the Captain, 'is my Safety Valve, the best Safety Valve, in all creation—a man who drinks nothing but pure, cold water.'

'You are right,' said the gentleman, 'I want no better Safety Valve than that. We will come on board sir.'

Steamers that carry pure cold-water engineers, carry the best Safety Valves in all the world.

Pa Don't Drink, and I Won't.

ABOUT ten years since, I was called upon to help one of my neighbors raise a barn frame, and after the hands were collected, the rum bottle was passed, as was customary in those days, and after the men had drunk, the rum was handed to some boys who were collected and looking on. They all took of it except one little boy about seven years old, who refused to take any. He was urged very hard to take a little, but all to no purpose. His mind was fixed. He was then asked to give some reason for not drinking, and the little lad said bravely,—"*Pa don't drink any, and I won't.*"

A MAN with a small appetite dined at a hotel, and after eating the whole of a pig, was asked if he would not have some pudding? He said "he did not care much about pudding, but if they had another little hog, he'd thank him for it."