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THE LIFE BOAT:

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No. 3.

The Adventure;

OR A COUSIN IN NEED.



ON a dreary autumn day more than a hundred years ago, a heavy carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the traveling; but, leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocket book. Since he was dressed in a plain, dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to which grade of it nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided. A dreary November evening was closing in; and though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky, gave warning that a "weeping darkness" was at hand. The road grew heavier, at least, so it should have seemed to a foot traveler, who was ploughing his way through the mire: and so, doubtless it did seem to the carriage horses, who floundered along so slowly, that the pedestrian whom they had overtaken, kept easily by the side of the coach—though at a respectful distance, certainly, after the first basket-full of mud that it splashed over him. The gentleman inside the coach, when he could see no longer, shut up the portfolio and returned the pocket book to its place in the breast of his coat. He then roused himself to look out of the window, and judge from the mud and darkness, how far it might be to Berlin. For the first time he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though more than reasonably travel-stained, he trudged on as if his limbs were strong and his heart were light. Through the drizzle and the darkness, all that could be seen of his face, was sensible and good tempered. He had just finished a pipe as he attracted the traveler's attention, and was in the act of shaking out

the ashes and replacing the pipe in a wallet slung over his back, when he heard himself addressed in the manner following, and in rather an authoritative tone of voice :

"Hollo! young man, whether are you bound this stormy looking night?"

"That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a resting place before I get there—to that I am bound for I am weary."

"I should think you must have a two hours' walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause the stranger said :

"If it pleases you to rest on the step of the carriage, for a few minutes, you can do so, Herr What's-your-name."

"My name is Henrich Meyer," replied the young man, "one of those who wisely never refuse the small benefit because the larger one is not to be obtained." He thankfully accepted the not very clean place allotted him."

From inside the window the next question to Henrich was :

"What are you going to Berlin for?"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the reply.

"And pray who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed it is more than doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioner—who should have been an American colonel,—looked amused and astonished as he suggested.

"Surely there must be some other motive for going to Berlin,

or what could have put this idea into your head?"

"Why," replied Henrich, "I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my own neighborhood, I have no relative to help me, and not money enough to find me in necessaries."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with your cousins in Berlin?"

"Well, now you know, many of our fellow students have got good appointments, and whenever I ask them to let me know how it was done, the answer always was—'A cousin gave it to me,' or, 'I got it through the interest of a cousin who lives in Berlin.' Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in the country I must go without their help, or else hunt for them in Berlin."

This was all said in a conical, dry way, so that the listener could not refrain from laughing, but he made no comment. However, he pulled out a piece of paper and began to write on it. When he had finished, he turned round to Henrich, saying, that he observed that he had been smocking, and that he felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring tinder with him. Could Herr Meyer oblige him with a light?

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply; and Henrich, taking a tinder box out of his wallet, immediately began to strike a light. Now, it has been said the evening was damp—it was so damp that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well, if your cousins are not more easily to be got at than your light, I pity you, young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched

Henrich's laborious endeavors.

"Nil desperandum is my motto," answered the young man; and when the words were scarcely uttered, Henrich jumped upon the carriage step and leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face. "Hurrah, sir, puff away!"

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth and addressed Henrich in this way:

"I have been thinking over what you have been telling me; and perhaps in an humble way I might be able to assist you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin, take this note," handing him the slip of paper on which he had been writing; "take this note to Marshal Grumbkow, who is somewhat of a friend of mine, and who will I think be glad to oblige me. But mind! Do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his advice. If he says he will help you rely upon it he will keep his word. But he is rather eccentric, and the way he sets about doing a kindness may perhaps seem strange to you. And now," he continued, "as the road is improved, I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good evening, hoping you will prosper in your career."

As Henrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and, before he had time to make any acknowledgements, he found himself alone again. The young man not a little astonished at what had taken place; and as he gazed on the slip of paper, could not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These

were the only words written on it:

"DEAR MARSHAL. — If you can forward the views of the bearer, Henrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend. F.

"Let me know the result of your interview with him."

"Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Henrich as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other, the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and footsore, since receiving the mysterious bit of paper. Hope was stronger within him than the she had been for many a day; and on her wings he was carried pleasantly along, so that he reached Berlin by nightfall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him; and he found some little difficulty in making his way to the gasthaus, to which he had been recommended by the pastor of his parish. The pastor, having been once in Berlin, was considered an oracle in all matters connected with town life.

The inn was, however, found at last, and after a frugal supper and a good night's rest, our friend arose, ready to hope and believe everything from the mysterious note, which he started forth to deliver immediately after breakfast.

Obliged to ask his way to Marshal Grumbkow's he was amused and surprised at the astonishment depicted on the countenances of those of whom he made the inquiry; as if they would say, "What business can you have with the Marshal Grumbkow?"

The house was however at last gained, and having delivered his missive to a servant, Henrich awaited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant returned, and requested him in the most respectful manner to follow him to the marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously:

and the marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the village or town, in which he had been last residing; the school in which he had been educated; at what inn he was living in Berlin, and so forth. But still, no allusion was made either to the note or the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call again on that day fortnight.

Henrich employed the interval in visiting the lions of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the king's birth day; and like a loyal subject, our friend went to have a reverent stare at his majesty whom he had never seen. At one point of the review the king stopped almost opposite to Henrich; and then was suggested to him as the reader probably suspects, that after all he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who hailed him in the muddy road? Impossible! How should a king be traveling at that time of day? At any rate it vexed him to think that he had not treated the gentleman in the coach in a very ceremonious manner. He had thrust the tinder at his nose, and cried to him, "Puff away!"

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the marshal arrived. His reception was again most favorable. The marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer, and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Henrich as he drew them forth one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various superscriptions were?

Henrich answered, that to the

best of his belief one was that of Herr Müdel his former schoolmaster; another, that of Doctor Von Hommer, the principal of such a College, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the marshal, "and perhaps it may not surpris you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words, the marshal fixed his eyes on Henrich to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unabashed; he evidently feared no evil report. "I feel bound," continued the marshal, "to tell you that all they say of you is most favorable, and I am equally bound to believe, and act upon their opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The marshal descended a private staircase leading to the court-yard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Henrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Henrich began to get exceedingly nervous. The conviction that his idea was not a mere trick of the imagination became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Henrich Meyer would at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin. At last as he found himself following Grumbkow even in the palace he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake!"

No answer was vouchsafed, and the marshal continued to lead him through his various galleries and apartments until at last they reached the door of one situated in the corner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in."

As the door opened, one glance sufficed to convince Henrich that his friend in the mud, and his king, were one and the same person. The poor cousin-seeker greatly confused, knelt before Frederick William, and began faltering out contrite apologies.

"Rise, young man," said the king, "you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly, if I meant to be everywhere recognized."

After reassuring Henrich, the king told him that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen. "On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but mind, I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time that Henrich Meyer reached his own room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was going to preach to the king. The fact was too clear, and all he could do was to set about a sermon as soon as he should have been furnished with the text. For the remainder of that day he never stirred out, every step on the stair was to his ears the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless, evening and night passed and the next day was far advanced, but still no text.

What was to be done? There were only two days before Sunday! He must go and consult the marshal, but the latter could give him no further information; all he could do was to promise that, if the king sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost possible dispatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Henrich heard nothing from either king or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the

following Sunday at the chapel royal.

If it had not been that Henrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could extemporize in case of emergency, he would have certainly run away from Berlin, and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he abided the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour. Sunday morning arrived, but no text!

Henrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king with the royal family, occupied their accustomed places.

The service commenced, but no text!—the prayers were ended, and whilst the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished not only at his youthfulness, but at his being an utter stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Henrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded paper, saying, "His majesty sends you the text."

After having recited the preliminary prayers, the preacher opened the paper, and lo!—it was blank—not a word was on it. What was to be done? Henrich deliberately examined the white sheet, and after a short pause, held it up before the congregation saying, "His majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world;' I shall, therefore, take the Creation

for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and his fluency of language remarkable. His audience, accustomed to the king's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed, and Henrich found himself in the sacristy receiving the congratulations of several dignities of the church, who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Henrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceeding of the king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces, if he did not know that such vagaries were quite common to his majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the king, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Henrich had scarcely crossed the threshold of the king's room when his majesty jumped up and thrust a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming, "Huzza! sir!—puff away!—take this for the light you gave me!"

Then, throwing himself back in a chair, he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make or what to do, but just as he had got as far as "Your majesty—" the king interrupted him, saying, "Make no fine speeches; go home quietly and examine the contents of the

paper. You came to Berlin to seek a cousin; you have found one, who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add, that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the university of Berlin, and made Henrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

The Poor Scholar; or Perseverance Rewarded.



THE following tale was translated from the Chinese original, by Mr. Sirr, and inserted in his very interesting work, *China and the Chinese*.

A-Yatt was the son of a poor widow who lived in the province of Shan-tung. He had entered his sixteenth autumn, was of a mild disposition, studious habits, and was celebrated through the whole village for his filial duty, and the respect which he paid to learned men, and those who had passed through the troubled sea of many winters.

"My son," said Kow-kee—A-Yatt's mother was so named—"close thy book, the sun has set; let us eat our evening meal; thou hast studied long, and dost not devote sufficient time to thy food and rest."

"Honoured mother, I hasten to obey thy voice; but whilst thou so kindly thinkest of my employments, totally dost thou neglect thy own precious health, by labouring at the delicate, many-coloured embroidery, whereby thou gainest the food which nourishes our bodies, and supplies me with

money to purchase books, to enlighten my ignorant mind."

"My son, I am old, thou art young; life has nearly woven out the web of my days. When winding the skein of silk, before commencing, the fabric has only begun in thine: thou art clever and good; but, my son, neither talent nor virtue can avail aught, without perseverance. Thou art going, in two moons' time, to contend for the prize in learning; it is the first step in the ladder of preferment; the top thou wilt attain if thou wilt but persevere."

Ten years have passed. An old woman, bowed with years and sickness, is working in various colours, on a crape garment; her fingers are feeble, and her eyes dim, but diligently she plies the broi-dery needle. A young man is studying the work of Confucius on Self-Government.

"A-Yatt, my son, close thy book; thou hast studied until thy cheek is pale, thy jacket is threadbare and soiled; but my son will one day wear the silken embroidery robes of the mandarin, as a reward for his perseverance."

"Mother, my cheek is pale with despair. Ten times have I been a candidate for literary honours; ten times have I been unsuccessful. I shall study no more, but seek manual employment, whereby I may be enabled to support thee and myself. Thine eyes are dim, my beloved mother; still thou continuest, with indefatigable industry, to procure food and raiment for thyself and thy unworthy son. I close this book to open it not again."

"A-Yatt, my son, much need has thou to study that book—to imbue thyself with its incu-cations of self-control. I have told thee thou must persevere until the end. What though thou has been un-successful ten times: persevere

again. How many tens of drops are there in the Yang-tsze-Keang? Is it not composed of single drops, that mighty body of waters? I will labour no more, when thou hast attained the highest honours yet conferred upon a philosopher, save to embroider for thee thy sliken robe of state."

Ten years have passed away. Congratulations are offered to a man, of dignified mien, who has been a successful candidate, and is one of the seventy-two who have been made a *keu-jin*. A-Yatt, the son of the widow Kow-kee, has his name placed in the books of preferment; the emperor having approved of his attainments.

Another ten years have passed away. In the Hall of Audience, who is it that *koo-tows* so low and so soft before the Celestial Man—Emperor of China and the World? It is A-Yatt, the widow's son, who has been examined in presence of the Emperor, and has been made a mandarin of the Red Botton, and viceroy of a province. He has come to take leave before proceeding to his posts.

Ten hours have been added to the last ten years. An old feeble woman, bent double by years and infirmities, is embroidering a blue silken robe; it is the robe of state, worn only by the viceroy of a province. Her finger is feeble, and the eye very dim, but the sense of hearing is acute, for she hears before the ear of the wife has caught the foot-fall of her husband, the footstep of her son.

"Enter our son, A-Yatt. Did not I tell thee thou wouldst wear the silken robe of a mandarin? Did not I promise thee to labour no more when I, thy mother, had broi-dered thy silken robe of state? Did not I command thee to persevere? Here is thy silken robe of state; it is now completely broi-

dered by my hands. I labour no more. Thou didst attend to my commands; thou didst persevere; thou art a madarin. Son A-Yatt, tell thy wife, Tyan, to call thy son, Sam-ung, to me."

Ten minutes are added to the ten hours. A chubby boy of five years of age is led by the hand by his mother to the aged woman, who is supported in the arms of a man, still in the prime of life, though no longer young.

"Grandson Sam-ung, look on thy father; he is a great mandarin, viceroy of a province, and a learned man. Grandson, when thy father was thine age, we were poor—very poor. I had to labour for his food and mine own; for, alas! my son's father was in the land of Shades. Thy father grew to be a youth; he was of studious habits, and I, his mother, laboured early and late to procure the means of purchasing him books. Years passed, and we were still very poor. Thy father was an unsuccessful candidate for literary honours for fifteen years. I entreated him to persevere; he listened respectfully to my advice, and followed my injunctions. He was made Keu-jin, and thou mayest look upon thy father, who is a great mandarin, but who also is the son of the poor widow Kow-kee. Grandson Sam-ung, imprint these maxims upon thy heart, preserve in all thou undertakest. Son A-Yatt, I am a weary, and fain would sleep; depart, for on thy journey I am too old to go with thee. Thy mother beholds her son prosperous; be just in the government of thy province; in the hall of thy dwelling, let there be inscribed in golden characters, the following lines:—

'To obtain and ensure success in lawful pursuits,
Employ industry, energy, and perseverance.

I obeyed my mother's commands, and heeded her maxims:
Behold me a learned and mighty mandarin:
The keystone to the arch of honour being
PERSEVERANCE!"

A Sister's Value.

HAVE you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship which renders a brother so worthy and noble. Learn to appreciate her sweet influence as portrayed in the following words:

He who has never known a sister's kind administration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of mankind.

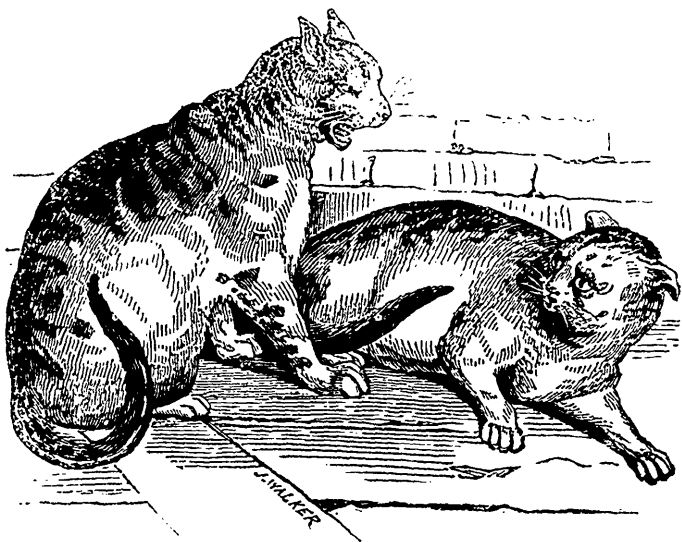
"That man has grown up among affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart."

"A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's riper years; and the heart of him who has grown cold in chilly contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment as some accident awakens within him the soft tones, the glad melodies of his sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years."

WHEN a man goes three times a day to get a dram, I wonder if he will not by and by go four times?



The Cat.

THE tribe of animals to which our common domestic cat belongs is denominated *Felēs* or feline by naturalists, and comprises the most formidable, fierce and cunning of the carnivorous or flesh-eating race. It includes a variety of species from the Lion, the Tiger, the Leopard, and the Panther of the forest, down to the familiar household cat, which is the inmate, and often the pet, of our homes. Some of our readers, perhaps, who have never thought upon the subject, will scarcely believe that the pretty kitten which frolics so merrily around them can claim any relationship to those terrible animals, of whose savage nature and cruel exploits they have so often heard. But if they will compare the engraving at the head of this article, with either of the above mentioned animals, they will at once perceive the strong resemblance which exists in their appearance. It is particularly striking

especially when the former, as is often the case, is of a dark brindled grey, with strongly marked stripes along the back and down the sides; such a creature when at play, or when on the watch for game, crouching and sly, and with large round eyes gleaming like balls of fire, exactly resembles a miniature tiger, and is, in fact, as fierce and cunning, though in its domesticated state less cruel and savage.

Like its wild ferocious cousins, the tiger and the panther, our household cat has a round head, eyes that can discern objects at night, sharp jagged teeth to tear its prey, long whiskers on the upper lip, and such strength in its muscular system, that it can leap immense distances, and with a single blow of its paw destroy the life of the animal upon which it springs. The force of its claws when exerted is tremendous, though these claws are covered with a sheath, and only put forth at pleasure, which enables it as

well as those beasts of the forest which belong to the feline tribe, to tread softly as if on cushions, and thus to approach their pray unheard—"As stealthy as a cat," is a common saying.

The characteristics of the cat are so well known that it is not necessary to repeat them here, particularly as we acknowledge a strong predilection for this beautiful animal, in enumerating whose traits of character we should in justice be compelled to name some which would not reflect much credit on our favorite. Puss is an abused creature—the victim of unfeeling boys, and an outcast from house and home. There is scarcely a neighborhood in the city but what swarms with famished grimalkins, who live by thieving, and are stoned and persecuted for the robberies which the cravings of hunger force them to commit. These creatures, though we pity their sufferings, are perfect pests, and seem scarcely to belong to the same species as the petted, well-fed cat of the household, with its long silken fur, its agile graceful motions when young, or its demure contented look in mature life. It is neat and clean in its habits, coming regularly for its food, and showing its attachments and its social habits, by settling itself down in some snug corner close beside you while you work or read, or following you to the garden in summer, and manifesting her enjoyment in your presence by wild gambold along the walks, or by running up the trees and looking down roguishly between the boughs. We like her companionship, and next to a child, we like to see a sleek, well-tamed cat domesticated in a peaceful home. We could relate many anecdotes of pussey's sagacity, and grateful affection, but we are indebted to a friend for an article

upon the subject which will be found very interesting, and we therefore with pleasure conclude our own short sketch with his chapter on cats.

How many stories do we hear read of that faithful and noble animal the dog, and how seldom is an anecdote told of the apparently insignificant cat. True, the latter does not possess such noble qualities as the former, but still the feline race displays, in many favored specimens, an amount of domestic docility and sagacity that is astonishing. And, indeed, I believe that almost every animal, reared from its infancy in the bosom of a family, petted and caressed, will display some innocent trait of sagacity or animal eccentricity, and will repay, in one way or other, all the kindness and fondness which may have been lavished upon it. I have at this moment a little dog,—a cocker—very young, which, among other little innocent traits, regularly rattles his water can when it has become empty, and rattles away with its paws until the empty vessel has been replenished. And I believe, as I said before, that nearly every domestic animal may be encouraged, by a kind and caressing course of treatment, to venture upon the perpetration of some trait of sagacity and docility worthy of an anecdote in the history of animal habits.

I detest to see the antipathy that many show to those pretty domestic animals the dog and cat. Recommend me to that little boy or girl who will not think it beneath their time or trouble to stoop to the notice of the purring cat, or the kindly fawning dog. I cannot help associating this antipathy with a natural deficiency in the state of the kindly feeling.

To illustrate what I have said about cats, I will give a few lines

in the history of a cat which was once in our family. "Blacksey" was a very large, jet black female cat, of a noble appearance and of a very determined temper, she was the property of a friend who lived about a quarter of a mile from our house. We obtained the loan of Blacksey, as we were at that time infested with rats, and as she was a capital and fearless ratter, not an unusual qualification by the bye, our cellars were soon cleared; and as we had no more absolute want for her, she was sent for by her owners. In the meantime, however, Blacksey had had a numerous and thriving progeny of little black kittens, and had manifested signs of attachment to the family and her new place of abode, and appeared to have settled down with a staid matronly degree of permanency. She and her progeny were taken home however, though evidently against her will; but lo! no sooner was she at liberty than she very coolly transferred each one of the six aforesaid little "Blackseys" separately to our house. After this we felt very much inclined to retain her, but her proper masters were fond of the animal and valued her highly as a most successful rat exterminator—superior to a dozen "Smith's Exterminators;" she was therefore again taken home; but to our great amazement Blacksey next morning was caught in the act of carrying in her mouth her last kitten to her new and favorite home! Three times did she play this prank of carrying her family from house to house; and at last she was allowed quietly to domesticate herself where she seemed determined to settle.

Such an instance of iron inflexibility of purpose is a very unusual thing in a cat. Besides, the most remarkable thing is, that she was conveyed backwards and forwards

in a close basket, and it may well seem a puzzle how she could have found the way back to us, and how she could have summoned sufficient courage to brave the dangers of the road, for a quarter of a mile, and with the rather singular burden of a good seized kitten in her mouth!

But once fairly settled in her new home the love of migrating with her kittens did not stop. She would take a strange fancy to the comforts of my bed, and in the pursuance of this whim, in the coolest, and most adroit manner, convey her little colony of kittens into it, and just as I would be stepping into bed, I would hear a gentle purr and a soft gurgling sound, and on lifting the bed clothes would be developed the source of the purr, and it sorely grated with my feelings of humanity to disturb such a scene of comfort and domestic harmony. Blacksey quickly contracted and developed a remarkable love for music. When my mother sat down to the piano, "Blacksey" would get up on the chair behind her, with her paws on her shoulders and show her intense delight in purring and rubbing herself against her. She preferred singing, and showed far greater good taste for music than many young ladies can boast. Very visibly would she show her preference for her favorite songs. But she detested whistling, and if any of us youngsters were to lie down on the floor and whistle an air, Blacksey would run up, and, in the most indignant manner, reprove us with several smart taps of the paw; and if the teasing were persisted in, she would become extremely angry and show her anger in a proportionably fierce manner.

It is amusing to watch the careful training which cats give their young. How cautiously they in-

roduce to the playful circle a dead mouse—then gradually a live one—then a dead rat—and last, to the advanced young, the ultimatum of her preceptive ideas.—a live full grown and powerful rat! And how carefully she watches over the gambols of her infants, and it structs them with a grave afiection in the games which she herself had learned from her ancestors!

Will any little reader say that cats are stupid uninteresting animals? Indeed I am sure that many young persons could tell as wonderful anecdotes, if not more so, than I can:—anecdotes of sagacity or docility which have come under their own notice.

For the Life Boat.

Ode to the Moon.

Quiet moon thou'rt rising
Now before mine eyes,
To adorn and garnish
Yonder stary skies.

Soft the light and gentle,
Thou sheddest o'er the earth,
Telling us so sweetly,
Of thy celestial birth.

Beaming on the waters,
Sparkling on the wave,
Where the mighty oceans
Angry billows heave.

Resting on the branches
Of the forest trees;
As they wave so lightly
In the balmy breeze.

Soft mild moon of evening,
When I gaze on thee,
Thoughts sublime come rushing
Like a flood o'er me.

So serene, and tranquil,
Is the solemn power
Thou exertest o'er us,
In the midnight hour.

Teaching us the lesson,
To adore and praise
Our Almighty maker's
Wondrous works and ways.

Still thou beamest ever
Beautiful and bright,
Like a guardian angel
Watching o'er the night.

Montreal, Jan., 1856.

MARY ANN.

Written for the Life Boat

The Woodpicker.

I wandered forth on a woodland path,
'T was a bright autumnal morn,
The sun with golden rays shone forth,
That enlivened every form.

The spot was one where lovely bowers,
Hung round with foliage green,
And childhood's merry sunshine hours
Were spent beneath that screen.

In beauty rose those scenes of joy,
Wrought up by magic powers;
Those hours of happiness gone by,
And with them those green bowers.

I looked upon those shrubs whose leaves
Along the path were strewn,
I thought upon my vivid hopes
Departing one by one.

As they before the reckless blast
Did fall like summer's showers,
So fled my hopes, and left my heart,
Like those deserted bowers.

While these sad thoughts my bosom fill,
What is it that I hear?
'T is the rustling of some gentle form
Amid the leaves so sear.

I turn me round, and raise mine eye,
To the leafless shrubs to see
What sylvan it may be that's nigh,—
'T is a woodpicker in the tree.

Say, beauteous bird, why comest thou here
With thy gay speckled plume?
Is it my lonely heart to cheer,
Or mock my sigh thou'st come?

Ah, now methinks I hear thee say,—
I loved the woods when green,
When decked in flowerets richly gay,
Where beauty's step had been.

And now each sweet recess, 't is true,
Is dark and drear and lone;
And I would mourn, had I not known
That spring again would come.

Thus mortal you must learn to know,
That He who sends us spring,
From whom our joys and hopes do flow,
Light to thy sky can bring.

O! trust in him for He can calm
Each rising darkling fear;
Whose presence checks each heaving sigh,
And wipes away each tear.

ANNA THOMPSON.

Chatham, January 23, 1856.

To Correspondents.

WE have to thank "W. H. H.," Quebec, and "R. H.," Sorel, for their Communications. We have taken advantage of them.

C. F. FRASER'S answers to Charades, &c., are correct. He will find them inserted in this number.

HENRY PILSON will find his contributions inserted in this number.

A. T. DUTTON'S answers to Charades, and Enigmas No. 2 and 3, are correct.

THE LIFE BOAT.**MONTREAL, MARCH 1, 1856.****New Temperance Hall in Quebec.**

The Sons of Temperance in Quebec have, during the past month, given to the public a very marked proof of their perseverance and strength, by their dedication of a new building to the cause of Temperance. The existence of such a building in their City will speak more for the progress of the cause among them than words can do. We present the brethren in Quebec with our congratulations in having attained this achievement, and trust that both they and the cause they have so much at heart may receive the reward their efforts deserve.

In regard to the dedication in Quebec, our correspondent "W. H. H." gives us the following account, which we know will be interesting to the readers of the Life Boat:—

"Last evening, the 13th of Feb. the citizens of Quebec had the pleasure of seeing a building dedicated to the noble cause of Temperance. The meeting was opened by G. Mathieson, P. G. W. P., who read a chapter from the Bible.

Bro. A. Smeaton, D. G. W. P., occupied the chair; and upon the platform were to be seen the pillars of the Temperance cause in Quebec. The greatest silence was observed during the performance of the dedication service, and all passed off well.

Part of the splendid band of the 16th Regt. were in attendance and enlivened the meeting by singing the dedication hymns, accompanied with music.

The Chairman then called upon the Rev. Mr. Marsh, of the Baptist Church in this city, who gave a very eloquent address. Subject,—The rise of Temperance in Quebec. He was followed by Bros. Duncan, Healey, and Beresford, each of whom pitched into the "Liquor Traffic" in grand style.

At the back of the platform was to be seen the "Temperance Flag," supported on each side with the words, "Daughters," "Knights;" then came the banners,—the one on the right hand side had on it, in large letters, beautifully decorated, the words, "Love, Purity, and Fidelity;" the left hand side one contained the words, "Knights of Temperance," a beaver with a maple leaf, a shield with the words, "Truth," "Reason," "Sobriety," on it, a battle axe and spear, and the sun rising in the distance; at the bottom the word "Onward,"—this banner was the theme of admiration and reflected great credit upon the maker. Above the Temperance Flag were the words "Sons of Temperance, Gough and St. Law-

rence Divisions. The walls of the room were beautifully decorated with flags. On the middle pillar of the Hall was a likeness of the "Great Champion" of Temperance in Quebec, G. Mathison, Esq., which attracted universal attention.

The Hall was crowded and all seemed to be well pleased."

On the Friday evening following the dedication, a Grand Soiree was held in the New Hall, which was well attended. Addresses were delivered by several clergymen and others; Songs were sung, and the Band of the 16th Regt. added much to the entertainment of the evening. The whole passed off pleasantly and well.

Drunkenness.

THERE is no sin which does more efface God's image than Drunkenness, it disguises a person and even unmans him. Drunkenness makes him have the throat of a fish, the belly of a swine, and the head of an ass. Drunkenness is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason, the shipwreck of chastity, and the murder of conscience. Drunkenness is hurtful to the body; the cup kills more than the cannon; it causes dropsies, catarrhs, apoplexies; it fills the eye with fire, and legs with water, and turns the body into an hospital. But the greatest hurt is done to the soul; excess of wine breeds the worm of conscience. The drunkard is seldom reclaimed by repentance, and the ground of it is partly by this sin the senses are so enchanted, the reason so impaired, and the lust so enflamed, and partly it is judicial. The Drunkard being so besotted by his

sin—God saith of him as of Ephraim—"he is joined to his cups, let him alone, let him drown himself in fire."

ONE of the best observations against intemperance was that of Demosthenes who, when Æschines commended Philip of Macedon for a jovial man who would drink freely, replied that "this was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

For the Life Boat.

The end of Fame.

A GENTLEMAN of such gigantic proportions, that he was commonly called Goliath, died from too great indulgence in ardent spirits. Upon which Jonas, after the manner of Plutarch, drew the following comparison between him and Goliath of old:

Both were great men. Goliath of old might have been the tallest, but our modern Goliath was always high enough. One was a gentleman of choler; the other was a gentleman of color. Both were killed by means of slings. Old Goliath by David's sling, young Goliath by a gin sling. The former article was used to throw stones at Goliath, the latter frequently threw Goliath on the stones.

A sensible cotemporary says:—The women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco, and it would soon break up the practice. A friend of ours says they ought also to pledge to kiss every man that don't use it—and we go for that, too. Ditto for us when they are pretty.

WHEN has a scruple more weight than a dram? When conscience makes a Teetotaler refuse a thimbleful of brandy.

HENRY PILSON.

Puzzles for Pastime.

Charades.

I.

In two great men, but timid, people say,
That France and England sent to the
Crimea,

My 1st and 6th in each of them is plain,
My fifth and second's seen to grace the
game

That Austria plays just now, * or seems to
play ;

My 3rd and 4th in Turkey ever stay,
All folks delight in me, because I fill
The farmers' purse, stores, ships and mer-
chants till.

Sorel.

R. H.

* Austria was playing the part of umpire
20th January.

II.

Alas! and welladay! Ah woe is me!
My first in each expression you may see.
Libertine, lifeless, lounging, lubber, lost,
Behold my second in that worthless host,
Enthralled, entangled in eternal woe
You see my 3rd—Now take me or say—no.

Sorel.

R. H.

III.

Look for my 1st in the sweet scraph's
song ;

My 2nd seek in pearls rich and bright ;
Religion guards my 3rd from sin and
wrong ;

My 4 industry treasures as light.
My 5th is seen in nature's fancy robe ;
My 6th delights to guide and give you joy ;
And where I am, all creatures on this
globe,

In ocean, air, and earth may find employ.
Sorel.

R. H.

IV.

My first supports you where you stay ;
Two-thirds of wandering from your way ;
My second—be my whole I pray,
And from your path you will not stray.

A. R.

V.

My first is a fowl of very good eating,
Though not at all times of the year.
My second, without any treating,
Is found in the hedge that is near.
My whole is a fruit, that is seen
To flourish in gardens, near bowers
'Tis red, it is yellow, or green,
And you like it much better than flowers.

T. S.

Enigmas.

I.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 9, 4, 7, 11, I meet often in my ram-
bles through Montreal.

My 8, 3, 11, is what one of two parties
must lose.

My 2, 10, 8, 5, 1, when once acquired it is
hard to dispense with.

My 6, 7, 4, 11, is used to make hats.

My whole, though little and unassuming,
attracts attention.

Montreal.

C. F. FRASER.

II.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 6, 2, 8, never lingers a moment.

My 5, 7, 1, is an insect.

My 4, 10, 7, 3, is found on an animal

My 11, 2, 5, 9, is found in "the deep blue
sea."

My whole has done much good.

Montreal.

C. F. FRASER.

III.

I am great, I am small, I am near, I am far,
And the glance of my beam is an evening
star ;

I move, I am still, in my wanderings free,
And the source of my brightness known
only to me.

Though earth-born I am, yet the star of my
light

Has pointed to Hope in the dark gloom of
night ;

Wildly, freely I live, though I rest with
the dead,

And to Death as my bride, my beloved,
am wed!

The lamp which I hold man cannot ob-
tain,

Though beneath his proud feet, his proud
grasp I disdain!

I am bright, I am beautiful, leader and
snare—

Loved, hated, sought, dreaded, man's hope
and despair!

T. E. W

IV.

I'm a very funny word,
And admit a funny change ;
Yet I vow it's very true,
Tho' it may seem very strange :
If shorter you should make me,
I would have you bear in mind ;
My nature would forsake me,
And much longer you'd me find :
So ye wits I'd have you try,
This mystery to explain ;
If you find it out, then I,
With pleasure shall try again.

L. J. G. D.

Riddles.

I.

A kind of crown much used of old,
My name most surely will unfold.
Read back or forward, still the same;
Now, surely, you'll find out my name.

II.

Five hundred, a thousand, and one,
With proper attention dispose,
And that kind of light will appear
Which the sun in a fog often shows.

III.

In spring I look gay,
Decked in comely array,
In summer more clothing I wear;
As colder it grows,
I throw off my clothes,
And in winter quite chilling appear.

IV.

I am a substance bright and true,
Valued alike by young and old.
You'll find me a native of Peru,
And in my rough state I am bought and
sold.
I have been stolen, borrowed, squandered,
doled,
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the
old
To the very verge of the churchyard
mould—
And the price of many a crime untold.

H. B. G.

ANSWERS

TO PUZZLES FOR PASTIME IN LAST NO.

ENIGMAS.—1. Neck-lace. 2. Want of
breath. 3. The present war.

TOWNS IN SCOTLAND ENIGMATICALLY EX-
PRESSED.—1. Elgin; 2. Stonehaven; 3. Dum-
blane; 4. Falkirk; 5. Glasgow; 6. Port-
patrick; 7. Peterhead; 8. Dingwall

PROBLEMS.—1. $2\frac{1}{2}$ times more. 2. 36
oxen.

REBUS.—Trent, Humber, Avon, Mersey,
Eden, Severn, Thames.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—TOWNS IN TURKEY.—
1. Constantinople; 2. Adrianople; 3.
Smyrna; Salonica; Ispis; Andros.

Initials,—Cassia.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—Three C's, two
N's, two T's, and eleven letters in all; there-
fore,

1234567891011 - 39916800

1231212 24

1,663,200 different arrangements.

CHARADES.

I.

Grog will be found to answer the first,
Which can only quench the drunkard's
thirst,
As he sits in the tavern from morning till
night,
Like all drunken rowdies, he's ready to
fight.

Ah! yes. Watch him as he reels from the
tavern door,
His money all spent, yet he fain would have
more
Of that cursed and maddening liquid, Al-
cohol,
Which has oft been the cause of many a
man's downfall.

Observe him as he plods along the thorough-
fare.

On, on he goes, to him, it's no matter where;
He's an outcast and wanderer, no home
has he got,
The people all shun him—they call him a
sot.

Montreal.

C. F. FRASER.

II.

NUMBER two—come now good muse,
I know your aid you'll not refuse,
So help me a little this one to define—
Ha! ha! I believe the answer is *Wine*.

Yes, that it must be, for well I know
It's one of the seeds that Satan does sow;
Beware! beware! well may the inspired
writer say,
And keep wine and its followers out of
your way.

Montreal.

C. F. FRASER.

III.

WINTER will answer number three, I'll be
bound,
In Canada, just at present, it may be found;
But king Frost and his courtiers are about
to depart,
And I wish them a safe voyage with all
my heart.

Montreal.

C. F. FRASER

IV.

NEXT on the list comes number four,
The answer, I believe, is near at hand,
Summer, it is, with her beauteous store
Again to revisit our fruitful laud.

Montreal,

C. F. FRASER.

V.

NUMBER five is the last, which my friend
Rose has laid
Under the Enigma head instead of Charade,
But the answer is *Necklace*, and if it be true
According to A. D., I am not of "greenish
hue."

Montreal.

C. F. FRASER.