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# THE LIFE BOAT;

*A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,*

IN THE INTEREST OF THE

CADETS AND OTHER YOUTHFUL ASSOCIATIONS OF A

LIKE NATURE.

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VOLUME III.

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MONTREAL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

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MDCCLIV.

# THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1854.

No. 1.

## HENRY, THE MATCH-SELLER.



LITTLE boy, whom we will call Henry, had been for some time a scholar in the ragged school. He had a sad, wretched home.

His parents were drunkards; almost all the money they could obtain was spent upon themselves in the gin-shop; and their poor children had scarcely even rags to cover them, and often were obliged to pass a whole day without food.

It is terrible to think how much those children must have suffered, and how cruelly they had been driven to sly pilfering, or daring thievery, by the wicked neglect of their besotted father and mother. When Henry was admitted into the school, one of his brothers had been transported as a thief, and another, younger than himself, was in prison for having stolen to keep himself from starvation.

It was a pleasure to see little Henry enter the school every day with a cheerful step, and clean face and hands. It was a good

trait of his character that he cared at all about cleanliness; for we may be sure he did not learn it of a mother who cared for little else besides her own wicked indulgence, and who was far more fond of the gin-shop than of her own room. Indeed, it was not without some trouble that Henry could keep himself clean; for he had neither soap, towel, nor bowl to use. But where there is a will, there is generally a way; and after rising from his bed of shavings, the boy used to take an old rag into the back yard of the house, and well wash himself with water, from a cask which stood in the corner. After all, however, poor Henry was a pitiable object. His clothes were deplorably old and ragged, and he had neither shoes nor stockings to his feet.

Henry's cheerfulness and perseverance gained the good-will of his teachers, who gave him, as a reward for his conduct, a pair of shoes and stockings—the first he ever remembered to have had. It was very cold weather; the snow lay thick on the ground; and the poor boy was overjoyed with the present. The next day, however, he came to school barefoot, as usual, carrying the shoes and stockings in his hand.

"How is this?" said his teacher.

"O, sir," he replied, "you see my feet are all over chilblains; I could not bear the shoes on, they hurt me so much. But I would not leave them at home, for if I had, I should not have seen them again. My mother would part with them to get money for drink. You know, sir, my mother would have drunk me before now if she could."

The teacher knew this to be true; and all he could do, at that time, was to pity him, and pray for him, and give him good advice.

Amidst such discouragements, which would have broken down the spirits of many a stout man, Henry still continued his diligent attention to learning. No one knew, perhaps his teacher could only guess, how often he entered the school faint with hunger from the neglect of his unnatural parents, and how much ill usage besides he had to bear from them in their drunken anger. At last, the poor little fellow ventured to ask his his teacher if he would lend him threepence.

"And what would you do with the money, Henry?"

The boy replied that he wished to earn his own living; and he thought that if he had threepence to begin with, he could do it, and attend school too. He should be sorry, he said, to do as his poor brothers had done; and he wished to get his own living honestly.

The threepence was lent to him; and with this small sum, the honest, enterprising, and industrious boy began to trade directly. He bought a dozen boxes of lucifer matches, and offered them for sale. Ah, little did the passers by, to whom Henry offered his trifling merchandise, know what mighty struggles between hope and fear were going on in the mind of the

ardent lad! Little did they who listened favorably to his entreaties, and laid out a penny towards diminishing his stock of goods, think how beneficially they employed that money, and how they were furthering the kind designs of His providence, without whose permission not even a sparrow falls to the ground, who clothes the fields with verdure, and takes care of all who trust in Him.

The matches were sold, and Henry had gained threepence by his adventure. Hungry as he was, he did not waste it in luxuries; he bought more matches, and continued his trade. From time to time he sold a fresh dozen of boxes, and with the profit he made by them he got food for his support, and was sometimes enabled to feed a poor hungry sister, who also went to the ragged school, and suffered equally with himself from the neglect and ill treatment of their parents.

For nearly two years did Henry support himself, all the while regularly attending the school, and yet disposing of his matches. "You know," he said, when asked how he contrived to live, "I can always manage to make threepence and sometimes more. I spend one penny for breakfast, another for dinner, and the same sum for supper, that is better than my brother did; and by-and-by, when I can read and write well, I will get a situation."

Young reader, think of Henry and his first threepence, and his pennyworths of bread for breakfast, dinner, and supper, when you are tempted to spend pence on luxuries. Think, and be thankful for your mercies, and at the same time ask yourself, "Can I not make a better use of this money?"

After a time Henry could read and write well, and he left off

match-selling to seek a situation. During the time he had been at the ragged school, though surrounded by bad examples, and perhaps often tempted to steal, he had maintained the same character for honesty which first induced his teacher to lend him the three-pence. This character was now of service to him; and his perseverance overcame many difficulties which lay in his path. He became the errand-boy of a fishmonger.

Years passed away, and the little match-selling boy became a young man. His home was no longer in a miserable, unfurnished, dirty room, but in a comfortable, well-furnished house. His ragged clothing had long ago given place to the respectable garb of a young tradesman. His character had become still further improved. By the grace of God he had been kept from the sins which, practiced by his parents, had embittered the days of his childhood, and brought guilt, sorrow, and ruin into his family. As he advanced in age and knowledge, he became more and more useful to his employer, who treated him with respect, advanced his wages, and made him his confidential servant.


"The wages of sin is death." Henry's mother died a victim to intemperance; and for a time the widowed husband seemed roused by this event from his course of dissipation. It was but for a time, however. Like "the dog to his vomit," and "the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire," (2 Pet. ii. 22,) so the unhappy man returned to his habits of self-indulgence and drunkenness, and cruelly turned his only daughter into the streets.

It was well for this poor girl that she had received good instruction in a ragged school, and that those instructions had been kept and fol-

lowed, as well as received. It was well also that she had a friend in her brother Henry. It was not likely that he who, when a ragged school-boy, had often shared his penny breakfast or dinner with his hungry sister, would suffer her to perish when God had blessed him with prosperity. No; he received the poor outcast with affection, and paid for her lodgings until she obtained the means for her own support, which, by honest industry, she was soon enabled to do.

From that time the brother and sister might be seen, every Sunday, walking together to the house of God, with thankful hearts that they had been rescued from the depth of wretchedness and vice, placed in worldly comfort, and taught the way of everlasting life, by the instrumentality of a ragged school.—*Stories of Ragged Schools and Ragged Scholars*, No. 461 Youth's Library.

#### A RARE DOG STORY.

 IN 1792—I was then in my nineteenth year—and well remember the circumstance:

A gentleman, whose country-seat stood within six miles of my "cottage on the moor," kept a fine mastiff dog. By day, he was chained up near the house; by night, he was loose, to range through the garden and enclosures, a terror to evil-doers, but kindly affected to all such as do well. Now, whether it was natural instinct, (for wolves are only wild dogs,) or whether he had received some real or supposed affront from the sheep fraternity, I never could learn; for though the dog had a language of his own, and in which he conversed very fluently at times, yet I must confess, I could better understand the language of his eyes, (dogs have very expressive eyes,)

than the language of his lips.—Be this as it may, one morning he was accused of having murdered two of a neighbor's sheep. His master, unwilling to take up an evil report against his faithful watch-dog had the trial postponed to Monday next, as they say in court.

On the following night, however, another murder was committed. This time the fact was too clear to admit a doubt. Hero was brought in guilty, not by a verdict of his peers, but by a convention of two-legged animals, who were too dull to appreciate his motives and too blind to sympathize with him under the circumstances; neither had they courtesy to ask, as had been the custom in all civilized communities, ever since the days of Haman, who, himself, was strung up fifty cubits, if he had any objection to make against being hung, but straightway they proceeded to execution. His master, while a tear crossed his eye-ball, says,

“John, get a stout piece of rope. Hang Hero behind the barn, so as not to be seen from the house.”

Having spoke thus, he entered his dwelling. Hero heard his sentence with the same philosophic indifference that I have heard some two-legged animals receive theirs in the Hall of Justice in the Park. He never opened his mouth; but, thinks he, there will be a long respite between the sentence and the hanging day. So, without speaking a word, he cleared a stone fence five feet high. O'er hills and dales, o'er fields and floods, he flew as with wings of the wind. He never drew up till he entered the city of refuge; here the avenger of blood dared not to enter.

You have read in that Book, for which all other books were made, a man drew a bow at a *venture*; the unerring eye of Omnipotence became pilot to that shaft; it en-

tered between the joints of his armor, and the proud monarch sunk dead in his chariot. The same unerring eye directed the flight of this dog to the spot, where, after an absence of nearly seven years, he was the means of saving the life of his master, as you will see in the sequel.

It came to pass, when nearly seven years had expired since the fright and flight of Hero, (no doubt the poor dog was scared enough, when he heard the order for his immediate execution,) that his late master was sojourning on the borders of Scotland and England. It was winter, and dark in that climate at 5 P.M. He put up at a tavern by the way side. As soon as he dismounted, and went in the stable to see that his horse was cared for, he was followed by a large mastiff dog, who, by every means that a dog could invent, endeavored to draw his attention. The gentleman sat down in the hall, the dog by his side, when he began to think there was something strange in the dog's attentions and manner. He put his hand on the head of the dog and spoke kindly. The dog encouraged, laid his paw on his master's knee, and looked earnestly in his face. Recollections arose in the memory of the master, and he exclaimed in surprise, “Why Hero, are you here?” Hero was so pleased at the recognition, that he almost leaped on his master's back. Whether the landlord was informed of the merits of the case, or not, my informant did not say. At any rate, Hero and his master was never to separate from that hour. Hero followed his master in the bedroom, when, seeing him about to undress, he seized the skirt of his coat with his teeth, and drew his master towards a closet. On opening the door he discovered the corpse of a

man suspended against the wall. He saw his danger, and made preparations accordingly.


This matter occurred shortly after the return of the army from America, after the war for independence. Many of the disbanded soldiers took to robbing on the highways, and gentlemen always travelled well armed. He saw that his four pistols were in right trim, piled everything moveable in the room against the door, and sat down to wait the result. At midnight, there was a knock at the door; a vial of medicine which was standing on the mantle piece was wanted for one of the family, who was taken suddenly ill. Hero growled, as if to say, "there are two of us." Mr. Morton (which was the gentleman's name,) informed the assaillant he was prepared with fire-arms, and would shoot the first man that entered. Presently, he distinguished the voices of three men, when after some further parley, an axe was sent for to break in the door. At this critical moment the sound of carriage wheels was heard from afar; the robbers paused: Mr. H. thrust his head out of the window, and as the carriage approached, halloed, at the top of his voice. They heard his cries and stopped, when the robbers fled by the back door. There were four men in the carriage. They secured three women, whom they found in the house, and lodged them in jail. By their information, the men were caught soon after, tried and hung. The women were banished to Botany Bay for life.

On searching the house, several corpses were found buried in the cellar; and in the rooms many articles identified that belonged to persons who had disappeared and were never heard of till this occurrence.

Hero went home with his master, and was a happy dog many years after, when he died and was buried. A stone, recording the Providential deliverance, was set up over his bones, and his portrait hung in the hall, with the family escutcheons.


The story was published in the newspapers and periodicals of that day, all over Britain, as a fact beyond controversy.

#### BOHEMIAN GLASS.


 HE celebrated Bohemian glass is blown in small manufactories, containing a single chimney, not unlike those in the pine districts of New Jersey. To each of the factories there are generally eight blowers.—The only fuel used is wood. The finishing is performed in the cottages, and this embraces the cutting, polishing, and, indeed, everything but the mixing of the glass and coloring it. The ingredients, long supposed to be different from those employed elsewhere, are asserted to be the same. It is not so much for the material, as for the ornamenting, however, that Bohemian glass is celebrated. This depends on the taste and skill of the artisan. It is curious how high a degree of merit is attained by these Bohemian workmen. They live in humble cottages, and exercise the utmost frugality, their wages never exceeding six dollars a week, and rarely rising to that point. With no tool but their wheel they will cut the most delicate designs, and without the aid of a pattern. In painting glass they rarely employ more than two brushes, one small and the other a size larger, yet the scrolls, flowers and other traceries come out as fully as a name drawn on a frosty window-pane. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a whole

family to be brought up to paint or draw on glass; and thus great skill is frequently acquired, at an age almost incredible. The gold used is from the finest ducats, dissolved in strong acid; the oil with which the colors are mixed is of turpentine.

#### DUCTILITY OF IRON.

 THE use to which this valuable metal has been applied, by means of the various improvements in the art of its manufactory since it was first wrought by Tubal-Cain, are wonderfully multiplied, and every day almost witnesses some new application of it. Iron houses and iron vessels are among the latest and most remarkable purposes for which it has been employed; and by reason of its pliability while under the influence of heat, and its firm, durable quality when in a natural state, it is impossible to say to what limit of utility human science and ingenuity may not hereafter make it available. A very astonishing instance of its ductility has lately been produced at the "Brown Iron Works," Birmingham, England. It is in the form of a book, the leaves of which are of iron, rolled so fine that they do not exceed in thickness a piece of ordinary paper. The volume is neatly bound in red morocco, contains forty-four of these metallic leaves, and the whole only the fifteenth of an inch thick. This, certainly, is a very surprising proof, not only of the malleable nature of iron, but of the perfection to which machinery for its manufacture has been brought; and, though we do not yet see the practical advantage of rolling the substance alluded to, to so extreme a degree of fineness, the fact, as an evidence of high attainment in art, is a very honorable and gratifying one.—*North American.*

#### A GARDEN OVERRUN WITH WEEDS.

 ATHER, I don't like to go to school," said Harry Williams, one morning. "I wish you would let me always stay at home. Charles Parker's father don't make him go to school."

Mr. Williams took his little boy by the hand, and said kindly to him, "Come, my son, I want to show you something in the garden."

Harry walked into the garden with his father, who led him along until they came to a bed in which peas were growing, the vines supported by thin branches that had been placed in the ground. Not a weed was to be seen about their roots, nor even disfiguring the walk around the bed in which they had been planted.

"See how beautifully these peas are growing, my son," said Mr. Williams. "How clean and healthy the vines look! We shall have an abundant crop. Now let me show you the vines in Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in his fence."

Mr. Williams then led Harry through the garden gate and across the road, to look at Mr. Parker's pea-vines through a hole in the fence. The bed in which they were growing was near to the road; so they had no difficulty in seeing it. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said—

"Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's pea-vines?"

"Oh, father!" replied the little boy, "I never saw such poor looking peas in my life!" There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as the peas themselves. There won't be half a crop!"



"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them, and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds, nor helped them to grow right."

"Yes, that is just the truth, my son. A garden will soon be overrun with weeds and briars, if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This precious garden must be trained and watered, and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden-beds; and they must be as carefully tended, and even more carefully, than the choicest plants. If you, my son, were never to go to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you become a man, resemble the weed-covered, neglected bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think me right to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"

"Oh, no, father; your garden is a good garden, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briars. It won't yield half so much as yours will."

"Or, my son, do you think I would be right, if I neglected my son as Mr. Parker neglects his son, allowing him to run wild, and his mind uncultivated, to become overgrown with weeds?"

Little Harry made no reply; but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant.

"I send you to school," Mr. Williams continued, "in order that the garden of your mind may have good seeds sown in it, and that these seeds may spring up and grow, and produce plentifully.

Now, which would you prefer, to stay at home from school, and so let the garden of your mind be overrun with weeds or go to school, and have this garden cultivated?"

"I would rather go to school," said Harry. "But, father, is Charles Parker's mind overrun with weeds?"

"I am afraid that it is so. If not, it certainly will be, if his father does not send him to school. For a little boy not to be sent to school, is a great misfortune, and I hope you will think the privilege of going to school a very great one indeed."

Harry Williams listened to all his father said, and, what was better, thought about it, too. He never again asked to stay home from school.

#### THE MAGPIE'S NEST.

##### A FABLE.

THE magpie builds a very capital sort of nest; it has a canopy over it, to keep the young birds warm, and no other bird builds one like it. All the birds were aware of this, and agreed to ask the magpie to instruct them in the art.

Mr. Magpie, who was a good-natured, public-spirited person, cheerfully complied. The birds assembled, and he addressed them thus:—"Ladies and gentlemen,—You have requested me to show you how our family build their nests. I will do it with great pleasure, on condition that you will listen to me patiently, and reserve your remarks till I have finished."

The auditory expressed their acquiescence, and Mr. Magpie thus began:—"First," says he, "I lay two sticks across."—"Ha!" says little Redbreast, "that is just what I do myself."—"And so do I," says Tomtit. But these were birds of

small reputation, and Mr. Magpie took no notice of the interruption, but gravely proceeded to explain his next operation. Mr. Owl, upon this, opened his mouth, and with much gravity informed the company that he had thought of the same thing, and would be happy to give them his views upon the subject. Still Mr. Magpie proceeded with much patience, and began to explain the nature of a third operation, more complicated and more interesting than any that preceded it. But now sounds arose of a cracking, hissing nature, as Mrs. Goose commenced telling the company that she knew all about it.

Mr. Magpie's patience was now quiet exhausted, and he addressed the assembly thus:—"Gentlemen and ladies,—It would have made me very happy if I could have done anything towards instructing you how to build better nests; but it seems quite needless for me to proceed, as you appear to know all about it; and therefore, as I really came at some inconvenience, I will take my leave at once, and wish you good evening."


At this the company looked rather blank; but Mr. Magpie was off before any reply could be made; and at length Mr. Owl, who had some wisdom, though it was not producible in a hurry, said, "Well, gentlemen and ladies, we seem to have made great fools of ourselves."

This could not be denied; and the fatal consequence has been, that neither redbreast nor tom-tit, owl nor goose, nor any other bird, has been able to build a magpie's nest to this day.

#### MORAL.

Do not think you know as well or better than everybody else. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

#### PARODY ON THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

 LICENSE LAW.—This is the house that Death built.

THE PRICE OF BLOOD.—This is the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

KING ALCOHOL.—This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that death built.

THE MAINE LEGISLATURE.—This is the cat, that cornered the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

THE WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS.—These are the dogs, that barked at the cat, that clutched the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT.—This is the ox with the lofty horn, that cautioned the dogs, that growled at the cat, that muzzled the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

VACANT JAILS AND POORHOUSES.—These are the maidens all forlorn, that lost their full pails by the upsetting horn, that maddened the dogs, that snarled at the cat, that put screws on the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

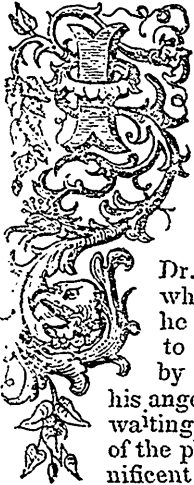
THE TIPPLERS.—These are the men all tattered and torn, that courted the maidens now forlorn, that cursed not the Rum, but the Anti-Rum "horn," that worried the dogs, that snapped at the cat, that held on to the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

RETAIL RUMSELLERS.—These are the priests of their magic all shorn, that wedded to woe the men all tattered and torn, that laugh at the maidens all forlorn, that lost their cream by the ruthless horn, that tortured the dogs, that frothed at the cat, that did for

the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

AUTHOR OF THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—This is the cock that crowed in the morn, that woke up the priests to behold themselves shorn, that can make no more victims all tattered and torn, that will need no more help from the maidens forlorn, that are now good for naught save to tell of the horn, that mangled the dogs, that were clawed by the cat, that outwitted the rat, and swept off the malt, and demolished the house that Death built.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.



WAS once preaching in the city of \_\_\_\_\_

(writes a minister), and in the course of my remarks, I referred, for Illustration, to the celebrated dream of

Dr. Doddridge, in which he thought he was carried up to heaven. There, by the direction of

his angel-guide, he was waiting for the master of the place, in a magnificent chamber of a palace, the walls of which were lined with the most glowing imagery, which, upon a close inspection, he found to be a panoramic history of his own life. As he proceeded to examine it, he was lost in wonder, love, and praise; for the mysteries which, in untold instances, had shrouded his pathway, and rendered all about him dark and doubtful, were now solved, and he no longer looked through a glass darkly—no longer knew in part; but the whole of the divine plan

was now fully revealed—wonderful plan, thought he—how marked with wisdom! how baptized with love! He now felt the force of Cowper's lines:—

“Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.”

Proceeding in his investigations of this wonderful picture, upon which the full-orbed light of heaven was shining, he beheld himself upon a journey—which journey he instantly remembered as having taken place in time. The horse he rode had stumbled in a dangerous pass, and fallen; he was thrown from the saddle with great violence, but sustained no injury. This had always been a matter of surprise to him, and he never knew by what means he had escaped an instant and an awful death. Now, on this bright panorama, in the mansions of the blest, it was all explained, fully painted out—AN ANGEL CAUGHT HIM IN HIS ARMS, *broke the force of the fall, and he was saved.* He now saw it all—*saw it face to face.* My own heart was deeply affected while passing through this narrative, and so were many others; while a deep stillness prevailed, allied

“To all that silent heaven of love,”  
for which we so much sigh.

The sermon ended, the hymn was sung, the prayer was offered, the benediction pronounced, and, as the congregation was slowly retiring, I descended from the pulpit, while there came rushing down the aisle to meet me a tall, portly man, with a dignified and manly bearing. He had been for many years the captain of a vessel, doing business on the mighty deep. He was now a retired gentleman, and, at the same time, a consistent follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, living upon his hard-earned, but honest fortune.

He stood before me with both hands extended, ready to grasp my own, while the big tears chased each other in gushing torrents down his manly cheeks. "Oh," said he, "God be praised, my brother; I see it all *now*—*an angel caught me in his arms*; yes, it must have been so; nothing else could have saved me. Look here," said he, and another flood of tears gushed from his eyes, "look here," and he pointed to his noble brow, now partly bald. On looking up, I saw where, years ago, had been cut a deep heavy gash several inches long, the scar of which was yet distinctly visible. Said he, "I was out upon the rough high seas, the storm was fearful; but a sailor must know no fear—duty required that I should mount to the top of the highest mast. I did so, lost my footing, and fell—fell to the vessel's deck. I was a sinner, and yet, unheard-of mercy, I was taken up alive; while this scar is the proof of that fall, and the evidence of my deliverance. I have wondered a thousand times that I was not destroyed, and, with all my sins, shut out from hope and heaven. I have long been looking for the cause of my deliverance; but I have been looking through a glass darkly. Now I see, yes, now I see—*an angel caught me in his arms*." It was this that saved me; nothing less could have done it. An angel caught me! an angel caught me! Yes, I see—I see." And all these utterances were baptised, nay, deluged with his warm, heart-gushing tears of gratitude and love.

A MAN who lived much in society said that his *acquaintances* would fill a cathedral, but that the pulpit would hold his *friends*.

WHY is a lady's bonnet like a cupola? Because it covers the *belle*.

RUMSELLER—A FREE PARODY OF  
"EXCELSIOR."

BY HOWARD DURHAM.

THE snow was thick and falling fast,  
As through a western village passed  
A reeling man with reddened nose,  
And thus he yelled while almost froze,  
"Rumseller!"

His brow was dark, his eye beneath  
Flashed with the madd'ning fire of death,  
And like the voice of demon rung  
The thrilling accent of his tongue,  
"Rumseller!"

From happy homes had died the light,  
The fires no more gleam'd warm and bright,  
The people all were snug in bed,  
But started at that voice so dread,  
"Rumseller!"

"Stranger, be still," an old man said,  
As from a window glanced his head,  
"The people all are fast asleep,"  
But roared that voice as from the deep,  
"Rumseller!"

"Come in," a maiden said, "and rest,  
You seem to be so much oppress'd,"—  
This was the old man's last good night;  
The wretch replied, far out of sight,  
"Rumseller!"

At break of day some people went  
Towards the stream with sad intent,  
If haply o'er the log had crossed,  
The man who wailed so like the lost  
"Rumseller!"

There, washed upon the shore, they found  
His body miserably drown'd,  
Swept by the torrent's maddening tide,  
When on that fearful night he cried,  
"Rumseller!"

Beware! beware! thou of the bowl,  
Lose not thy body and thy soul  
Like him who woke the midnight air  
With that last sigh of wild despair,  
"Rumseller!"



FRANCIS WAYLAND CAMPBELL.



We have much pleasure in presenting our young readers with the above excellent engraving of Master Francis Wayland Campbell, originator of the *Life Boat*. We mean *this* Boat of course. We have thought it due to our excellent young friend, who is a whole souled friend of the Temperance cause, to pay him this

compliment upon his unavoidable relinquishment of the task which he had proposed to himself, and which for two years he has assiduously and zealously pursued. We are sure that the cut will be accepted by our subscribers as the best illustration we could have furnished in our first number of the third volume, and it is our hope that the portrait of a youth who has devoted so much time and thought to a work which—if faithfully taken up by the rising generation of Canada—must eventuate in the social regeneration of the country, will lead many who hitherto

have stood aloof, to put on the harness, and labor courageously in the benevolent cause.

It is our hope that Master Campbell will live to see the day when he will be able to point lads of his present age down to the third generation, the portrait we here present, as a memorial of his virtuous efforts in the great Reform of the Nineteenth Century.

**THIRD VOYAGE.**—Two suns have already made the circuit of the heavens since we first launched our trim wherry on the boisterous surges of an agitated ocean. To many a family it has carried good tidings, and in many a domestic circle it is now as anxiously expected an arrival as the mails from England to the merchant and politician.

This monthly trip brings a good freight, as will be seen, and it will be our continued endeavor to make every cargo as choice and valuable as the present, and if possible much more so.

The great idea now before the country, as our young readers are aware, is the Maine Law, or a law somewhat similar to that celebrated enactment passed by the State of Maine some years ago, and since then confirmed by every session of its legislature. To leaven the public mind in Canada very great efforts are now being made, and all the accounts we receive go to confirm the strong faith that we have in its passage at an early day.

What can boys and girls do to

aid the movement? Why, they have tongues like men and women; they have heads to think, and they have eyes to read with; they have ears to listen, and they have hearts to feel. Let them use hearts, ears, eyes, and tongues as opportunity serves, and their efforts will go to swell the tide of public enthusiasm in favor of the great idea. Parents are often influenced by their children, and many a pathetic story is related of the power of youthful eloquence in turning erring fathers from the paths of vice. May not some of our young friends have opportunities of talking to friends who are the victims of strong drink? We could almost wish that they had no such opportunities, but knowing as we do the prevalence of the evil of intemperance, we cannot but conclude that our little book goes to places where the children may drop a kind word, which, like a seed that a bird may take in its mouth, and drop at some distant place, there to take root and fructify, will bring forth a harvest of blessed results. You have heard that the great and almost universal institution—the Sabbath School—resulted from the little word TRY, which was put into the mind of Robert Raikes no doubt by the Good Spirit. Has not that little word occurred to you at times with respect to some benevolent object? No doubt it has, and now it is our wish to drop it into your hearts. Try dear boys and girls, what you can do, and if any of you

are successful, write to us about it, and we will record your success in our little magazine.

**A FRESH START**—Now that we make a *fresh start* with the purpose if possible of improving the *Life Boat*, we earnestly request all to whom this number may come, to aid us in our enterprise. We ought to gain a circulation of three or four thousand this year, and if we can reach two thousand, we pledge ourselves to render the work the most beautiful in point of artistic embellishment, published in Canada. Cadets, Rechabites, Sons and Daughters, we confidently appeal to your sympathies. Will the *Life Boat* make a good voyage this year? The answer is with you. Ask your friends to subscribe; try, try, try again, and your earnest exertions will be crowned with the desired success.

We beg also respectfully to solicit the help of our literary Temperance subscribers and others. Send us contributions, and you will put us under great obligations. We have to thank many for past favors, and we are not without hope of their continued aid.

**DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.**—

A new Union of Daughters of Temperance was instituted in this city on Thursday evening, 16th March, under the name of Victoria Union. They received their charter from the Grand Union, the head quarters of which are in Philadelphia, through the hands of their Deputy in this city—W. Easton, Esq.—who instituted the Union.

The application contained twenty-eight names of ladies, 17 of whom were present on the occasion, and initiated. This is now the second Union of the Daughters of Temperance in this city. Eastern Star Union, which has been in existence about two years, now numbers above fifty members, and is in a flourishing condition. We hope Victoria Union will soon exceed that number, and that both will work in generous harmony, and only endeavor to rival each other in the amount of good they will seek to accomplish. Surely we may expect, when the ladies are taking such hold of the Temperance cause, that a great improvement will be soon manifest in the social customs of this city in regard to its drinking usages. We cannot do better than recommend all our fair readers to join this interesting Order.

**ROYAL MOUNT SECTION, C. OF T.**

—This juvenile temperance society celebrated its third anniversary, on Friday evening, March 17, by a social party, in Howard Division Rooms. There were a goodly number of Sons and Daughters of Temperance, and friends of the Cadets, present, whilst the Cadets themselves turned out in strong force. The room was quite full, and a pleasant and happy time they had of it. The chair was ably filled by their W. Patron, Mr. J. S. Hall, of Howard Division, supported on the right by Mr. H. Rose, P.W.P., and W.P. of Howard Division, and on the left by Mr Moore, W.P. of Jonadab Division. First came the refreshments, plentiful and of the best quality, tea, coffee, cake, &c., which were supplied by Mr. Birch, of Jonadab Division, in his usual excellent style. Then came short addresses by Mr. William Easton, of Howard Division; Mrs. Maxwell, of Eastern Star

Union, D. of T. ; Mr. P. Bowden, of Jonadab Division, and Mr. Francis Wayland Campbell, P. W. A. of the Section. Besides the addresses, the choir sang some excellent pieces ; Mr. W. G. Slack, of Howard Division, volunteered some two or three songs, and the Cadets gave some recitations. The whole was wound up with some games, into which the company entered with great spirit. The addresses, singing, and recitations were so well interspersed, that during the whole evening the interest of the meeting was admirably kept up until the close. We are glad that Royal Mount Section was so successful in this its first soiree, and we wish them equal success in all their undertakings.

—  
**POINTE A CAVAGNOL.**—We had the pleasure of attending a very pleasant soiree, at Pointe a Cavagnol, on Friday, March 10. The chair was ably filled by Mr. DeLesderniers, president of the temperance society, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Kellogg and R. Kneeshaw, (of Lachute). The attendance was good, and everything passed off in a harmonious and happy manner. Next day a juvenile soiree was held, which was equally pleasant and well attended. The principal speaker was a lady, who seems to have a great influence over the children, and if they are guided by her instruction, the rum-sellers in this locality will have but a poor prospect for support in their trade by the rising generation. The ladies generally are up and doing here, and we wish them much success in their noble undertaking. The hall in which these soirees were held was most beautifully decorated with evergreens and banners, and reflected much credit on the young ladies who devoted their

attention to this part of the arrangements. Both parties were got up under the auspices of Samaritan Division, Sons of Temperance.

#### LINES TO NEAL DOW.


BY G. W. BUNGAY.

I've seen the traces of a spider's course  
 Upon thy star-paved path of deathless fame.  
 Why did the crawling insect climb so high,  
 And leave his little dusty web below ?  
 Is there a scarcity of flies in Maine ?  
 Did thy new broom sweep from our Eastern wall  
 The game on which bloodsuckers grew so fat ?  
 Is it in vain they spin their silken nets ?  
 Brave men, heed not the little poisonous thing ;  
 He has been starved into transparency,  
 And his thin skin betrays a lack of heart.  
 He thinks the venom in his shrivelled veins  
 Is the most pure and patriotic blood :  
 The thread which like Arachnte he uncoils  
 From his black breast, will be a rope around  
 His neck, on which he'll swing before the world.  
 Thy holy laws are stereotyped to deeds !  
 Thy honored name is now our nation's pride !  
 Upon our cottage walls thy portrait shines !  
 We call our children by thy magic name !  
 Our poets laud thee in immortal verse !  
 While marble breathes and canvass speaks  
 thy praise,  
 Thy mounments in Maine, are empty jails !  
 Thy laurels, laws observed and unrepealed,  
 Thy medals, grateful hearts of men redeemed,  
 Thy friends, the noblest of the human race,  
 While Legislatures stop to learn thy laws,  
 And nations shout thy name across the deep,  
 And thy firm foot is on the reptile's head,  
 Heed not the struggling serpent's dying hiss,  
 Strike for the glory of our broad free land,  
 Toil for the honor of our Heaven-born cause,  
 Speak for the welfare of a listening world,  
 Pray for the speedy triumph of the Law !

—  
 WHY are most pieces of villany  
 like a candle ? Because they come  
 to light.




## A GOOD ANECDOTE.

 **LORENZO DOW**, riding once in a stage coach on his way to an appointment to preach, fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led, from his eccentric appearance and manner, to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and raillery. He at once humored their design, by affecting silliness, and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their butt was, and began to apologize for their rudeness, declaring that his own conversation had misled them.


"Oh," said he, "that's my way; I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in; and among fools, I talk foolishly!"

## DRINK VS. DEVOTION.

 **THE** following story occurs in *Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and is ludicrously yet painfully descriptive of the unhappy influence of liquor in sapping that rural domestic piety which has been esteemed the peculiar glory of our sister land:—"On reaching, one evening, [in 1792] some *Charlieshope* or other, (I forget the name,) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception as usual; but to their agreeable surprise, after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the "big ha' Bible," in the good old fashion of Burns's Saturday Night; and some progress had already been made in the service, when the goodman of the farm, whose "tendency," as Mr. Mitchell says, "was

soporific," scandalized his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of "Here's the keg at last!" and in tumbled, as he spake the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, whom, on hearing the day before of the Advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt at some considerable distance in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Firth. The pious "exercise" of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot of Armstrong had the welcome keg mounted on the table without a moment's delay,—and *gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie* [i.e.—the student of divinity] *continued carousing about it until daylight streamed in upon the party.*"

## A FAST PEOPLE.

 **WE** have a way of our own for doing up the essential acts of life in this new country, that cannot be beat this side of Australia, and perhaps not even in that golden land of convicts and kangaroos. One of Miss B——'s pupils, a young lady, stepped into the school room, the other morning, and commenced gathering up her books, stating that she was very sorry to be obliged to leave the school.

"For what reason?" mildly replied the astonished teacher.

"Oh, I was married last evening, that's all."

"Why did you not inform me before?"

"For the simple reason," replied the blooming bride, "that I did not know it myself till yesterday afternoon—he never asked me till then."—*Minnesotian*.

## "LITTLE PAUL."

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Through the curtains poured the sunlight  
 With a sudden gush of joy,  
 Where, upon his bed of weakness,  
 Lay the dying little boy.  
 On the rising airs of evening  
 Balmy sounds of summer came,  
 And a voice amid their music  
 Seemed to call him by his name ;  
 And the golden waves were dancing  
 On the flooded chamber-wall—  
 On the sunny hair of Florence  
 And the brow of little Paul !

As the sunset's tide receding,  
 Ebb'd again against the sky,  
 Passed the faint hue from his features,  
 And the lustric from his eye ;  
 As if up the rosy surges  
 Of that shining river's flow,  
 Went his spirit to the angel  
 Who had claimed it long ago !  
 Fonder still, and full of yearning,  
 Seemed to come her gentle call,  
 And the throb of life grew fainter  
 In the heart of little Paul !

But the fond arms of a sister  
 Like a link around him lay.  
 Chaining back his fluttering spirit  
 To the love which was its stay ;  
 And his own weak arms were folded  
 In a clinging, dear embrace,  
 Till his cheek and dewy forehead  
 Rested gently on her face.  
 Slowly sank his weary eyelids ;  
 One faint breathing—that was all,  
 And no more the kiss of Florence  
 Thrilled the lips of little Paul !

A CELEBRATED toper, intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself in. 'Go sober,' replied his adviser, 'and your most intimate friend will not know you.'

Your conduct to others should form the measure of your own expectations.

M. LE DUC, one of the last writers upon Russia, asks how it can be expected that the Russian populace will abstain from intoxication when the practice is sanctified daily in their eyes by the example of the priests, their natural instructors? In one parish in the interior it is within the author's knowledge that the inhabitants, for a long time past, have invariably kept their spiritual pastor under lock and key from Saturday evening until 12 o'clock on Sunday, to prevent his becoming too much intoxicated to be able to perform the mass.

IN Captain M'Clure's arctic expedition, an Esquimaux stated that his countrymen were incensed against the whites, because they had sold their countrymen *bad water, which had killed some and made others sick.*

SHAM INQUEST.—On Nov. 29, an inquest on a woman who died through drink in the Isle of Man was held ; all the jurymen were in the traffic, and the verdict was—Death by suffocation or apoplexy !

## PUZZLE.

SIR,—If you will give a place to the following puzzle, you will oblige me.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 10, 7, 4, 4, 3, 9, is a celebrated engineer.

My 8, 7, 15, 4, 3, 7, 8, a French satirical poet.

My 16, 7, 9, 10, 7, 4, a German historian.

My 15, 10, 2, 5, 8, 2, 4, a celebrated Irish orator.

My 12, 13, 10, 4, 1, a Scottish poet.

My 12, 10, 3, 15, 15, 11, an English mathematician.

My 5, 13, 10, 7, 4, 4, 9, a French general.

My 2, 5, 16, 7, 4, 2, 9, 13, 1, a Greek grammarian.

And my whole the name of a celebrated European city.

D.

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