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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

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No. 11.

A TRUE WOMAN'S DEVOTION.



HE cool winds of October had come over the landscape, and chilled the green grass, and the bright golden hue of the maple was changing rapidly to a deep red, and clothed the forests in a mantle of beauty which no pencil could paint. I had started to see my friend while the darkness yet hung over the landscape, and ascended a high mountain ridge as the sun rose in the east. The trees were all wet and sparkled in the light, and the pure breath of morning was fast brushing those wet diamonds from leaf and bough; all the songsters of the forest had gathered along the roadside to cheer the traveler, and their notes seemed to grow louder and sweeter as I approached them. Down in a deep valley wandered a clear stream, that was stretched along the vale for many a league, and the light fog lifted from the mountain side and revealed the surface of a beautiful lake, sparkling in

the sunlight, and flashing its gay shadows on every surrounding object. In the distance on the opposite shore, robed in white, lay a quiet village, its steeples glittering in the flood of sunshine that poured down the green valley. I knew the condition of my new friend for I had seen him before prostrated under the baneful effects of the mocker wine. The long ride along the mountain side, soothed my spirits, and I almost forgot that man was a sinner, and was only aroused from my reverie by the habit of my horse at the gate of the mansion. The father and sister came out to greet me, and welcomed me with great cordiality. Deep furrows of sorrow rested on the father's brow, while in the sister's face the long lines of consuming sorrow could be plainly seen. The sick son lay on a couch in a quiet room, his face as wild and sorrowful, and his sepulchral voice like the low tones in a deep anthem. He was the pride of his house, gay handsome and manly; the soul of the society in which he lived, and greatly beloved by both old and young. He seemed born to feel for everything, and the cottage of the poor on the mountain side often heard his foot-steps in mid-winter, for he was called by

the neighboring poor to minister to their wants and cheer them on in life's dark journey. His sensitive nature vibrated at every touch of sorrow, and the song of the woodbird, or the note of a piano equally enchanted him. It is in precisely this nervous sensibility that danger lurks unseen and unsuspected, at the approach of all stimulants. The soul, of the society in which he was reared, he had, little by little, given way to temptation of strong drink, and before he suspected danger had fallen under the tempter's power. Such nerves as his could not stand fire, and they sent forth sweet music at the first impress of brandy; but soon they began to complain, and write on his pale features the terrible truth, that they were dying of intense action.

The day I was called, my young friend had gone out to take pickerel on the lake shore, and had sported till late in the afternoon, when he felt a sudden dizziness and languor, and reclined under the shade of a small tree to rest. He sunk into a deep slumber, and was awakened from it by a dear friend who found him in this condition; but he awoke raving and parched with fever. He insisted on returning to his sport, and refused to obey the hand that beckoned him towards his home; but other friends soon arrived and he was safely lodged under the paternal roof, where loving hearts and beaming eyes could minister to his wants and relieve his terrible agony.

I had long known a young girl of great worth and beauty who lived in the immediate neighborhood, without knowing the fact that she loved him most deeply. She was a real child of the forest, a daughter of Diana; she loved to wander in the wild wood and up the wild

mountain steep, through the deep ravines; and often when the storm was rising, her romantic spirit would drive her to the lake, and in a light shallop she would shoot out on the wild surface, and hazard life to converse with the spirit of the night tempest.

When bright, gay and sorrowful autumn had come, with its hue of many colored forest leaves and white frosts, and the butterfly and grasshopper were dead, she often staid away to the lake side with her fishing rod, and sported with the dashing reckless pickerel. In a cold frosty morning when no flies or food light on the surface of his water home, he will dart at any white object that falls on the surface of lake or river. Knowing this, and taking advantage of his hunger and recklessness, our fair friend often tempted him with a small white cloth attached carelessly to a hook on the current of the stream. A sudden dash in the waves, and the lying pretence on the hook is gone, his bright sides shine a moment in the water, and the line sinks rapidly from sight till a jar on the rod tells that he is hooked, and in an instant the foolish fish, deluded by a white rag, is flapping his tail on the green grass of the bank.

Our fair friend was out on one of these excursions, and by some kind spirit was directed to the fatal spot where the young man had fallen asleep on the bank. She thought him dead, and started back; his marble brow was partly covered by waving and beautiful hair, and his fine lips wore a higher color than usual. She dropped her fishing rod and fish, and knelt on the grass beside him, and pressed her cold lips on his cheek; he partly awoke and removed the terrible fear that had come over her spirit.

"Charles," said she, "what has happened that you are here." He did not answer, but gazed wildly in her face. Beside him was a clear white flask made in the form of a book, and carefully shut with a silver cap; a bright liquid that still remained in it told her quick woman's discernment the cause of his condition. In an instant, years of agony rushed through her soul; and the next moment she grasped the fatal glass book, walked to the water's edge, and filled it with white pebbles, closed the cap, and threw it into the deep blue waves, and returned to the side of her lover. She soon brought his friends to his rescue, and told them he had fallen in a fit.

I had been some time seated by the patient's bedside, reading the horrors that were pictured on his soul, when I saw J—— enter the room and drop a note into my hat, casting at me, at the same time, a look full of meaning. The note informed me that his friends were ignorant of his fault, and she had only discovered it on the previous day; that she had buried the tell-tale book in the lake, and for the love of Heaven she abjured me to save him, and conceal the real cause of his condition. She further stated that they were soon to be married, and if the cause of his fall was never known she would reclaim him. True to that instinctive faith that ever animates the soul of a true woman, she never faltered or turned aside, but pursued with a woman's love the object of her soul's supreme devotion. She watched by his bedside, smoothed his couch, moved his head on the pillow, cooled his face with fragrant waters, and breathed love and quiet in his ear. She whispered to his hope, "You will surely recover." A woman under the impulse of love is an angel of

light; her soul is faith incarnated and no object daunts her courage or turns her from her course. In a few days Charles had so far recovered as to be able to sit up; the cordial love and hope had instilled his nerves and reason returned to her throne, and the light again dwelt in his eyes when he learned the manner of his rescue. In a few weeks he led his devoted girl to the altar; the innocent creature took that fearful vow to love a man beset by temptation that has wrecked thousands on the quicksands of an ungovernable appetite. Their brilliant home was the resort of the polite and fashionable, and happiness seemed secure to the two noble hearts that had mingled into one like two jets of flame. The horror of that glass hymn book crept like a cold chill through her heart and quickened every energy of an ardent soul that comprehended its fearful task.

On the banks of the lovely lake a new white cottage rose to view; it overlooked the landscape, and the sheet of still water and the grey mountain side, and as it was near the native village of the young pair he divided his time between a small farm and his little office. New walks and parterres and choice flowers continually appeared around the dwelling of the young man, and no device was spared that love could conceive to render the home of Charles the delight of his heart. J—— made herself the most agreeable woman in the world, was always watching for his return, always greeted him with a smile and parted from him with regret; often appeared unbidden at his office with a carriage, and they made long and gay rides into the surrounding country to visit the poor, to encourage the weak, to reclaim the wandering and bind up the broken hearted.

J— knew well the power of appetite, and studied to spread her table with the most wholesome food, that the diseased stomach, and weak nerves of her intellectual husband might retain their strength and health, and in time remove him from the power of temptation. The energy of her love never failed, but followed him day and night and watched with a mother's care every return of temptation. Thus happy in his home, and blessed with an angel wife, the manhood of Charles rallied, and the nobler objects of life took possession of his soul. He was happy. But a single fear haunted the heart of J—: she knew that tobacco served to keep alive the slumbering appetite for strong drink and for months she thought of no device by which to persuade her husband to abandon its use. She had learned by reading the *Scalpel* that young men afflicted with that morbid appetite are continually strengthened in their love for it, and that it finally prostrates the organic powers so greatly as to become dangerous to the offspring of such a father. She had also learned that appetites are often inherited, and she doubted not that his own fearful hankering for liquor was a curse transmitted from his father; this suggested to the faithful wife that his tobacco might cause her the anguish of losing the child her new-found hope had assured her would gladden her young heart. The idea, suggested in a woman's artless manner alarmed her husband, and his tobacco disappeared from his person; his soul was shocked at the bear thought her child should be made the victim of its effects on him. The good wife in her anxiety had no thoughts of deception, but really supposed that her morbid feelings on her husband's

failing might be inherited, and sin be fastened on an innocent immortal that knew no danger, and existed only as a testimony of the unflinching love of woman.

Time passed on. The young wife's great trial was short but fearful in its intensity, and proved to our high-souled friend how much faith had been displayed in his salvation, and how deep was the love that had hazarded life for him. He prayed God with all the warmth of young love to save his bright and beautiful wife and child. His cup of bliss was full and now that he knew a deep and soul-felt pleasure, the pride and joy he felt in his noble-hearted and devoted wife, and blooming, healthy boy, told him how trivial and worthless were the sacrifices he had made in conquering his appetites and saving his manhood. Three years passed, and I did not visit the home of my friends; but when I returned I found them in their little shady paradise on the banks of the lovely lake, near the village of G—; two smiling boys had blessed the trusting wife, and confirmed the soul-felt gratitude of the man who was now the pride of the bar in his native place, and the light of the church whose doctrines he adorned by a life spent in dispensing mercies to the poor, and causing the heart that was sad to sing for joy.

She whose eye may see this sketch will pardon me for having told you the story, for until now I have faithfully kept her secret, and watched with emotions of indescribable joy the progress and success of her labors of love.

A true hearted woman always walks by faith and not by sight, no matter that the world forsakes the object of her affections, that he stumbles and falls, and repeats his error, or that adversity overwhelms him in his career she is always in

the right place, her heart ever glowing with hope and pointing to the future when all shall be bright and cheering.

She never assails the heart of her friend rudely, but charms it by those delicate touches of silent eloquence, that speak without a voice and find their way to the heart's best fountain, as heat penetrates and vivifies the world of beauty and life. Surely, she that gets her end by the power of devoted love, gets it surer than any who rudely assails the being she would save.

ALL OF A SIZE.

 THE American Courier, reporting a case of disputed title in pigs, which had been suffered to run wild, gives the following examination of a deaf witness:

Lawyer.—Do you know the plaintiff's pigs?

Witness.—Eh? (very loud.)

L.—(raising his voice,)—do—you—know—plaintiff's pigs?

W.—Yes.

L.—How long have you known them?

W.—Fed 'em all last spring.

L.—Were they all about of a size?

W.—Eh?

L.—(rises on his feet petulently, and shakes his fore finger at the conclusion of every word, at the witness.) Were—they—all—of—a—size?

W.—Some ov 'em wor, and some ov 'em wor'n't.

THE EARTH WE WALK ON.

 IT may surprise some readers to learn that all the earth—clay, flint, chalk, &c., are nothing more than the rust of metals; that at one time, during the age of the world, they were all shining, brilliant metals. Geologists speak of

the earth as being hundreds of thousands of years old. All their philosophy is based upon mechanical science; the formation of strata, the upheaving of mountains, the burying of forests, have been attributed to some "great convulsion"—that is, to some shaking together of the earth's crust. Whether this great age of the world be true or not, it is very certain before any of these events could have taken place, the formation of each of the earths must have been the work of ages; otherwise the metals of which their base consists, could not have been so completely rusted as to assume an earthy mixture. To understand this, we must leave the mechanical, that is the geological theory, and enter upon the primary or chemical theory. It cannot be disputed that the first changes of the earth's surface were of purely a chemical nature. Combinations took place then as now; the metallic bases, by mere contact with the atmosphere or water, passed into oxydes, as the chemists call them, or earths, as expressed in daily conversations. Chemists thus recognize something like forty different kinds of these oxydes or earthy bodies, some being very scarce, and others plentiful. By the merest touch of air, some of the metallic bases of these earths instantly pass into the rusty or earthy state; some, by contact with water, are so energetic that they burst into flame.

By this process of reasoning, we come to this conclusion that the earth is one mass or globe of mixed metals, of which the mere crust has become rusted, or of earthy form; the outer rind, as it were, prevented any rapid combination taking place with the metallic surface five or six miles below the face of dry land. Eruptions from volcanoes are pro-

bably produced by the sea getting down to the metallic surface, through some fissure in the earth's crust; decomposition of the water then takes place—fire flame and steam causing an eruption. It would be an instructive lesson to man to quarry into the earth's crust to the depth of ten or twelve miles.—*Scientific American.*

A DIALOGUE.

John.

ROBERT, I know you are a poet,
And feel persuaded you must
know it;
Pray, then, be candid, do you think
It hurtful to indulge in drink?
Some say a little drink is good,
As necessary as our food.

Robert.

Some take delight to praise and use it;
Others hate, revile, abuse it;
Some declare it makes them joyous;
Others say it will but cloy us;
Some declare it makes them cheery,
Blythe and gladsome, happy, merry:
I've seen it make men crazy fools,
Of artful knaves the dupes and tools.
A person, who strong drink has tried,
Affirms, it cannot be denied,
It always tends to make them brutish,—
Wome 1 termagants and sluttish;—
And all who are given to its use
Do but their health and fame abuse.
The Bible says it is not good,
It leads a man the downward road;
Experience teaches us the same,
For multitudes lose wealth and fame,
And health and peace and happiness,
And gain but misery and disgrace;
And crime and infamy and want
Are seen the drunkard's path to haunt:—
Such, my dear John, shall be your lot,
If ever you become a sot.

R. H., Sorel.

INDUSTRY IS TALENT.

WE often hear, otherwise intelligent, persons explaining how one man succeeds, while another fails in the same pursuit, by attributing to one a talent for his business, but refusing it to the other. Yet, without denying that some individuals have a greater aptitude for particular

avocations than others have, we think that the problem in question could be easier solved, by saying that the successful man was industrious, while the other was not. Bulwer, for example, is considered a man of the highest abilities as a novelist. Yet, when Bulwer began his career, he composed with the utmost difficulty, often writing his fictions twice over. He persevered, however, and now stands almost at the head of his class, his latest productions, moreover, being regarded as the best from his pen. Every school-boy is familiar with the fact that Demosthens became an orator only by pursuing a similar plan. Nor are illustrations of the great truth, that industry is talent, confined to the higher intellectual pursuits. When Giard trusted the customer, without an endorser, who carried his goods home on his shoulders, the shrewd old Frenchman was acting on this truth, deduced from his own experience of mankind. All eminent persons, lawyers, or statesmen, were industrious, from Watt and Norris down to Thurlow and William Pitt, Washington, Franklin, Marshall, Madison, and every other distinguished American, were busy men. Industry, in short, is talent nine times out of ten.

EMBLEMATIC COLORS.

IN very early art, we find colors used in a symbolical or mystic sense; and, until the ancient principles and traditions were wholly worn out of memory, or set aside by the later painters, certain colors were appropriate to certain subjects and personages, and could not arbitrarily be applied or misapplied. In the old specimens of stained glass, we find these significations scrupulously attended to. Thus:

White, represented by the dia-

mond or silver, was the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, virginity, faith, joy, and life. Our Saviour wears white after his resurrection. In the judge, it indicates integrity; in the sick man, humility; in the woman, chastity. It was the color consecrated to the Virgin, who, whoever, never wears white, except in pictures of the Assumptian.

Red, the ruby, signified fire, divine love, the Holy Spirit, heat or the creative power, and royalty. White and red roses express love and innocence, or love and wisdom, as in the garland with which the angels crowned Saint Cecelia. In a bad sense, red signifies blood, war, hatred, and punishment.—Red and black combined were the colors of purgatory and the devil.

Blue, or the sapphire, expressed heaven, the firmament, truth, constancy, fidelity.—Christ and the Virgin wear the red tunic and the blue mantle as signifying heavenly love and heavenly truth. The same colors were given to St. John the Evangelist, with this difference, that he wore the blue tunic and the red mantle; in later pictures the colors are sometimes red and green.

Yellow, or gold, was the symbol of the sun: of the goodness of God, initiation, or marriage, faith, or faithfulness. In pictures of the apostles, St. Peter wears a yellow mantle over a blue tunic. In a bad sense, yellow signifies inconstancy, jealousy, deceit; in this sense it is given to the traitor Judas, who is generally habited in dirty yellow.

Green, the emerald, is the color of spring; of hope, particularly hope in immortality; and of victory as the color of the palm and laurel.

Violet, the amethyst, signified love and truth, or passion and suffering. Hence it is the color often

worn by the martyrs. In some instances our Saviour, after His resurrection, is habited in a violet instead of a blue mantle. The Virgin Magdalene, who as patron saint wears the red robe, as penitent wears violet and blue, the colors of sorrow and constancy. In the devotional representation of her by Timoteo della Vita, she wears red and green, the colors of love and hope.

Black, expressed the earth—darkness, mourning, wickedness, negation, death—and was appropriate to the Prince of Darkness. In some old illuminated MSS., Jesus, in the temptation, wears a black robe. White and black together, signify purity of life, and mourning or humiliation; hence adopted by the Dominicans and the Carmelites.—*Literary Casket.*

AT THE TUB.

 YOU need not blush, dear madam, if we have caught you in the suds. It gives us more joy to see one wring dirt out of a pin-a-fore than to hear her wring music out of a piano or melodeon. We have known ladies, as they call themselves, [women being too old fashioned and unmeaning a word] to be in a terrible state of feeling when a stranger called and they were not dressed up "to the teeth," to receive him. They would turn red or pale, and be at their wit's end to know what to do: and sometimes—we will tell the truth—sometimes they have been wicked enough to send word to the door that they were not in.

We must speak against pride, and that wrong feeling which prompts young women to give out the impression that they never wash, or mend the holes in the heels of their stockings. Not a fig would we give for such girls [or ladies.] What are they good

for but to keep in a glass case and look at! The man who chooses such for a companion, will rue the day of his choice, and repent in dust and ashes. Surely, there are hindrances enough to useful labor without being ashamed of it, or pretending to be!

GOD IS LOVE.

1 JOHN IV. 8.

“**G**OD is love!” all nature shows it,
Far and near, above, below;
Every day’s enjoyment proves it—
From Him all our comforts flow.

“God is love!” the Scriptures teach it—
Infinite, unchanging love;
Blessed truth! may all who know it
Prize and seek the things above.

“God is love!” let man proclaim it
To his guilty fellow-man,
Till remotest nations hear it,
And approve redemption’s plan.

“God is love!” Ye angels, sing it,
Sing it in transporting strains;
Ye behold, admire, and feel it,
Where He in full glory reigns.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

NEVER be cast down by trifles.
If a spider breaks his
thread twenty times he will mend
it again. Make up your mind to
do a thing and you will do it.
Fear not if a trouble comes upon
you; keep up your spirits, though
the day be a dark one.

If the sun is going down, look
up to the stars; if the earth is dark,
keep your eyes on heaven! With
God’s presence and God’s promises,
a man or a child may be cheerful.

Fight hard against hasty temper.
Anger will come, but resist it
strongly. A spark may set a house
on fire. A fit of passion may give
you cause to mourn all the days of
your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly
to him, and make him your
friend. You may not win him
over at once, but try again. Let

one kindness be followed by another,
till you have compassed
your end. By little and little
great things are completed: and so
repeated kindness will soften a
heart of stone:

Whatever you do, do it willingly.
A boy that is whipped to
school never learns his lessons
well. A man that is compelled to
work, cares not how badly it is
performed.

A CHILD’S INFLUENCE.



AN English lady
resided, for a
few years after
becoming a
widow, with
her little son,
in one of the
chief cities of
Canada. The
child had been

carefully instructed
in the elements of
the Christian religion.
He was about
four years of age,
very lovely and
promising, and greatly
caressed by the fellow-
boarders. An elderly
gentleman in the family,
Mr. B., was exceedingly fond
of him, and invited him one day,
upon the removal of the cloth after
dinner, to remain upon his knee.
The ladies had retired, and free
conversation had ensued. The
gentleman alluded to, uttered expressions
which ever shock a pious
mind. “Well, Tommy,” said one
at the table, “what do you think of
Mr. B.?” The child hesitated for
a moment and then replied, “I
think he did not have a good
mother; for if he had, he would not
use such naughty words.” The
gentleman was a Scotchman:
home and a pious mother rose in
all its freshness so his mind. The

effect was overpowering; he rose from the table without speaking; retired; and was never afterward known to make use of similar expressions."

CARRYING BENEVOLENCE INTO TRADE.



ELL," said Major Henry, an affluent citizen of Auburn, to his amiable lady, one morning after his faultless cup of coffee, and his usual glance at the morning news, "Mary, we will for the present trade with young Williams & Co., in Walnut street. Please send the servants there."

"What! leave Simpson, & Co., where we have traded so long to our entire satisfaction? What can have occurred to offend you?"

"Nothing, my dear; they are truly honorable men, and politely attentive to their customers—"

"And so respectable, Major; such an old, well-established firm. Why, all the elite trade there." said Mrs. H., interrupting him.

"There is no reason in the world, Mary, why we should leave them, but that I have an object in bestowing our patronage elsewhere."

"Please explain yourself," said she, "for you are perfectly inexplicable at present."

"Well, my dear, Williams & Co., are worthy young men just established in business, and I suspect that the sweet breezes of popular favor do not blow that way any too strongly. Perhaps we can aid in giving proper direction to the current."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. H. with slight petulance; "they can take care of themselves, as other firms do. Surely, we are under no obligations to exchange old friends for strangers; you are capricious."

"We are not obliged, in the sense you use the term," said he. "Heaven is under no obligation to earth that calls for the bestowal of the daily and unceasing blessings ever vouchsafed.—But, Mary, listen to a chapter in my early history that will illustrate the question:

"My parents, you know, were in limited circumstances, and I commenced life dependent on my own exertions. I accepted clerkship at first, with a small salary. By conscientious devotion to business, this was gradually increased, until, with frugality, I was enabled to accumulate a sum that I thought would warrant commencing for myself. I opened a store in Pearl street, with a limited stock in trade, but with large hopes for the future. But customers did not throng my counters. Day after day I spent wistfully looking at the crowds that hurried by, yet scarcely deigning a passing look within. It was a new arrangement, and few cared to patronize the novelty. All had other places of trade.

"All this continued until trouble rose up before me. Rent, and payment for stocks yet on my shelves, were coming due. Visions of bankruptcy hovered before my eyes daily, and dreams of ruin and disgrace tortured me nightly. All the fruits of my past years of toil and self-denial would be consumed. I became so nervous that the entrance of a customer was painful instead of cheering. I could not meet my acquaintances with habitual cheerfulness, and their friendly inquiries concerning my

business were like daggers to my sensibility. I shall never lose the taste of that bitterness of feeling that swelled up from my full breast, with forced replies. But the crisis—the pay day came. Stock all on hand, but no cash. With little faith in success, but as drowning men catch at straws, I determined to state my case to a certain wealthy citizen, well known for his eccentric acts of benevolence, and requested a loan. I did so.

"Humph! I'll see about that; call again," was his only reply, and he resumed the reading that my entrance interrupted.

"I was already forgotten," thought I, as I departed in no very enviable state of mind.

"The next morning I received a note from a bank, stating that the cashier had been requested to notify me that \$2000 had been deposited to my credit there. I was saved, temporarily, at least, I well knew my benefactor. How intense my gratitude, how earnest my vow some day to prove it, it is vain to attempt to describe. I drew the amount, met my obligations punctually, and established an unlimited credit, which, by the way, I very sparingly used. Again I rejoiced in hopes. But I have yet to tell you of the greatest favor that worthy man conferred upon me.

"A few days after the grant of the timely loan, a carriage drew up to the store, and in the lady that alighted I recognized with joy the amiable wife of my benefactor. She made a large bill, and I argued well from it. I prided myself upon my taste in selecting goods, and had some exquisitely beautiful patterns. Mrs. Chedell, for that was the lady's name, your very good friend, Mary, was a fashionable example, even to the ton, in those days, and she

took particular pains to associate our name with her purchases. The consequence was, when my next pay day came, my cash account was in such a favorable state that I met my engagements easily: and henceforth the road to my present position was natural and easy. I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. C., under Providence for my fortune, I fully believe. In that day, when good and evil seemed so equally balanced, favor thrown into financial scale decided the question. Since that I have sympathized with young aspirants for the favors of trade, and extended, when I could, the helping hand. Now, my dear, am I capricious?"

The expressive countenance of his listener replied eloquently and well.

At that moment, Mr. Chedell himself entered the room and was warmly welcomed. But the reception he met could not remove from his countenance marks of trouble plainly perceptible there.

"Major Henry," said he with an effort, "I did you a favor once. Have you forgotten it?"

"Never! my dear sir!" said he, emphatically, and smiling confirmation to his word, while no trace of discontent at the remainder distracted from his sunny expression.

"Now I am in trouble," continued Mr. C.—"My son is seriously embarrassed by the state of the money market, and some heavy demands unexpectedly made upon him through the imprudence of a foreign agent. We cannot meet those drafts, and accommodation is denied us at the banks. Hence, I came to you."

"I am glad to have an opportunity of proving to you how grateful I am for that old favor," said the Major, proceeding to his desk for the purpose of complying with his request. He hastily attached

his signature to a blank check, which he requested Mr. C. to fill with the required amount.

"Come again," said the kind-hearted Major. "Come again; if this be insufficient, command my utmost means."

"How short-sighted," said Mr. C. feelingly, "in reference to their true interest, are those who neglect opportunities of doing good. I have never yet performed a trival act of kindness, in a judicious way, that did not eventually overwhelm me with returning benefits."

"Then you think all your benevolence good policy! and the disposition to do all the good you can, evidence of shrewdness rather than virtue, by you!" said the Major, jokingly.

Happy-hearted man. The rewards of virtue are many and great. The lowering clouds of care that of late hung so darkly over the spirits of the one, were suddenly dispelled by the sun-light of the other's gratitude.

The world is not all selfishness—the usury of kindness not always ingratitude.

Mrs. Henry was deeply affected by what she had seen and heard, and therefore she needed no persuasion to induce her to join her husband in his plans of charity and benevolence.

Nor will any who reads aright the moral of this tale, be slow to follow in the pleasant life-path to which it is a guide.

KATIE DEAR.

BY ISIDORE.

WHAT step is this so soft, so light?
Whose voice is this I plainly hear?

Whose hand is this I press so tight?

'T is that of Katie—Katie, dear.

thought I knew that cheerful smile,
Those eyes that beamed with childish love!

Their depths the sweetest heart would
guile,
Clear as the bluest heaven above.

Where didst thou hear those tones so soft,
So musical in every note?
I know—thou heardst the birds aloft,
And learnt each song of theirs by rote.

How com'st thou by that matchless grace,
Such dignity and ease combined;
Those earnest eyes, that pleasing face,
Those charms of person and of mind?

Hast thou been wandering with the fays,
'Midst lovely haunts where fairies rove?
And hast thou learnt their winning ways,
That all thy ways impart such love?

Speak, little darling of my heart,
And think that one lone friend is here:
Thou would'st not now from us depart,
For every one loves Katie dear.

Thy smile will greet me in the morn,
And make my heart both gay and light;
And when the hours of day are gone,
Thy presence will make all things bright.

And then I'll press thine hand to mine,
And list to music soft and clear,
The strains of which I can't define,
For 't is the voice of Katie dear.

THE LILY AND ROSE.



MELL me, ye
graceful daughters of the dark,
rough earth,
who gave to you your beautiful forms? for,
truly, by exquisite fingers
ye must have
been formed. What
little spirits ascended
from your unfolded blossoms? and
what delight did ye
feel, as the genii were
rocking themselves upon
your leaves?

Say to me, quiet
flowers, how did they
distribute amongst themselves
their joyous task, and beckon to
each other, whilst they so skillfully
spun, and variously adorned and
embroidered your delicate texture?

But ye are silent, happy children, and enjoy your existence. Well, then, the instructing fable shall relate to me that of which your mouth is silent.

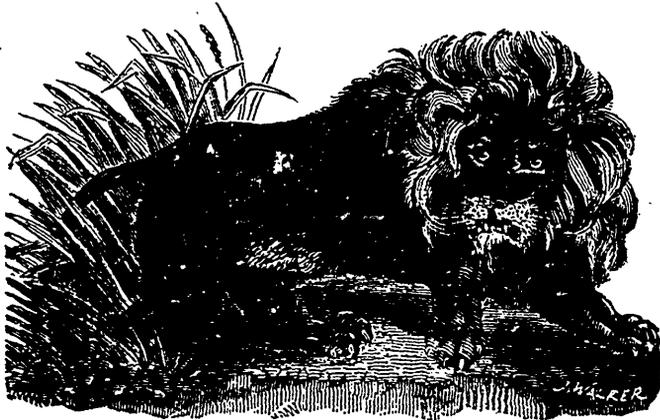
As once the earth stood a naked rock, behold a friendly band of nymphs bear down to it the virgin soil, and kind genii stood ready to deck the bare rock with flowers. Various they distributed among themselves the task. Soon, beneath the snow, and in the cold, short grass, began modest Humility, and wove the self-concealing violet. Hope stepped forth close after her, and filled with cooling fragrance the little cup of the refreshing hyacinth. Then came, since these succeeded so well, a proud glittering train, of many colored beauties.

The tulip raised its head; the narcissus looked around with languishing eye. Many other genii

and nymphs were busy in manifold ways, and adorned the earth, exulting in their beautiful forms. And lo! when a large part of their work, with its glory and their delight in it, had faded away, Venus spoke to the graces also:

“Why do ye tarry, ye sisters of gracefulness? Up, and weave from your charms, too, a mortal, visible flower.”

They descended to the earth, and Aglaia, the grace of innocence, formed the lily. Thalia and Euphrosyne wove with sisterly hand the flower of joy and love, the virgin rose. Many flowers of the field and garden envy each other. The lily and the rose envied none, and were envied of all. Sister-like, they bloom together upon the same field of Flora, and adorn each other; for sister graces have woven them conjointly. — *Translated from the German for the Home Journal.*



THE LION.

THE Lion is called the king of the forest, and allowed to have the supremacy over all the beasts that inhabit it. This is yielded to him rather on account of his great strength and courage, as he is superior in both to any other animal, than because he ac-

tually possesses those noble qualities of character which have been attributed to him by the eminent naturalist, Buffon, and by other writers who probably imagined so grand and imposing an exterior, must be accompanied by a generous and magnanimous nature. But

those who have observed this animal more intimately, know that it is only in confinement, when conscious that he is subject to a stronger power than his own, that he becomes docile and generous,—in his native wilds he exhibits the same deceitful and vindictive passions, and the same cat-like ferocity which distinguishes in a greater or less degree, the whole feline tribe.

The appearance of this lordly beast is very imposing owing to the long flowing mane which rises in the middle of his forehead, and extends backwards over the shoulders, descending on each side of his head and face. The length of the animal is about six feet from the nose to the tail; the tail itself is upwards of three feet ending in a tuft of blackish hair, and his height at the shoulders upwards of three feet. The general color of the fur is a tawny yellow, paler below the belly. The legs are thick, short, and very strong; the feet large and spreading: the claws are capable of being drawn back, and are not contained in sheaths like those of the cat, but in the hollows between the toes, which are provided by nature for their reception, by the particular articulation of the last joint.

The roar of the lion is said to be terrific in his wild state, especially when about to seize his prey, it is heightened into something resembling a frightful scream. It is produced by the animal laying his head upon the ground and uttering a half-stifled growl, by which means the sound is conveyed along the surface of the earth,—when heard by the beasts of the forest, it fills them with terror, and they start to their feet and run off in all directions; frequently in their fright rushing into the danger they seek to avoid. When in confinement, the lion has regular times of

roaring, probably to express his impatience of captivity, and it has been remarked that in the royal menagerie, London, those kept there, commence roaring about dawn, one of them takes the lead, and all the others join in succession. If any one fails to follow it is a sure sign of approaching sickness. Among the sculptured images disinterred by Mr. Layard in ancient Nineva, were gigantic lions, some of them represented with a human face, or outspread wings, which intimates that these animals were either the objects of worship in themselves to those people, or else regarded by them as the symbols of some superior being to whom they were sacred.

Though by nature treacherous and vindictive, yet there are many instances on record, in which the Lion has shown himself capable of grateful and generous emotions. We once read a singular anecdote of this animal, which happened in Mauritania, and was related to the writer by very creditable persons in that country. About the year 1651, two Christian slaves at Morocco made there escape, travelling by night, and hiding themselves in the tops of trees during the day, where safely sheltered, their Arab pursuers frequently passed without seeing them. One night when pressing on in their journey, they were much astonished and alarmed to see a great lion close behind them, who walked on when they walked, and stood still when they did. Thinking this a safe conduct sent them by Providence, they took courage, and travelled in the daytime accompanied by the lion. The horsemen who had been sent in pursuit, came up, and would have sized upon them, but the lion interposed, and they were suffered to pass on. Every day these poor fugitives met with some of the hu-

man race, who wanted to seize them, but the lion was their protector until they reached the sea-coast in safety, when he left them.

We can scarcely credit the disinterested kindness shown the poor fugitives by this generous lion, though it is given from a credible source, but we will relate one more anecdote, and could give many had we room, not quite as extraordinary, yet very honorable to the character of this powerful beast.—Mr. Felix; the keeper of the animals at Paris, in the year 1808, brought two lions, a male and female, to the Jardin des Plantes. About the beginning of the following June, he was taken ill, and was unable to attend the lions; another person therefore was under the necessity of performing this duty. The male, sad and solitary, remained from that moment constantly seated at the end of his cage, and refused to receive food from the stranger, whose presence was hateful to him, and whom he often menaced by roaring. Even the company of the female seemed to displease him, and he paid no attention to her. At length Felix recovered, and with the intention to surprise the lion, he crawled softly to the cage, and showed his face only, between the bars. The lion in a moment made a bound and leaped against the bars, patted him with his paws, licked his hands and face, and trembled with pleasure. The female also ran to him, but the lion drew her back and seemed angry, and a quarrel was about to take place; but Felix entered the cage to pacify them. He carressed them by turns, and was frequently afterwards seen between them. He had so great a command over these animals, that whenever he wished them to separate and retire to their cages, he had only to give the order. When

he had a desire that they should lie down and show strangers their paws or throats, on the least sign they would lie on their backs, hold up their paws one after the other, and open their throats.



LINES,

Written for the Temperance Demonstration of Howard Division, S. of T., held at Montreal on the 18th October,

BY J. T. D.

HAIL! ye Sons of Temperance, hail!
Welcome to our hearths and homes;

Once again we bid you hail!
As the usual season comes.

Clad in emblematic white,
True your colors to maintain,
In healthy Temperance standing bright,
We welcome to our ranks again.

Mean slaves of no tyrannic foe,
Our liberty we celebrate,
And yet again record the woe
We witness in our country's state.

A fell and greedy despot fiend
Has long usurped his awful sway
O'er those from innocence and temperance weaned,
And duped and led them far astray.

This Monster, armed with subtle wiles,
His millions has by these destroy'd;
And still beguiles them by his smiles,
With victims now to fill the void.

The men our country's votes have placed
In stations for our good designed,
The lines of right and wrong effaced,
Are to this evil proudly blind.

The Press, designed to back the Truth,
Has recreant to its trust been proved;
Reckless of public trust, forsooth!
By selfish motives only mov'd.:

Spurning the call which duty makes
On all who seek their country's weal,
The gilded bribe their averice wakes,
Offered by those who make and deal.

These cry, "Our nature is to drink;
Why hinder then our nature's bent?
Our Author's will is, as we think,
For this his creatures first were lent."

But vain, mistaken man is blind
To truths all nature loud proclaims,
That God is ever true and kind,
And works man's weal in all his aims.

The things man as his creatures names
Are man's own instruments of ill,
Adulterate both in facts and aims,
And like himself perverse in will.

The days of sophistry are past;
Stern facts are now our only trust;
Such paltry jargon cannot last,
But to our reason bow it must.

Your bright, well temper'd piercing
sword,
Of heavenly manufacture scen,
Has pierced the fenceless paper word,
And opened wide the rents between.

The *Herald* and *Gazette* may frown,
And dip their pens in gall and fire:
Our facts *their* sophistry disown,
And quench in Truth their useless ire.

Their syren song may lure the gay,
And dupe the thoughtless and the
proud;
But noble reason spurns their sway,
And speaks the warning voice aloud.

Each day new proofs of ruin wide,
O'er cur fair country sadly spread,
Increase the force of error's tide,
And swift to desolation lead.

With closed eyes the gods appear,
And still on champagne suppers bent,
To Reason's voice refuse an ear,
By mean fanatics only lent.

The men who still the Press supply
With matter, news or narrative:
Must to the glass betimes apply
By its poisoned sting to live.

With these intrenchments guarded well,
This Malakhoff to-day appears;
With pride and drink its features swell,
And yet its haughty head appears.

You who the day of feeble things have
seen,
Know well the importance it holds,
Also, the firm and persevering mien
Truth from its records still unfolds.

Our country 's firm, determined, bent,
To conquer in the siege or die;
The tyrant's mystery has rent, [fly.
Her children 's taught, they must not

Clad in our panoply divine,
Of pure and heaven-born faithful love,
Let us again in virtue shine,
And soon our certain victory prove.

The Malakhoff appears on high,
Impregnable and truly bold;
But our approaches now draw nigh,
And the assault will soon be told.

Where are the men to mount the breach?
Where all the staunch teetotalers?
where?

The parapets we now can reach,
And plant our glorious colors there.

Come on, ye valient sober Sons!
The Maine Law we must gain;
Despite the Russian jeers and puns,
Our rights and liberties obtain.

Our country suffers still the foe
His despot havoc yet to spread;
Her miseries fill our hearts with woe;
Her liberties our steps have sped.

We rally now the foe to meet;
Our chosen chiefs to battle cry,
Nor will we learn the word "retreat!"
But lift our banners to the sky.

May God our heart and conduct bless!
Equip us for the glorious strife;
And soon in love our foes caress,
Saved by our aims to endless life!

[Circumstances having prevented the author's attendance at the soiree, the above lines, although written expressly for the occasion, were not delivered, and are now for the first time published.—Ed. I. B.]

NOTICES.

THE YOUTH'S CASKET; an Illustrated Magazine for the Young.

THE November number of this interesting little magazine has been received. As usual, it contains most excellent reading for the young. We heartily recommend it to our readers.

The story of "The Little Peddler," to which the editor refers in "Our Chat,"

appeared in the June number of the *Life Boat*, accredited to the authoress; but it was not otherwise acknowledged, as we had forgotten the name of the paper from which it had been taken.

We have received from Messrs. Salter & Ross, Printers, Great St. James Street, copies of a beautiful wood engraving, representing "the Bank of Montreal, as it appeared on the night of the illumination (4th of October), commemorating the fall of Sebastopol." The engraving is executed by Mr. John Walker, and reflects him the highest credit. It is accompanied by a description of the celebration here, and general remarks on the siege and fall of Sebastopol. We would recommend it to our readers.

Price 7½d., or sent post free to any part of British North America, on receipt of 9d in postage stamps.

All orders [post paid] sent to this office, or that of the publishers, will be promptly attended to.

TEMPERANCE SONG,

*Composed for the St. Andrews Section,
No. 188, Cadets of Temperance.*

BY E. A. W.

COME all Cadets of Temperance,
And list to me a while,
For on the cause of temperance
Methinks I'll make you smile.

Perhaps about old Nic Brandy;
Perhaps old Madam Gin;
For they think they can quite handy
O'erthrow us, temperance men.

But if you'll join in brotherly love,
And all of you combine,
You may perhaps give them a shove,
And off them take the shine.

So come, my lads, you must all try
To conquer and defeat;
All liquor-sellers thus you'll try,
King Bacchus to unseat.

But to do this you must put on
The armour that will show
That you are temperate every one,
And to the battle go:

And then you must show them the right,
And you must let them know,
That stoutly you'll for temperance fight,
Till Bacchus is laid low.

So now, my lads, I'll say good night,
And to my dreams will go,
Still hoping you will onward fight,
And strike the fatal blow.

CHARADE.

I.

COMPLETE I'm a city—a seaport as well;
And many long furlongs to eastward I
dwell;

To me from all provinces merchants will
hie,

To barter their goods, to sell and to buy.
So much for my whole, but now curtail my
name,

And poetry I wing to the annals of fame;
Curtail me again, and my smooth wheed-
ling tongue

Well merits th' aversion that on it is flung.
Now, friends, I pray, can't you say what I
am?

You can't! then curtail me again, and you
can.

Montreal.

A. D.

ANSWERS.

To Charade, No. 1, in last number.

A pig is a quadruped
By farmer folks well fattened and fed:
An *i* is always seen in flight,
But in standing still takes great delight;
An *s* in the history you may scan.
Of every nation, every man;
The next to describe, O what shall I say,
You can find it tomorrow, or find it today.
The letter *o* is in home; so *l*, I can tell,
Is staying at present in Sorel.
And your whole is a *pistol*, that can
make a noise
That will scare all the girls and amuse
the boys.

C. F. FRASER.

Montreal, Oct. 24.

To Charade, No. 2.

An *u* is always seen in a run,
And *v* is exceedingly fond of fun
A *d* takes great delight in a ride,
And also prefers to stay inside.
The *e* and *r* are both seen together
By seamen in fair as well as foul weather,
Without a *rudder* the ship cannot go,
And its loss at sea causes the mariner
woe.

C. F. FRASER.

Montreal, Oct. 24.

To Enigmas—No. 1, Mary Stuart; No.
2, Rickmansworth.

To Puzzle—Four cats.

The answer sent by C. F. Fraser and
James Ross, Montreal, to Enigma, No. 1,
is correct.

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