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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1856.

No. 9.

Division Room, Hut, and Cottage.

BY T. W. B.



FEW movements which have occupied the attention of the world, can present history more intensely thrilling than the Temperance reformation. Its scenes have stirred every fountain in the human heart. The wildest flight of fiction is over-reached by the every day reality. Sometimes the full sunshine will follow the darkest shadows, and clothe the blackened waters with more than summer verdure.

It had been a bright day in the city of ***** The Temperance hosts had been there in their regalia, and with their music and banners.

We love to look upon a procession of good and true men, and so turned out of the ranks to await its passing upon a street corner. The heart always leaps to the sound of the footfall, as strong men march to the sound of the drum-beat!

As the long line wound away over the hill, the sound of the music coming in gentle swells, and the low sunbeams bathing in wondrous beauty the silken steamer of the Order, some one took my hand, and said:

“O, Mr.! I wish you would make my pa like those men!”

The speaker was a boy of ten summers, perhaps; clear-skinned, his eye deeply blue, his features even beautiful, and his long flaxen locks, like masses of twisted gold, resting upon his shoulders. It was a vision of beauty and health in dirt and rags. As we looked down upon his face upturned, like a transparent spring of water, large drops swan upon the lids, and there was a quivering of the finely chiseled lips, the whole appearance one of touching sadness.

“Don’t say you can’t he again pleaded, as he continued to look us in the eye, and tightened his hold upon our hand, “I know you can. Won’t you let my pa wear this?” and he took hesitatingly hold of the regalia we held in our hand.

“Do you want your pa to wear such as this?” we asked him.

"O yes sir, so much — you dont know how much!"

"Why, my little man, do you want him to wear it?"

"Cause them that wear 'em never drink whisky."

"Does your pa drink whisky?"

"Yes, sir,—some times."

The tear grew larger and brighter on the boy's lid, and he watched his dirty foot, as he kicked his toes into the soil.

"Does your pa ever strike you when he has been drinking?"

"Yes, sir—sometimes," and the full tear swam over the lid, and fell upon my hand. It glowed hotly there like a molten drop, and sent a fire through my veins.

"Have you got a mother?"

"O, yes, sir — *she* never strikes me!"

No, no, we thought, through all the bitter desolations of the rum scourge, the mother clings to her child idols. Taking the boy's hand, we followed him to his home.

What a home for childhood! It was one of the poorest class of Irish huts, no windows, an old quilt for a door, and no floor but the hard beaten ground. The hogs were rooting lazily in front, one basking in the sun at the very entrance. To the knock upon the loose board, a mild voice answered, "Come in."

The woman looked up with evident astonishment and mortification, and with more of grace than is usually found in such tenements, handed us the only chair in the room, and that backless, and nearly bottomless. Though embarrassed, her manners had something that told of a better day and position. But the garb and the features told their story of wrong. We have seen many a sad face in our day but few more so than that of the Irish mother. We apologized for

our visit, by saying that her boy had urged us home with him.

"And a poor home ye have found it, sir!" she answered, with a sigh. "It was not so once, indeed it was not," and she bowed her head convulsively over the neck of her boy.

"Don't cry ma, any more; this man's come home with me to make pa stop drinking whisky! O, *won't* that be good, ma?" and he wound his arms around her neck.

"O! little's the hope o' that Michael! And sure it is, I have prayed this many a year for that day."

"But mother! he's going to wear such as this, [pulling my regalia from my hat] and march with lots of 'em, and wont *never—never* drink any more. See, mother!"

The woman looked vacantly at the emblem, and motioned for him to put the regalia back in the hat. As her reserve wore off, she, in answer to our inquiries, told the story of her wrongs. She was born in a home of fair means in Ireland, married with high hopes, and for the first few years of wedded life was happy. After coming to this country, her husband took to drinking, since that time, she had seen a "world of sorrow."

"Many and many is the day when me boy and meself are cold and hungry in the winter times. But it's the whisky that does it—its not Michael, himself, at all, at all."

While we were conversing, the husband came in. He was intoxicated, sullen, and bent a glowering expression upon us from under his matted hair. To our frank salutation, he barely growled an answer, throwing himself heavily upon the bed, and calling for whisky.

We will not take time to detail our two hour's struggle to reach

that man's heart, and win his confidence. Round and round we went, but to meet with a surly rebuff every time we approach him. He even told us to mind our own affairs, and not be troubling honest people.

Providence often works by slight instrumentalities. It all at once entered our mind that associations connected with our native land are strong and undying in every race. We remembered the history of a sick regiment in Quebec, cured by the bag-pipes, strong men dancing in spite of themselves, as they were stirred by the horn pipes of old Caledonia. We hesitatingly commenced humming an Irish melody, hope kindling up in our heart, and we saw the drunken man beating time with his foot, finally striking in and singing in a touching tone the familiar air. We had found an avenue to the man's heart, and we pursued our advantage. We talked of Ireland — of the sorrows of her poor when they begged for corn, and laid down to die without coffin, shroud or grave.

"Yes!" said he, tears coming in his eyes, "and yer agle come from over the say, and dropped bread from his beak to feed the starving ones."

At last, we ventured to present the subject nearest our thoughts. For a moment he was sullen again, but we followed up the advantage. To the objection that he had neither clothes or money, we replied that he could work for us at some future time. By this ruse, we secured his consent to let us propose him to the Division.

By a special dispensation, Michael — was proposed and initiated. Hardly yet sober, and excited by the step he was taking, he could scarcely stand, and clung to me like a frightened child.

"And will ye *blind* me?" he whispered in my ear as I went out to escort him from the ante-room.

He was initiated. He gave the responses with an energy and earnestness which thrilled all present.

"*Salute your brother!*" said MILLS, and a hundred hands were extended for the greeting, a heart in every one. We stood a little back, and looked upon the eloquent scenes with a full heart — the feelings swelled a moment, and then ran over in a flood of joy upon the cheek. Michael — was weeping and saying, "God bless ye!" as fast he could between his sobs, the tears raining unchecked from his cheeks.

"Where is Mr. Brown — sure he has a hand to give me now!" he inquired, half sadly.

"Here, my brother, ready to shake your hand, if there is any left, Michael —."

"God be praised, Michael — has hand enough for the likes of ye, to the end of the world!" and he turned, taking my extended hand in both of his, and bowing and covering it over and over with kisses, and fast-dropping tears, and sobbing prayers.

"My God — my God! I did not know that I had a friend in America. O, what a change is this! And Michael — will be once more a man!"

Near a hundred men were weeping like children over the lost MAN found. All business was suspended, and the spirit moved upon all. Michael was called upon to say something, and got up. Silently, first with one hand then with the other, wiped the tears from his eyes. Not a word could he say, and around the room tears might have been heard falling, it seemed to us, so deep was the stillness.

"*Let me go home. Mary must*

know of this!" at last burst from his swelling heart, and he rushed for the door.

Angels might have wept for joy over the scene in that rude hut, when Michael again entered it. It was one never to be forgotten.

A cup of oil, with a rag in it, was the lamp, which burned dimly, and Mrs. — sitting before the broken stove, her head bowed in her hands. She started as if from slumber, as we entered, and not without surprise, for several of the brotherhood followed from the Division Room to the hut.

Michael stood a full minute, looking upon his wife, as if at an utter loss what to say. Slowly a light kindled in his eye, and his lips parted with a smile, sad but sweet, and he said :

"*Mary!*"

The tones were scarcely above a whisper, but they were thrillingly distinct and richly tremulous with suppressed emotion. The wife started as she heard his voice, and bent her gaze wonderingly upon her husband's face, and then inquiringly upon those standing around him. Nought was heard but the deep breathing of the boy upon his cot of rags. "*Mary!*"

The tones now throbbed with emotion—they were joyous, half exultant.

"Look at me now, Mary! I'm SOBER! Look me in the eye, and bless our Holy Mother, that I tell ye true. O, believe me now, Mary!" and he locked his hands convulsively, and looked beseechingly into the changing face of the half-doubting wife.

"*Mary!*"

There was agony now in the ringing appeal, for the tide of joy was ebbing back, as if repulsed.

"As ye hope for mercy, believe me, I'm Michael—now, and a drunkard no longer."

"Mother of Christ! could I believe this real, my poor heart would break with joy!"

She stood with her hand hard pressed upon her brow, the blood crimsoning her neck and face, and again leaving her pale as death.—Half-awakened hope trembled in tones as she again raised her head and looked her husband in the eye.

"I tell ye, Mary," he almost shouted in his agony, "it is as true as God is true—Michael—is a MAN to-night. No more whiskey here! Do you hear that? You shall be happy again, Mary, I swear it. Look, Mary, and believe! I am a Son of Temperance, and have a hundred brothers to stand by me," and he flung the white regalia, with its emblem of "red white and blue," over his shoulders and lifted his form proudly to its full height.

That emblem, the tones of his voice, his changed apparel, the fast falling tears, had the eloquence of truth, to the long despairing wife, and she trembled from head to foot. And then the heart gave way, and in voice and tears the flood of happiness burst forth. With a wild, startling shout of joy, she flung herself upon his neck, and sobbed as though her heart would burst its walls.

"O, Michael, Michael! my own noble Michael! This joy is more than I can bear. It is too much happiness after so much of sorrow—indeed it is. I am happier now than the day we wed." Lifting her face from his neck, and proudly tossing her hair over her shoulders, she stood a moment as if to realize that it was not all a dream, and again fell upon his neck and wept. There were other weepers, looking upon the scene through their tears.

"Where is Michael?" inquired the reformed man, as he now thought of his boy. Then stealing to the place where he lay, he knelt down, and in silence hung over him for a moment, and then shouted, "Michael!"

The boy started at the sound of that voice as though it had been the hiss of a serpent.

"Don't be afraid, Michael, it's your father, my poor, injured boy; you won't hate me now, will you?—Your pa is sober, and will never drink any more. Do you hear that, Michael?"

It was touching to hear the kneeling parent, pleading with his child for the love that he feared rum had banished. Michael instinctively gathered from the tone and manner that his father was not drunk. Seeing the regalia upon his father's neck, he caught the rosette and kissed it. Then winding his arms trustingly around the parent's neck, he said:

"O, my own, good pa, I'm so glad you got that on. Now you'll love ma and I, I know you will, and when I want bread, you won't scold, and—and—"

"Strike you? No, no, never," and the humbled parent covered the child with his repentant kisses.

Then springing into the middle of the room, he shouted,

"Michael—is a man again!—Hear that, Mary?" and then his eye fell upon her tattered garb, and wandered around the miserable room, his head falling with shame!

"But this shall not be long. We'll have bread to eat, and clothes to wear, for Michael—is a Son of Temperance, and will never drink rum again." With many tears and mutual God bless you, we left the reformed man for the night, prouder than ever of the cause which went hunting among

the graves of manhood, for the angels which are ever watching there.

Three years had passed since the incidents we have detailed, and we were again called to the city of—. The Temperance hosts had again gathered in their strength, to commemorate the anniversary of our National Independence. As we stood upon the crossing with a friend, a well-dressed and handsome youth came and stood near, frequently eyeing us with more than ordinary interest. With a manner frank and yet modest, he at last advanced and tendered his hand, accompanied with the usual salutation.

"Perhaps you do not know me," he spoke half sadly. "Don't you remember three years ago?"

"Certainly I do—it was the meeting of the Grand Division."

"Yes, and don't you remember me?"

"I do not; were you here?"

"Don't you remember me!" and his countenance fell under our gaze.—"Don't you remember Michael—the boy that wanted you to make his pa stop drinking?" and he looked eagerly in our face.

"I do," we answered, for the incidents of the night in the drunkard's home came back clear and distinct to our mind.

"And are you Michael—?"

"Yes, sir, and I'm glad to see you."

"Are your father and mother living?"

"Yes, sir. They talk about you every day, and mother prays for you every night."

"Does your father drink now?"

"O, no, sir! he never has since you were to our house."

To our wish to go and see his parents, he eagerly assented, and we passed into the suburbs. It was our turn to be astonished,

when the boy stopped before a neat cottage, with veranda and blinds, and a yard filled with joice shrubbery. As the door opened, however, we were more surprised. A well dressed lady met us with a grace and cordiality known only to good breeding.

She had not forgotten us, and with whispered blessings covered our reluctant hand with kisses. All seemed like a dream—the work of enchantment. The old board shanty had vanished, and around us were evidences of elegance and comfort. A cane-bottomed chair was presented, instead of the stool of three years before. And the woman—what a change in her! The eye was filled with the light of happiness; there was bloom on the cheek, and elasticity in the step. The boy was not satisfied until he had dragged from the parlour a heavy hair-seat rocking chair, and placed it before us.

“There, sit in that! Ma says we owe it all to you.”

And then the books were brought, and new clothes exhibited, and school achievements told in eager and excited tones.

“We have short-cake every day, now, Mr. Brown, for pa is always sober, and we take—O! so much comfort. I’m at the head of my class in school, and they don’t call a ‘little stinking paddy’ any more!”

O, the transforming magic of Temperance. We were standing in the midst of our trophies, with a swelling heart. Here was a home paradise, blooming like a vineyard upon the scoria which the volcano of three years before had poured out to wither and blast. The boy went out and soon returned with his father in company. As he entered, he sprang forward with a cry of joy, grasped the extended hand and sobbed,

“My Saviour!”

“In the hand of God only!” we answered, and prevented him from kneeling where he stood.

“O,” said he, “I have longed for this day, that I might show you the work of your hands. And so has Mary. We’re happy, now, very happy, and God has blessed the labor of my hands. Here, look, in the crib is an angel heaven has lent us since you were here, and we have given him your own name—sure it will never harm him, but make him a Son of Temperance. We shall teach him to love you, indeed we shall.”

“Yes,” chimed in the boy, pa loves you. Ma says she never cries any more only when she is happy. She says she loves pa as well as she ever did, and loves you most as well as she does pa.”

We all smiled in the midst of our tears—we were all happy. A brighter afternoon and evening than we there spent, is not anchored in the past. Not until a late hour did we turn away to move homeward. The stars were bright, and we looked upward through tears to the Great Worthy Patriarch above, and out over the world with a deeper and holier faith in humanity. In that one chapter of the reform, we had seen enough to reward us for all past effort, and to nerve us for those of the future. The two pictures come often before us—the wretched hut, with its rags, hunger and heart-desolation; the cottage, with all the comforts of life, a sober husband and happy family.—And as we remember them, we battle on more cheerily for the day when the plague shall be banished from all homes.

THE poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep thou in innocence.

Thoughts for Thinkers.

PERSONS become drunkards *thoughtlessly*. By degrees they fall into habits against which their whole souls would revolt, if they could foresee themselves as they at length appear. They see other bloated human beings around them, but do not seem to realize, when on the same high road, that they themselves may become just such specimens of soiled and battered humanity. They do not heed the warnings which speak in tones not to be mistaken by all around them. To tipplers and moderate drinkers we put the following pertinent inquiries, from the *Organ & Advocate*:—

1. Did you ever know a man any better prepared for any grave and important undertaking for having consulted his decanter?

2. Is your hand truer or your eye steadier for the extra glass?

3. Would you prefer to have a surgeon perform for you, or any member of your family, a critical operation, when everything depended upon a firm hand and a cool head, *before* or *after* he had swallowed his dram?

4. Are you better prepared to settle a conflicting account with your neighbor, after each of you have paid your *devoirs* to *Bacchus*?

5. Can you meet and surmount the constant irritations of the household, as well after as before drinking?

6. When you seriously reflect upon the whole matter, does not every high and noble principle of your nature *disapprove* of the course you are pursuing?

7. Would you not be a happier man—would not your wife be a happier woman—would not your whole household be all the better, if you should adopt as your motto of

action, "*Touch not, taste not, handle not?*"

Now there needs no argument in this matter but the argument of an enlightened mind, a clear conscience, and a true heart. Will you not respect your manhood, your family, your hopes of hereafter, and think seriously of this thing, and act like a true man, and faithful husband, and kind father in the premises?

The Veiled Picture.



STORY is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. And the question which of the two should possess himself of the prize so eagerly coveted by both, having come finally to the one that could paint the best. So each strove for the maiden with the highest skill his genius could command. One painted a *picture of fruit*, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, *and it was veiled*.

"Take the veil from your painting," said the old man.

"I leave that to you," said the young artist with simplicity.

The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment, when as he attempted to take off the veil he found the *veil itself to be a picture!* We need

not say, who was the lucky lover; for if the artist who deceived the birds by skill in painting fruits manifested great powers of art, he who could so veil his canvas with his pencil as to deceive a skilful master, was surely the greatest artist.

A Learned Turner.

YIN our obituary, we announce the death of John Nicoll, turner, the oldest member of his craft, having come from Monymusk, and settled in this city, some forty years ago. Deceased brother of the late Mr. Lewis Nicoll, Advocate, Aberdeen, and of the late Dr. Alexander Nicoll, Professor of Oriental Languages, Christ Church College, Oxford, of whom a biographical notice is given in Chamber's Biography of Eminent Men—one of the best linguists of his day, who died in essaying the herculean task of framing a catalogue of the Bodleian Library, which contains books in all languages. Like his classical brother, John had a penchant for the languages; and in the evening of his life, contrived to pick up from books—many of them very old editions—a grammatical knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic. But his knowledge of the sciences, particularly the mechanical, was more profound; and he had also read extensively in civil and ecclesiastical history. He was truthful, honest, and upright in all his dealing, and of a frank, affable and obliging disposition; and was much respected by a large circle of acquaintances. Being somewhat diffident, he would give when asked the soundest opinion rather by way of suggestion than in a direct, outspoken manner; but in ecclesiastical matters his tone was more decided and firm, and being a staunch

Episcopalian, was ever ready to defend the tenets of his Church; and from his familiarity with the arguments on both sides, as well as his intimate knowledge of Church history, generally came off victorious in any religious discussion into which he might be dragged by a Presbyterian or Roman Catholic friend. His death was sudden, and of a very painful nature—being caused by suffocation, by a piece of meat sticking in his œsophagus. The writer called at his little chamber a few evenings since, and found the worthy old man poring over a passage in his Greek New Testament. Next evening that chamber was the abode of death—his studies all ended—his books, of which he was so fond, huddled carelessly into a corner—and the venerable student himself, stretched upon his table, a cold, inanimate mass of clay.—A. N.—*Aberdeen Journal*.

BACKBITING.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the following rules, which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters.

1st. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.

2d. To believe nothing of the kind until I am substantially forced to it.

3d. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.

4th. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.

5th. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Rev. Charles Si-meon*.

A PRACTICAL GOOD.—A Sunday school is an easy, cheap and un-mixed good.



MOUNT SINAI



SINAI, once consecrated by the presence of the Most High, stands prominent among the sacred mountains, and is associated with the earliest and most hallowed records of Holy Writ. It was on the awful summit of that mount that Jehovah proclaimed his majesty, amidst "thick clouds," that hid his presence from the trembling and awe-stricken multitude below; and there he delivered to Moses, the great Hebrew law-giver, those imperishable commandments, which were a guide to the Jewish nation, in all their wanderings, and which are fulfilled and perpetuated under the christian dispensation.

Mount Sinai rises in Arabia, not far from the borders of the Red Sea, in about 28° North latitude; it is a bold and lofty mountain, bearing

little vegetation, and its black and rugged brow, appears as if scathed with lightnings. Mystery and awe still rest upon it, and the superstition of monks and ascetics, have for ages made it a resort for devotional purposes, for pilgrimages and solitary dwelling places. Its rugged sides are still sought by the devout traveller, and shrines, and chapels are scattered on them, and monastic dwellings for various religious orders.

The following interesting account of a visit to this remarkable mountain is given by a distinguished traveller, whose graphic description cannot fail to interest the reader.

"At the foot of the pass which leads up to the sacred shrine beneath the awful mount, from whose summit, Jehovah proclaimed his law to the trembling hosts of Israel," says Dr. Robinson, "we commenced the slow and toilsome ascent along the narrow defile, about south by east, between blackened and shattered cliffs of granite, some eight hundred feet high, and not more than two hundred and fifty yards apart, which

every moment threatened to send down their ruins on our heads, nor is this at all times an empty threat; for the whole pass is filled with large stones and rocks, the *dibris* of these cliffs. The bottom is a deep and narrow watercourse, where the wintry torrent sweeps down with fearful violence. A path has been made for camels, along the shelving rocks, partly by removing the topmost blocks, sometimes in the manner of a Swiss mountain-road."

After toiling in the ascent for nearly two hours, he continues. "Here the interior and lofty peaks of the great circle of Sinai began to open upon us, black, rugged, desolate summits, and as we advanced, the dark and frowning front of Sinai itself, (the present Horeb of the monks,) began to appear. We were gradually ascending, and the valley gradually opening; but as yet all was a naked desert. Afterwards, a few shrubs were sprinkled round about, and a small encampment of black tents was seen on our right, with camels and goats browsing, and a few donkeys belonging to the convent. The scenery through which we now passed reminded me strongly of the mountains around the Mer de Glace in Switzerland. I had never seen a spot more wild and desolate.

"As we advanced, the valley still opened wider, with a gentle ascent, and became full of shrubs and tufts of herbs, shut in on each side by lofty granite ridges, and rugged, shattered peaks, a thousand feet high, while the face of Horeb rose directly before us. Reaching the top of the ascent, or water-shed, a fine broad plain lay before us, sloping down gently towards the south-east, enclosed by rugged and venerable mountains of dark grauite, stern, naked, splinter-

ed peaks and ridges of indescribable grandeur, and terminated, at a distance of more than a mile, by the bold and awful front of Horeb, rising perpendicularly in frowning majesty, from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in height. It was a scene of solemn grandeur, wholly unexpected, and such as we had never seen; and the associations which at that moment rushed upon our minds were almost overwhelming."

Ascending the summit of Horeb, he continues. "Our conviction was strengthened that here, or on some of the adjacent cliffs was the spot where the Lord "descended in fire" and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled, here was the mountain that could be approached, if not forbidden; and here the mountain brow, where alone the lightning and the thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trumpet be heard, where the Lord "came down in the sight of all the people upon mount Sinai." We gave ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene; and read with a feeling that will never be forgotten, the sublime account of the transactions, and the commandments there promulgated, in the original words, as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator."

Stick to One Thing.

I HAVE found a gold mine, said an old man to his sons, "a gold mine at our doors, a gold mine richer than California." "Where is it?" they asked, eagerly. "It is in these four words," he answered; "stick to one thing."

The old man was right. More persons are ruined by despairing too soon in business, and changing to something else, than by almost

any other error in life. One of the first essentials for success in any pursuit is to have a perfect understanding of it. Every year, nay, every day, adds to one's capacity in this respect, so that, all things else being equal, he who has been longest at a business is sure to have the advantage over his rivals. A good carpenter would make but a sorry mechanic, and a first-rate farmer but an indifferent mechanic. The difference between the old merchant and the young beginner is less in intellectual capacity than in any superior experience.—The grey-headed lawyer excels the new-fledged student in many things, it is true, but principally in the store of well digested cases at his command. Wellington won Waterloo in a great measure, because he had served an apprenticeship in fighting the French, for seven years, in the Peninsula. To be changing one's calling frequently is always to be learning a new alphabet. Keep to one language. Stick to one thing.

If there is such an affair as luck, perseverance is sure to win at last, for the chances cannot forever run against a man. Backgammon players know that it is impossible to throw double aces all the time. Fortune tires of persecuting those who bear up bravely against her assaults. Washington, when he discovered the superior discipline of the royal troops, determined to carry on the war with the spade—that is, to act entirely on the defensive until his soldiers could be trained to manœuvre in face of the enemy without falling into disorder; and to this resolution—to which he adhered for years, in spite of the clamors of the factious, and even of the advice of congress we probably owe our independence. He chose the Fabian line of policy as best suited to his condition, and

by steadily following it, triumphed at last. Like him, select your line of policy and keep to it. Stick to one thing.

In all ages and countries the idle weaver has been considered a traitor or a fool. That one "cannot carry water on both shoulders" has passed into a proverb. Needless to change friends, party or religion is to lose the confidence of one's fellow men. "Be sure you are right," as Crocket said, "then go ahead." Or, as we have phrased it—"stick to one thing."

Things that Change.

BY MRS. HERMANS.

Knowest thou that seas are sweeping
Where cities once have been?
When the calm wave is sleeping,
Their towers may yet be seen;
Far down below the glassy tide
Man's dwellings where his voice hath died.

Knowest thou that flocks are feeding
Above the tombs of old,
Which kings, their armies leading,
Have lingered to behold?
A short smooth green sward o'er them
spread
Is all that marks where heroes bled.

Knowest thou that now the token
Of temples once renowned,
Is but a pillar, broken,
With glass and wall-flowers crowned?
And the lone serpent rears her young
Where the triumphant lyre hath sung?

Well, well I know the story
Of ages past away,
The mournful wrecks that glory
Has left to dull decay,
But thou hast yet a tale to learn
More full of warnings sad and stern.

They pensive eye but ranges
O'er ruined fane and hall,
Oh! the deep soul has changes
More sorrowful than all.
Talk not, while these before thee throng
Of silence in the place of song.

See scorn—where love have perished;
Distrust—where friendship grew;
Pride—where nature cherished
All sober thoughts and true!
And shadows of oblivion thrown
O'er every trace of idols gone.

Weep not for tombs far scattered,

For temples prostrate laid—
In thine own heart lie shattered

The alters it had made.
Go, sound its depths in doubt and fear!
Heap up no more its treasures here.

False Pride.

AWAY with it! This evil has engendered mischief; we sympathize deeply with that honest, noble, lofty sentiment, which raises a person as far above a low, mean action, as the heavens are above the earth; but we detest *false pride* in all its workings. It is widely diffused, and the only *v*ote is to rise against it, with a strong and earnest purpose.

What a selfish, base, ignoble thing it is!—It laughs at the young gentleman who has sufficient independence to wear an old suit till he can afford a better one; who dares carry a bundle in broad daylight, if need be, and is not too dignified to work. It leads many a youth along the downward road, silencing the convictions of reason, and the solemn, earnest whispers of conscience.

It impels a proud woman to deny herself the actual comforts of life, to make a display in the street; to pinch the resources of the kitchen, in order to keep up appearances in the parlour.

It drives the bankrupt to theft and forgery, that he may avoid staining his white hands in earning his daily bread.

Go into the alms-house and the prison cells.—What a proportion of their inmates could trace their woes to false pride! O, it is not only vain and foolish, but sinful to indulge in it. Do not fear to do right in the face of the world, and never be too proud to gain your living by honest toil.—*New York Ledger.*

Mercy of the Rum-Seller.



POOOR, sick woman sent her husband for some medicine. That the errand might the more surely be performed, she called her son, a young lad, and said, "Here, Jemmy, you go with your father, and, now, do hasten back, for I am in great pain."

They started, and walked some distance to a grocery. While there, an old companion meeting them, said to the man, "Let's take something to drink." "No," said Jimmy, "we had better go home, father; mother is waiting." "What, boy," said the rumseller, sneeringly, "do you teach your father when to drink?" They took a glass, and, very soon, another, Jemmy, all the time, urging him to go home, but without avail. Glass followed after glass until twelve o'clock, when the shop was closed, and they started for home, first taking care, however, to have his jug filled. The night was as cold and unrelenting as the rumseller's heart. The wind moaned through the boughs of the leafless trees, as if conscious of the fearful scene about to be enacted. Hour after hour the sick wife anxiously awaited their return, but they came not.—Morning dawned, but still no husband and son made their appearance. Finally, she sent for a neighbor, who went in search of them.

About a mile from the house, he found the man, lying upon the ground, a stiffened corps, his jug by his side. Near by, stood Jimmy, his elbows resting upon the fence, and his head upon his hand; the tears which flowed from his now glazed eyes, were congealed to ice upon his cheeks; he, too, was a frozen corpse.

Who will say the rum-seller should not bear the guilt? And, yet, he pleads his license!

The Court of Appeals, and a' That.

A NEW VINE THROUGH AN OLD TRELIS.

Composed for the Anniversary of the American Temperance Union, at the Academy of Music, May 8th.

Who sighs, and thinks the day is lost?
Who bangs his head and a' that?
We've lost a day as many may
Who win the strife for a' that.
But though we lost and a' that,
We plucked a plume for a' that—
The law is but the guinea's stamp,
The right's the gold for a' that.

What tho' the wrong reigns over a'
And drinks her wine and a' that,
The RIGHT shall wear a crown of LAW,
And put an end to a' that,
If honest men and a' that—
Not merely men they ca' that—
Begin again for honest laws,
They'll win again for a' that.

Ye see yon cannies ca'd a court,
Who split a hair and a' that;
They have their "saws" of every sort,
But we have more than a' that.
For their decrees, and a' that,
Their gowns and wigs and a' that,
The men of independent mind
Will have the law for a' that.

The Law l—'twas never in the choice
Of men in wigs and a' that!
The Law's the people's heart and voice,
And courts are less than a' that!
For a' that and a' that!
Their dignities and a' that,
The people's sense, the people's will,
Is higher law than a' that.

Then let us pray that come what may,
As come it will for a' that;
That Right and Law—the bonnie twa—
May bear the palm for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that;
We've got the Right, and Right is Might,
And Might is law for a' that.

An Enigmatical Account.

BILL of which the following is a copy, was lately presented to a reverend gentleman officiating in a rural district, who was indebted to the writer for a wheelbarrow:

Rev. ———	Dr. to Wm. ———	s. d.
To a wooden barrow and a wood'n		
do.....		4 6
To a wooden barrow and a wood		
do.....		4 6
		4 6

As the gentleman had only incurred a debt for one barrow, he was surprised to find himself apparently debited in the bill for 4, and his puzzle was rather increased than diminished by the total being only equal to a single item. Upon inquiry, however, it turned out that the account was a kind of specimen of rustic phonography, which translated, meant that the writer had made a wooden barrow which wouldn't do, and a second which did do, and which alone he had charged for—*Bath Journal*.

"Take a Little Something."

IN a country village, in the Hosiery State, not many miles from the banks of the Ohio, lives Judge B——, an eccentric character, who is ever ready to accommodate himself or others, as occasion may offer. Being invited by a party of friends, whom he chanced to meet while passing a grocery, (one of those establishments peculiar to small towns, where "tar, treacle, and testaments," and other creature comforts, are sold by the small,) to stop and take a "little something" for his stomach's sake, he readily consented; and although the variety of liquors was by no means as extensive as may be found in our most fashionable resorts of our great metropolis, yet the freedom of choice was as readily granted; and the question was proposed,

"Judge B——, what will you take?"

The Judge, after carefully surveying the stock in trade for a few minutes replied.

"I believe I will take a mac-

kerel;" which receiving, he politely wished his friends a pleasant time over their "red-eye," and retired. He wasn't asked to take anything after that.—*Philadelphia Courier.*

"For Mother's Sake"

A father and his little son
On wintry waves were sailing;
Fast, from their way, the light of day
In cloud and gloom was failing;
And fiercely round their lonely bark
The stormy winds were wailing.

They knew that peril hovered near;
Then prayed, "O heaven! deliver;"
But a wilder blast came howling past,
And soon, with sob and shiver,
They struggled in the icy grasp
Of that dark, rushing river.

"Clink fast to me, my darling child,"
An anguished voice was crying;
While, silvery clear, o'er tempest drear,
Rose softer tones, replying,
"Oh, mind not me, my father dear—
I'm not afraid of dying.

"Oh, mind not me, but save yourself,
For mother's sake dear father;
Leave me, and hasten to the shore,
Or who will comfort mother?"

The angel forms that ever wait,
Unseen, on man attendant,
Flew up, o'erjoyed, to heaven's bright gate,
And there, on page resplendent,
High over those of heroes bold,
And martyrs famed in story,
They wrote the name of that brave boy,
And wreathed it round with glory.

"God bless the child!"—ay, he *did* bless
That noble self-denial,
And safely bore him to the shore,
Through tempest, toil, and trial.
Soon, in their bright and tranquil home,
Son, sire, and that dear mother
For whose sweet sake so much was done,
In rapture met each other.

* The incident commemorated in the above lines, appeared in a country newspaper some time since, and was there related as a fact.

Satan a Fisherman.

I WAS sometime since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and re-passing, the master was uttering

tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said:

"Sir, I am acquainted with your business. What kind of fish are these?"

"They are cod-fish," replied he.

"How long are you usually out, in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," he answered.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you had hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

"With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams too?"

"Oh no," said he, "they will not bite at clams."

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"

"Yes."

"Well, now did you ever catch a fish without bait?"

"Yes," said he, "I was out last year, and one day when I was a fixin' my line, the bare hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best, but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn; and after a pause as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him—

"I guess that's a minister.—*People's Organ.*

An Expensive Glass of Brandy.


ENOCH was so unfortunate as to have an idle and dissolute father. He smoked, and drank, and swore, and sometimes abused his mother and himself sadly.

Enoch soon began to smoke, and swear too, on his own account, and at last took to drinking. His father was a pilot, and Enoch used to go down into the bay with him and participate in the drinking parties which frequently assembled on board the different boats.

As he grew up and became acquainted with the harbor, his father would often trust him to bring up the vessels which had come in from sea, entrusted to his charge. In this manner he became accustomed to, and well acquainted with his business, and had it not been for strong drink, he would have grown up a successful and an honored man. But one night, when the moon was shining brightly, and the water was unusually still, he was piloting a steamboat in from some eastern port. With other boat hands and passengers, he had been indulging very freely in his favorite beverage, and just before he took his station at the wheel, he thought he would drink just one glass more, which would be enough to last him till he brought the boat up to her wharf. It proved one glass too many. It made the lights, the boat and the wheel play all manner of pranks; and just as day was dawning, while the sea was smooth as a mirror, he let the boat run with a tremendous shock upon a reef of rocks. It was so still that the passengers were all saved alive, but the boat sunk up to her deck, and it cost *thirty thou-*

sand dollars to raise and repair her. Of course Enoch had no excuse to offer for such culpable neglect, and blundering carelessness. Everybody said he must have been drunk or asleep, and he was at once discharged from employment, with a warning never to enter another wheel-house, until he could keep steady and sober enough to appreciate the responsibility of his situation. It is thus, that our sins always find us out, and disgrace us at the same time that they ruin others. Let all my young friends beware of the first wrong deed, and they will not have occasion bitterly to lament the last.

An Ancient Pledge.

 **I**N the blank leaf of an old English Bible which has been handed down from parent to child through successive generations, and appears at the time to have been the property of Robert Bolton, Bachelor of Divinity, and preacher of God's word, at Broughton, in Northamptonshire, is written the following pledge:—

"From this day forward to the end of my life, I will never pledge anye health, nor drink a whole carouse in a glass, cupp, bowle, or other drinking instrument whatever, wheresoever it be, from whomsoever it come, except the necessity of nature doe require it. Not my own gracious kinge, nor anye the greatest monarch or tyrant on earth, not my dearest friende, nor all the goulde in the worlde, shall ever enforce me or allure me. Not an angel from heaven, (who I know will not attempt it,) shall persuade me. Not Satan, with all his old subtleties, not all the powers of hell itselfe, shall ever betraye me. By this very sinne, (for a sinne it is, and not a little one,) I do plainly finde that I have more offended and dishonored my great

and glorious Maker, and most merciful Saviour, than by all other sinnes I am subject untoe; and for this very sinne it is, that my God has often been strange unto me; and for that cause, and no other respect, I have thus vowed; and heartily beg my good Father in heaven, of his gracious goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ, to assist me in the same, and to be favourable unto me for what is past. Amen.

ROBERT BOLTON.

Broughton, April 10, 1639.

The Bad Lump.

THE following incident we relate on the authority of the old sailor, who delivered a Temperance Lecture on board a steamboat running between New York and New Haven.

Having found a man who was divested of all decent clothing, and in a wretched state of health, in consequence of drinking, he induced him, amidst the discouragements of the tavern keeper, at whose house he had found him, to sign the Temperance Pledge for one year. The landlord prophesied that he would not keep the pledge a year; or that if he did, he would never renew it. As the year was coming to a close, the old sailor called upon the man, and secured his signature again. He signed it for 999 years, with the privilege of a life lease afterward! When the day arrived upon which his first pledge expired, he roguishly went to visit his old friend the tavern-keeper. "There he comes," (said the eager rum-seller,) "he will have a great spree now to pay for his long abstinence." When he arrived at the tavern, he complained of a bad feeling at his stomach, and of various evils, among which was a bad lump on one side, which had been growing for a number of

months. "Ah," said the landlord, "did I not tell you it would kill you to break off drinking so suddenly? I wonder you have lived as long as you have. Come, what will you take?" and suiting the action to the word, he placed a decanter before him.

"But," said the visitor, "I have signed the pledge again for 999 years, with the privilege of a life lease after it!"

"What a fool!" said the landlord; "if you go on as you have done, you will not live another year."

"Do you really think so landlord?"

"Certainly. Come, what will you take?"

"Oh, no, landlord; I have signed the pledge again, and then this terrible lump on my side. I do not believe that drinking will make it any better."

"It is all," said the landlord, "because you left off drinking. You will have a bigger lump than that on the other side before long, if you continue another year as the last."

"Do you think I will? Well, then, so be it. I will not violate my pledge; for look here, landlord, (pulling out a great purse, with a hundred dollars in silver shining through the interstices,) that is my lump which has been growing for so many months, and as you say, it is all in consequence of signing the pledge. That is what you would have had, if I had not signed it; and if I have a bigger one than that for 999 years, I will not go to drinking again!"—
New York Evangelist.

WRONG SPELLING.—A Teetotaler of Worcester, thinks that the brewers spell the name of one of their drinks wrong—he thinks *ale* should be spelled *ail*.