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THE LIFE BOAT.

CADET PLEDGE.—I do solemnly promise that I will not make, buy, sell, or use as a beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider, and that I will abstain entirely from the use of Tot acco in any form, so long as I am a member of this Order, &c. &c.

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1853.

No. 1.

Our Little Craft.

One year ago we launched our tiny vessel—a mere chip—upon the stormy sea of a divided public opinion. At the very outset of the voyage, we were taken all aback by a squall from a quarter of the compass we had least anticipated; but, without going over our log again, we may just say, that we fairly weathered the gale; and although our sea-room was somewhat limited, yet on the whole we have reason to look back upon our cruise with satisfaction. That we have always borne in mind the end of our mission, and warned many a crew of danger, put down a buoy here and a land-mark in the other place, besides taking on board some poor fellows who were buffeting the sea of intemperance, is, we think, quite apparent to our friends and well-wishers. We cannot flatter ourselves with having done the work of a gun-boat in demolishing the strongholds erected upon the coasts; yet occasionally we have pointed our small arms at them with some effect. We have not ventured out so far on the high seas in

pursuit of slavers, as the crack-ships fully armed and manned for severe conflict; but we have cheered them on, and rejoiced when we have seen them spread their canvas to the breeze, or putting on steam for a chase. Our crew being yet but young sailors, and our boat of light draft, we must be content to do our appropriate work, until (as we hope to do by and by) we double our length and strengthen our planking, then we shall put on the strain, and try our skill and sea qualities.

And now, lads and lasses, we want all the help you can give us. Get us as much good freight as you can; and if at any time you happen to forward us some packages that we can't take, don't be discouraged, but "Try, try again." Make interest for us among your friends, and let us see whether we can't add a thousand to our list next year! We, the Coxswain.—Mr. John Aimwell, otherwise Jack, for shortness, we, here upon the tiller of the *Life Boat*, record a promise, that the boy or girl who, during the year,

shall send us the largest number of new paying subscribers *over ten*, shall be entitled to a handsome book, worth at least *five dollars*.

The Old Soldier's Story.

It was in a stirring time of the Duke of Wellington's wars, after the French had retreated through Portugal, and Badajos had fallen, and we had driven them fairly over the Spanish frontier, the light division was ordered on a few of their long leagues further, to occupy a line of posts among the mountains which rise over the northern banks of the Guadiana. A few companies of our regiment advanced to occupy a village which the French had just abandoned.

We had had a brisk march over a scorched and rugged country, which had already been ransacked of all that could have supplied us with fresh provisions; it was many days since we had heard the creak of the commissary's wagon, and we had been on very short commons. There was no reason to expect much in the village we were now ordered to. The French, who had just marched out, would, of course, have helped themselves to whatever was portable, and must have previously pretty well drained the place. We made a search, however, judging that, possibly, something might have been concealed from them by the peasants; and we actually soon discovered several houses where skins of wine had been secreted. A soldier, sir, I take it, after hot service or fatigue, seldom thinks of much beyond the comfort of drinking to excess; and I freely own that our small party soon caused a sad scene of confusion.

Every house and hovel was searched, and many a poor fellow, who had

contrived to hide his last skin of wine from his enemies, was obliged to abandon it to his allies. You might see the poor natives on all sides running away; some with a morsel of food, others with a skin of wine in their arms, and followed by the menaces and staggering steps of the weary and half-drunken soldiers.

"*Vino! vino!*" was the cry in every part of the village. An English soldier, sir, may be for months together in a foreign land, and have a pride in not knowing how to ask for any thing but liquor. I was no better than the rest.

"*Vino! quiero vino!*" said I, to a poor, half-starved and ragged native, who was stealing off, and hiding something under his torn cloak. "*Vino! you beggarly scoundrel! give me vino!*" said I.

"*Vino no tengo!*" he cried, as he broke from my grasp, and ran quickly and fearfully away.

I was not very drunk—I had not had above half enough—and I pursued him up a street. But he was the fleetest; and I should have lost him, had I not made a sudden turn, and come right upon him in a forsaken alley, where I supposed the poor thing dwelt. I seized him by the collar. He was small and spare, and he trembled under my gripe; but still he held his own, and only wrapped his cloak the closer round his property.

"*Vino! quiero vino!*" said I; "give me vino!"

"*Nada, nada tengo!*" he repeated.

I had already drawn my bayonet. I am ashamed, sir, to say, that we used to do that to terrify the poor wretches, and make them the sooner give us their liquor. As I held him by the collar with one hand, I pointed the bayonet at his breast with the other, and I again cried, "*Vino!*"

"*Vino no tengo—nino, nino es!*" and he spoke the words with such a look of truth and earnestness that, had I not fancied I could trace through the folds of his cloak the very shape of a small wine-skin, I should have believed him.

"Lying rascal!" said I, "so you won't give me the liquor? Then the dry earth shall drink it!" and I struck the point of my bayonet deep into that which he was still hugging to his breast.

Oh, sir, it was not wine that trickled down—it was blood, warm blood!—and a piteous wail went like a chill across my heart! The poor Spaniard opened his cloak; he pointed to his wounded child; and his wild eye asked me plainer than words could have done, "Monster! are you satisfied?"

I was sobered in a moment. I fell upon my knees beside the infant, and I tried to stanch the blood. Yes, the poor fellow understood the truth; he saw, and he accepted my anguish; and we joined in our efforts to save the little victim. Oh! it was too late!

The little boy had fastened his small, clammy hands round a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately; and seemed to ask, alike from his father and his murderer, that help which it was beyond the power of one of earth to give. The changes in the poor child's countenance showed that it had few minutes to live. Sometimes it lay so still, I thought the last pang was over; when a slight convulsion would agitate its frame, and a momentary pressure of its little hands would give the gasping father a short, vain ray of hope.

You may believe, sir, that an old soldier, who has only been able to keep his own life at the expense of an eye and two of his limbs—who has

lingered out many a weary day in a camp hospital after a hot engagement—must have learnt to look on death without any unnecessary concern. I have sometimes wished for it myself; and often have felt thankful when my poor wounded comrades have been released by it from pain. I have seen it, too, in other shapes. I have seen the death-blow dealt, when its effects have been so instant, that the brave heart's blood has been spilt, and the pulses have ceased to beat, while the streak of life and health was still fresh upon the cheek—when a smile has remained upon the lips of my brother-soldier, even after he had fallen a corpse across my path. But, oh! sir, what is all this compared with what I suffered as I watched life ebb slowly from the wound which I had myself so wantonly inflicted in the breast of a helpless, innocent child! It was by mistake—by accident. Oh, yes! I know it, I know it well; and day and night I have striven to forget that hour. But it is of no use; the cruel recollection never leaves my mind—that piteous wail is ever in my ears! The father's agony will follow me to the grave!—*Harper.*

—**SCHEIDAM SCHNAPPS.**—This is the sugar-coated name for Holland Gin, by which moral papers advertise it, and by which it goes down the throats of people as *the medicine that cures all diseases!* Beware of the Schnapps, lest you get snapped up.

While thousands fall by clashing swords, ten thousand fall by corset boards; yet giddy females, thoughtless train! for sake of fashion, yield to pain.—*Tight Boot.*

Down south, a newly appointed jailer once told the convicts, that if they did not behave themselves, he would "*kick them out of the establishment!*"

Genius in the Bud.

(See opposite page.)

A splendid bud, truly! Whether the blossom will reveal a dahlia, a sun-flower, or a peony, it certainly gives promise of a fair development—in size at least.

This plate was sent to us from New York, and whether it be intended as a humorous satire upon genius in general, or, seriously, to show "from what small beginnings great actions may flow," we know not. At any rate, it is a text upon genius, which we may improve with a few brief remarks. To look at the young gentleman represented, and at his work upon the tablet, we would scarcely give him much credit for genius as a limner, for a fellow of his size should have a better idea of the human form than the diagram exhibited; it seems, therefore, quite clear to us, that if he be a genius, the bud will require some time to develop itself. Great mistakes have prevailed upon the subject of genius. It has been supposed that this gift has done every thing great in art. Now without at all intending to discourage boys who have, as it is called, a genius for drawing, painting, mechanics, &c. &c., we may yet assure them that genius without assiduity and perseverance, will accomplish little deserving the praise or excellence. Many of the greatest men the world has produced, were no geniuses in the proper acceptance of the term. Sir Joshua Reynolds labored hard to convince the students of the Royal Academy, of the folly of depending upon the mere force of genius. Close, plodding, and long-continued attention to any pursuit, is almost sure to eventuate in success. Where a love of art and an aptness for some particular branch of it are found, the difficulties will appear less great; but

few, if any, ever surmounted them without much toil. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." "Seest thou a man diligent in his business—that man shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." Many reputed geniuses have been wretchedly poor and miserable—the result of sloth and intermitted application. We commend you Mrs. Hoffland's little book, "The Son of a Genius," as the best commentary we know upon this topic.

Military Chivalry.

"I heard once," said Father Phil, "a pretty little bit of an anecdote about the way the French behaved to one of our Irish regiments on a retreat in Spain. They were going through a river—they were—and the French, taking advantage of their helpless condition, were peppering away at them hard and fast, until some women ran down, poor creatures, to the shore, and the stream was so deep in the middle that they could scarcely ford it; so some dragoons, who were galloping as fast as they could out of the fire, pulled up on seeing the condition of the womankind, and each horseman took up a woman behind him, though it diminished his own power of flying from the danger. The moment the French saw this act of manly courage, they ceased firing, and gave a cheer for the dragoons; and as long as the women were within gun-shot, not a trigger was pulled in the French line, but volleys of cheers, instead of ball cartridges, were sent after the brigade, till all the women were over."

Butter was not known to the Greeks; they have no word which gives an idea of it.



Three Historical Anecdotes.

The reader of church history will find evidences of a tender feeling on the subject of slavery cherished by many Christian believers, in various countries, and in periods of the world commonly called dark and barbarous. And three anecdotes, illustrative of the manner in which they have obeyed the Apostolic precept, "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them," may be here named.

The first anecdote carries us back to the year 466. Genseric, the King of the Vandals, had assaulted Rome, plundered the proud mistress of the world, and with immense treasures of wealth, and a vast number of captives, had sailed for Carthage in Africa. Carthage at that time had many Christian churches, and the pastor of one of them I must mention by name, Deogratias, for he is the actor in the little scene I am about to describe. Learning that the barbarian conqueror had brought with him many prisoners of war who were to be sold into African slavery,—for in that age the white population was oftentimes in bondage to the black,—and knowing that whole families were now to be separated from each other,—husbands sold to one African master, wives to another, and children to a third,—Deogratias, in the true spirit of Christian love and self sacrifice, exerted himself to the utmost to mitigate the sufferings that were to ensue. As a last expedient to raise money enough to purchase the redemption of the captives, he takes the sacred vessels of the church,—many of which were of gold,—and, selling them, applies the proceeds to this humane purpose. He found that by this step he had more ransomed captives on his hands than could be accommodated by the ordinary means; and then this

good minister of Jesus Christ opened the churches for the reception of the prisoners; he filled the churches with beds of straw, visited the sick, who were numerous, provided for them physicians and proper food, and thus gave proof that the words of the Apostle, which I have quoted, were to him words full of meaning and of duty,—a meaning which he was not slow to read, and a duty which he was not backward to perform.

The second anecdote carries our minds to another part of the world, though the fact which it records occurred in the early period just named. In the year 422, the Roman Emperor, the great Theodosius, waged a fierce and exterminating war against the Persians. Returning from some of his victories, he came, with many prisoners of war, now doomed to a cruel slavery, to the city of Amida, a small but wealthy place in Armenia, and near the river Euphrates. In that town was a Christian minister, Acacius by name, who, hearing of the approach of these captives, bestirred himself to procure their release. Ignorant and heathen, though these slaves were, and his declared enemies, and the enemies of his country, Acacius thought that if the Christian spirit was mighty enough to redeem them from their bondage, and to send them back to their pagan friends, no missionaries would more commend the religion of the cross than would that one beautiful Christian act. What he did I shall describe in the words of Gibbon, who, though laboring to depreciate the claims of the Gospel, could not refuse this narrative an admission into his immortal work. He says that Acacius, "boldly declaring that vases of gold and silver are useless to a God who neither eats nor drinks, sold the plate of the church of Amida, employed the price in the

redemption of seven thousand Persian captives, supplied their wants with affectionate liberality, and dismissed them to their native country, to inform their king of the true spirit of the religion which he persecuted." I cannot withhold the words with which Gibbon closes his brief mention of this act. "The charity of this generous prelate," says he, "whose name might have dignified the saintly calendar, shall not be lost in oblivion." I have no doubt you will agree with that historian in thinking that it deserves to be held in remembrance. But we cannot appreciate the full merit of this kindness to them that are in bonds. Among us there is no passion for providing the church with costly vessels of silver and gold, like that which existed in early ages in the churches of Europe, and which the traveler sees to exist there even to this day. It was regarded as almost sacrilege to touch those splendid vases and images; that they should be melted down and sold for the redemption of heathen slaves, their enemies,—this was an act at which the popular feeling revolted, but which was certainly conceived in the spirit of Him who prefers mercy to sacrifice.

My third anecdote shall conduct our thoughts to still another region of the world, and it is of a yet deeper interest. The scene of it is Italy; the time, the early part of the fifth century; the person is a Christian priest, a native of Gaul, Paulinus by name, who had retired for purposes of devotion to the town of Nola, about thirty miles from Naples. Here he learned that the Gothic barbarians had ravaged the coast, and had carried many of the inhabitants to Africa, to be sold into bondage. A poor widow came to Paulinus, entreating him to rescue her only son. The story is of romantic interest, and

would hardly be credited were it not confirmed by history. Paulinus crossed the Mediterranean, and went into Barbary in search of the son of the heart-broken mother. After a while he found the master who held the youth as a slave. He could not prevail upon the owner, by any offer, to give the lad up. At length, Paulinus offered himself as a slave in the place of the lad, if he might be released to return to his widowed mother. The substitute was accepted. The rescued youth returned to Naples, and Paulinus worked as a gardener to his barbarian master, who, after learning the history of his slave, at length set him free.

This example, so far as I know, stands without a parallel in history. I must not presume to ask if any of the fervent philanthropists of this age would have courage to imitate it. The martyrs of our day are not emulous of such a distinction. It is easier to stand far off from danger, and to show one's zeal chiefly by the exercise of the tongue, than to give one's self, literally, a ransom for one slave, even if that could be done; and I say this, not to disparage the motives or the work of any true laborers in the cause of freedom, but merely to show that, great as may be their zeal, and devoted as may be their spirit, early ages, long ago passed, produced instances of self-sacrifice greater than theirs, and produced them in the bosom of that Christian Church which so many of them vilify and condemn.

How instructive are these three glimpses into those far-off dark ages! History is not a record altogether, and only, of crime. Christ's Church has always had faithful and loyal souls. The essential contradiction between the spirit of Christianity and a system of human bondage, has always been felt; and had all at-

tempts at removing oppression from the world been undertaken in the spirit which these anecdotes suggest,—the spirit, not of violent assault and fierce and unmitigated abuse, but of gentle, uncomplaining self-sacrifice, even to our most sacred property, and to our very selves, if need be,—slavery would not have stood to this day.—*Congregational Register.*

A Wonderful Clock.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Jaquet Droz, a Swiss clockmaker, carried into Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Spain, a clock which was the wonder of all Europe. The King paid the large sum of five hundred louis (or about two thousand two hundred dollars) for it, and when it arrived, gathered his most illustrious noblemen to look at its marvellous works. The clock represented a landscape, and when it struck the hour a shepherd issued from behind some rock, and played six different tunes on his flute, while his dog very naturally fawned upon him. To show the King that the dog was faithful as well as affectionate, Droz told him to touch the fruit in a basket by the side of the shepherd. The King laid hold of an apple, and the dog at once sprung at his hand; barking so naturally that a spaniel in the room replied with great ferocity, and shewed signs of fight. At this all the court left, crying out "Sorcery," and there was only left the King and the Minister of the Navy. The King asked the shepherd what time it was. The clockmaker told him that he did not understand Spanish, but if he would ask him in French he would reply. The King then put his question in French, when the shepherd instantly replied. This was too much

for the Minister of the Navy, and he instantly ran away. The poor clockmaker was in danger of being burnt for a sorcerer, but he explained the wonder to the Grand Inquisitor, who was convinced that, instead of being the work of evil spirits, it was only the result of great ingenuity.

My Village Home.

(For the Life Boat.)

My village home! I view thee now,
As when in youth's bright day,
Ere tyrant time had touch'd my brow,
I on thy green did play;—
Did gambol with the cheerful crew
Who cours'd thy common o'er,
Whose long loud laugh and gay halloo
Bright Nature's impress bore.

My village home! tho' forced afar
From thee—from most I love,
Thou'lt be the bright and beck'ning star
To which I back shall rove;—
With hurried step, back, back I'll tread,
To greet again, once more,
The scenes that with my boyhood fled,
Thy half Elysian shore!

My village home! should foreign land
A welcome proffer me,
I'll view the strange extended hand
With eye of jealousy;—
And scan it o'er, methinks in vain,
The welcome—warm to view—
That beckons from my village plain,
The rover's steps to woo!

My village home! should nought I meet,
Save some rude stranger's stare,
To me thou'lt seem more doubly sweet,
Thy inmates seem more fair;—
Then will my burning thoughts retrace
The home—the days—fled by,
Where but to view a wanderer's face,
Would cause thy tear-dim'd eye.

My village home! my boyhood's home!
Where first a God I knew,
From both, alas! I've dared to roam—
Wild phantoms dared pursue;—
I back to both again would fly,
Would seek, would covet this—
Within my village home to die,—
From it the world dismiss!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Arthur Middleton.

The following story is one of a series represented as having been related during a long journey in a stage-coach. The old Dutchman's tale appeared in our last number, and he figures again at the end of this as a questioner:—

"In the city in which I reside, there was a young man of uncommon promise, who was well known to me from his earliest years. His character and bearing were singularly lofty. Meanness, in all its forms, was sure to awaken his indignation and disgust. Among the vices of mankind, there were few which he seemed to detest so thoroughly as drunkenness. His abhorrence of a drunkard was perfectly Castilian. This young gentleman, whose name was Arthur Middleton, had, in his own family, the most melancholy examples of intemperance. His two elder brothers had long continued in the habit of almost daily intoxication. They were both married, and each was surrounded by a group of unhappy little ones, destined, apparently, to that inheritance of ignorance, poverty, and rags, which so commonly falls to the lot of a drunkard's progeny. The contrast between these unhappy men and their younger brother, was singularly striking. It was precisely all that difference which lies between vicious poverty and honorable thrift.

"After a collegiate education and the regular term of professional study, Arthur Middleton had commenced the practice of the law, with no ordinary prospect of success. His brothers had not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education. One of them had been engaged in trade; and the other, following the plough, after the example of a worthy father, had been a respectable farmer, until he became an idler and a drunkard. The superior advantages of education and professional success were not suffered by Arthur Middleton to constitute a barrier of pride and selfishness between himself and his unhappy brothers. Upon more than one occasion I have been deeply affected, as I have listened to his elevated sentiments, when speaking of these misguided relatives. 'My education,' he would often say, 'has placed me, I trust, far beyond the reach of this vulgar liability. God has prospered me in my affairs. I have acquired some property—some reputation, perhaps. Show me the way in which I can employ all that God has given me more acceptably in his sight,

than by flying to the rescue of my unhappy brothers. They are the children of my father and of my mother. They were the companions—the playmates of my childhood. I can never forget a parent's dying injunction, as he took a hand of us each within his own, gave us his parting benediction, and bade us to love one another. They are sadly intemperate, it is true; but I will be the last to despair of their reformation.

"For the accomplishment of this important object, and under a strong consciousness of duty, he suffered no expedient to remain unemployed. Suffice it to say, that he was completely successful. The painful relation in which he stood to these unhappy men had very naturally drawn him into closer connection with temperance men and temperance measures. He became an active and efficient member, and finally, an officer of a temperance society. The application of such means as were thus brought within his reach, enabled him to exert that happy influence upon his two brothers, which finally produced their perfect reformation. He became, under God, the minister of happiness to these two miserable families, and enabled them to gather once again in peace around their firesides."

The elderly gentleman paused for a moment, and, with evident emotion, continued as follows:—"Arthur Middleton had long been attached to a lovely girl, a distant connection of his own. She was very young, and his admirable qualities of head and heart seemed not, for a time, to be as carefully weighed by her as they might have been in the balance of some graver spinster. It was my fortune to be the first who related in her hearing the circumstances to which I have just now referred. She appeared to listen with unusual interest. I was entirely willing that she should have in her possession the most ample materials for judging correctly of this excellent young man. I exhibited before her the wretched, fallen state of these miserable men,—the sufferings of their wives,—the worse than fatherless condition of their children,—the entire absence of every gleam of happiness from their firesides,—the prospect before them of committing, sooner or later, to the drunkard's grave, their husbands—their fathers,—once the objects of their love and reverence. I contrasted this sickening picture with another, and bade her look on that. I set before her imagination the same unhappy men, sacrificing their idols upon the altars of domestic repose,—shaking off the bandages of a moral death,—taking once more into their hands

the implements of honest industry, and no longer converting its avails into the means of misery, but into bread, that their little ones might eat and live. I bade her contemplate the beggar's rags exchanged for comfortable raiment,—the drunkard's cheerless hearth for the happy cottager's fireside. 'This change,' said I, 'under the merciful providence of God, is entirely attributable to the zeal, and energy, and brotherly love of our young friend.' For the first time, as I believe, that sentiment was awakened in the heart of this amiable girl, which ultimately ripened into the most devoted affection. As I concluded my simple narrative, and while she was brushing the tear from her eye, the door opened, and Arthur Middleton entered the apartment. Nothing has ever appeared more lovely since the fall of man, than certain impulses of the youthful heart,—as yet un sullied by the world's alloy,—chaste and unsuspecting, and all untrammelled by those ceremonious usages and laws, which, belong, of right, to social intercourse, and which it is by no means my purpose to condemn. This young gentleman no sooner entered the apartment, than Margaret Alston rose from her chair, and walked earnestly towards him. 'I am delighted to see you, Mr. Middleton,' said she, giving him her hand. Arthur Middleton was evidently embarrassed by this unexpected salutation from one, of whose coldness or indifference he had hitherto believed himself entitled to complain; and Margaret herself, abashed by the consciousness of her own precipitation, somewhat awkwardly resumed her seat and her needle-work. 'We were speaking, Mr. Middleton,' said I, with the intention of removing the unpleasant sensation as speedily as possible,—'we were speaking of the happy result of your efforts for the reformation of your two brothers.' 'The change in their condition is truly wonderful,' he replied. 'I yesterday returned from a visit to Geoffrey, my oldest brother. I passed the Sabbath with his family, and, I can truly aver, the happiest Sabbath of my life. He has five girls and one boy,—and six lovelier children I never beheld. I had not been half an hour in the cottage, before Tim, their little boy, who is about seven years old, took me down into the field, and showed me a spot underneath an old walnut, where the green sward appeared to have been broken. "Daddy's jug is buried there," said the child; "he broke it on that stone, when he left off drinking, and the next day he said he couldn't bear to see the pieces; so he buried 'em. Daddy prays every night out

loud now, that God would help him to keep his pledge and drink no more rum. He asks mother to pray for him too. Daddy lets me ride jack-horse on his knee, just as he used to. I ain't a mite afraid on him now. He don't kick the children into the fire, when they're a-parching corn, as he did once. Uncle John's left off too. He was here last week. He and father used to quarrel, but they've made all up. When he used to come here, daddy always got out the jug, and mother used to say we should have the trouble afore long; and so she got us all out o' the way over to Deacon Blaney's. But when uncle John come last week, and brought aunt Sukey, they didn't have any such thing; and, afore uncle John went away, daddy didn't get out any jug, but he got out mother's Bible, and read a chapter, and then he prayed, and uncle John prayed, that God would keep 'em both from drinking any more rum; and mother and aunt Sukey cried like all possessed." When Sabbath morning came,' continued Mr. Middleton, 'my brother Geoffrey's wife expressed some little uneasiness on account of little Tim's threadbare apparel "Never mind, wife," said Geoffrey, "God looks at the heart;—let's pray to be able to mend that;—I don't believe the Lord will mind Tim's old clothes; and, afore another Sabbath, maybe we'll do better "'

"We were deeply affected," continued the elderly gentleman, "with Arthur Middleton's account. From the period of this interview, the relation between this young man and the object of his affections, became of a closer character. Ere long she announced to her parents that Mr. Middleton had made her proposals of marriage. Their approbation was cheerfully bestowed, and the young lady received a full moiety of all those felicitations, which commonly abound upon such occasions as these. Such were the talents, character, and prospects of Arthur Middleton, that Margaret Alston was universally accounted a most fortunate girl. They were married. They were happy. In little more than a twelvemonth she gave birth to a lovely girl. His professional prospects were unclouded. At this period of his life, he gave a willing ear to the suggestions of his political associates and friends, who endeavored to persuade him that his talents and accomplishments were not altogether the private property of their possessor. Accordingly, he entered upon the career of public life. With those whose suffrages contributed to place him among the legislators of his native commonwealth, the friends

of the temperance reform were delighted to co-operate; and they had no occasion to regret his election. His efforts to correct the evils of the license system, so far as it is susceptible of legislative amendment, were indefatigable. Mr. Middleton's manner of life could not, with perfect propriety, be styled extravagant. He was exceedingly hospitable, and a liberal entertainer. His income at no time exceeded the limit of his expenditure. He was never able to say that he had laid up a farthing at the close of any year.

"In addition to his professional and political engagements, the temperance cause levied no ordinary tax upon his time and toil. He had occasionally lectured upon several of its interesting topics with the happiest effect; and he suffered no occasion to pass unimproved for the reformation of intemperate men.

"Notwithstanding his natural temperament, which was uncommonly ardent, Mr. Middleton was remarkable for his entire self-possession at the bar. I never recollect, but on one occasion, to have seen him manifestly nettled, and so thoroughly confused, that he was utterly unable to reply. Three young men, students in the university, were indicted for an aggravated assault and battery upon a farmer, somewhat advanced in years. I presided at the trial of this indictment. Mr. Middleton was counsel for the young men, and endeavored to prove that the old man was drunk, and the aggressor. It was clearly shown that he had drunk five glasses of rum during the day upon which the assault and battery occurred, and that he was in the habit of drinking ardent spirit. This testimony was rebutted by the evidence of an experienced dram-seller, well qualified to judge from his knowledge of the old man's habits. The dram-seller testified that he had sold him rum almost daily for twenty years;—and that he could drink three times that number of drams in a day, without being drunk; and that he was remarkable in the parish for the strength of his head. Other witnesses corroborated this testimony; and it was proved that the old farmer had made some shrewd bargains a very short time before the encounter. On the other hand, it was shown to the entire satisfaction of the jury, that the young men, one and all, were unquestionably drunk;—that they were members, in good standing, of the Porcellian Club;—that they had just come forth, at the time of the assault, from a Porcellian dinner;—and that they had drunken no stronger intoxicating

liquor than wine. At that time the principles of the temperance reformation were less perfectly understood than they are at the present day. Mr. Middleton, though strenuously opposed to the use of ardent spirit, was in the daily practice of taking his wine, and *putting his bottle to his neighbor!* In the then existing condition of the temperance reform, a proposal to abstain from wine, and all other fermented liquors, would have been rejected as thoroughly absurd, by an overwhelming majority of all those who had set their names to the temperance pledge. It would have been thought impossible to get along with the common courtesies of social intercourse, without this wonderful promoter of '*the feast of reason and the flow of soul.*' Mr. Middleton evinced considerable irritation, when he perceived that the old rum-drinking farmer was likely to escape the imputation of drunkenness on the present occasion; while, at the same time, the charge was effectually fastened upon his gentlemanly clients, whose beverage was wine. In the course of his defence, he became extremely sharp upon the old farmer; referred to his notorious habits; and spoke, with unsparing severity, of the venders and partakers of ardent spirit. When the prosecuting officer had closed for the government, the old farmer rose, and requested permission to say a few words, which I readily granted. 'Please your honor,' said the old man, 'Squire Middleton don't think worse of ardent spirits than I do. I know they've done a great deal of mischief in the world, and perhaps very little good, if any. I can go into the graveyard in our village, and put my foot agin the headstone of more than a hundred who, in the course of nature, might have lived as long as I have, but whom rum has carried to the drunkard's grave. Squire Middleton isn't more in favor of the temperance cause than I am. I've three sons and two daughters. I made all five on 'em sign the pledge. I advise every body else to do the same thing. Your honor wonders, maybe, why I don't sign it myself. Please your honor, I've got a dreadful strong head. I wouldn't have any body justify himself by my example; for I never met the man that could drink as I can, without feeling the effects on't. Squire Middleton's a great temperance man, please your honor, and he says we all ought to leave off, if it's only for the sake of the example to other folks. Your honor sees as how the young blades was all drunk, though 'twas only on wine; and that I was'nt drunk, though I never denied that I'd taken a few glasses of rum and

water this day. Now, Squire Middleton won't deny, I 'spose, that rum won't make some folks drunk, and that wine will. Please your honor, I think well enough of the squire, and am sorry he seems to think so poorly of me. It'll come proper hard for me to give up spirit. I've used it more than fifty years. Howsomever, I'll make the squire an offer here afore the court;—I'll give up rum, and brandy, and gin, and the like of them are, if the squire'll give up wine, and beer, and cider, and sich as they. Come, Squire Middleton, what d'ye say to that?' The court-room resounded with peals of laughter, which the officers found it no easy matter to suppress.

(To be Continued.)

The Appeal.

Ay, limner! paint the certain ruin
Which lingers in the drunkard's path;
The wo, the tears, the curst undoing,—
His fellow's scorn, his Maker's wrath.
And paint the widow's frantic sorrow,
And orphan's, made so by the cup,—
Complete the sketch! thou need'st not borrow
One tint of hell to fill it up.

The morbid appetite, still craving,
Unsated as the greedy grave:
The recklessness, all judgment braving,
The sordid mind that marks the slave;—
The blight that hovers o'er our nation,
Unless she timely turns the curse—
Than pestilence or conflagration,
Or war's infernal horrors, worse.

Our teeming suburb's lanes and alleys
Turn out to gaze of open day;
Expose their thousand haunts, where rallies
The host, Intemperance leads astray;—
His doings, too, the soul congealing,
Of misery in the city's street,
To rouse the latent throb of feeling,
From Maine to Florida repeat.

And yet, methinks, that page of sadness,
To read which, Pity's tear would start,
Must fail to check the tide of madness,
Or move the pulses of the heart,
Compared with that appeal, which Heaven
Prompts, when, such fearful wreck to shun,
A father hails the LIFE-BOAT given,
With "Rescue! Rescue!" for his son.

TAPPAN.

"I cannot imagine," said an alderman, "why my whiskers should turn grey so much sooner than the hair of my head."

"Because," observed a wag, "you have worked much harder with your jaws than your brains."

Lotteries.

Happily our country is not obnoxious to the charge of publicly countenancing the practice of Gambling; yet, as Canada is liberally sown from time to time with circulars and notices inviting attention to the immoral Lottery Schemes still legally sustained by some of the neighboring States. it may not be amiss to occupy the attention of our young readers with a narrative, which, if not true to the letter, is full, warranted by facts. The very amusing manner in which the subject is treated, will, we are sure, afford them much entertainment.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

There was once a poor, but worthy man, whose name was Trudge. He was a pedler, and though he dealt only in pins, needles, thread, combs, and such little articles, he succeeded in getting a comfortable living. Nay, more, he laid up a trifle every year, and finally he had enough to buy him a small house. He had a wife and two or three children, and to this humble cottage they speedily removed.

Trudge thought himself very happy when he was snugly established at his new house. He kissed Mrs. Trudge, and all the little Trudges; danced "hey Betty Martin!" and thought himself one of the luckiest fellows in the world. And so he was, if he could have been content; but, alas! he was beset with certain very troublesome visitors; they were ambition, envy, and idleness. I must tell you all about it.

As Trudge travelled about the country selling his wares, he noticed some fine houses, around which he always saw nice carriages, gay horses, and well-dressed people, who seemed to have nothing to do but to amuse themselves. This made Trudge feel uneasy, and he said to himself—"Why wasn't I rich, and why can't I live in a fine house, and be a gentleman? Here I am—only a pedler—poor Tom Trudge—and its all trudge, trudge, from morning to night; winter and summer, fair or foul, hot or cold, I must trudge, trudge! If I was rich, and lived in a fine house, I should be Thomas Trudge, Esq., and then I should be as good as anybody. I should have easy carriages, and fat, sleek horses, and Mrs. Trudge would be a fine lady!"

Thus it was that poor Tom indulged his fancy, and all the time envy and ambition



and idleness were at work within, making him very unhappy. Envy made him feel a sort of hatred toward people who were richer than himself. Ambition urged him to make every effort to be rich; and, at the same time, idleness told him that the greatest comfort in life was to have nothing to do. Thus it was that Tom, who had a neat, pretty home, and every necessary comfort and convenience, was really miserable, because of these uneasy and uncomfortable thoughts.

Tom at last opened his mind to his wife, and it seems that she had been feeling pretty much like himself. "I don't see," said she, "why we ain't as good as the best; and I think it mean of you, Mr. Trudge, not to let me have as good a gown as Mrs. Million, up there on the hill. Last Sunday she came out with a bran-new yaller silk gown, and there was I, in the next pew, in my old caliker; and I thought to myself, 't'ant right! And then, you must know, when the minister said any pleasant and comforting scriptures he looked very kind at Mrs. Million and her new silk gown; and when he said anything about the wicked, he looked at me and my caliker. Now, Tom, I say 't'ant fair.'" And here Mrs. Trudge buried her face in her apron.

Poor Trudge did all he could to comfort his spouse; but alas! the peace of the cottage was gone. Tom and his wife had cast out content, and let in envy, and envy is a troublesome companion. He is never happy himself, and will let nobody else be happy. Envy is like a chestnut burr—all covered with prickles—and the closer you clasp it, the more it torments you. Yet this was now the inmate of Trudge's cottage.

Well, time went on, and things grew worse rather than better. It is true that Tom and his wife were thrifty people; they had now got to be pretty well off in the world, but still they were by no means as happy as they once were; envy and ambition still goaded them on; they yearned to be rich; and, strange to say, they hated the people who were in the station they themselves desired. They envied and hated Mrs. Million; yet they wanted very much to be like Mrs. Million.

And—who would have thought it?—the time came when they had an opportunity to gratify their desires. Tom was one day in New York, whither he had gone to buy his stock of pins, thread, and needles, when he chanced to pass by a lottery office. Here, in the window, was a picture of a gay,

lightly-dressed lady, pouring out gold and silver from a long thing, shaped like a horn, but as big as a corn basket. Plush went the money upon the ground, as free as water from the town pump. A bright thought struck Tom: "its of no use to plod," said he to himself; "here I've got fifty dollars; if I lay it out in goods, I must go and peddle them out, and that's hard work. Besides, what's the use of it? Though I am a little richer by means of my labors, still, compared with the Millions and the Goldboys, I shall be poor. Now, I've a good mind to step in and buy a ticket in the New York State Lottery,  **HIGHEST PRIZE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!**  Perhaps I shall draw it."

While these thoughts passed in his mind, Tom entered the lottery office, and in a kind of frenzy bought a ticket, and paid his fifty dollars for it. He then rolled it carefully up in his pocket, and set off for home—a distance of some forty miles. On his arrival here, he communicated what he had done to his wife; and though she secretly approved of what he had done, she took him to task for it roundly; for it was dear Mrs. Trudge's way to find fault with everything her husband did. Besides, in the present case, she wished, if the ticket should draw a blank, and the money be thus lost, to have it in her power to say to her spouse, "*I told you so, Mr. Trudge!*"—thereby proving her own sagacity, and her husband's want of sense. It is a pleasure to some wives to prove that they ought to have been men, and their husbands women, and Mrs. Thomas Trudge was one of this amiable species. But let us not be misunderstood. Mrs. Trudge wished only to degrade her husband in her own house, so as to keep the upper hand of him. Out of it, she always praised him to the skies, and she passed—except with those who knew better—as a most obedient, devoted, respectful wife.

The lottery was to draw in about two months. Tom whiled away the time as well as he could. It is strange that creatures who have got only a few years to live, should still, at least half the time, be wishing to annihilate that very time which is so short. Yet so it is. Tom had given up peddling, for he was determined to be a rich man, and toil no more; besides, he had spent his money in the lottery ticket, and he had no cash to buy pins and needles with. He went to the tavern, drank gin sling, loafed with the idle fellows of the town, talked politics and scandal, and thus killed the time; but all did not make him content.

Many times did he say to himself, "This idleness is a great curse, I wish I was at work; I'd rather peddle than play;" and yet, all the time, he was hoping and yearning for the day when he could be rich, and live without work.

At last the time came when the lottery was to be drawn, and Tom was preparing to set off for New York, to be present at the important crisis. "Now, Tom," said his wife, "mind! If you draw the highest prize, I want you to buy me a yaller silk gown, jist like Mrs. Million's, only a great deal smarter. And do you buy me a red satin bonnet, like Mrs. Goldboy's, only redder. And then do you buy me a new fan, with a pikter of a Wenus on one side, and a Cowpig on the other. And then if I don't go to meetin', and see who'll hold their heads highest, and who'll get the comfortin' scrippers—I'm not Bridget Trudge!"

"Well, well," said Tom, in reply, "and suppose I don't draw the prize?"

"Suppose you don't draw the prize!" said the spouse, "why then you have thrown away your money like a fool, and remember what I say; if you don't draw the prize, remember that I told you so; and if you do draw the prize, get the silk gown, and the silk bonnet, and the fan."

After a little further conversation, Tom departed on his errand. The result will be told in another chapter.

(To be Continued)

Cadet Celebration at Quebec.

The Temperance ladies, men, and boys in the old capital, are fast redeeming the character of their city from the charge of indifference in the great cause of the age. The ladies held a bazaar some time ago, which was encouragingly successful; the Sons of Temperance have had several Soirées and demonstrations equally so; and the Cadets (*God bless the Cadets*) recently asserted their power and influence by holding a similar festival, which we understand was of the most interesting and useful character. The contracted limits of our little publication compel us very often, against our wishes, to curtail notices and arguments which a larger publication would enable us to produce in all their integrity. We feel this, and regret

our inability to-day to do ample justice to the Cadet celebration; and for the cause assigned, must confine ourselves to two extracts from the speech of the Hon. John Rolph, who did himself and the Cadets the honor of presiding at the Soirée. The whole speech, which is of rare excellence, will doubtless be copied from the *Quebec Gazette*, where it appears in full, by some of our elder brethren.

"The mariner, in steering over a fluctuating sea, takes into account, amidst alternating tempests and calms, those uncertain tides and currents which defy minute calculation, and leave safety only to be found in large and prudent allowances. And in marking out upon our moral chart the course we ought to pursue between the abstemiousness of the temperate and the excess of the torrid zone, we ought to take into account those unhappy bearings of our nature, ever urging us to the regions of passion and indulgence. Hence, those who have taken the rule of drinking what they please as their compass to steer by, have found it too often subject to such great and anomalous variations as to threaten them with wreck and destruction. And if, happily, they meet with notes and admonitions upon the chart of the Sons of Temperance to save them from immediate catastrophe, they still find themselves often mortified by aberrations from the course prescribed, till repeated mortifications deaden their sensibility and ripen their moral temperature for unbounded indulgence.

"You may present to the drunkard the denunciations of scripture, the ruin of health, the destruction of morals, and the beggary of fortunes;—you may bring under his very eye the rags, the filth, and the ignorance of his neglected children, and the sorrows of the afflicted mother, unless she has been unhappily drawn within the same vortex;—you may point him to his hearth, where the embers of domestic pleasure have ceased to glow;—you may point him to the gloom of his family circle, lately lighted up with social joys;—you may bring to bear upon him the almost overpowering importunities of friends, and the imploring urgency of the Christian minister, all feelingly alive to the wreck of his family, and his own fast approaching eternal destiny. But how few habitual drunkards have we known reclaimed by thus viewing the tragedy of their own creation. Have we not found them grow more desperate, and rather than indulge in

painful reflections, do they not rush to drown them in the intemperate cup of forgetfulness?"

Croakers and Wise-Acres.

Some people are always in dreadful fear lest the promoters of great reforms should go *too far* and *too fast*; and the predictions of ruin which they make, will often appal the very elect. Let those prophets of evil read the subjoined extracts. Another class, the sapient-head shakers, who know a thing or two, and who have all along laughed at the ridiculous ideas of teetotalers, should ponder well in their great heads what follows. Canada is coming up to the mark, and many years will not expire before she falls into the ranks of the free!

PROGRESS OF THE MAINE LAW.

Michigan has passed the Maine Law through both branches of the Legislature by large majorities. The people are to vote on it in July. Never fear them! Michigan was among the earliest in abolishing Capital Punishment, and now takes another step forward in the good work of preserving her citizens from depravity and crime, instead of neglecting them till they have done their worst, and then killing them! Hail the Star in the West!

Illinois has been hard at work on the Maine Law this winter, but we fear with poor success. (Her "great Mogul" is Senator Douglas, who has a kindness for juleps; while Gen. Cass, the patron saint of Michigan, is a temperance man.) We trust another year will bring Illinois. We believe she has broken ground this year by abolishing all License Laws. Good so!—let the ulcer come to a head!

Vermont is still but partially heard from on her Liquor Law vote, but the scattering returns we have by mail, confirm those transmitted by telegraph; and nobody doubts that she has sustained her stringent Law by a handsome majority.

New Jersey is perfecting a bill based on the Maine Law, and there are hopes entertained of its passage.

Rhode Island will undoubtedly have her Maine Law remodelled forthwith to meet and obviate the objections of Judge Curtis, unless "Democracy" supposes it can make party capital by defeating the bill in the Senate, where it now is. Meantime, a

"Democrat" proposes to return to the License system, but punish *drunkards* and the sale of liquor on the Sabbath! That would be like pouring out the contents of Narraganset Bay on the top of Mount Hope, and gravely enacting that they should not run down hill. We may lose the Maine Law for a season, but we certainly shall have no such stone-for-bread at that. And if Democracy sees fit to defeat the amended Maine Law, let it be perfectly sure the rumsellers will "pint" liberally—if they don't, saltpetre could not save it from overwhelming defeat.

Maine and Massachusetts are morally certain not to touch their Prohibition Laws this winter, unless to strengthen them; while Connecticut looks hopeful, and there are encouraging aspects in Pennsylvania and Ohio—to go no further.

So the Temperance Car moves on!

Tactics of the Enemy.

Temperance has so many friends in our day, that its enemies are bold indeed when they come out in open, undisguised hostility. But Temperance has many enemies, nevertheless; and every now and then we find an article in the newspapers purporting to be copied from some other journal, to the effect that Temperance is losing ground somewhere or other; that the Maine Law cannot be enforced in some particular place; that the consumption of brandy, &c., has amazingly increased on the whole; that the quantity of liquor sold for medicinal purposes where the Maine Law exists, is extraordinarily large; that some Temperance meeting has been shamefully riotous, &c. &c. &c. Now, boys, we just want to warn you, that most of all this has occurred in a country lying just about an inch above the several editors' noses; a country covered with a forest very much resembling hair—in fact, in the brains of these geographers. So don't be deceived.

M. Cameron's Anti-Liquor Bill is now before Parliament, and excites much interest. *The Temperance people are bound to put it through before long*; and if it does not pass this session, the vigorous agitation which will follow, must ultimately result in success.

A Shameful Spectacle.

Last week, early one evening, being in company with two ladies, we encountered one of those repulsive sights which even a rum-seller does not like to see. It was a woman so helplessly drunk, that at every step she stumbled and fell in the snow. She was near the door of a groggery, and we must do the landlord the justice of saying, that he came out to help her on her way. The evening was very cold, and but for the aid given her, the wretched creature would have been frozen, perhaps to death.

This fact reminded us of another somewhat similar, which came to our knowledge several years ago in Quebec. Very early, one morning in winter, a woman was found at her own door half covered with snow, frozen as hard as marble. She had in her hand a small flask containing liquor, and being very much intoxicated, as was proved at the Coroner's inquest, had fallen where she was found; but unable to rise or to call assistance, which was within three yards, she had slept her last sleep amidst the raging of an exceedingly severe storm. The wind had uncovered her shoulders, and exposed the fine plump and white arm of a still young and comely woman. She had gone to a neighboring tavern at about eleven o'clock, to get spirits for herself and her husband. How many such cases occur which on earth pass unnoted, the archives of eternity will unfold. Where did the blame lie?

Several extra-extraordinary meetings have lately been held in Boston, in support of the Anti-Liquor Law of Massachusetts. The Music Hall, capable of accommodating Five Thousand persons, was filled long before the time of commencing, and the enthusiasm manifested was truly sublime. What may not a moral people do in the cause of order, when they have made up their minds to do it. Let the Boston men alone when the high duties of patriotism are to be performed! You will always find them on hand!

The Sons of Temperance held their Annual Soirée in Montreal a fortnight ago, and its success was perfect—always excepting that they lodged their invited country guests at an Hotel where rum is dispensed, although a place equally comfortable at the very least, and conducted on Temperance principles, was within bow-shot! Very singular indeed, and requiring explanation.

To Correspondents.

O. K. H., Chesnut Hill, Pennsylvania.—Have written you on the subject.

O. D. W., St. John, N B., is received. Have sent the numbers as desired. All right.

F. H. S., Picton.—We are reluctantly compelled to decline an "Acrostic on the *Life Boat*" We are always glad to encourage our juvenile contributors when we can do so with propriety; but this effusion falls below the standard which has hitherto governed us in our selections, and we are not prepared to lower it.

D. C., Toronto.—Will write you soon.

J. E., Bytown.—Your answers came too late.

H. P., Bytown.—Our space was all occupied when your Problem arrived. We will make room for it in our next.

S. C. K.—The lines by this hand are rather pleasing, but the measure is very defective. Before offering poetry for insertion, our young friends should see that the rules of versification are at least complied with. It is not enough to rhyme the ends well, or to produce an easy flow of language; there should be an agreement in the measure. Yet even when this is done the performance may be any thing but *poetical*. Poetry consists in the beauty of the images and metaphors employed. Measure and rhyme are but the form and dress; still the rules by which they are governed, cannot be overlooked.

Answer to Enigma in last *Life Boat*:—Solutions.—Toronto, Negro, Canton, Moon, Omega, Corfu. My whole, a Daughter of Temperance.

F. H. SMITH.

Picton, March 19, 1853.

Answer to the first Problem in the March number:—

528 boys and girls born

261⁹/₁₃ girls

266⁴/₁₃ boys

Answer to the second Problem:—84.

Answer to the Conundrum:—A Pencil.

D. J. MAC.

Montreal, March 3, 1853.