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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. V.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1856.

No. 2.

The Fair Temptress—Or the Fatal Pledge.

BY MRS ANGELINA FISH.



NOW, Wilson," said Geo. Grant, "we have one more call to make to finish up our round of New Year's calls. And glad am I, for to tell the truth I am more than half bewildered with all this show and fascination gratuitously lavished upon us, poor bachelor wights, by imperious beauties who mercilessly demand a whole year's homage crowded into one brief day, and all so graciously received, and as gallantly tendered as though the light of each fair lady's smile richly compensated for all this encounter of wind and snow; to say nothing of the whisperings of conscience in the case. for I claim yet to retain a little of that commodity. You did well to reserve this for the last call, as doubtless your "gentle Mary" has something for your private ear, which may require a prolonged in-

terview. As for Mabel, the magnificent beauty, I am already prepared to surrender to her matchless charms."

Mabel, or Bell, as she was often called, was indeed beautiful. Tall and commanding in her mien, with a complexion of dazzling whiteness, and cheeks of rosy hue, with hair like the raven's wing, and eyes dark and piercing. And her laugh was like the wild gush of music, entrancing the soul with its mystic power.

Mabel knew she was beautiful. Of a proud and aristocratic family, with wealth at her command, and educated only to shine and captivate, what wonder that she fancied herself a bright divinity, which man might feel proud to worship, and honored in being permitted to serve.

The sisters were as unlike as possible. Mary, the younger, was all gentleness fair and delicate, with a soul all goodness and benevolence. Her voice was soft and low, like the music of a purling stream; and her mild eyes beamed with melting tenderness, as one gazed through their mirrored lights, down into the deep fountains of her

soul. Charles Wilson had won her heart, and she desired no other. Her's was a priceless treasure.

George Grant was the only child of his widowed mother. Left in poor circumstances she had to exert herself to rear and educate this, her only child. She spared no pains with his moral culture, which gave early promise of future reward. Infirm in health, she looked forward with bright anticipations to this son to be her comfort and support thro' life's weary pilgrimage, and to his strong arm to sustain her declining footsteps in her pathway to the tomb. But clouds of darkness began to gather around her. Her son, when absent from her, contracted a taste for strong drink, and for a time he seemed rapidly going to destruction.

Through the influence of kind friends, and his mother's tearful persuasion, he joined the Sons of Temperance, and a few years of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, restored him to his own self-respect and the confidence of his fond mother and friends. Such he might have continued, but for the pernicious and criminal custom of furnishing wine on festive occasions. Possibly some forebodings of evil, dark and ominous, flitted across his mind, as the temptation had assailed him several times that day.

Very different were the thoughts of these young men as they approached the mansion of Judge B. It was brilliantly illuminated. The bright light gleamed forth through the half-closed blinds upon the cold scene without, with inviting influence, and the full rich tones of music, accompanied by Mabel's powerful voice, broke upon the ear, some time before they reached the house.

Pausing on the marble steps,

George caught the distant view of his mother's neat cottage, almost hidden by the tall leafless elms, which seemed to stand as giant sentinels to guard that quiet abode. One solitary light gleamed steadily from a window, like a bright star to the tempest tossed mariner, and with a feeling of disquietude he fancied that mother awaiting his return and longed to be with her.

Charles Wilson waited not for ceremony. With the familiarity of one who knew he was ever welcome, he at once entered, and both for a moment stood unobserved in the luxurious apartment, spell bound by its magic influence.

Mable, richly attired, was seated at the piano. Mary sat upon a low ottoman, half reclining upon the sofa, lost in her own deep thoughts. This evening she was to name the day when Charles might name her as his bride, and her heart swelled with undefinable emotion at the nearness of the time she had decided upon. One moment, and he was by her side.

George Grant stood gazing at the magnificent being before him, until, pausing to turn over a leaf in her music, she observed him. Her color heightened, as she rose to welcome him; then at his earnest solicitation she resumed her music, as he seated himself by her side. Mable had looked upon young Grant as a desirable conquest. She was well versed in female blandishments, and a skillful performer on the piano. After a time the song ceased, and lively conversation followed, when she led the way to the supper room, leaving the two lovers to their own heart communings, framing bright plans for the coming future.

The table was elegantly furnished with all that wealth and taste could devise to render it attractive and irresistible. Tempting viands

were invitingly arranged, and sparkling wines in crystal goblets glittered in the bright light of the costly chandeliers. Filling two glasses she handed one to her guest, with a bewitching smile, as she raised the other to her lips. He hesitated, then politely declined the wine; at the same time taking a glass of water, he raised it to his lips wishing her a "Happy New Year." "Oh!" said Mabel, "I forgot that you were a teetotaler; but come, you must pledge me in this glass of wine. Surely you are not so ungallant as to refuse?" "Miss B." said he, "I cannot," then added, half playfully "wine is a mocker," "look not upon the wine when it is red." "But surely," said Mabel, growing more earnest, "you do not fear 'the adder's sting' in this harmless glass of wine!" holding it up at the same time between his eyes and the lamp light, and looking earnestly in his face. Still he hesitated, when she laid one jewelled hand upon his, and raising the other to her lips, she exclaimed, somewhat haughtily, "Here's to your courage, Mr. Grant." The fair temptress stood directly before him, looking directly into his very soul. One moment he struggled with the temptation, then seizing the glass, and returning her gaze, he said, "*Miss B., I cannot resist you. Here's to your health!*" And maddened to desperation he drank the fatal pledge.

"Bravo!" said Mabel, let me help you to something else." He needed now no further urging. The fumes of the wine had excited his brain. The lights seemed to dance about; the room reeled around; the demon was roused within. "One glass more, peerless Mabel," said he, seizing the decanter: but she had hastily left the room to summon his friend. Grant emptied

another glass, then rushed from the house, and succeeded in reaching his mother's dwelling in a state bordering on frenzy.

His mother had anxiously waited his coming, and her quick ear heard the sound of footsteps. Hastily rising, she went to the door and opened it. And what were that mother's feelings on beholding her son in such a situation! None but a *mother* can tell. Her son, her only child, once reclaimed, now wild with intoxication!

She stood almost paralyzed with horror. He rushed past her to his room, and then that mother's grief burst forth. "My God," she exclaimed, falling upon her knees, "have mercy upon us, upon my child!" Long she wept and prayed. Regaining somewhat her composure, she stole into the room to the bedside of her son. There he lay as he had thrown himself upon the bed, in the deep sleep of the drunkard.

Morning dawned and still he slept, and still she watched. The mid-day sun gleamed in upon the watchful mother and her unconscious son. The shades of evening approached and darkened that cottage ere he awoke to consciousness. Seeing the pale face of his devoted mother bending over him, and her eyes swollen with tears, he uttered a groan, "Oh!" said he, "I have been pursued by a demon in the form of an angel." His mother strove to quiet him, and he again sank into a deep slumber, from which he awoke with a burning fever, accompanied with delirium. And oh, how he suffered with agony of mind! He would describe Mable B., as transcendently beautiful, would ask her to sing and pray for him, then beseechingly implore her not to tempt him with wine; then clutching for a glass with a demoniac laugh, mockingly drink

her health; then hiss like an adder he imagined in the glass, which he fancied he held in his hand, and shriek with the fancied sting it inflicted. At last, raving with madness he leaped from the bed, and bursting from his mother's feeble grasp and the strong arms of his friend Wilson, he rushed from the house in the darkness of midnight.

That night and many days and weeks they searched in vain for the poor wanderer.

Mrs. Grant sank into a rapid decline and was buried by the hands of strangers. No tidings ever reached her of her lost son.

Years passed on. Mary B. became the wife of Charles Wilson.

A little son was given them for a short time, and then removed by death. Mary's fond heart nearly broke when her darling child was taken from her. Often she visited its little grave, and would sit long after twilight indulging her tears.

On one of these occasions she was startled by a deep groan near her, and springing to her feet she beheld the dark figure of a man leaning upon the white head stone of Mrs. Grant's grave.

"Mary Wilson," said the hollow voice of George Grant, for it was him, "why do you weep over the grave of your innocent child? Rather rejoice that he was taken from you ere he became a man; ere temptation assailed him, or the wine cup's sparkling glow decoyed him; ere he felt the adder's sting; ere he broke a faithful mother's heart, or became a wanderer and an outcast from society; and ere he returned in penitence and sorrow to take a last farewell of his mother's grave, and then go forth again into the wide world to drag out a few days, perhaps years of wearisome existence, then die unknown, uncared for and unwept,

the poor tenant of some Potter's Field—a miserable condidate for eternity! Look at this grave, Mary Wilson, think you, could that mother speak would she not also exclaim, 'Weep not for buried innocence!'—Would she not say, 'rather weep over fallen manhood!' Would she not say, 'O that my son had died ere the blight of intoxication had blasted my fondest hopes, and ruined him for time and eternity?' Go! Mary Wilson, you have a higher work to perform on earth, than weeping over the grave of buried innocence. Go and reform the usages of society. Reclaim the wanderer, the poor inebriate. Banish the fatal poison from your dwellings! Go! Mary Wilson, tell your husband, as he values the worth of the immortal soul, to wage eternal warfare again all that can intoxicate. Yet, ere you go, accept my thanks for your kindness to the dead before me; for this marble which bears her name and age. And now, I would be alone, *farewell*."

Search was again made for the lone wanderer, but he had gone, none knew whither.

THE USE OF MONEY.—A vain man's motto: Win gold and wear it.

A generous man's: Win gold and share it.

A miser's: Win gold and spare it.

A profligate's: Win gold and spend it.

A broker's: Win gold and lend it.

A fool's: Win gold and end it.

A gambler's: Win gold and lose it.

A sailor's: Win gold and cruise it.

A wise man's: Win gold and use it.

Honest Frederic.



T was one of those clear, warm evenings, so common at Mulhausen, at the hour when the workmen, leaving their factories, ascend the hills which border the canal, and sing their choruses, which reëcho thence through the whole valley.

Frederic, with a sheet of drawing-paper on his knees, was copying a draught which he had made during the day.

He too would have liked to sing and to walk. When the air was so sweet, he often felt a desire, after a long day's work, to go out and breathe among the vines; but, however innocent and allowable this pleasure would have been, he had usually the courage to forego it. When the pleasant weather tempted him to go out, he took his books or his drawing, and seated himself on a little bench, placed near Odile Ridler's door. He would thence catch a glimpse of the country, breathe a fresher air, and hear the singing of a few birds; and to him, accustomed to constant seclusion, even this was a satisfaction and a delight.

On the evening of which we speak, Frederic was seated in his usual place. He was working diligently, for the daylight was fading, and he wished to finish his drawing before night came on.

It was a sketch of one of the most complicated machines in Mr. Kartmann's factory. The breathing of some person leaning over his shoulder drew Frederic's attention suddenly from his work. He

raised his head, and saw a stranger, who was carefully watching the progress of his drawing.

"In whose factory is that machine which your sketch represents?" he asked.

"In Mr. Kartmann's," replied Frederic.

"And how did you obtain it?"

"Mr. Kartmann allowed me to share his son's lessons."

"You must then have drawings of a great part of the machines of the establishment in your portfolio."

"Nearly all, sir."

"I should like to see them."

Frederic civilly opened his portfolio, and showed his drawings to the stranger.

After he had examined them very carefully, he said, "I do not see among all these a sketch of the great machine which Mr. Kartmann received from England, nearly two months ago."

"We are going to copy it tomorrow, sir."

"Tell me, my good fellow, can you give me a copy of these drawings?"

"I shall have but little time to myself; still if you would like it, I will try to copy them."

"I should like, particularly, to have the new machine of which I spoke. But as time is money, I will pay you for your labour. Here," said he, offering Frederic three pieces of gold, "take this as a first installment, and we will afterwards agree about a higher price."

The sight of the money made Frederic start, and aroused his suspicions. Nobody would pay him so much for drawings which could be of no use to him. These sketches, no doubt, were to serve for the construction of machines, which might create a competition

fatal to his employer, and which might perhaps cause his ruin.

The young man shuddered at the thought of his imprudence, and, hastily gathering up his scattered drawings, he threw them into his portfolio, which he carefully closed.

His questioner looked at him with astonishment, and again offered him the three pieces of gold.

"I thank you, sir," replied Frederic, "but I cannot make such a bargain. I consider that I should be disposing of property which does not belong to me and I neither wish nor ought to do so. Address yourself directly to Mr. Kartmann; he can judge better than I whether granting your request would injure his interests."

The stranger saw that Frederic had divined his intentions. "I understand," said he, "the motive of your refusal. You know that manufacturers conceal their machines from each other, and you fear least your employer, on learning that you have given me these drawings, should send you away from his establishment. But I could offer you such advantages, that this dismissal would be the making of your fortune. I offer you, from this time, in my own establishment, a salary double that which you now receive; and I will pay you, besides, whatever sum you may demand, when you give me the sketch which I desire."

Frederic would hear no more, but quickly seized his portfolio, and, casting a look at the stranger, in which shame and indignation were mingled, "I neither know how to betray another, nor to sell myself, sir," said he, in a voice trembling with emotion. And he hastily returned to the house.

Several days after this scene, Mr. Kartmann sent for Frederic to come to his office.

"Where are those drawings

which you have made, with my sons?" asked Mr. Kartmann.

"In my portfolio, sir,"

"Bring them to me."

Frederic went for his portfolio, which he brought, trembling, to his master, for there was something hasty and disturbed in Mr. Kartmann's manner, which alarmed him.

Mr. Kartmann turned over the drawings and the sight of each one drew from him a new exclamation. "How imprudent I have been!" he exclaimed. "There is enough here to ruin me."

When he had examined all the drawings, he turned to Frederic, and said: "Somebody has offered to buy these drawings. I know it."

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you said nothing about it to me."

"I did not think it worth while."

"What reward were you offered?"

"Whatever I chose to ask."

"Did you refuse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Without hesitation?"

"To hesitate would have been a crime."

"Your hand, Frederic!" cried Mr. Kartmann, offering his own to the young workman. "You have a noble heart; I know all the details of this affair. I have acted imprudently, my friend, for any one less honorable than yourself might have ruined me. But I thank you for your honesty. You are now no longer a boy. From all the accounts which have been given me by your teachers, and from what I have myself seen, you ought not to remain longer in the position of overseer. You shall henceforth live in my house; my table shall be yours, and you shall continue to share my sons' lessons, and receive an appoint-

ment suitable to your new position."

The next day, Frederic bade adieu to the good dame Ridler, whom he could not leave without shedding tears; for he could not forget how kind she had been to him. Moreover, he continued to show his gratitude for the care which she had bestowed upon him, and never failed to visit his old hostess every week, and carry with him some little present.—*From "The Lake Shore," by Souvestre.*

Filial Love.

Many things in Nature
Beautiful there be;
Rivulets and rivers,
Flowing to the sea;

Dew-drops in the morning,
Sparkling in the sun;
And the gilded hill-tops,
When the day is done.

Beautiful the flowers,
And the blooming trees;
And the yellow harvest,
Waving in the breeze;

The reviving shower,
When the fields are dry
And the tinted rainbow,
Spanning all the sky;

Earth and air obeying
Each Divine decree,—
Many things in Nature,
Beautiful there be.

Yet the heart's emotions
Fairer still may prove,
Streams of earnest feeling,
Flowing into love;

Dew-drops of compassion,
In sweet woman's eye;
And the brow of manhood,
Where Truth's sunbeams lie;

Showers of blest kindness,
When affections call;
Gratitude, like rainbows,
Beaming over all.

Nature thus, and goodness,
Many things declare,
Wonderful in beauty,
Heavenly and rare;

But of all things lovely,
That on earth may be,—
Gentle, firm, confiding,
Filial love for me!

The Way it Should be Done.

"Mother, how is the flour barrel? ah! getting low;" said a finely built man, as he paused for a moment before leaving the house where his gray-headed parents lived; I must send you some I have lately bought of the No. 7 brand, *just for you to try*; upon my word it makes the nicest and sweetest biscuit that I ever tasted—and you'll say so I think."

And next day came a barrel of flour, but not alone. There was a good supply of coffee and tea, and a dozen little niceties, and all for the old folks *to try*. That man knew the value of his parents. He was a son to be proud of. Were any repairs to be done, he found it out almost intuitively; and he never called upon them with his hands empty. Something that "mother loved," or "would make father think of old times," invariably found its way into their pantry. And he actually seemed to like nothing so well as to leave in their absence some token of his fondness and respect for those who had worn their lives out in serving him.

But ah! how many leave their parents desolate, and in need, or give them a place by their fireside where they are expected to delve and *work out* the obligation. Is it any wonder that such individuals, conscious that they are in the way, grow querulous and fretful, and die perhaps unregretted? Others are ashamed of their honest old parents—shame on *them*—and keep them in some by-place, giving them a small pittance upon which they can hardly subsist.

A would be fashionable young lady, who had sacrificed everything to appearance, once told some of her newly made acquaintances, that the familiar old man laboring in the yard, was the wood sawer. Having gone thus far, she was base

enough to carry out the lie, and when he came in for a moment and stood upon the threshold of the door, with a childish smile warming his wrinkled face into sunniness, as he gazed upon their merriment, instead of calling him by the dear name of father, she schooled herself to say, coldly pointing to the yard, "we can't pay you till your work is done." The old father gazed for a moment in astonishment, comprehended her duplicity, and turned away broken-hearted. Truly, then, the iron had entered his soul, for

"Oh! who can tell,
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

Sweeter praise can never be than that of a dying parent, as he blesses the hand that has led him gently from sorrow, and is even now smoothing the cold brow damp with the spray of Jordan. And dear the thought as your tears fall upon the sod that covers the grey-haired father, that you were ever kind and loving to him; that you gave cheerfully of your abundance, and never caused him to feel that you were doing a charity.

Never can we repay those ministering angels we call father and mother. Angels, though earthly, have they ever been, from the time that Adam and Eve gazed upon their first-born, as he slept amid roses, while the tiny fingers, the waxen lids, and cherub form were all mysteries to them. Willingly have they suffered for us, let us bless them with the kindest attention; let us fold them in our heart of hearts, and allow no love of gain or pride of position, to tear them thence.

"Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow

May traces of sorrow be seen;
O! well may'st thou comfort and cherish
her now,
For loving and kind she has been.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert
young,
None loved thee so well as he;
He caught the first accents that fell from
thy tongue,
And smiled at thy innocent glee."

Judical Discrimination.

OME of the modern judges must discriminate after the manner of the Dutch Justice, before whom three inebriates were brought up:

"What you get drunk on?" said he, addressing the sorriest specimen of the three.

"Blackstrap."

"You be one big rascal to trink such poor stuff. I fines you five tollars."

Rum was the next fellow's weakness, and he was fined two dollars; rum being a more respectable tipple in the estimation of the Justice.

"And what makes you trunk my friend?" said he to the third culprit.

"Punch."

"Go long mit you. I fines you just nothing at all. Why, I gets drunk mit punch mineself, sometimes."

HABITS.—Likes the flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.



The Newfoundland Dog's Vengeance.

THE American brig *Cecelia*, Capt. Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a splendid specimen of Newfoundland breed, named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportions, his intelligent head, broad white chest, white feet, and white tipped tail, the rest of his glossy body being black, made him as beautiful as his peerless namesake, who, no doubt, would have been proud to possess him.

He was owned by a seaman named Lancaster who was naturally enough extremely fond of him.

Captain Symmes, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccountable and specific repugnance to dogs, as much so, indeed, as if all his ancestors had died of hydrophobia, and

he dreaded to be bitten like his unfortunate predecessors.

This dislike he one day developed in a most shocking manner, for as Napoleon had several times entered his room, and by wagging his great banner of a tail, knocked paper and ink off his desk, on the next occasion the Captain seized a knife and cut half of the poor animal's tail off.

The dog's yell brought his master to the spot, and seeing the calamity and the author of it, without a moment's hesitation, he felled Capt. Symmes to the cabin floor with a sledge-hammer blow, which had it hit the temple, would have forever prevented the Captain from cutting off any more dog's tails.

The result was that Lancaster was put into irons, from which,

however, he was soon released Capt. Symmes, partly repented his cruel deed, on learning that Napoleon had once saved the owner's life.

The white shark, as all my nautical friends are well aware, is one of the very largest of sharks. It averages over twenty, and I have seen one twen'y-seven and a half feet in length. It is generally considered to be the fiercest and most formidable of all sharks!

One morning as the Captain was standing on the bowsprit, he lost his footing and fell overboard, the *Cecelia* then running about ten knots.

"Man overboard! Capt. Symmes overboard!" was the cry, and all rushed to get out the boat as they saw the swimmer striking out for the brig, which was at once rounded to; and as they felt especially apprehensive on account of the white sharks in those waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful solicitude.

By the time the boat touched the water their worst fears were realized, for at some distance beyond the swimmer, they beheld advancing upon him the fish most dreaded in those waters.

"Hurry! hurry! men! or we shall be too late!" exclaimed the mate. "What's that?"

The splash that caused this inquiry was occasioned by the plunge of Napoleon into the sea, the noble animal having been watching the cause of the tumult from the bow of the vessel. He had noticed the Captain's fall and the shout, and for a few moments had vented his feelings in deep growls, as if conscious of the peril of his late enemy and gratified at it.

His growls, however, were soon changed into those whines of sympathy which so often show the attachment of dog to man when the

latter is in danger. At last he plunged, and rapidly making his way to the now nearly exhausted Captain, who, aware of his double danger, and being but a passible swimmer, made fainter and fainter strokes, while his adversary closed rapidly upon him.

"Pull boys, for dear life!" was the shout of the mate, as the boat now followed the dog, whose huge limbs propelled him gallantly to the scene of danger.

Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his way, while ever and anon his head sunk in the waves, and behind him the back of the voracious animal told what fearful progress he was making, while Lancaster in the bow of the boat stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching alternately the Captain and his pursuer, and the faithful animal who saved his own life. "Great God! what a swimmer?" exclaimed the men who marked the speed of the splendid animal. "The shark will have one or both, if we don't do our best?"

The scene was one of short duration. Ere the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous shark had arrived in three oars' length of the Captain, and suddenly turned over on his back preparatory to darting on the sinking man, and receiving him in his vast jaws, which now displayed their rows of long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the Captain announced that the crisis had come. But now Napoleon, as if inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fearful howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the boat swiftly neared him.

"Saved! if we're half as smart as that dog is!" cried the mate as all saw the voracious monster shudder in the sea, and smarting with

pain turn over again, the dog retaining his hold and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster, his knife in his teeth, plunged into the water where the Captain had also sunk from view.

But a few seconds elapsed ere the dog rose to the surface, and soon after Lancaster, with the in-seusable form of the Captain.

"Pull them in, and give me an oar," cried the mate, "for that fellow is prepared for another lunch."

His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the monster were foiled by the mate's splashing water in his eyes, as he came again, and but a few seconds too late to snap off the Captain's legs, while his body was drawn into the boat.

Foiled a second time, the shark passed the boat, plunged, and was seen no more; but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of his wounds received from Napoleon.

The boat was now pulling towards the brig, and not many hours elapsed before the Captain was on deck again, feeble from his efforts, but able to appreciate the services of our canine hero, and most bitterly to lament his own cruel act which mutilated him forever.

"I would give my right arm," he exclaimed as he patted the Newfoundland who stood by his side, "if I could repair the injury that I have done to that splendid fellow. Lancaster, you are now fully avenged, and so is he, and a most Christian vengeance it is, though it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live."

FORGIVENESS is the most refined and generous point of virtue that human nature can attain to. Cowards: have done good and kind actions, but a coward never forgave, it is not his nature.

The Royal Sanction to the Liquor Law.

NEW BRUNSWICK has attained high and most honourable rank in reference to the Prohibition of the public bane, the traffic in Intoxicating Liquors. As far as the Statute book goes, the Sister Province has vindicated the great principle, that public evils which may be stayed should not be encouraged or tolerated;—and that what are called natural rights, may become wrongs of civilization, and have been, and should be, made to give place to arrangements founded on true political economy, on all good morals, on the essence of judicious human laws, and of the Divine spirit promulgations. Her Majesty's Sanction of the Prohibitory Liquor Bill was announced in the Frederickton Gazette of Dec. 21;—so that the law is complete as regards constituted authority,—and the people now have to carry it forward as patriots and christians should. To everything now, from the introduction of the gospel down to the practical application of the Steam Engine, opposition has been given. Some men, less sensitive, less far seeing, less conscientious, than others, shut their eyes and ears to the claims of improvement, and obstinately support the defective or the vicious, while the question is under agitation. Frequently, however, the decision once arrived at, they adopt quietly that which they opposed, and sometimes even a same to be its champions. Instances of this are not unknown even in modern political History. We may therefore hope that many who opposed the liquor law, will now that the legislative struggle has gone by, give the righteous enactment their support; and will enter on the new state of affairs, with new views and resolutions,

in reference to personal property, and public well-being.

Her Majesty's sanction of the law, negatives the last pretended refuge of the mal-contents. Rumours were not absent, to the effect, that the Sovereign lady of the realm, the Queen, the Wife, the mother, the virtuous matron of a Royal household, would throw back the Bill to its friends, and interpose her authority for the continuance of the liquor traffic, and its wretched consequences. This imagined interference had no foundation, except in the fancies of those who entertained it;—the report was without warrant:—Her Majesty, we must believe, never for a moment contemplated the incurring of any such melancholy responsibility,—of acting so ungraciously,—so unlike a Queen and a mother of the realm;—but instead, she leaves the law to its operation,—wishing it, we may suppose, all good speed,—and hoping, probably, that it will be the forerunner of similar enactments, for many parts of the Empire. We pray for the full triumph of the beneficent law in New Brunswick,—and for the speedy and happy placing of a law of like character in the Statute book of Nova Scotia. —*Athenaeum.*

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured.

Beware!

A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.

Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

To Correspondents.

A. P. F., Bath.—*You would find your receipt enclosed in last No. We acknowledge all remittances, on account of the Life Boat, by enclosing Receipts in the following number.*

ANNA THOMPSON, Chatham.—*Your poem came too late for this number. It will appear in our next.*

C. F. FRASER'S *Answers to Charades* are correct. *He will find them inserted on last page.*

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c.—*James Ross and Chas. F. are correct. J. A., Perth, by referring to the last page of this No. will see that his answer to the Arithmetical Question, although ingenious, is not the correct one. As we prefer inserting the answers sent by correspondents to those we may have on hand, or furnished by the author of the puzzle, we invite our readers to send in their answers as early as possible, and they will all be taken notice of under this head.*

THE LIFE BOAT.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 1, 1856.

A Prohibitory Liquor Law for Canada.

THE period has again come round, when it becomes the duty of every true friend to the welfare of Canada to use his utmost exertion in promoting the passage of a Prohibitory Liquor Law for Canada. Among the British Provinces, New Brunswick has taken the lead in this matter, and has now a Prohibitory Liquor Law in force since the first of January, sanctioned by the Imperial Government. Canada must come second, and it is in the power of the Canadian people to accomplish it at the first meeting of Parliament. Let Petitions be scattered over the land as thick as Autumn leaves, and let every man, woman, and child, lend their assistance. 80,000 petitioners, knocked at the doors of our legislative Halls last session, demanding

such a law, but by a piece of trickery they were sent empty away. Try it again, with an increased number, and see the result. The ball is in motion, growing bigger and bigger at every step. Let the men in power beware of the avalanche. The cry is—intemperance is increasing all over the land—that things are getting worse. It is impossible. They are only getting more manifest. The signs of the times, to our apprehension, show an improvement. The temperance men of yesterday,—the men of moral suasion,—have assumed the platform of Prohibition,—still in the foremost ranks. The opponents of the moral suasion of the past, have stepped forward and filled their places. Where before we only had sneers and scoffs, now they have got alarmed at the boldness of Prohibitionists, and they cry out for moral suasion. Come on, then, although it be in the rear. If Prohibitionists fail to-day, they cannot fall back, there is no room for them behind, their places there are already filled. Onward is the only direction in which they can move. Better still, these new comers into the moral suasion ranks are for Prohibition, when the necessity for it is at a distance from them. Is there necessity for Prohibition in the Crimea? Does the sale of intoxicating drinks there produce direful results? Then the cry goes forth, has government no power in driving these pests,—the sellers of vile stuff to make men brutes,—from the shores? Aye,

she has the power and uses it, and behold the results. Does intoxication among the Indians, make them rather dangerous to the welfare of the white man, then the cry is—let the most stringent laws be made, and most vigorously enforced against the sale of liquors to the Natives!! Friends of our cause, look into the next street, and see there what rum is daily doing. Try your moral suasion there, and if you fail,—we know you will, for that man has passed the bounds where moral suasion can reach him,—come along and use your influence in favor of a law to put a stop to this as well as the other. Both must go together—Prohibition must be universal to be thoroughly effective. Petitions are now in the hands of the Sons of Temperance and others, in both Canada East and West, and we trust they will be faithful to the work, and load the tables of both houses till they groan beneath their weight.

On the Launching and Sailing of the Life Boat.

BY A LANDSMAN WHO WITNESSED THE PROCEEDINGS.

Grogtown, 1st day of Jan., 1856.

It happened as I passed along the street Of Grogtown, on a very pleasant day,
A staunch teetotaler I chanced to meet,
Who kindly greeted, and to me did say :

“We launch the Life Boat with the present tide,
Commanded by the gallant Capt'n Rose,
Over Rough Seas—to Temperate—see shall ride—
Success to her!—three cheers!—away she goes!”

With gallant bearing on the quarter deck,
The Captain of the Life Boat took his stand,
And to make sail and guard his craft from wreck,
In words like these he issued his command :—

“See that the hands are all men firm and true—
The freight select—the stores approved and good—
Provisions plenty, wholesome, sound and new—
No grog my lads, but lots of the best food.

All hands up anchor—loosen the fore-sail ;
Round with that windlass—hearties bear a hand,
Let go your clew lines—foretop to the gale—
Hoist the maintop-sail, lads, to steer from land.

Shake out the maintop-gallant to the gale—
Let go the down haul—make these halliards fast—
Up with the flying gib, and the try sail—
Steady, my boys, we're clear away at last.

Close all your weather ports, lest some foul squall
From windward should our gallant vessel swamp ;
Shut close your hatches, lest perchance the fall
Of spray of grog your lower decks should damp.”

“All ready, Captain!—whither shall we steer?”
Thus spoke the Boatswain of the gallant crew,
“Straight for the Maine Law, lads”—then with a cheer,
They to the shores of Grogtown bid adieu.

Well done my hearties,—bring the Maine Law here,—
Cried landsmen, like myself, silent till now,
And when it comes we'll give up Grog and Beer—
And each of us will buy a new milk cow.

Sorel.

R. H.

NOTE.—Ignorance of a seaman's duty may probably have caused some blunder in the orders given to weigh anchor and steer before the wind, if so, the reader must recollect that I am a laudsmen. If I had sent some hands to hoist the flag,—some to

the helm,—and described her gay pennon fluttering in the breeze, I might perhaps have made it too lengthy for insertion in the Life Boat.

A Father's Offering.

 BOY, nine years old, residing in Taunton, England, was taken by his father to a public-house, where he was tempted to drink ale ; after which he was carried to a gin-shop, where he was again enticed to drink ardent spirits. The boy thereby became so intoxicated 'hat he reeled about the streets, and had several falls, when his father requested some boys to lead him home ; but as he could not walk, they were obliged to carry him. He was put to bed, became ill, and died in three days, in spite of all that the doctor could do. The wicked father of this poor child is not a drunkard, but, in general, a sober industrious man. By what is called moderate drinking he has sacrificed his child to the British Moloch, and entailed on himself guilt of a deep dye. We are told of the infanticide of heathen lands, and our sympathies are aroused on behalf of the victims of that inhuman practice ; why is it then that we behold, unmoved, multitudes of the young in our own land destroyed, body and soul, by means of our accursed drinking customs ? Let parents do their duty—let Sabbath school teachers do their duty (the above boy attended a Sabbath school, but had not been taught to abstain), and teach the rising generation, by precept and by example, to shun all intoxicating liquors, and then drunkenness will disappear, and our land cease to mourn for her slaughtered children.

SOME lone bachelor is guilty of the following : “ Why is the heart of a lover like the sea serpent ? Because it is the secreter (sea critter,) of great sighs, (size.)

Puzzles for Pastime.

Charades.

I.

Assist me, gentle Muse, — I beg your aid,
For my friend Rose, to write a good Char-
ade;

That may amusement give and without
fail,
Please all the folks who in his "Life Boat"
sail.

My first leads to the Goal and Gallow's
Tree,

My third's seen hurrying on the downward
Road;

My second's found with Rogues and Rap-
paree,

My fourth Guides man from Goodness and
and from God.

Ah! reader, shun me as you would a pest,
If through lifes path you'd steer serene and
blest.

Sorel.

R. H.

II.

In witching Revelry behold my first,
In Savage Rites you may my second see;
My 3d in Sensual Men with Guilt accursed,
My 4th is found with Crime and Misery.

Beware, th' Inspired Penman says—Beware,
To look upon my Colours Radiant Dyes;
But while you sojourn here be it your care,
To fit yourself for Mansions in the skies.

Teeth and a sting are both ascribed to me,
Shun me — or I shall use them both on thee.

Sorel.

R. H.

III.

For many months in Canada I'm seen;
In Northern Latitudes I've always been.
My 2nd and 3rd in inland Towns are found.
My 1st in written documents abound.
My 5th in Egypt's fertile country
My 4th in Transverse, Traverse, Toil and
Try.

My 6th in Ramblé, Rable, Riot, Rout.

It takes but little thought to find me out.

Sorel.

R. H.

IV.

Beneath Italia's clear and azure sky,
For many months I feel disposed to lie.
My 1st is found in Autumn's varied store.
My 2nd to sublime conceptions soar.
My 3rd and 4th in Numerals are seen;
And every urchin sees my 5th in Queen.
My 6th in every new revolving year,
Till time shall end most surely will appear.

Sorel.

R. H.

ENIGMAS.

I.

WITHOUT my first I fear you would
Give up the ghost at once;
For then your head would lack support;
In fact! you'd lose your scone.

No "Albert tie" would you require
To make yourself look fine,
And "Collars" could be thrown aside—
Can't you my friend divine?

Now my second is by "Ladies" worn,
And does oft my "First" surround;
And pray mind this, 'tis sometimes "point";
And it does in sorts abound.

My whole, tho' variable, is made
Most oft of beads. 'tis true;
Now if you tell me what it is,
You're not of "greenish hue."

Montreal.

A. D.

II.

I AM composed of 12 letters.
My 12, 9, 2, 11 is very essential for winter.
My 1, 10, 4, 9, 8 is a nice drink.
My 6, 10, 3 is generally seen with ladies.
My 1, 12, 9, 2, 11 grows every year.
My 8, 5, 9 is an animal.
My 7, 2, 4, 12, 9 is a general practice in
summer.

My whole was the cause of a celebrated
General's death.

Montreal.

C. F. Fraser.

III.

I AM composed of 13 letters.
My 7, 3, 13, 4, 6, 9, 1 is a dangerous reptile.
My 4, 2, 12, 1 is a technical term among
printers.

My 10, 12, 5 is used by shipbuilders.
My 13, 8, 7, 1 is necessary for all persons.
My 11, 5, 3, 9 is a bird.

My whole is a matter of importance.

Montreal,

C. F. Fraser.

TOWNS IN SCOTLAND ENIGMATICALLY EX- PRESSED.

1. Two-thirds of a tree and spirituous li-
quor—a town in Murray.
2. A hard substance and a harbour—a
town in Kincardine.
3. Silent and a narrow street—a town in
Perth.
4. Three-fourths of to drop down and a
Scotch place of worship—a town in
Stirling.
5. Four-fifths of a brittle substance, to pro-
ceed, and a consonant—a town in
Lanark.
6. A harbour and a man's name—a town
in Wigton
7. A man's name and part of the body—a
town in Aberdeen.
8. To wash with violence and a fence—a
town in Ross.

Montreal.

A. D.

A Problem.

SITTING the other day with a friend of mine, in a room where there was a large fire, I observed that the distance my friend sat from the fire was $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the distance I sat from it $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet. How much hotter was it at my friend's seat, than at mine?

Montreal.

A. T. D.

Problem.

CAN any of your mathematical correspondents furnish me with a neat arithmetical solution of the following problem, by Sir Isaac Newton:—

If 12 oxen will eat $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres of grass in 4 weeks, and 21 oxen will eat 10 acres of grass in 9 weeks, how many oxen will eat 24 acres in 18 weeks, the grass being allowed to grow uniformly?

Montreal.

A. T. D.

Rebus.

Six rivers in England that flow,
Their initials, if properly join'd,
In order quite perfect—"I know,"
Another fair river you'll find.

Montreal.

A. D.

Transpositions.—Towns in Turkey.

1. Nnnttooeclpsai.
2. Leponaaird.
3. Nmsrya.
4. Aascinol.
5. Psiti.
6. Sdrona.

The initials will give a spice.

Montreal.

A. D.

Arithmetical Question.

IN how many different way may the letters forming the word "Connecticut" be arranged.

Montreal.

A. D.

ANSWERS

TO CHARADES IN LAST NUMBER.

I.

SNUFF is a powder—a truce, now, to all fun—

I would kindly advise all young persons to shun;

For, by it, you may know the gossiping dame,
And many others whom I have not time to name.

A man, when he *er(r)s*, which is often the case,

Is not a rogue—a name that brings disgrace;

A snuffers at night is generally used,
And here I'll stop, for fear I'd get confused.

Montreal.

C. F. FRASER.

II

Nothing than an *inkstand* is more generally used,

By men of all stations it is prized or abused,
It assists to enlighten all mankind,
To enlarge their ideas and expand their mind.

Three-eighth's may be found at *Sebastopol*,
Where the Allies fought at the Moslem's call;
Three-eighth's more, if looked for, can
Be found on the heights of *Inkermann*;
As also one-fourth at *Helligoland*,
And in these three places all will be found.

Montreal.

C. F. FRASER.

III.

THE letter *c* in calf or cabbage may be found,
And *l* in poor men when captive led and bound;

O, which is the third, in parrot may be seen,

A bird much noticed wherever it has been;
C, in cats, and caps, and cheese and cake,
The first of which, at night, much noise do make;

K, in the last eatable, generally under lock,
And it's a very poor house that is without a clock.

Montreal.

C. F. FRASER.

IV.

SEBASTOPOL is the answer to this charade,
Where many a soldier's grave is made;
And where many a hero has won renown,
While his comrades around him have been struck down

By the merciless plague or the deadly ball,
Muscovite and Turk, Saxon and Gaul.

S, in serpents can easily be found;

E, in stranded ships when aground;

B, in a laboring company will be seen at a glance;

A, in artillery, which makes horses prance;
S, in shrapnel shells, I know, delights to be;

T, in trouble, strife, and fights on land and sea;

O, in paddle boats of every hue and kind;

P, in propellers, you will also find;

O, in loose to be, takes great delight,

And *l* in a flying goose which soars out of sight.

Montreal.

C. F. FRASER.

ANSWER TO REBUS.

Geranium, Ada, Lemoz, Arc, Sheath,
Horologe, Isinglass, Egriof, Lute, Stomacher.—GALASHIELS, MANCHESTER.

ANSWER TO ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

IT will be seen that it takes no time to strike one (when you begin to count) and therefore from 1 to 6 there are but five intervals, each of six seconds; whereas, from 6 to 12 there are six intervals; the number of seconds for striking 12 is, therefore,—sixty-six.