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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1855.

No. 5.

THE BROTHERS: OR, KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.



It was on a bright, early spring morning, the birds were singing sweetly, and the flowers just budding forth, that Robert and Walter White,

their satchels hanging upon their arms, started on their way towards school.

They lived on the banks of a beautiful river, and there was a long lane leading to the house, through which, at this season of the year,

their walk to school was very pleasant, though even in winter they enjoyed it; for then, they would laughingly tell their mother in the afternoon, "they had *Slipped*, not *walked* to school." Sometimes, when the snow was very deep, their father would let the old servant, Peter, take them in a sleigh; and that was the most delightful way of all others, to be wrapped up nice and snug in the warm buffalo skin, to see the horses prancing along, and to hear the merry song of the sleigh-bells, as they glided swiftly over the snow.

But on this morning the snow had all disappeared, and instead, the ground was covered with a fresh green grass, dotted here and there with that little yellow flower, the butter-cup.

The two brothers walked slowly along, talking pleasantly together, for they were very fond of one another, when suddenly the elder exclaimed—"See that dog, Walter, over in the field there; I am going to try if I cannot hit him," and as he spoke he stooped and picked up a stone from the road.

"Oh, don't, Robert, please don't," replied the other, but the words had hardly passed his lips when the stone flew from his brother's hand, hitting the animal, and severely wounding him in the leg. Walter immediately threw down his satchel, sprang over the fence, and advanced towards the poor beast, who, on seeing him, turned as if about to try and escape, but his limb was too badly wounded; besides, the kind voice and coaxing tone of the lad seemed to reassure him. After Walter had bound up the cut with his handkerchief, he lifted the dog in his arms.

"Why what are you going to do?" said his brother, hastily, as he advanced, and was about to place his hand on the dog's head,

but the animal, who seemed to know the one that had flung the stone, now growled and showed his teeth. "The snappish rascal!" he added, "let him be."

"I am going to carry' him home," replied Walter gently, "and get Peter to take care of him. We may, perhaps, find his master; and if not, then I claim him as my own."

"You are welcome to him, for aught I care," answered Robert, "though I am sorry that I hurt him. I will carry your books for you," he continued; "but hurry, and do not be late. Take care, however," he added laughing, "that your new friend does not bite you, for then I should be sorry that the stone did not hit him harder."

"I think there is no danger of that," murmured Walter, as he glanced down at the little black, curly-wooled animal that lay so quietly in his arms, licking one of his hands, as if to express his gratitude.

I do not wish my little readers to think that Robert was a cruel child, for he was generally very kind-hearted, though not as thoughtful as his brother; but he had acquired what becomes with many boys a very bad habit, though with some it is more than a habit—that of throwing stones at any animal that happens to come in their way, without thinking of the consequences.

The long summer afternoons came, and were spent mostly by the two brothers on the banks of the river, which flowed in the front of the house, where they either fished or sailed their miniature ships. The companion of their sports was always Rover, as Walter had named the young dog, whose leg was long since healed; but as they had never been able

to find an owner for him, he was now considered the rightful property of the younger brother. The animal would never play with Robert, but would even, if he attempted to pat him, growl and look very savage; it was plain that he had not forgotten the injury he had received, and it was often surprising to observe the instinct of the creature. If Walter told him to go to the house and fetch his cap, he would hasten as if with the greatest pleasure, but the other brother might order him to fetch his, again and again, but he would not move; when, if his young master said gravely, "Go, Rover, go and bring Robert's cap," he would turn slowly away, his tail hanging between his legs, as if he was ashamed of his conduct, and fetch the cap and lay it at his master's feet; but he would not, until ordered by Walter, carry it to its owner.

It was Saturday. The two boys employed themselves during the morning in getting all their ships well rigged and under full sail, for they were going to have a regular racing-match in the afternoon, and repeated were the interruptions their mother received. Now they wanted a few more pins, or some more thread; now their needles were either bent or broken, and they could do nothing with them. "I never saw such miserable tools," exclaimed Robert impatiently.

His mother smiled, and as she supplied their wants, quietly replied, "I fear, my son, that the fault is with the workman."

At last all their vessels being in good trim, and the afternoon being clear and pleasant, with a light breeze blowing, "just wind enough," they said, "to fill their sails," they started joyfully down the green lawn, followed by Rover, towards a little cove, where the

water was very clear and deep. They played here for some time very happily together, until one of Walter's little vessels seemed to be getting the advantage of all his brother's who, rather provoked at this, stooped down with a long stick in his hand, intending to upset the ship that was beating all his, but leaning too far over the bank, he lost his balance and fell into the water. When Walter saw Robert struggling to keep himself afloat, he rushed immediately towards him, and reached out his hand, which the latter in his terror grasped so violently, that he pulled his brother in after him. Rover, on seeing Robert fall into the water, had started to his feet, but had made no other movement to assist him; hardly, however, had Walter touched the surface of the water, when he felt his arm grasped gently by the faithful animal, and in an instant he was drawn safe on shore; but when he turned to look for his brother he was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, he is drowned! he is drowned!" he exclaimed, as he uttered screams of terror.

"Oh, go, Rover, go and seek for Robert," he added, laying one hand on the dog's head, and with the other pointing towards the water. The animal sprang in immediately, and disappeared. He soon, however, rose to the surface, bearing the body of the child. Walter's screams had now drawn all the family to his assistance, and when the animal dragged the boy from the water, he was immediately carried to the house, and every means used to recover him. In about an hour he regained his consciousness, and found himself in bed, his brother rubbing his hands between his own, and Rover lying on his feet. When

the animal saw him open his eyes, he rose, crouched down by his side and licked his face.

"We will always be friends now, Rover," said Robert, the tears rolling down his cheeks, as he patted the dog on the head; and from that day forth they became the best of friends.

May this little story teach my young readers that it is better and wiser to treat even brute beasts with kindness, for they often have it in their power to requite us, and like reasoning Christian beings they know not that it is right to return good for evil.—*People's Organ.*

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.



DID you ever see a drunkard's child? He knows no comforts, home has no claims for him, for there is no one to care for him there,

no one to sympathise with him, no heart to beat in harmony with his; nothing but curses, quarrels and discords; bereft of every thing that could stimulate morality, or elevate the youthful aspirations of the child.

Can he be good? Can he glorify his Maker by an upright and consistent life? Can he possibly be any thing but a drunkard's child? With him the present is dark and comfortless, the world has no claims for him, and the future is still more dreary. No! there is no hope; he is, and must be a drunkard's child. His parent's example is either stamped on his mind as right, or his mind is so biassed by constant intercourse with intem-

perance, that the evil is divested of its horrors. His passions begin to develop themselves, and under such tutorage, aided by all the evil example around him, how can he be but lost? What hope for him? These powers cannot but drag him down to regions of darkness and despair.

These are some of my thoughts when I meet, as I often do, a drunkard's child. O, if intemperance extended no further than those who drink the fiery poisons; if it did not hand down diseased constitutions, and thus fasten its deadly fangs on the children, subjecting them, for the father's sin, to a life of misery, suffering and pain—then it could almost be endured. But it stops not till, having piled the sod upon the parents' grave, it sends forth the children to feed on inherited vices, or to be confined to a prison home, or it may be, an almshouse hospital to die.

A SOCIABLE BEAR.



HE following curious circumstance, which is said to be true in every particular, is related in "Loyd's Scandinavian Adventures:

tures:

"Two women, with four children, were tending their cattle at a shealing far from home. It was the duty of one of the women to tend the cattle in the forest, whilst the other occupied herself with household matters, and in looking after the children. It so happened, however, on the 23d of last September, that whilst one of the women, as usual watched the cattle, the other absented herself for a short time on a visit to a neighbor,

leaving the children altogether to themselves. She had not been long away, before they perceived two large brown animals, which they took to be cows, on the outside of the fence, bordering the patch of pasture-ground contiguous to the hut. All children are curious and indifferent to danger. Without consideration, therefore, they climbed over the fence, and made up to the creatures. When the animals became aware of the near approach of the children, the larger of the two compelled the smaller to lie down at the foot of a tall pine, and then crouched by its side, as if to protect it from harm. Whereupon the least of the children—that of two years of age—without hesitation, toddled directly up to the animals, and laid itself down likewise, with its head resting on the belly of the larger one, humming at the same time some nursery song, as if reposing on its mother's lap! The other children remained the while the quiet spectators of the scene. When, however, the eldest, had reflected a little, and had come to the conclusion that it was not a cow, but a bear—as was the fact—the child was toying with, she became sorely affrighted. Meanwhile the infant, who could not remain long in the same position, presently rose from its hairy couch, gathered some blueberries growing hard by, and gave them to his bedfellow the bear, who immediately ate them out of the babe's hands! The child next plucked a sprig from a neighboring bush, and offered it to the beast, which bit it in two, allowing the child to retain one half."

ABSTINENCE.—Getting rid of one surfeit to make room for another.

PELANQUIN TRAVELING.

BY REV. J. SCUDDER, D.D., OF THE
MADRAS MISSION.



THE great mass of the people of India travel on foot. Many travel in carriages of different kinds, and in common carts. Others travel in pelanquins. You may have a very good idea of a pelanquin, by supposing that there is a long box before you, with doors, instead of boards, in part for its sides—a box six feet, two or three inches long—four feet high and three feet wide, with a pole about four feet long, at each end, and with four legs. These pelanquins are carried by four or six Coolies. In the cities four are enough. When long journeys are to be performed twelve are required, six of whom carry it at one time. They must have twelve that six may rest, if I may so call it, while the others are bearing the heavy burden. The six who are not engaged in carrying it run along, sometimes in front, sometimes behind the pelanquin. These Coolies will, on good roads, travel at the rate of four miles an hour, and perform a journey of thirty miles night after night. They generally travel at night, on account of its coolness. They can travel fifty miles at one time, but they could not do this in successive nights.

When persons wish to travel quickly, they can always, by application to the government authorities, have posted bearers; that is, if they apply for them three or four days before they wish to set

out on their journey. These are stationed, for the time being, at the distance of about twenty miles of each other. With these posted bearers, a person may travel nearly one hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

When traveling, the pelanquin bearers usually cry out Ho, Ho, Who, Who. Sometimes, when they suppose the person whom they are carrying to be ignorant of their language, their cry has reference to his size and weight, as the following translation is an illustration:

O, what a heavy bag!—Ho, ho!
Sure it is an elephant—Ho, ho!
He is an ample weight—Ho, ho!
Let's let his palkee down—Ho, ho!
Let's set him in the mud—Ho, ho!
Let's leave him to his fate—Ho, ho!
No, but he'll be angry then—Ho, ho!
Then let us hasten on—Ho, ho!
Jump along, jump along—Ho, ho!

If a lady is the passenger, such expressions as these may be heard:

She's not heavy—Patterum! (take care.)
Carry her safely—Patterum!
Nice little lady—Patterum!
Here's a bridge—Patterum!
Carry her carefully—Patterum!
Carry her gently—Patterum!
Sing along cheerily—Patterum!

When passing through the streets of a town they are accustomed to dignify the traveller with the noblest titles:

He's a great man—Po, po! (get out of the way.)
He's a Rajah!—Po, po!
She's a Rance!—Po, po!

The reason being this, that their own importance will be increased by an attendance on so noble a person.

When approaching home their theme is changed. The benevolence of the traveller is the burden of their song. They use expressions like these:

He's a charity man—Ho, ho!
He loves to do good—Ho, ho!
She's benevolent—Ho, ho!
She won't forget us—Ho, ho!

The object of which is to remind the person they are carrying that after a safe arrival at home a little extra pay will be very welcome.

Pelanquin beaters are great cowards; but they never refuse to travel to any part of the country, whether the road leads through jungles filled with tigers or elephants, or charged with the most fatal diseases. But should an elephant or tiger appear, they put down the pelanquin and off they run, leaving the poor traveller to escape the best way he can.—*Christian Intelligence.*

WOODWORTH.



R. William J. Wetmore, has communicated to the *Home Journal*, the following original anecdote:—
“Samuel Woodworth

was, as every body knows, a poet of no ordinary merit. His ‘Old Oaken Bucket’ is a gem of the first water; and no American can read or hear it sung without being proud of his countryman—the modest, amiable, and most worthy author. The occasion that called it forth is, of course, one of interest—Woodworth (who was a printer, employed in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets) and several brother typos, stopped at the ‘tavern’—there were no hotels in those days—kept by one Mallory, in Fulton street, near where the Herald establishment now stands, to refresh themselves—a common practice at that period, even with those of temperate habits, which Mr. Woodworth possessed in a pre-eminent degree. Mallory’s *cau-de-vie* being of the first quality, Woodworth, (who, by-the-by, was no judge of the matter)

pronounced it the ‘best liquor he had ever tasted.’ ‘No,’ said Mallory, ‘you are mistaken; there is one thing which, in the estimation of both of us, far surpasses this as a beverage.’ ‘What is that?’ asked the poet. ‘The pure, fresh spring water, that we used to drink from the old bucket which was suspended in the well at home, after our return from the labors of the field, on a hot sultry day in summer.’ ‘True, true,’ replied Woodworth, who soon after left the place. He returned to the Printing-office, took his pen, and in a few hours ‘The Old Oaken Bucket’ was in type! This sweet ballad immediately rose into the universal popularity which it will always retain.”

THE MAINE LAW.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE Maine Law, however multitudinous in its sections, is very simple in its elements:

1. It proposes to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating drinks, on the ground that it directly promotes poverty, vice, and crime. It assumes the ground that any course which directly produces crime is itself criminal, and to be ranked among crimes, and treated as such. It is believed that the liquor traffic is a crime, and it is sought now to place it in the catalogue of infamous, recognized crimes.

2. When the liquor traffic has been pronounced criminal, it is demanded that it should have no exemption from the fate of other crimes. It should be subject to just such legal process as other crimes are. And that criminals and the instruments of criminals shall be subject to *search and seizure*, under legal process, just as are the instruments of any other crimes and criminals. We do not ask for any new principle of civil law.

We do not ask to introduce into the community a new and untried process, that may possibly be dangerous in its workings. We only ask that a principle and process as familiar to us as law itself, and which has been in operation ever since England has had a system of jurisprudence, or the American colonies a system of law, should be applied to another crime, viz, the practice of making criminals!

All the outcry against the vindication of the citizen's rights, the invasion of the sacredness of the household, the imperiling of personal liberty by dangerous and tyrannical processes, is an outcry made up by designing men, and echoed by ignorant ones.

We ask that liquor dealers and their dwellings be treated as we treat counterfeiters and their shops or houses. We propose to treat men who secrete liquor for sale, just as we would a smuggler who stored contraband laces and silks for sale. We propose to treat men who keep, for illegal and criminal traffic, the implements of death to the citizen, just as, in time of war, we would treat those suspected of treasonable intercourse with an enemy, and of keeping arms and provisions in their dwellings, for the aid and comfort of an enemy.

The Maine Law may be expounded in two sentences:

The liquor traffic is a public crime.

The crime of liquor-dealing shall be subject to the same legal process as other public crimes.

Now, what is it that these "conservative and judicious friends of Temperance" propose to do?

They propose to take out of the bill the very feature which gives it a pour to grip the criminal—the search and seizure clause? Thus it will be a toothless hound, running after crimes and baying at their sides, without power to throt-

tle or bring them down. When this untoothed law shall have failed to reach any good end, then, next, those champagne-drinking teetotalers will, by and by, turn upon it, and pronounce the experiment of prohibiting the sale of liquors a total failure!

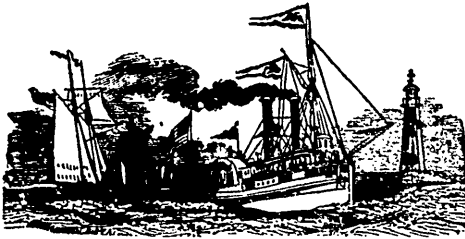
KNOW-SOMETHING.



GENERAL———
gave his black man, Sawney, funds and permission to get a quarter's worth of Zoology at a menage ric, at the same time

hinting to him the striking affinity between the Simia and Negro races. Our sable friend soon found himself under the canvass, and brought to in front of a sedate looking baboon, and eyeing the bibo quadruped closely, soliloquized thus. "Folks—sure's yer horr, feet, hands, proper lad looking countenance, just like n gger, gittin old, I reckon." Then as if seized of a bright idea, he extended his hand with a genuine Southern "How-dy, uncle." The ape clasped the negro's hand and shook it long and cordially.

Sawney then plied his new acquaintance with interrogations as to his name, age, nativity and former occupations, but eliciting no replies beyond a knowing shake of the head or merry twinkle of the eye, (the ape was probably meditating the easiest way of tweaking the darkie's nose) he concluded the ape was bound to keep non-committal, and looking cautiously around, chuckled out, 'He, he, ye too sharp for 'em, old fellor. *Keep dark—if ye's just speak one word of English, white man would have a hoe in yer hand in less than two minutes.*"



THE STEAMBOAT BELL.

BY W. L. PECK.

THE spring has come!
 The spring has come!
 Old Winter fled to his polar home;
 The frost dissolves 'neath sunny skies,
 And Mountains open their crystal eyes;
 The vale to mountain top replies.

Now hark! the bell
 Its tidings tell;
 Along the rolling, dashing swell,
 The steamboat's joyous ring is heard,
 That starts in air the billowy bird,
 And sounds till river and shore are stirr'd.

The steamboat bell,
 We like it well:
 Within its tongue the tidings dwell,
 Of spring and summer's mutual reign,
 When waving verdure clothes the plain,
 And dying flowers revive again.

The steamboat bell,
 I know it well:
 Practiced its clarion tone to tell:
 The graceful boat, from moorings freed,
 Nor storm nor flood abates her speed,
 Till mountain, tower, and shore recede.

Then let that ring,
 Through gladsome spring,
 Be heard when birds are carolling,
 And swell with youthful laughter sweet,
 Where happy friends and lovers greet,
 And old folks curious news repeat.

The Steamboat bell,
 We like it well;
 No gloomy tales its tinklings tell.
 The iron horse may stamp and neigh,
 And madly trace his rail-bound way;
 The steamboat glides, a bird at play.

The steamboat bell,
 The steamboat bell,
 We love its music wondrous well,
 When night-lamps glimmer on the stream,
 Like fairy signals in a dream,
 So transient they the lovelier seem.

Then ring and tell,
 Thou steamboat bell,
 To waiting friends, that all is well;
 That weary hearts rejoicing come,
 No more in distant realms they roam.
 But love's sweet tongue now rings them
 home.

But hark the bell!
 The steamboat bell
 *Tolls wildly o'er you wreck the knell,
 Breeze-rung, for those who softly sleep
 In the blue mansions of the deep,
 Where none may watch their graves and
 weep.

We love thee well,
 O steamboat bell!
 With greetings sweet, or sad farewell;
 But when you thrill these hearts no more,
 'Mid ringing bells on heaven's shore,
 Our storm-worn barks may angels moor.

*When the steamer Atlantic was wrecked, a few years since, in Long Island Sound, the bell was rung from the motion caused by the wind and the waves.

"AT HOME AT LAST."

BY ISIDOR.

AT home at last! Oh, hallowed spot!
 How could I bid farewell to thee?
 How could I leave a sacred grot,
 Long since endeared to memory?

What tears are these that now appear?
 Why throbs my heart with happiness?
 Oh! where am I now hast'ning near?
 Whence comes this sacred joyfulness?

And now the engine pants and steams;
 We rush along with eager speed.
 On, on! the sun does cast its beams,
 And yet of this I take no heed.

The mellow radiance of the sun
Illumes the earth with dazzling light;
And now calm twilight has begun
To linger on the veil of night.

But hush! list! to the whistle shrill;
The journey 's o'er, all, all is past,
Those mountains grand, each sparkling rill,
And now for home, sweet home, at last.

Hark, so the joyous welcomes here,
Endearing tones that sweetly sound
Like thrilling music on my ear,
But now no rests or stops are found.

It cannot be that months have gone
Since I did leave them all to roam,
To me it seemed but yester morn,
A dream that's vanished now I'm home.

At home at last! Oh, hallowed spot!
How could I bid farewell to thee?
How could I leave a sacred grot,
Long since endeared to memory?

Montreal, April, 1855.

THE SECRET.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.



My parents being pious, brought me up in the way I should go, or as near it as they could. They were kind and indulgent to me, but not too much so, although I was an only child. I was happy as a child could wish to be, until I was six years old, and then my life was turned to gall, by a circumstance, which I am about to relate.

One afternoon, when I was a small boy, at about six years of age, my mother had a party, and while the visitors took tea, I was allowed to amuse myself alone in the parlor. While peeping about, for curiosity's sake, as children always do, I discovered

my mother's gold ring lying on the table. I immediately took it and tried it on my fingers. It was a very costly ring, set with a beautiful diamond, and it had the name of my mother engraved on the inner side of it. It was a present to her from my father on their wedding-day, and she valued it highly.

While I was examining it my mother opened the door and stepped in; I had crowded the ring on two of my fingers, and I could not get it off quickly, so I thrust the hand into my pocket out of sight, for I knew my mother would reprimand me for touching it. I suppose there was a hazy look about my eyes, or something of the kind, for my mother took my remaining hand, and, looking in my face, asked me what I had been doing. "Nothing," I replied, and I felt the blood rush to my face and then go again, leaving it pale, I thought, and then I trembled. My mother looked about the room with a suspicious look, but did not see that any thing wrong had been done by me. She then told me she was afraid that I should thoughtlessly do some kind of mischief, and sent me out to play in the garden until she should call me. I went into the vegetable garden, beyond the flower garden, where I was out of sight of the house, and then took my hand from my pocket, and tried to get the ring off my fingers; I tried hard, and when I did not expect it to come off—off it came, and flew away among the weeds and dirt. I looked for it and could not find it. I strained my eyes in vain,—I could not see it. I felt the blood press into my head; my temples felt as if some heavy weight was pressing against them. I trembled violently. I stood up and covered my face with my hands; then I looked again; but in vain. My conscience tor-

mented me for hiding the ring from my mother. Why did I not let her see what I was amusing myself about, like an honest child? thought I. What could I do? I was in despair. I went and sat down upon a rock, and tried to weep, but I could not,—my anguish was too great to find vent in tears. O, what feelings! I never felt so before. I would have given worlds, were they mine to give, could I only but shed one tear,—but I could not; that luxury was not mine then. What misery? I could endure any thing—every thing but this, I thought. My face felt swollen and I pressed my hand against it.

Again, I looked for the ring, but could not find it, and I threw myself down upon a little patch of grass, and rolled about in agony of mind. Soon I heard my mother call me; I tried to answer, but not a syllable could I utter; for my tongue seemed swollen so as to choke my utterance.

I went towards the house, and met my mother coming after me. "Why did you not answer me?" she asked. Not a word could I say. She took me by the hand and looked into my face; then with an expression of alarm, led me into the house. They said that a brain fever was coming on me, and made preparations to doctor me. My mother was very much alarmed. She went into the parlor for something, and soon came quickly back, and with a wild look about her countenance, she exclaimed—"Charlie, what have you done with my gold ring?" I cannot describe my feelings at this moment. I was almost terrified. I stared into my mother's face with a wildness that seemed actually to frighten her; but still I could not speak.

"Hasn't he swallowed the ring?"

inquired one of them. A deathly "No." escaped from my lips, in a tone which started me partly from my painful state. "Where is it then?" asked my mother, "haven't you seen it?" "No!" I uttered; and a cold chill went over me, and I do not wonder at it. I lied, and I knew it. Oh! why did I not own up—confess my weakness, and have the painful spell broken. Oh! as I now think of that moment, it seems that I never could experience such mental torture again; I think I could die an hundred deaths more willingly.

I was carried to my bed and laid thereon; I remember no more. One morning I awoke, as if from a dream, and saw the doctor and my mother standing by my bed. How my poor mother had altered since I remembered of last seeing her; she looked ten years older. I talked with them; they told me I had had a brain fever, and had been out of my head a long while.

I recovered in proper season. Nothing was said about the gold ring; it seemed mysterious to me; I dared not say any thing on the subject, for fear I should betray something that would create suspicion on me.

Years passed; but the circumstance of the gold ring did not pass from my memory. It troubled me by day, and haunted me by night. What long years! it seemed that they never would end. They were the unhappiest of my life. I gradually wasted until I was not much more than a skeleton. I felt that I was fast verging towards the grave. Thus I lived. There was no pleasure for me on this God's earth. I felt that I had no business here; and many a time I had planned some way to put an end to my existence, but some power prevented me from carrying the design into execution.

Twelve years passed. I was eighteen years of age, with but just flesh enough on my bones to provide strength for me to move about the house. My parents said but little in my hearing, but I noticed them looking worriedly at me many times. One day, at dinner, while I was cutting in two a garden vegetable, something rattled in my plate, which dropped from the vegetable. It was my mother's long lost ring? There was the form of the ring in the vegetable where the ring had been overgrown by it. The ring being in the ground, a seed was probably put in the center of it, and, springing up the vegetable grew, and finding the ring would not make way for its growth, overgrew it, thus causing it to be in the center of the vegetable where I found it. Twelve long years it had been in the ground, and now it had been found as if by a miracle. I handed the ring to its owner, my mother, and tears of joy ran down her cheeks. I cannot describe my own feelings; I was overcome with joy, and wept like a child.

As soon as I could speak, I confessed the awful secret I had kept concealed in my bosom, like a viper, which had well-nigh gnawed away my very life. I confessed the whole, and when I had finished, my father's and mother's cheeks were bathed in tears, and my father only uttered, as he looked towards heaven—"Great God!"

Thus the old man ended his story, and wishing his hearers to be benefited by his experience, wended his way to his humble home.

A MAN asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings wrong side outwards?—"Because," said he, "there's a hole on the other side."

SELECTIONS.

WHEN a man dies people generally inquire what property has he left behind him? The angels will ask, what good deeds has he sent before him?

LAZINESS travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

YOUTH writes its hopes upon the sand, and age advances like the sea, and washes them all out.

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision, and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

THE world twines itself about the soul as a serpent does about an eagle, to hinder its flight upwards, and sting it to death.

No one can improve in company for which he has not respect enough to be under some restraint.

A GOOD education is a better safeguard for liberty than a standing army or severe laws.

Good resolutions are like fainting ladies—they want to be carried out.

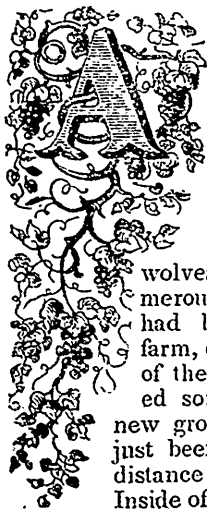
THE way to make a tall man "short," is to ask him to lend you one hundred dollars.

NAPOLEON CONQUERED BY A FEMALE.—Napoleon lived on friendly terms with the family of Mr. Balcombe in St. Helena, at a small white house called the Briars. Miss Balcomb was a great favorite with the Emperor. She was very young, and Napoleon used to condescend to romp with her. However, one day, she drew his sword, and got him up in a corner, laughing at him, and preventing his escape. "Now," said she, with glee, "I have the greatest man in the world at my mercy." The Emperor, it is said, was so annoyed at this sally that he never spoke to her afterwards.

AN exchange says that "the Ohio river is up." Glad to hear it—it has lain in bed long enough.



A WOLF STORY.



ABOUT 40 years ago, when I was a little boy of seven years, my father lived in the Province of Canada, when the country was new and the wolves were very numerous. My father had bought a new farm, cleared up some of the land, and planted some corn on the new ground which had just been cleared, some distance from the house. Inside of the field a large quantity of rails had been split, which my father wanted to draw

to another place, a distance of more than a quarter of a mile. It was in the middle of the summer, the cattle was running in the woods, and the man who was drawing the rails with the oxen and sled, over the leaves through the woods, got me to watch the gap of the fence, to keep the cattle out of the growing corn. While the man was gone with the load of rails, I sat down by a large stump on the side of the fence toward the woods. It had got to be about the middle of the afternoon, and the sun shone warmly and beautifully into the side of the woods where I was sitting partly in the shade. I had nearly fallen asleep, when I thought I heard something walking near me in the leaves; its walk was not that of cattle, cracking the

brush under their hoofs, but it was a soft, cautious, creeping step. I immediately thought of some wild beast, and sprang upon my feet; on turning myself round, to see what I could discover, I perceived, a little more than a rod from me, a very large wolf close beside the log which had been felled from the very stump where I was standing. The wolf was looking directly at me, and had evidently been watching me, and endeavoring to spring upon me before I could discover him; but the sly fellow had not quite succeeded. I was nearly half a mile from home, and most of the way was through the woods, and the man drawing the rails was nearly as far off; I knew that an attempt to run would only be an evidence of cowardice to the sagacious prowler, and would not enable me to escape the murderous cruelty of the famishing wolf; but I found deliverance and safety in the following extraordinary manner. A few days before, my father had brought home for the children two or three small primers, one of which he gave to me. It contained an account of a Hottentot and a lion, in which the Hottentot was pursued by the lion until it was nearly dark, and the lion was nearly upon him. The man perceived that his escape by running was impossible, so he turned and faced the lion until the beast ran back. Remembering this, I thought that if I looked the wolf steadily in the eye, I should best be safe. I stood, and placed my hands upon the stump that was before me, and fixed a steady, piercing gaze upon the fierce flashing eyes of my antagonist; and there we stood. The wolf, however, soon sprang upon the log, with his head toward me, advancing several slow steps; but I fully believed that if I did not turn my

eye from his, I should be safe! Yet the struggle was an awful one. For half an hour we stood face to face and eye to eye, with only about *six feet* to separate us. The bright sun shone in upon us, with its dazzling light on the one side, and the dark, dense, deep wilderness upon the other side. I saw no living object but my deadly foe, and heard no sound but the faint and distant reverberations of the oxman's careless voice. But now this kept growing louder and louder; and at last I heard the driver turn around after unloading his rails. My heart beat violently, and a prayer to God trembled on my lips, but my eye was fixed, and the wild beast remained motionless. At last my deliverance came. I was set free, and the wolf was shot! I can never be grateful enough to my almighty Preserver for shielding me on that day from so great a peril.

SURRENDER OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.



THE following extract is from the Biography of Andrew Jackson, now being published in Harpers' New Monthly Magazine:

"Jackson was sitting alone in his tent. Just at sunset, a noble looking Indian entered, and drawing himself up to his full height, and folding his arms, said, 'I am Weatherford, the chief who commanded at Fort Mimms, I have come to ask peace for myself and

my people.' Jackson expressed astonishment that one so guilty should dare to appear in his presence and ask for peace and protection. 'I am in your power,' haughtily replied the chief. 'Do with me as you please. I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could. I have fought them, and fought them bravely; if I had an army, I would yet fight and contend to the last; but I have none,—my people are all gone. I can do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation.' Here was a man after Jackson's own heart. He loved his people, had fought to protect his father-land from the invader, and now fearlessly expressed his patriotism. Jackson immediately informed him that submission and the acceptance of a home beyond the Mississippi for his nation, was the only wise policy for him to pursue; and then remarked, 'If, however, you desire to continue the war, and, feel prepared to meet the consequences, you may depart in peace, and unite yourself with the war party if you choose.' Weatherford proudly answered, I may well be addressed in such language now. There was a time when I had a choice, and would have answered you; I have none now—even hope is ended. Once I could animate my warriors to battle; but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Tallasega, Talluschatehee, Emuckfard, and Tahopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. While there was a chance for success, I never left my post nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation and for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country, I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert

still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river and fought them on the other. But your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man; I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should agree to. Whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you will find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge; and to this they must not, and shall not, sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go and be safe. This is good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They *shall* listen to it.' Thus spoke the noble Weatherford for his nation. Words of honor responded to words of honor; and Weatherford was allowed to go freely to the forest and search for his scattered followers, and counsel peace. He did so; the war ended; and a treaty of peace was concluded with the remnant of the Creek chiefs on the 10th of July, 1814."

DISCOURAGING CHILDHOOD.

IT is somewhere related that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write to father," he replied "and tell him of it, for he always said I had no brains." How many fathers and mothers tell their children such; and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain! A grown-up person tells a child he is brainless or foolish, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral fac-

ulty, and nine cases out of ten the statement is believed, or if not fully believed, the thought that it may be partially so, acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. Let any person look back to childhood's days, and he can doubtless recall many words and expressions which exerted such a discouraging or encouraging influence over him as to tell upon his whole future course of life. We knew an ambitious boy, who, at the age of ten years, had become so depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not duly mingled with encouraging words, that an early age he longed for death to take him out of the world, in which he conceived he had no abilities to rise. But while all thus appeared so dark around him, and he had so often been told of his faults and deficiencies that he seemed to himself the dullest and worst of boys—and while none of his good qualities or capabilities had been mentioned, and he believed he had none, a single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say that "word saved him." The moment he thought he could do well, he resolved that he would—and he has done well. Parents, these are important considerations. Sometimes encourage your children without an *if*. Do not always tell them they can be good or can do well *if* they do thus or so well, and there is nothing to hinder them.

—*American Agriculturist.*

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

THE number of these now standing is between forty and fifty. They are all in what is called Middle Egypt, and are divided into five groups. The most remarkable of these groups,

as containing the three largest pyramids, is in the vicinity of Ghizeh, not far from Cario. The loftiest of this group is that of Cheops, so called from the name of the prince by whom it is supposed to have been built. It covers a space of more than thirteen acres of ground. Its perpendicular height is four hundred and eighty feet, thus making it the highest work of man in the known world. Supposing this pyramid to be entirely solid, which, however, it is not, as has of late years been discovered, its cubic contents would afford material sufficient for building the fronts of a row of houses, fifty feet in height, and one yard in thickness, whose length would be thirty-four miles! According to Herodotus, one hundred thousand men were employed for twenty years in its construction. The remaining pyramids are of smaller dimensions; but they are mostly all, notwithstanding, of immense magnitude. They are not all of stone, some of them being brick. The purpose for which these remarkable edifices were constructed is involved in mystery; even in remotest antiquity, their origin was a matter of debate, and nothing certain was known with respect to them or their founders. Most probably they were at once a species of tombs and temples; and may be considered as monuments of the religion and piety, as well as of the power of the Pharaohs.

"I WILL not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker, one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee," and at that precise moment the "bad man" was floored by the weight of a walking stick that the Quaker had been known to carry.

"TIME is money." Of course it is, or else how could you spend it.

CROCHET WORK.

ROSE-LEAF CUFF.

Raworth's Crochet Thread, No. 60 ;
Hook, No. 19.

MAKE a chain of 20 loops,* double into the the 2nd and 3rd loop, 4 long into successive loops, 1 double crochet, 1 chain on the opposite side of chain, 1 double, 4 long, 2 double, 1 chain; work down the leaf in single crochet to the stem, make 9 chain stitches; repeat from *four times more single crochet down the stem. Repeat the whole

to form the opposite spray; 12, chain; fasten the points of the two leaves of both sprays to the 12th stitch. Commence again with a chain of 20 loops, work as before, fastening the point of the first leaf to the 3rd stitch from point of third leaf in first pattern.

In working down the stem, fasten the point of fourth leaf to the 4th stitch from bottom of stem.

Work the opposite spray to correspond.

Repeat this until you have the length required. Chain stitches all round, fastening them to the points of the leaves; double crochet all round; double crochet all along the end; a long stitch into every loop along the top; double crochet the other end.

FOR THE EDGING.

1 double stitch, 1 long, 1 double long, 1 treble long, 1 double long, 1 long; repeat, finishing with 1 double.

ENIGMAS.

I

I am composed of seventeen letters—

My 15, 8, 7, 16, is a river in Siberia.

My 5, 9, 1, 13, 14, is a city in Denmark.

My 4, 16, 9, 5, 14, is a lake in Sweden.

My 10, 13, 17, 5, is one of the United States.

My 11, 12, 6, 1, 13, is a city in South America.

My 4, 16, 9, 1 5, an island in the Mediterranean.

My 2, 12, 14, 13, 7, is a lake in Canada West.

My 9, 8, 13, 7, is a city in North America.

My 17, 5, 1, 3, 14, 9, 13, 13, is where a celebrated battle was fought.

And my whole, if adopted by our Provincial Legislature, would, in a great measure, tend to promote the general happiness and prosperity of the people of Canada.

II.

I am a sentence composed of 16 letters—
My 1, 8, 2, 5, 10, was a celebrated Greek fabulist.

My 2, 3, 15, 13, 13, 7, 11, 2, the founder of Moral Philosophy,

My 9, 5, 4, 7, 2, 16, 12, 12, 1, 7, one of the West India islands.

My 11, 7, 14, 13, is a mountain in Sicily.

My 6, 12, 1, 4, 15, 16, is a country in Europe.

My 7, 3, 12, 5, 14, 7, 5, a city in Upper Canada.

My 9, 2, 5, 14, is a mountain in Africa.

And my whole is what every man ought to be.
M. LEONARD.

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