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# THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

Vol. IV.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1855.

No. 2.

## THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.



HERE is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawn-broking," said Martha Hownley to her brother; "and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable; you are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would; and were you to leave "the Grapes" to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish"—

"I wish I really deserved the compliment," interrupted Matthew, looking up from his day-book. "I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits; if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every

means in my power, lead others to avoid them."

"But we must live, Matthew; and your good education would not keep you—we must live!"

"Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampires;" and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said: "Matthew, what is vampires?"

Matthew made no reply: so Martha—who had been "brought up to the bar" by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm—troubled as usual about "much serving" and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shriveled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life—looked at Matthew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his business, because of that which did

not concern him!—but she would “manage him.” It is strange how low and cunning persons do often manage higher and better natures than their own:

“Martha,” he called at last in a loud voice, “I cannot afford to give longer credit to Peter Croft.”

“I thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent workman; his wife has much to do as a clear-starcher; and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here”—such was Martha’s answer.

“And more!” replied Matthew—“more! Why, last week the score was eighteen shillings—besides what he paid for.”

“He’s an honorable man, Matthew,” persisted Martha. “It is not long since he brought me six tea-spoons and a sugar-tongs, when I refused him brandy, (he will have brandy.) They must have belonged to his wife, for they had not P. C. on them, but E.—something; I forget what.”

Matthew waxed wroth. “Have I not told you,” he said—“have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow of these poor drunkards? I am not a pawn-broker, to lend money upon a man’s ruin. I sell, to be sure, what leads to it, but *that* is his fault, not mine.”

“You said just now it was *yours*,” said his sister, sulkily.

“Is it a devil or an angel that prompts your words, Martha?” exclaimed Matthew, impatiently; then leaning his pale, thoughtful brow on his clasped hands, he added: “but, however much I sometimes try to get rid of them, it must be for my good to see facts as they are.”

Martha would talk: she looked upon the last word as a victory. “He must have sold them whether or not, as he has done all his little household comforts, to pay for

what he has honestly drunk; and I might as well have them as any one else. My money paid for them, and in the course of the evening went into your till. It’s very hard if, with all my labor, I can’t turn an honest penny in a bargain sometimes, without being chid, as if I were a baby.”

“I am sorely beset,” murmured Matthew, closing the book with hasty violence—“sorely beset; the gain on one side, the sin on the other; and she goads me, and puts things in the worst light: never was man so beset,” he repeated helplessly; and he said truly he was “beset”—by *infirmity of purpose*, that mean, feeble, pitiful frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions.

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful thing how the little grain of “good seed” will spring up and increase—if the soil be at all productive, how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will come forth—*sideways*, perhaps, after a long, noiseless struggle amid the weight of earth—a white, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping scissors of a little heedless maid—creeps up, twists itself round the stone, a little, pale, meek thing, *tending upward*—becoming a delicate green in the wooing sunlight—strengthening in the morning, when birds are singing—at midday, when man is toiling—at night, while men are sleeping, *until it pushes away the stone*, and overshadows its inauspicious birthplace with strength and beauty!

Yes! where good seed has been sown, there is always hope that, one day or other, it will, despite snares and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearying backslidings which give

the wicked and the idle scoffers ground for rejoicing—sooner or later it will fructify!

All homage to the good seed!—  
all homage to the good sower!

And who sowed the good seed in the heart of Matthew Hownley? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower intent on doing his Master's business—perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped—perhaps a young child, brimful of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around—perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement—perhaps a bold, true preacher of THE WORD, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sins as warnings to the world; perhaps it was one of Watts's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee, (for Matthew and Martha had endured the unsympathizing neglect of a motherless childhood,) a little line, never to be forgotten—a whisper, soft, low, enduring—a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. O what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quoted the *Busy Bee*; but her bee had no wings—it would muck in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Matthew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events—it was, struggling but existing—biding its time to burst forth, to bud, to blossom, and to bear fruit!

The exposure concerning the spoons and sugar-tongs made Matthew so angry that Martha wished she had never had any thing to do with them; but instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved in her own mind never again to let Matthew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter—that was all!

Matthew, all that day, continued more thoughtful and silent than usual, which his sister considered a bad sign: he was reserved to his customers—nay, worse—he told a woman she should not give gin to her infant at his bar, and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he was mad. He replied: "No;" he was "regaining his senses." Then Martha thought it best to let him alone: he had been "worse"—that is, according to her reading of the word "worse"—before; taking the "dumps" in the same way, but recovered, and gone back to his business "like a man."

Peter Croft, unable to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week, Martha would not listen to his proposals for payment "in kind;" even his wife's *last* shawl could not tempt her, though Martha confessed it was a beauty, and what possible use could Mrs. Peter have for it now?—it was so out of character with her destitution. She heard no more of it—so probably the wretched husband disposed of it elsewhere: this disappointed her. She might as well have had it; she would not be such a fool again; Matthew was so seldom in the bar, that he could not know what she did! Time passed on; Martha thought she saw one or two symptoms of what she considered amendment in her brother. "Of course," she argued, "he will come to himself in due time."

In the twilight which followed that day, Peter Croft, pale, bent, and dirty, the drunkard's redness in his eyes, the drunkard's fever on his lips, tapped at the door of the room off the bar, which was more particularly Martha's room—it was in fact her watch-tower—the door half glazed, and the green curtain about an inch from the

middle division; over this, the sharp observant woman might see whatever occurred, and no one could go in or out without her knowledge.

She did not say, "Come in," at once; she longed to know what new temptation he had brought her, for she felt assured he had neither money nor credit left.

And yet she feared—"Matthew made such a worry out of every little thing." The next time he tapped at the window of the door, her eyes met his over the curtain, and then she said, "Come in," in a penetrating sharp voice, which was anything but an invitation.

"I have brought you something now, Miss Hownley, that I know you won't refuse to *lend* me a trifle on," said the ruined tradesman; "I am sure you won't refuse, Miss Hownley. Bad as I want the money, I could not take it to a pawn-broker; and if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Miss Hownley—you know I can say that."

Peter Croft laid a BIBLE on the table, and folding back the pages with his trembling fingers, showed that it was abundantly illustrated by fine engravings. Martha loved "pictures:" she had taken to pieces a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundant cuttings out from illustrated newspapers, and a few colored caricatures, had covered one side of a screen, which, when finished, she considered would be at once the comfort and amusement of her old age. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference, while she measured the engravings with her eye, looking ever and anon toward the screen. "Very well," she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her mind was made

up what to do—"very well; what did you say you wanted for it?" He repeated the sum: she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation before him.

"Have you the heart, Miss Hownley," he said, while fingering, rather than counting the money—"have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?"

"If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price," she answered with a light laugh; "and it is only a DRUNKARD'S BIBLE."

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

"O, very well," said she; "take it—or leave it."

She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm, is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money—"Another shilling, miss? *it will be in the till again before morning.*"

Martha gave him the other shilling; and after he was fairly out of the room, grappled the book, commenced looking at the pictures in right earnest, and congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time the house was cleared, and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, among a miscellaneous collection of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths "waiting to be mended."

That night the master of "the Grapes" could not sleep; more than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the keyholes and under the doors of those that were occupied, he descended to the bar, and finally entering the little bar-parlor, took his day-book from a shelf, and placing the candle, sat down, listlessly turning over its leaves, but the top of the table would not shut, and raising it to remove the obstruction,

Matthew saw a large family Bible; pushing away the day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23d chapter of Proverbs, and, as if guided by a sacred light, his eyes fell upon the 29th verse, and he read:—

“Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?”

“They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

“At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!”

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure, and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th of Galatians: “Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD.”

“New and Old, New and Old,” murmured Matthew to himself—“I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament.” He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil; the fluttering rags and the fleshless bones of the drunkard and his family, the broils, the contentions, the ill feeling, the violence, the murders wrought by the dread spirit of alcohol, had stood in array before him as *social crimes*, as *social dangers*; but he did not call to mind, if he really knew, that the Word of God exposed alike its destruction and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he

ever so wisely; and though he often found wisdom and consolation in a line of Watts’s hymns, he rarely went to the Fountain of living waters for the strengthening and refreshing of his soul. He turned over the chapter, and found on the next page a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a frequent occupation.

Proverbs the 23d chapter: “For the *drunkard* and the *glutton* shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rats.” I Corinthians, 5th chap., 10th verse: “Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.”

“Again that awful threat!” murmured Matthew: “and have I been the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban?”

I Samuel, the 1st chap: “And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from the.” Luke 21: “And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so *that day* come upon you unawares.”

“Ay, *THAT DAY*,” repeated the landlord—“*that day*, the day that *must* come.”

Ephesians, 5th chapter: “And be not *drunk* with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.” Proverbs, 20th chapter—“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.” “Woe to thee who sellest wine to thy neighbor, and minglest strong drink to his destruction.”

*Concluded in our next.*

NONE more impatiently suffer injuries than those who are most forward in inflicting them.

## THE SEAMAN'S LAY.

LIST, shipmates, to a seaman's lay,  
Jack Temperance and Jack Grog,  
Are gallant sailors in their way  
As ever hove 'a log.

But Grog's a lad of fits and starts;  
You'll find him sharp and slow,  
Now hot, now cold, his spirits up,  
He's all for dash and blow.

But Temperance is a seaman bold  
As ever trod the deck,  
And oft when seas like mountains rolled,  
Has saved the ship from wreck;  
And when there rolls that mountain-sea,  
All threatening to o'erwhelm,  
White breakers thundering on the Lee,  
Let temperance take the helm;

'Tis he can put the ship about,  
"Ho! breakers! Helm's-a-lee!"  
And ever keeps the bright look out  
To luff, or steer her free;  
Blow high, blow low, on him depend,—  
Jack Temperance is the lad,  
The kindest, truest, firmest friend  
Poor sailor ever had.

W. H. H.

## TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THERE are two ways to live on earth;—  
Two ways to judge—to act—to view—  
For all things here have double birth,  
A right and wrong—a false and true.

Give me the home where kindness seeks  
To make that sweet which seemeth small;  
Where every lip in kindness speaks—  
And every mind hath care for all!

Whose inmates live in glad exchange  
Of pleasures free from vain expense,  
Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er  
Nor wise denials give offence! [range,

Who in a neighbor's fortune find  
No wish—no impulse—to complain;  
Who feel not—never felt—the mind  
To envy yet another's gain!

Who dreams not of the mocking tide  
Ambition's foiled endeavor meets;  
The bitter pangs of wounded pride;  
Nor fallen power that shuns the streets.

Though fate deny its glittering store,  
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;  
For all that love can purchase more  
Are goods—it is no loss to loose!

Some beings, wheresoe'r they go,  
Find naught to please—or to exalt;  
Their constant study but to show  
Perpetual modes of finding fault;

While others in the ceaseless round  
Of daily wants and daily care,  
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,  
And twice enjoy the joy they share!

Oh, happy they who happy make!  
Who blessing—still themselves are blest!  
Who something spare for others' sake—  
And strive—in all things—for the best!

## THE WAY OF THE DRUNKARD.

BY C. D. STUART.



LET us consider  
the way of the  
drunkard. Be-  
hold! it leads  
down to the pit.  
And he who trav-  
els it, staggers  
as though the  
earth were dis-  
olved under his  
feet—as though he  
made haste to herd  
with the swine that  
lie down in the mire;  
and his tongue lolls  
out like the tongue  
of a beast—like a fool's  
tongue that wags but to  
spill saliva. Look back-  
ward! he was not so once.

He was a fair-haired boy, making  
glad parents' hearts with golden  
promises. He was a comely youth,  
with beauty in all his looks and  
vigor in all his motions. He had  
a frank speech, a generous heart, a  
noble spirit, and scorned to abide  
with the vulgar, or with the liar  
and those who blaspheme.

But the tempter came—in a gay  
guise. Only a cup of testal wine

—"Tis the nectar of the gods!" cried the siren, as he held it to his lip. How riotously ran the amber-colored fire in his veins—"More, more!" he shouted in the delirium of the hour—and when the cup fell from his lip, he recoiled—his innocence and his manhood poisoned, lost! From that hour, downward swept his life track. Downward, downward! gathering speed as the snow pellet loosed from a pure Alp summit, swells, and roars, and crashes on the valley below—carrying terror and ruin in all its bulk. His tongue forgot its truth and became a liar's tongue. His speech was wanton, and bitter with cursing. His cheek crimsoned, but not with the flush of noble emotion.

And there were weeping by the home-hearth. A father was bowed down with sorrow. The heart of a mother was broken. Grief and shame fell on brother and sister. Yet he turned not from his course. The fiend clutched him closer and closer; and he wedded a joyous young heart only to sting it to death with a serpent's sting. She went to the grave, gray-haired in her youth, and children—more than orphans—were paupers. He was a drunkard.—He went in rags. His home was desolate—he had no home! Children playing in the streets pointed the finger at him, saying—"There goes the drunkard!" And the virtuous shunned him, as he were a basilisk in the way.

And homeless, and friendless, and shameless, he gave his hand to violence and fraud. He won the burgler's brand. He was a tenant of prisons; and in an hour of robber-drunken madness he smote a fellow to the earth—he was a murderer! And one summer day, in the midst of a multitude—whom the sight of a rum-murderer shock-

ed not from their "cups"—the hand of law fixed a rope's noose to his neck, and the soul of drunken crime passed to another judgment. It was a terrible end for a once fair-haired boy. But it was the natural end. The way of the drunkard is in evil and violence, and crime—and the certain end thereof is the pit.—*Long Islander.*

## LIQUOR ILLUSTRATED.



R. THURLOW W. BROWN, Editor of *Cayuga Chief*, recently journeyed from Auburn to Wisconsin, and this is one of his notes by the way:—

"Speaking of grog-shops, brings to mind an incident which occurred at—

A young, well-dressed, gentlemanly appearing man, with a lovely wife and child, had journeyed on the same train with us from Buffalo.

At—, in spite of the earnest and tearful protestations of his wife, he would leave the depot, as he said "on business." From the wife's manner, we readily guessed what she thought his business was. For a long hour she stood, with her boy in her arms, awaiting his return, the tears, in spite of all her efforts, silently dropping upon the cheek of her sleeping child. He came just as the train started, *drunk*. He lurched toward the platform, fell upon the rail, and his head was severed from his body. Never in life shall we forget the expression of the wife's countenance, as she stood a moment, her features pale and gasty, and then fell senseless upon the gory and



smoking form of her husband. The wail of the fatherless boy touched every heart, for not one who looked upon the scene could refrain from weeping. Had an assassin robbed the wife and child of a husband and father at such a moment, the enraged populace would have lynched him on the spot. But he was killed "by authority." He died a legal death. The butchery was licensed. The price of blood was in the rumseller's till. A few pennies' worth of property was saved to him, but a husband, father, and citizen destroyed. The crushing blow fell upon the innocent and defenceless among strangers. This butchery is but one of that host having record in the history of rumselling. To put an end to it, we are told, would violate the Constitution, destroy property, and outrage the rights of the citizen and his domicile! We looked upon that woman, as she was taken like a dead one from the headless corpse, her heavy hair clotted with the blood that had just jetted from the pulsing heart, and felt fresh hatred against a damnable business and all its apologists and abettors. Then, I thought of Seymour, and thanked God that he no longer stands between the people of New York and the scourge which burdens them."

**A SPIRITED BOY.**—A mile or so from town a gentleman met a boy on horseback, crying with cold. "Why don't you get down and lead the horse?" said our friend, "that's the way to get warm." "It's a b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze."

**EVERYBODY** should possess six shirts, one umbrella, and a home. The former to keep him in comforts, and the latter out of printing offices.

#### THE SILVER TANKARD.



**O**n a slope of land opening itself to the south, in a now thickly settled town in the State of Maine, some hundred and more years ago, stood a farmhouse, to which the epithet of "comfortable" might be applied. The old forest came down to the back of it; in front were cultivated fields, beyond which was ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees, which the fire had scorched and blackened, though it had failed to overthrow them. The house stood at the very verge of the settlement, so that from it no other cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbor was distant six miles. Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his home, but prospectively as the home of his children and his children's children. He was willing to be far from men, that his children might have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district, and well known over all that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two stories in front and one behind, with a long sloping roof; it seemed as if it leaned to the south, to offer its back to the cold winds of the northern mountains. It was full of the comforts of life, the furniture even a little showy for a Puritan; and

when the table was set, there was, to use a Yankee phrase, "considerable" silver plate, among which a large silver tankard stood pre-eminent. This silver had been the property of his father, and was brought over from the mother country.

Now we will go back to this present valley, as it appeared on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday; and though early, the two sons of Daniel Gordon and the hired man had gone to meeting, on foot, down to the "Landing," a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himself was standing at the door, with the horse and chaise, waiting for his good-wife, who had been somewhat detained. He was standing on the door-step enjoying the freshness of the morning, with a little pride in his heart perhaps, as he cast his eye over the extent of his possessions spread before him. At that instant, a neighbor of six miles' distance rode up on horseback, and beckoned to him from the gate of the inclosure around the house.

"Good morning, neighbor Gordon," said he; "I have come out of my way in going to meeting, to tell you that Tom Smith, that daring thief, with two others, have been seen prowling about in these parts, and that you'd better look out, lest they give you a visit. I have got nothing in my house to bring them there, but they may be after the silver tankard, neighbor, and the silver spoons. I have often told you that such things were not fit for these parts. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose the fewer he meets when he steals, the better. I don't think it's safe for you all to be off to meeting to-day; but I am in a hurry, neighbor, so good by."

This communication placed our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It had been settled that no one was to be left at home but his daughter Mehitable, a beautiful little girl, about nine years old. Shall I stay or go? was the question. Daniel was a Puritan; he had strict notions of the duty of worshipping God in his temple, and he had faith God would only bless him as he did his duty; but then he was a father, and little Hitty was the light and joy of his eyes. But these Puritans were stern and unflinching. He soon settled the point. "I won't even take Hitty with me," said he to himself, "for it will make her cowardly. The thieves may not come.—neighbor Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house, they will not hurt that child. At any rate, she is in God's hands, and we will go and worship him, who never forsakes those who put their trust in him." As he settled this, his wife stepped to the chaise, Mr. Gordon saying to his daughter,— "If any strangers come, Hitty, treat them well. We can spare of our abundance to the poor. What is silver and gold, when we think of God's holy word?" With these words on his lips, he drove off, a trouble'd man, in spite of his religious trust, because he had left his daughter alone in the wilderness.

Little Hitty, as the daughter of a Puritan, was strictly brought up to observe the Lord's day. She knew that she ought to return to the house; but nature, for this once at least, got the better of her training. "No harm," thought she, "to see the new brood of chickens." Nor did she, when she had given them some water, go into the house; but loitered and lingered, hearing the robin sing, and following with her eye the bobolink, as he flitted from shrub to shrub. She

passed nearly an hour out of the house, because she did not want to be alone, and she did not feel alone when she was out among the birds, and was gathering here and there a wild-flower. But at last she went in, took her Bible, and seated herself at the window, sometimes reading and sometimes looking out.

As she was there seated, she saw three men coming up towards the house, and she was right glad to see them, for she felt lonely, and there was a long, dreary day before her. "Father," thought she, "meant something, when he told me to be kind to strangers. I suppose he expected them. I wonder what keeps them all from meeting. Never mind, they shall see that I can do something for them, if I am little Hitty." So, putting down her Bible, she ran to meet them, happy, confiding, and even glad that they had come. She called to them to come; and, without waiting for them to speak, she called them to come in with her, and said, "I am all alone; if mother was here, she would do more for you; but I will do all I can;" and all this with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good to others, and glad to please her father, whose last words were to spare of their abundance to the weary traveller.

Smith (for he it was) and his two companions entered. Now it was neither breakfast-time nor dinner-time, but about half-way between both: yet little Hitty's head was full of the direction, "spare of our abundance;" and almost before they were fairly in the house, she asked if she should get them something to eat. Smith replied, "Yes, I will thank you, my child, for we are all hungry." This was a civil speech for the thief, who, half starved, had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal the silver tankard as soon as the men-folks had gone to meeting.

"Shall I give you cold victuals, or will you wait till I can cook some meat?" asked Hitty.

"We can't wait," was the reply; "give us what you have ready as soon as you can."

"I am glad you do not want me to cook for you, (but I would do it if you did,) because father would rather not have much cooking on Sunday."

Then away she tripped about making her preparation for their repast. Smith himself helped her out with the table. She spread upon it a clean white cloth, and placed upon it the silver spoons, and the silver tankard full of "old orchard," with a large quantity of wheaten bread and a dish of cold meat. I do not know why the silver spoons were put on; perhaps little Hitty thought they made the table look prettier. After all was done, she turned to Smith, and, with a courtesy, told him that dinner was ready. The child had been so busy in arranging her table, that she had taken little or no notice of the appearance or manners of her guests. She did her work as cheerily and freely, and was unembarrassed, as if she had been surrounded by her father and mother and brothers. One of the thieves sat down doggedly, with his hands on his knees, and his face almost down to his hands, looking all the time on the floor. Another, a young and better-looking man, stood confounded and irresolute, as if he had not been well broken into his trade; and often would he go to the window and look out, keeping his back to the child. Smith, on the other hand, looked unconcerned, as if he had quite forgotten his purpose.

He never once took his attention from off the child, following her with his eye as she bustled about in arranging the dinner-table; there was even a half-smile on his face. They all moved to the table, Smith's chair at the head, one of his companions on each side, and the child at the foot, standing there to help her guests, and to be ready to go for further supplies as there was need.

The men ate as hungry men, almost in silence, drinking occasionally from the silver tankard. When they had done, Smith started up suddenly, and said, "Come, let's go."

"What!" exclaimed the other robber, "go with empty hands when this silver is here?" He seized the tankard.

"Put that down!" shouted Smith; "I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing from this house."

Poor Hitty at once awoke to a sense of the character of her guests. With terror in her face, and yet with a childlike frankness, she ran to Smith, took hold of his hand, and looked into his face, as if she felt sure that he would take care of her.

The old thief, looking to his young companion, and finding that he was ready to give up the job, and seeing that Smith was resolute, put down the tankard, growling like a dog that has had a bone taken from him. "Fool! catch me in your company again;" and, with such expressions, left the house, followed by the other.

Smith put his hand on the head of the child, and said, "Don't be afraid; stay quiet in the house nobody shall hurt you."

Thus ended the visit of the thieves; thus God preserved the property of those who had put their trust in him. What a story

the child had to tell when the family came home! How hearty was the prayer of thanksgiving that went up that evening from the family altar.

A year or two after this, poor Tom Smith was arrested for the commission of some crime, was tried, and sentenced to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in a jail in a seaport town, to wait for the dreadful day when he was to be hung up, like a dog, between heaven and earth. Gordon could not keep away from him; he felt drawn to him for the protection of his daughter, and went down to see him. When he entered his dungeon, Smith was seated, his face was pale, and his hair matted together, —for why should he care for his looks? There was no other expression in his countenance than that of irritation from being intruded upon, when he wanted to hear nothing, see nothing more of his brother man. He did not rise, nor even look up, nor return the salutation of Gordon, who continued to stand before him. At last, as if wearied beyond endeavor, he asked, "What do you want of me? Can't you let me alone even here?"

"I come," said Gordon, "because my daughter told me all you did for her when you——"

As it touched to the heart, Smith's whole appearance changed; an expression of deep interest came over his features; he was altogether another man. The sullen indifference passed away in an instant. "Are you the father of that little girl? O what a dear child she is! Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her! That's one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was treated like other men. Could I kiss her once, I think I should be

happier." In this hurried manner, he poured out an intensity of feeling little supposed to lie in the bosom of a condemned felon.

Gordon remained with Smith, whispered to him of peace beyond the grave for the penitent, smoothed in some degree his passage through the dark valley, and did not return to his family until Christian love could do no more for an erring brother, on whom scarcely before had the eye of love rested; whose hand had been against all men because their hands had been against him.

I have told this story more at length, and interwoven some unimportant circumstances, but it is before you substantially as it was related to me. The main incidents are true; though, doubtless, as the story has been handed down from generation to generation, it has been colored by the imagination. The Silver tankard, as an heirloom, has descended in the family, the property of the daughter, named Mehitable, and is now in the possession of the lady of a clergyman in Massachusetts.

What a crowd of thoughts do these incidents cause to rush in upon the mind! How sure is the overcoming of evil with good! How truly did Jesus Christ know what is in the heart of man! How true to the best feelings of human nature are even the outcasts of society! How much of our virtue do we owe to our position among men! How inconsistent is it with Christian love, to put to death our brother whose crimes arise mainly from the vices and wrong structure of society! How incessant should be our exertions to disseminate the truth, that the world may be reformed, and the law of love be substituted for the law of force!

—*Selected.*

#### CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.



CONCORD SECTION, QUEBEC.—The installation of officers for the quarter took place on Tuesday evening, 11th Jan. The following are the

names of the officers:—W.A., W. Healey; V.A., I. Woodley; S., W. J. Stanley; A.S., I. Paterson; T., T. R. Fitch; A.T., E. Euright; G., W. Gardiner; U., J. Smeaton; W., G. Oldreive; J.W., F. Healey. W.P., G. Mathieson; A.P., I. Innes. Our W.P. is held in such high esteem amongst us, that we have unanimously elected him to office for another term. — Mr. Beresford, K.C., of the Knights of Temperance, delivered a very able address, after which a book was presented to F. Benson, our late V.A., as a reward for reciting the most pieces during the quarter. The Section is now getting on exceedingly well, and we hope will continue so.

W. H. H.

#### WARN THEM ALL.

Friend of Temperance! onward go,  
Fear not ye to face the foe;  
God and truth are on your side,  
Needful strength will be supplied.

Warn the drunkard of his state;  
Rouse him, ere it be too late;  
Tell him hope doth yet remain,  
If he only will abstain.

Warn the "moderate" to beware,  
Lest they fall into the snare;  
Bid them from temptation fly,  
Touch not, taste not, lest they die.

Warn the makers of strong dring,  
And the sellers, lest they sink,  
With an aggravated doom,  
To perdition's deepest gloom.

Warn them all with feeling heart  
In this sin, to take no part;  
Warn them all this cause to shun  
Which hath multitudes undone.

W. H. H.



WINTER SPORTS.



MAKING a snow statue is a favorite amusement with boys after a heavy fall of snow in the winter, and they generally commence their operation by collecting a large quantity of clean snow together, which they then roll and kick about till it becomes a huge unwieldy ball. The statue is then rolled and shaped into the form of a man, and if the young modellers, as often happens, have a natural taste for sculpture, the figure of the snow man is frequently moulded into very fair proportions. After having finished and admired their work, the merry boys know no better fun than to withdraw to a certain distance, and pelt the gigantic figure with hard snow-balls till it falls down a shapeless mass, amid their wild shouts of delight.

These winter sports are very exhilarating and healthful, and though noisy enough, should be encouraged by all who wish to promote vigor and strength of constitution in their children. We were amused a short time since by seeing a regular fortification with ditches and bastions, all of snow, behind which were posted a score of rosy-cheeked boys, who briskly defended their position against a little host of fierce beseigers, the parties armed with snow balls, which flew swiftly to and fro, giving many a hard thump on both sides without either seeming inclined to yield. At last a breach was made in some part of the snow works, through which the assailants rushed with such impetuosity as to bear down all before them, when beseigers and beseiged joined together in razing their fortress to the ground, amid shouts of merriment and loud huzzas, which produced a scene of joyous excitement.

## THE VALUE OF A PENNY.



It is an old saying, that "a pin a day is a groat a year," by which homely expression some wise men have intended to teach thoughtless people the

value of small savings. We shall endeavour to show the value of a somewhat higher article,

though a much despised one,—we mean a penny,

Pennies like minutes, are often thrown away because people do not

know what to do with them. Those who are economists of time, and all the great men on record have been so, take care of the minutes, for we know that a few minutes well applied each day will make hours in the course of a week, and days in the course of a year; and in the course of a long life they will make enough of time, if well employed, in which a man may by perseverance have accomplished some work, useful to his fellow creatures, and honorable to himself.

Large fortunes, when gained honestly, are rarely acquired in any other way than by small savings at first, and savings can only be made by habits of industry, and temperance. A saving man therefore, whilst he is adding to the general stock of wealth, is setting an example of those virtues on which the very existence and happiness of society depend. There are saving people who are misers, and have no one good quality for which we can like them. These are not the kind of people of whom

we are speaking; but we may remark that a miser, though a disagreeable fellow while alive, is a very useful person when dead. He has been compared to a tree, which, while it is growing, can be applied to no use, but at last furnishes timber for houses and domestic utensils, but a miser is infinitely more useful than a spendthrift, a mere consumer and waster, who after he has spent all his own money, tries to spend that of other people.

Suppose a young man, just beginning to work for himself, could save one penny a day; and we believe there are few unmarried young workmen who could not do this, at the end of a year he would have £1 10s 5d, which he could safely deposit in a Savings Bank, where it would lie safely, with some small addition for interest, till he might want it. After five years savings at the rate of a penny a day, he would have between £8 and £9, which it is very possible he might find some opportunity of laying out to such advantage as to establish the foundation of his future fortune. Who has not had the opportunity of feeling some time in his life how advantageously he could have laid out such a sum of money, and how readily such a sum might have been saved by keeping all the pennies and sixpences that have been thrown away? Such a sum as £8 or £9, would enable a man to emigrate to where he might by persevering industry, acquire enough to purchase a piece of land; and if blessed with moderate length of life, he might be the happy cultivator of his own estate.

Eight Pounds would enable a mechanic, who had acquired a good character for sobriety and skill, to furnish himself or credit with goods and tools to five or six

times the amount of his capital; and this might form the foundation of his future fortune.

It often happens that a clever and industrious man may have the opportunity of bettering his condition by removing to another place, or accepting some situation of trust; but the want of a little money to carry him from one place to another, the want of a better suit of clothes, or some difficulty of that kind, often stands in his way. Eight pounds would conquer all these obstacles.

It may be said that five years is too long a time to look forward to. We think not. This country is full of examples of men who have risen from beginnings hardly more than the savings of a penny, through a long course of persevering industry, to wealth and respectability, and we believe there is hardly a condition, however low, from which a young man of good principles and unceasing industry may not elevate himself.

But suppose the penny only saved during one year: at the end of it the young man finds he has got £1 10s 5d. will he squander this at the ale house, or in idle dissipation, after having had the virtue to resist temptation all through the year? We think not. This £1 10s 5d may perform a number of useful offices. It may purchase some necessary implement, some good, substantial article of dress, some useful books, or, if well laid out some useful instruction in the branch of industry which is his calling. It may relieve him in sickness, it may contribute to the comfort of an aged father, and may assist the young man in paying back some part of that boundless debt which he owes to the care and tender anxiety of a mother, who has lived long enough to feel the want of a son's solicitude.

Finally however disposed of at the end of the year, if well disposed of, the penny saved will be a source of genuine satisfaction. The saving of it during the year has been a daily repetition of a virtuous act, which near the end of the year we have little doubt will be confined into a virtuous habit.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the good things that a penny will purchase; and as to all the bad things, they are not worth enumerating. But there is one which we cannot omit mentioning. A penny will buy a penny worth of gin, and a man may spend it daily without making himself the worse for it. But as every penny saved tends to give a man the habit of saving pennies, so every penny spent in gin, tends to cause him to spend more. Thus the saver of the penny may at the end of the year be a healthy reputable person, and confirmed economist with £1 10 5 in his pocket: the spender may be an unhealthy, ill looking, worthless fellow; a confirmed gin drinker, with nothing in his pocket except unpaid bills.

We wish it were in our power to impress strongly on the young people of this country, how much happiness they may have at their command by small savings. They are by far the most numerous part of the community; and it is by their condition that the real prosperity of the country should be estimated; not by the few who live in affluence and splendour.—Hard as the condition of the working classes often is, are they not yet aware that by industry, frugality, and a judicious combination of their small resources, they can do more to make themselves happy, than any body else can do for them.

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Virtue, Love and Temperance.



## ENIGMAS.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Two-thirds of a mineral production; a consonant; and a French name, minus a letter.
2. Three-sixths of a fragrant flower, and three-fourths of a useful agricultural product.
3. An article used in travelling, and what is always to be had at a public-house.
4. Three-fourths of what is uninteresting; two-sixths of a figure in Euclid, and three-fifths of compassion.
5. A consonant, and a spiritous liquor.
6. Two-thirds of an animal; a vowel, and a negative.
7. A disagreeable insect, and two-thirds of a part of the body.
8. A sweet wine, and a word that denotes uncertainty.
9. A swift animal, curtailed, and half of an abbreviation of the paternal parent.
10. Three-fourths of a body of soldiers.
11. Two-fifths of a number, and two-thirds of a remuneration.
12. To agree with, and an animal be-headed

A. D.

## NAMES OF POETS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A small twenty-hundred-weight.
2. Two French words Anglicised.
3. A moveable habitation, and an instrument producing sound.
4. The materials of language, and a synonyme for virtue.
5. A component part of the globe, and a preposition.
6. Deceitful, and a part of a pig.
7. One who is in the habit of changing color.
8. An article of domestic use, and a vowel.
9. A nickname (reversed), and the Negro's progenitor.
10. A tract of waste land, and a vowel.
11. Three-fourths of a piece of machinery, and a weight in common use.
12. To chastise, and to unite.

A. D.

## CHARADES.

## III.

My first is a right merry fellow;  
My second is part of his wig;  
My whole is the name of a bird,  
Seen nearer the stream than the twig.

A. D.

## III.

M. first is a personal pronoun. My first and second a voluntary exile. My third is a place of confinement (beheaded). And my whole is the residence of my first and second.

A. D.

## CONUNDRUMS.

Why should a glass blower be able to make the letter E fall off? Because he makes a decanter (D center.)

What is smaller than a mith's mouth? That which is put into it.

Why is a dog biting his tail like a frugal housewife? Because he makes both ends meet.

Why is a genteel and agreeable girl like one letter in deep thought; another on its way towards you; another bearing a torch; and another singing psalms? *Amusing, becoming, delightful, enchanting.*

Why are blind men like Plato, Socrates and Seneca? They are of a dark age.

What word deprived of a letter makes you sick? Music.

Why is the eye like a severe school-master? Because the pupils are under the lash.

If a pair of spectacles could speak, what ancient historian would they name? Eusebius.

## Answers

To Charades in January No.—1, River; 3, Blockhead.

To Conundrums.—1, The typhus fever (typo us). 2, Largess (large S).

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