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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1855.

No. 6.

THE TALE OF THE FIRE-FLY.



ON the evening of a hot and sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window, of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the neat

orchard which surrounded her cottage. The grass had been mown in the morning, but the heat of the sun had soon dried it. She had already gathered it into heaps, and the sweet smell of the hay now

blew into her chamber as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor. The glow of sunset was already fading upon the border of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shone calm and bright into the little chamber shadowing the square panes of the half-open window, together with the grape vine which adorned it, upon the nicely sanded floor. Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning against the window frame; his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white clean shirt sleeves and scar-

let vest, were distinctly visible in the moonlight.

The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself, perhaps. But oppressive as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgoeful of her weariness.

She had eaten but a spoonful or two of her supper, which consisted of bread and milk. Little Ferdinand was also greatly disturbed, but did not speak, because he saw that mother was so sorrowful; having observed that his mother, instead of eating, wept bitterly, he laid aside his spoon, and the earthen dish stood upon the table almost as full as when served up.

Maria was left a widow in the early part of the previous spring. Her deceased husband, one of the worthiest men in the village had, by industry and economy, saved a sum of money sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from incumbrance. The industrious man had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees, which already bore the finest fruit. He had chosen Maria for his wife, although she was a poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give her

nothing more than a good education; he had chosen her because she was known as the most pious, industrious and well-behaved maiden in the village. They had lived happy together. But the typhus fever broke out in the village, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness, she was herself attacked with it, after his death, and barely escaped with life.

Her husband's sickness and her own had thrown her much behind hand; but now she must even part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long labored for the richest peasant in the country, a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant, who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him three hundred crowns to purchase this cottage and ground belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay off fifty crowns yearly, twenty-five in money and twenty-five in labor. Until the year that he was taken sick, her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt now amounted to but fifty crowns. Maria knew all this very well.

Meyer now died of the same disease. The heirs, a son and a daughter-in-law, found the note for three hundred crowns among the papers of the deceased. They did not know a word about the affair, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman assured them, called Heaven to witness, that her deceased husband had paid off the whole except fifty crowns. But all was of no avail.—The young peasant called her a shameless liar, and summoned her before a court of law. As she could not prove that anything had been paid, it was decided that the whole claim was valid. The heirs insisted upon

payment, and as poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees before the heirs, and prayed them not turn her out of doors, little Ferdinand wept with her—both wept, but all was in vain. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She heard this an hour before, just as he had finished her day's work. A neighbor had called out over the hedge and told it to her.

It was for this reason that she now sat sorrowful by the open window, glancing now upward to the clear sky, now upon Ferdinand, and then gazing steadily upon the floor. There was a sad silence.

"Alas!" she said to herself, "I have to-day, raked the hay from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums which I picked this morning for Ferdinand are the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the trees which his father planted for him. Yes, this may be the last night we may spend beneath this roof. By this time to-morrow, this cottage will be another's property, and who can say but we shall be turned out at once? Heaven alone knows where we shall find a shelter to-morrow. Perhaps under the open heavens!" She began to sob violently.

Little Ferdinand, who until now had not moved, came forward, and weeping, said:

"Mother, do not cry so bitterly, or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there on the bed? 'Do not weep so,' he said; 'God is a father to the poor widow and orphans. Call upon him in thy distress, and he will aid thee.' This is what he said, and is it not true, then?"

"Yes, dear child," said the mother, "it is true."

"Well," said the boy, "why do you weep so long, then. Pray, and he will help you."

"Good child, thou art right!" said his mother, and her tears flowed less bitterly, and comfort was mingled with her sorrow. She folded her arms and raised her moist eyes towards heaven, and Ferdinand folded his hands also, and looked upward, and the bright moon shone upon mother and child.

And the mother began to pray, and the boy repeated every word after her.

"Great Father in heaven," she said, "look down upon a poor mother and her child—a poor widow and poor orphan raise their eyes to thee. We are in great need, and have no longer any refuge upon the earth. But thou art rich in mercy. Thou hast thyself said, 'Call upon me in the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee.' Oh! to thee we pray. Thrust us not from this dwelling; take not all from a poor orphan, his only little inheritance. Or, if in thy mysterious but still most wise and benevolent purposes, thou hast otherwise decreed, prepare for us a resting place upon the wide vast earth. Oh, pour this consolation into our hearts, lest they break as we wander forth, and from yonder hill turn to look for the last time upon our house!"

Sobs interrupted her; weeping, she gazed towards heaven, and was silent. The boy, who yet stood with folded hands, suddenly exclaimed, with outstretched finger:

"Mother, look! What is that? Yonder moves a light. Yonder flies a little star. Look, there it hurries by the window. Oh see, now it comes in. How bright, how beautiful it shines! Look, only look, it has a greenish light. It is

almost as beautiful as the evening star. Now it moves along the ceiling. That is wonderful."

"It is a fire-fly, dear Ferdinand," said his mother. "In the day time it is a small, unsightly insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light."

"May I catch it?" said the boy. "Will it not hurt me, and will the light not burn me?"

"It will not burn thee," said the mother, and she laughed, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Catch it and examine it closer, it is one of the wonders of Almighty power."

The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling fire-fly, now on the floor, now under the table, now under the chair.

"Ah me, what a pity," said the boy, for as he stretched out his hand to catch the bright insect it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He looked under the chest.

"I see it plainly enough," he said, "there it is close against the wall; and the white wall and the floor, and every bit of dust near it, shines as if the moon shone upon it; but I cannot reach it, my arm is not long enough."

"Have patience," said the mother, "it will soon come out again."

The boy waited a little while, and then came to his mother and said, with a soft imploring voice—

"Mother, do you get it out for me, or move the chest a little from the wall, and I can easily catch it."

The mother rose, moved the chest from the wall, and the boy took the quiet fire-fly, examined it in the hollow of his little hand, and was delighted with it.

But his mother's attention was attracted by a different object. As she moved the chest, something

which had stuck between it and the wall, fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "now all our trouble is over. That is last year's account book which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers perhaps, as I lay senseless during my illness. Now it can be shown, that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who could have thought that the account book stuck behind the great chest which we took with the cottage, and which has not been moved since we bought it?"

She at once lighted a lamp, turned over the leaves of the account, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Everything was correctly put down—the sum which the deceased husband owned of three hundred crowns at the beginning, and what he had paid off in money and work. Below stood the following lines, written in old Meyer's own hand:

"I have settled accounts with James Bloom to-day (St. Martin's day), and he now owes me fifty crowns."

The mother struck her hands together with joy, embraced her child, and exclaimed with delight—

"And I was the cause, was I not, mother?" said the little fellow. "If I had not begged you to remove the chest, you never would have found the book. It might have lain there a hundred years."

The mother stood for a while in silent astonishment, and then said—

"Oh! my child it was God's doing. I feel a thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look! as we both prayed and wept, there came the sparkling

fire-fly, and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed. Yes, truly. Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of our head are all numbered; not one of them falls to the ground without His knowledge. Remember this for thy life long, and put thy trust in Him, especially in time of need. It is easy for Him to aid and to save. He does not need to send a shining angel to us. He can send us aid by a winged insect."

The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after break of day she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for the heir. He came. He acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed of having slandered the woman before the court, and having called her a liar. The judge declared he owed her some recompense for the shame and great sorrow he had caused her. The man was not willing to make atonement for his injustice.

But when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and the appearance of the fire-fly, the judge said:

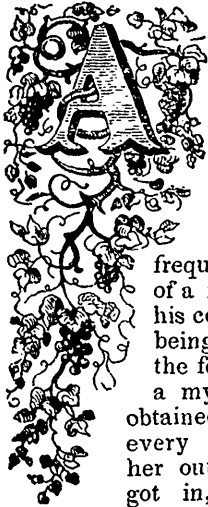
"That is the finger of God; He has visibly helped you!"

Young Meyer, however, was much moved, and said, with tears in his eyes:

"Yes, it is so. He is the father of the widow and the fatherless; and their avenger also. Pardon me for harshness towards you; I release you from the payment of the fifty crowns, and if you are at any time in need, come to me, and I will assist you. And if ever I come to want, or if my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may He help us also, as he has helped you."

NO ONE can know what temptation is unless he has been in it.

THE PUZZLED SWINE.



COUNTRY exchange tells the following humorous incident. A farmer in the neighborhood of the writer, was much annoyed by the

frequent appearance of a favorite sow in his cornfield. There being no breach in the fence, it became a mystery how she obtained entrance, and every effort to drive her out the way she got in, proved futile.

The farmer finally resolved to watch her proceedings; and posting himself at night in a fence corner he saw her enter at one end of a hollow log, outside the field, and emerging at the other end, within the enclosure. "Eureka!" cried he, "I have you now, old lady!" Accordingly, he proceeded after turning her out once more, to so arrange the log (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day, the animal was observed to enter at the accustomed place, and shortly emerge again. "Her astonishment," says our informant, "at finding herself in the field whence she had started, is too ludicrous to be described! She looked this way and then that, grunted her dissatisfaction, and finally returned to the original starting place; and after a deliberate survey of matters, to satisfy herself that it was all right, she again entered the log. On emerging, yet once more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, and turning about, retraced the log in an oppo-

site direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment, and perhaps fear, she turned round, and started off on a brisk run; nor could either coaxing or driving ever after induce her to visit that part of the field."

BLUCHER.

WHEN old Blucher was in England he was invited to Oxford to have a doctor's degree conferred upon him. The fierce dragoon was as much amused as delighted at the idea of honor, and introduced another Prussian general, who had been his right hand man in all his campaigns, observed in broken English, to the vice-chancellor, "Sir, if I am a doctor, this is my apothecary." But the veteran made a better hit than that before the day was over. At an evening party given on the occasion, among others present, was a lady, of whom it was sometimes whispered that she did not belong to any temperance society. We dare say this was malice. But on this evening it did unfortunately happen that she was in very high spirits. "Who is that lady?" said Blucher, fixing his eye upon her. "That is Miss Sparkle, the daughter of one of our cannons," was the answer; at which the shocking old Field-Marshal thundered forth with a roaring laugh, "A cannon's daughter! By jove, I thought so, she looks so well charged with grape!"

A FEW weeks ago, a debate took place in the Dialectic Society, Edinburgh University, Scotland, as to whether or not a Maine-law ought to be introduced into Great Britain; when the vote was taken, the question was carried by 13 to 7.

THE LITTLE PEDLER.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.



IN the early part of Autumn, one rainy afternoon, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it I found a peddler. Now peddlers are a great vexation to me; they leave the gates open, they never have any thing I want, and I don't like the faces that belong to most of them,—especially those of the strong men who go about with little packages of coarse goods, and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself—lazy.

This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet, and looked so cold that I forgot he was a peddler, and asked him to come in by the fire. I thought he appeared as though he expected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no such intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him I only wanted him to warm himself by the fire, and did not wish to purchase anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air, which reproached me, and I detained him to inquire why he was out in the rain. He replied—

“I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain; besides, most peddlers stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days.”

“How much do you earn in a day?”

“Sometimes two shillings, and sometimes one, and once in a while I get nothing all day, and then,

ma'am I am very tired.”

Here he gave a quick, dry cough, which started me.

“How long have you had that cough?”

“I don't know, ma'am.”

“Does it hurt you?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Where does your mother live?”

“In heaven, ma'am,” he said, unmoved.

“Have you a father?”

“Yes, ma'am, he is with mother,” he replied in the same tone.

“Have you any brothers or sisters?”

I have a little sister, but she went to another about a month ago.”

“What ailed her?”

“She wanted to see mother, and so do I, and I guess that's why I cough so.”

“Where do you live?”

“With Mrs. Brown on N. street.”

“Does she give you medicine for your cough?”

“Not doctor's medicine,—she is too poor; but she makes something for me to take.”

“Will you take something, if I give it to you?”

“No, ma'am, I thank you; mother took medicine, and it didn't help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; it wouldn't stop my cough. Good day, ma'am.”

“Wait a minute,” I said, “I want to see what you carry.”

He opened his box, and for once I found what I wanted. Indeed, I didn't think it would have mattered what he had. I should have wanted it for the little peddler had changed in my eyes—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had I. How strange that peddlers had never seemed like people—human, soul-filled beings, before. How thankful he was, and

how his great sunken blue eyes looked into mine, when I paid him.

"You dont ask me to take a cent less," said he, after hesitating a minute; I think you must be rich."

"Oh, no," I replied. "I am very far from that; and these things are worth more to me now than I gave you for them. Will you come again?"

"Yes ma'am, if I don't go to mother soon."

"Are you hungry?"

"No, ma'am, I am never hungry now. I sometimes think mother feeds me when I sleep, though I don't remember it when I am awake. I only know I don't wish to eat now, since my sister died."

"Did you feel very sad then?"

"I felt very big in my throat, and thought I was choked, but I didn't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for a while; but I am glad she's up there now."

"Who told you you were going to die?"

"Nobody, but I know I am. Perhaps I'll go before Christmas."

I could not endure that and tried to make him stay, but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what good luck he had met with. He bade me good day again cheerfully, and went out into the cold rain, while I could only say, "God be with you, my child!"

He never came again, though I looked for him every day. At length, about New Year's, I went to the place he called home. Mrs. Brown was there, but the little pilgrim! his weary feet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the door of those, who, like myself, forgot that necessity and stern want often sent about these wanderers from house to house, and that their employment might be far more unseemingly to

them than annoying to us. I have learned a lesson; and I never see a peddler bending with his load, but my heart softens to them, and I wonder if they too do not wish to lay aside their burden and be at rest.

A SOFT PILLOW.



HITEFIELD

and a pious companion were much annoyed, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept.

Their noisy clamour so excited Whitefield's abhorance and pious sympathy, that he could not rest.

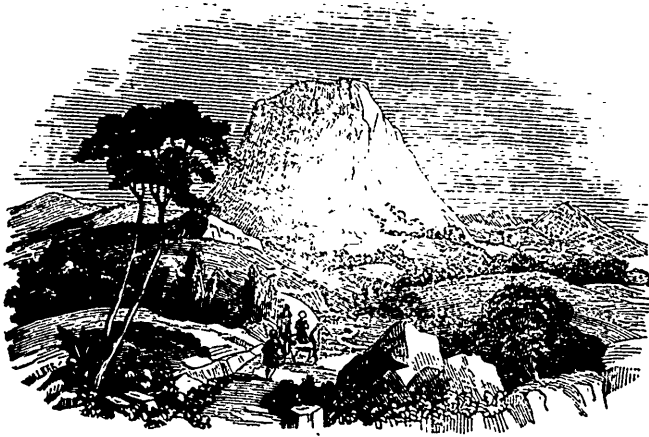
"I will go in to them and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated

in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him abruptly—

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity—the champion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right in the absence of every other reward. And none knows more truly the value of a soft pillow than those parents whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels can sleep quietly in the day of trial.

Love the cause of Temperance.



MOUNT TABOR.

MOUNT Tabor, rising majestically from amidst the vine-clad hills and fertile plains of Gallilee, presents a truly imposing and beautiful appearance to the eye of the traveller in those consecrated regions. As Sinai, standing dark, bold and rugged in the desert regions of Arabia, still seems to typify the old dispensation of terror, delivered from its burning brow to Moses, so Tabor, standing in the most lovely and fertile region of the East, in the midst of scenes, hallowed by the daily walks of our blessed Saviour during his earthly ministry, presents a lovely symbol of that new and better commandment of love and good-will to men, which was heralded by angelic voices around the holy manger at Bethlehem.

Mount Tabor, which now bears the Turkish name of Jabel-Tur, is

situated in the southern part of the hilly country of Gallilee. It stands isolated, in a broad fruitful plain, rising to an elevation of 1500 feet above its level, and both sides of the valley are inclosed by the lower mountains of Nazareth, running in an eastern and western direction. Mount Tabor is conical in form, the summit presenting a flat surface of considerable extent, covered with fine grass, and its sides, from the base to the top are clothed with oaks, wild pistachios, flowering myrtles and other shrubs, which give it a truly beautiful appearance.

There are no springs of water found on Mount Tabor, but cisterns have been hewn in the rocks from very ancient times, two of which still contain water and are used by the neighboring inhabitants. On the ridge around the plain at the top, are found the ruins of dwellings and fortifications belonging to different ages; some are of hewn stone, others bear the marks of Roman Art, and probably date from the time when that warlike people invaded Judea and besieged the Holy City. Along the southern ridge are traces of a wall and

fortress; and the tall, pointed arch of a Saracenic gateway, still stands, bearing the name of Babel Hawa, (Windgate) which carries the imagination back to the time of the Crusaders, when Christians and Infidel with most *unholy* strife, contended for the Holy Sepulchre.

Tradition has fixed on Mount Tabor as the scene of our Saviour's transfiguration; but as the Scriptures do not indicate with any certainty the place where that interesting event took place, it is not considered a matter of certainty by those who are very accurate in regard to facts. But when it is so difficult to fix the locality of these events, at this remote distance of time, surely the imagination may be allowed to supply the void, and following reverently the footsteps of the great it might safely rest on the noble summit of that beautiful Mount, and find *there* the scene of that sublime transaction, which at once established his divine commission, and gave to the doubting eye of sense, a glimpse into the invisible and dimly appreciated world of spiritual life!

We will close this imperfect sketch of Mount Tabor, in the words of a late traveller (Spencer,) who visited all these scenes, and described them with devout enthusiasm.

"Notwithstanding the desolation of Tabor, compared with its glory in other days," he says, "we beheld there what man has neither given nor can take away—the glorious view of the surrounding country, which is unsurpassed in all Palestine, I would that I possessed the power of graphic description, that I might tell you of what I saw from the summit of this noble mount, and how deeply the beauty and splendor of the scene are written in the choicest recollections! How grandly loomed up in the far

distance, to the north, the snow-crowned Hermon of Scripture! How picturesque appeared the hills and mountains to the north-east and the east, beyond and on this side silvery Jordan, which springs out of their bosom! How lovely seemed that lake, of all others most interesting to the Christian's heart,—the lake of Tiberias, a part of which we could plainly see! How noble towards the south, looked the valley of the Jordan, Gilead, Gilboa, the little Hermon, and the charming vales between! But how surpassingly beautiful, which I cannot find words rightly to express, was the scene at the west, as at this commanding elevation, some 1500 feet above the plain, we looked down upon Esdraelon, in all its glory and magnificent verdure, its extent, its fertility, its loveliness, its surrounding hills, its streams, its rivulets, its river Kishon, and its many, many points of attraction! Believe me, I stood as it were entranced on the steep brow of Tabor, and beheld this scene with emotions too deep for utterance."

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.




DECENT old highlandman, in ———, having become unwell, one of the deacons of the district in which he lived, a spirit dealer, waited upon him, and asked him, among other things, if there were any particular portions of the Bible that he should like to hear read. "Och! ay," says Donald, "there are several portions of it that I should like to hear read; but there are two, in particular, that I should like to hear *you* read, the 5th chapter of Isaiah, and the 28th." The deacon read them accordingly, when at several expressions, Donald said, "Ay, ay, that's it; do you see?" which expressions

were the following:—"Woe unto them that rise early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them." "Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure." "The drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under feet." "The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment." The deacon's first visit has been, as yet, his last.—Months and months have intervened; but no such deacon has returned to Donald to read another chapter. "Ay, ay, he has never come near me since," says Donald. "It was the Bible that made me an abstainer, and I thocht I wad try its edge upon him; but he winna come near me no more."

—
For the Life Boat.

DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

 NE great objection raised to the passage of a prohibitory liquor law, is the immense destruction of property which it causes to the liquor trade. What appeals these good people make to the best feelings of the community! Do they ever take into consideration the immense amount of material which is used in the manufacture of liquor, and which to all intents and purposes is lost? Do they ever think of the immense sums of money that are squandered in buying the poison—the reputations that are blasted—the crimes which, under the maddening influence of liquor, are committed—the jails that are filled—the penitentiaries built. Do they ever think of the widow's tears, the orphan's

wail, for some dear father or son lost through its influence? Do they ever think of the dying words of those who have expiated their crimes on the gallows? They say "touch not liquor; to it I owe my present situation." Does it ever strike them, the immense number of persons they have sent to a premature grave? Ay, if any of these things ever do strike them, they are hushed by saying, "I am not alone, my stopping could do no good; others would continue, so I will continue also?" Oh! what reasoning is this! If both sides were figured up, we can easily understand on which side the balance would be found. Appeals to stop their infamous traffic have passed by unheeded, and so many a community who have had their best feelings outraged by them, turn a deaf ear to their cries for mercy. Now that they must soon feel the sting of the prohibitory liquor law, for though it has been put back for a short season, it must and soon will be the law of OUR CANADA.

F. W. C.

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To the Editor of the Life Boat.

SIR,—Being aware of the extensive circulation of your interesting magazine, and the interest you manifest in the temperance cause, I beg to say a few words respecting the Cadets in the village of Oshawa. The section was organized in 1849, with 25 charter members, and for some time was in a flourishing condition. It numbered, at one time 80 members.

The W.P., M. B. Stone, having resigned, it began to decline, until it had not enough members to fill the offices. The section adopted the plan of speaking pieces, and admitting the public to witness the installation of officers. On one occasion the ladies of Harmony, a small village about 1½ miles east of Oshawa, presented the section with a bible: and on another occasion the ladies of Oshawa presented them with a banner. With these flattering testimonials of the good will of the ladies, the section resumed its work with increased vigor, until the Sons refused to assist us. The section met a few times without a W.P., but it was impossible to keep order, so we suspended our meetings until a Son of Temperance, who had once been a Cadet, undertook the task of resuscitating the section. The members had assembled only one month when the installation of officers took place, and on which occasion the meeting was well attended. The section then dispersed, highly pleased with their evening's progress.

J. E. FAREWELL, P.W.A.

Oshawa, April, 1855.

For the Life Boat.

A D R E A M .

BY ISIDOR.

THE sombre shades of night were gathering round,
All nature now was hushed in calm repose:
Beneath a grassy bank I stretched my limbs,
And courted sleep, who hastened at my call,
And by its balmly influence did soothe

My wearied soul. Methought a form appeared,
And spoke to me in words of harshness, thus—

“ Old man, look up, and view the universe,
How sublimely grand is all thou seest—
Look to the sky how vast, how infinite.
Does not everything pourtray the greatness
Of that Being supreme who made all things.
Look to those shining orbs above thy head,
And view that silvery moon, how pale the light,

And yet how beautiful: and art *thou* fit
Now to enjoy these beauteous things of nature!

Canst *thou* appreciate what God hath given?
Thou, whom *He* has formed ‘in his own image,’

Art surely now not grateful for his love.
Turn to thy misspent life, and view *the past*,
Hours neglected, time abused by thee,
Which might have then been turned to good account.

Oh, name the *good* which *thou* hast ever done?

Hast *thou* relieved the orphan? fed the hungry?

Or tried to minister to the sick man's wants?

Go, wretched man, and seek thy room,
And hide thy face, nor dare to show thyself

Here in the beautiful world, where all should try

Their utmost to do good, that they may merit

That sweet reward destined to them hereafter.”

He said these words, and then did disappear,

And then from my strange slumber I awoke,

And joyous to relate, I found 't was all
A *dream*, and yet a fearful warning, too,
A lesson for the young, and which we all
Should profit by, before it is too late.

Montreal, June, 1855.

You might as well expect to drive a plowshare through a wasp's nest in open day, and not be stung, as to be truthful without giving offence.

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one, and if you would not have any evil known of you, never do it.

HE is a wise man who learns from every one; he is powerful who governs his passions; and he is rich who is contented.



CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

THE above woodcut represents a Chelsea Pensioner, an individual who, after a life spent in the service of his country, is, when disease or age have disabled him from further duty, provided by that country with an asylum, where, without personal cost or toil, he may spend the evening of his days in peace and quiet enjoyment, fighting "his battles o'er again,"

as often as he pleases, and looking forth from his still and comfortable retreat upon the stir and bustle of the world in which he no longer plays an active part.

Chelsea Hospital is one of the many noble institutions endowed by the munificence of Britain for her deserving sons. As the Hospital of Greenwich is designed for disabled seamen, so this of Chelsea

is a military hospital intended for soldiers no longer fit for service. The building is of brick, with stone columns and cornices, and was completed in the year 1690, on a plan of Sir Christopher Wren's, at an expense of £150,000. The centre and wings form three sides of a square, the open side being towards the bank of the Thames, the space between which and the building is laid out in fine gardens. The main entrance is on the north, which is planted with avenues of trees, and the wings on either side are ornamented with porticos and piazzas.

The central portion of the building contains a chapel for public worship, which is neat and plain, having rows of benches, furnished with prayer books and hassocks, and the floor being paved with marble in alternate squares of black and white. The pulpit and communion table are decorated with splendid covers of purple velvet fringed with gold lace, which were presented to it by William the Fourth. Above the communion table there is a painting of the Ascension.

This excellent establishment numbers about five hundred in-pensioners, consisting of veteran soldiers, who besides food and clothing receive weekly pay, varying according to their rank and service from eight-pence, to three shillings and sixpence sterling. The out-pensioners connected with it are more numerous; in the year 1836, they amounted to nearly 80,000, and their pensions vary from £7 12s. to £54 15s. yearly. The total expenditure on account of the out-pensioners in the year above mentioned amounted to the enormous sum of £1,359,463.

Connected with Chelsea is York Hospital which was built for the reception of wounded soldiers from

foreign stations, who are taken into the other as vacancies occur. A military asylum for soldier's orphans and the children of those on foreign stations was also established here by the Duke of York in 1801. It is a handsome building and maintains seven hundred boys and three hundred girls, who are clothed and educated in it, the boys when old enough enter the army, and the girls are apprenticed to some useful calling.

It was in Chelsea Hospital that the remains of the Duke of Wellington recently lay in state, while thousands and tens of thousands thronged daily to take their last look of the great Statesman and General, whose name is destined to fill so conspicuous a place in the page of the world's history.

T R Y.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.



AID Mr. Sandford to his son Henry, I am very much hurried, as Mr. Herbert, my book-keeper, has been sick for many days. I hardly think he will

get out for a fortnight to come. It is necessary to have our books balanced now, it is the regular period for doing it; and, beside, as I want to see the state of each account, I shall have to get you to stay at home from school for a week and undertake the balance sheet."

"I can't do it, indeed, father."

"You can try." This was said significantly.

The lad said no more, but he

felt that his father was about to impose on him a task that he could not possibly do. Knowing that he was in earnest, and that therefore, all objections would be of no avail, he prepared himself to make an effort that he was sure would be unavailing.

On the next day, instead of going to school, he went to his father's store. He had studied book-keeping, and knew something of the matter theoretically. Now he was brought right down to the practice, and what to him seemed the most difficult part of it.

"There is some posting yet to be done," said Mr. Sandford, "before the books are ready for balancing. You can do that first; it will take you the whole of to-day, and perhaps part of to-morrow."

Henry then received a few plain directions, and commenced posting the accounts. At first his mind was confused, and he saw things obscurely; but in the course of an hour, it was as clear as a bell. By night, he had posted every account from the journal, and without the mistake of a single figure.

On the next day he commenced the work of taking the balances, and arranging them under their respective heads of "debtor" and "creditor."

"All this is simple enough," he remarked to himself towards evening, "but I don't believe that I shall get a balance; I am sure I shall not."

"We will see," said Mr. Sandford, quietly, who happened to be standing near, and heard the soliloquy of his son.

Henry blushed, and went on with his work without replying.

In three days all the balances had been struck, and the anxious task of making the additions commenced. They were soon completed.

"What is the result?" asked Mr. Sandford, who had been watching, silently, the progress of the balance sheet.

"Just as I expected," returned Henry, in a fretful voice. "The books don't balance. I was sure I couldn't do it."

"And I was sure you could. Who is to be proved in the wrong?"

"Here is the proof before us. I have failed."

"Perhaps not. How does the sheet stand?"

"Two hundred and sixty-four dollars too much on the debtor side."

"An error somewhere. You must go over the books again, and see if you cannot find it."

"I might as well look for a needle in a hay stack. I am sure I shall never be able to bring out a balance."

"Try."

Henry turned to the books and commenced the task of going over all the accounts, in order to discover the error. He had not proceeded very far before a mistake of two hundred and sixty dollars was found. This gave him confidence. But the four dollar he searched for in vain.

"It's no use they won't balance," was the murmuring thought of Henry Sandford, as he resumed the discouraging task of searching for an error of four dollars through the accounts of six months' business.

"Here it is, he suddenly exclaimed, ten minutes afterwards, throwing down his pen, and turning with a smiling face, to his father,

"Indeed! Have you found it?"

"O yes. The error is in my own addition."


"And so the books are all right," and you have taken off a balance

sheet. There is nothing like trying, Henry."

"True. But I had never done such a thing before, and no wonder that I doubted my ability."

"That things are possible to them that believe, my son. This is a natural, as well as a spiritual and divine precept. He who is full of doubt rarely ever accomplishes any great thing. It is to the confident and energetic that success comes. Don't forget this. In determining your ability, think whether you have a correct knowledge of the first principles required to be brought into operation in the performance of the work. If you have, you need not fear. I knew that you had advanced far enough in your mathematical studies, to be able to do all that I required you. And should have known as much yourself. In future, trust more to your own power of mind acting by means of first principles."

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.


 HERE is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of the night. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends—had not taken note of time—and returned about midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the street; it seemed as if the inhabitants were gone away. No signs of life—stores closed.

The sun goes down at Stockholm, a little before 10 o'clock. There is a great illumination all night; as the sun presses around the earth towards the north pole, the refraction of its rays are such that you can see to read at mid-

night. Dr. Baird read a letter in the forest near Stockholm at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the Cothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun goes down in the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The hens take to their trees about 7 P.M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning, and the people get into the habit of rising late too.—*Dr. Baird.*

GOOD ADVICE.

 IN a speech, recently delivered at the Sherborne Literary Institution, by Mr. Macready, that gentleman said:—"The first time I visited Canterbury, I wished of course to see the Cathedral. A gentleman there by the name of Austin, the surveyor, and architect of the building, accompanied me. He had re-decorated almost the whole of the interior, and had restored the dilapidated portion of the western front. He was the artificer of his own fortune, and had raised himself to this position from a state of almost actual destitution; he had formerly been the servant of a friend of mine, and when he reached Canterbury he had not a half crown in his pocket. He directed my attention to everything worthy of notice. It was opposite the western front that he stood with me, before what seemed the site of a small shed or stall, then unoccupied, and said: 'Upon this spot a little barber's shop used to stand. The last time Lord Den-

ham came down here, he brought his son with him, and it was my duty of course to attend them over the Cathedral. As we came to this side of it, he led his son up to this very spot, and said to him—Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny. This is the proudest reflection of my life. Whil' you live never forget that, my dear Charles.' And this man, the son of a poor barber, was the Lord Chief Justice of England. For the very reason, therefore, that such great success is rare, we should say, spare no pains in improving the condition of those whom accident may depress, or fortune may not befriend.³¹

ITEMS.

In a recent letter to the *Free-man's Journal*, Mr. James Hughton, of Dublin, says;—"I believe the working-classes desire such Maine-law legislation for the protection of themselves and their families, and that, so far from thinking it would deprive them of happiness, they would hail it as the greatest blessing which parliament could confer upon them. When examined before the parliamentary committee on public-houses in July last, I was asked if I thought the prohibitory law would ever be popular in Ireland. My reply was,—“Give us universal suffrage, and we'll carry it in a year.” I am not afraid to go before the working men with the question. Whenever it has been fairly put before them, they have responded to it with acclamation.”

It has been shrewdly observed, that those who go to law for damages generally get them. Yes, and with costs.

Good manners are the blossoms

of good sense, it may be added, of good feeling, too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to disinterestedness in little as well as great things,—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.

It was a fine touch of native humour in certain practical jokers, to pull down the sign “Our House” from its place before the grog-shop, and set it up over the graveyard.

An eminent painter was once asked what he mixed his colors with, in order to produce so extraordinary an effect. “I mix it with brains, sir!” was his answer.

A YOUNG gentleman having occasion to write a letter to a friend in the country, sent it to the office by a German lad in his employ. Having no postage stamp, he gave him three cents to pay the postage. The other day the gentleman received a reply to his letter, and in it he requested that when he wrote again, if he had no stamps, to send the letter without prepaying, as he had no idea of paying fifteen cents postage on three coppers. The truth was, that the lad on his way to the office had slipped the cents into the envelope, and dropped it into the box.

AN inn-keeper observed a postilion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. “Why, what would be the use of another?” said the postilion. “If one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still.”

HE who receives a good turn should never forget it—he who does one should never remember it.

WE can neither evade the responsibilities, nor escape the consequences of our individual acts.

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