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THE
LIFE BOAT:

A

Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

IN THE INTEREST OF THE

CADETS AND OTHER YOUTHFUL ASSOCIATIONS OF A LIKE NATURE.



MONTREAL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

HENRY ROSE, GREAT SAINT JAMES STREET.

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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. V.

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1856.

No. 1.

A Clergyman's Profligate Son.

BY REV. MR. CHICKERING, OF PORTLAND.



So you see, my old and steadfast friend, that it is better to weep over a son in infancy than to groan over him in manhood."

These were the words of a father whose son, a hopeless prodigal, had wandered to this country, and was, for a time an inmate of

Mr. W.'s family at the hillside. I said a *hopeless* prodigal. It may well be supposed that his case

seemed hopeless to strangers, when even a father's fond heart could cherish no more consolatory feelings than those expressed in the following extract from the same letter:—"Do not understand me that I have no hope; but it is only that faint and flickering light, by which the father conducts the almost despairing heart to Him, whose grace is as Almighty as His will is Sovereign." I quote from memory and I trust there is no impropriety in holding up, as a warning to young men, and as a

hint to parents, especially those who refuse to be comforted at the graves of infant children, the following sad fragment of the history of M.

My first knowledge of him was soon after his arrival, a wretched vagabond, in this country. It was a beautiful summer evening. I had the pleasure, a pleasure which I often enjoyed, of being one of a numerous circle around the tea-table at the "Cottage." Mr. and Mrs. W. had on this occasion several friends sharing their elegant hospitality, among whom were several ladies from London. A servant announced to Mr. W. that some one desired to see him at the door, adding that he refused to come into the house, but had seated himself on the steps of the piazza, apparently much exhausted. Mr. immediately left the table and found the stranger to be a young man in a sailor's dress, whose whole appearance indicated extreme poverty and wretchedness. He raised his hand, and fixed his eyes on the face of Mr. W., said, "If you will believe it, sir, I am the son of your old friend C— C—." "You the son of C— C—!" replied Mr. W. "It may be so,

but it requires rather more proof than your assertion, to satisfy me that I see in this miserable object the son of my old friend; but come into the house," he kindly added, "and after tea we will look into the matter."

The poor fellow at first refused, saying he was not worthy to come under such a roof, but was at length prevailed upon: and when we rose from the table, and entered the next apartment, our curiosity was gratified by a sight of the strange guest whose appearance and pretensions Mr. W. had described to us.

The scene was a striking one. The family instinctively formed a semi-circle around the sailor boy who sat at one end of the room. The lamp upon the centre-table, which was within the semi-circle, shone brightly upon each member of the group. The white dresses of the ladies, and the aspect of the whole company, were strangely contrasted with the weather-beaten features, bearing marks of vice as well as suffering, and with the soiled and tattered garments, of the poor outcast.

He cowered beneath the gaze which was bent upon him, and seemed to shrink, gathering his hardly decent covering more closely about him, as if he would escape through the wall and hide himself from inspection. A few questions, to which he gave correct replies, together with his instant recognition of Mrs. W., remarking however a slight change in her appearance since he met her in France, when he was quite a child, established the at first incredible fact of his identity as a younger and once promising son of Rev. C—— C——, an excellent and distinguished clergyman, a native of England. His sad history, partly then given by himself and after-

ward gradually developed by subsequent confessions, and for the most part confirmed by letters received soon after from the Continent, where his father then was, is, in few words as follows:—

He had been placed by his father at an early age, at one of the best schools in France. His idle and dissolute habits, caused, as it was hoped, rather by the influence of evil companions with whom he unfortunately became intimate, than by any vicious disposition of his own, led to his removal to Edinburgh. Here he was soon joined by some of the same associates who had first allured him into the paths of vice. Being soon disgraced, and becoming involved in debt, he was ashamed to meet his father, and preferred the life of a wanderer. During the few years succeeding, he became, by turns, an inmate of a whale ship, a soldier in a British regiment quartered in the north of Scotland, and a deserter, finding his way through Scotland and the greater part of England, on foot, supporting himself in part by sign-painting, and sometimes working as a common house painter. Having travelled in this way, as he asserted, six hundred miles he became tired of wandering, and presented himself to his father, then in France or Germany with his family, "the varriest vagabond," to quote again from the letter above referred to, "on the face of the earth."

A situation was then found for him in South America, which he lost by bad behavior on the voyage. After a while he obtained passage in a British vessel to Halifax, and thence to Boston. To the last place he "worked his passage" as a common sailor, and arrived in a state of destitution. Here a trifling circumstance brought to his mind Mr. W., his father's friend,

and on inquiry, having learned in which of the New England States he lived, he performed the journey, mostly on foot, and in due time presented himself, as already described at B.

His whole deportment was at first exceedingly humble. He declined being sent home to his father, declaring he could never see his face again, until he had something besides words of penitence to offer as a pledge of reformation. He earnestly desired occupation in obscurity, if it were even labor in a mine, until he could regain a character.

A situation was obtained for him, as a teacher of the French language. And so long as he adhered to the solemn pledge of total abstinence, not only from distilled liquors, but "from all that can intoxicate," which Mr. W. had at the very outset induced him to subscribe, his prospects seemed fair. But in an evil hour a well-meaning but mistaken friend, at whose house he was visiting, offered him a glass of cider. Receiving it at such hands, — for it was both a temperate and a pious man who had offered it, the temptation could not be resisted. With that draught, his appetite for stimulating drink returned to its old and dreadful strength. Cider, wine, and ale, became his frequent beverages. The evil was made worse by the necessity of his boarding at a public house. Mr. W. and his family being then at his town residence, and M.'s conduct having become so arrogant and his habits so bad, that no private family was willing to receive him, there was no other alternative, as he at this time had charge of a French class at the village of L.

After a few weeks he began to avow intentions of suicide, and somewhat ostentatiously displayed

a phial of laudanum, which he constantly carried about his person. The cause which he assigned for this determination was the rejection of his addresses, by a highly respectable young lady, for whom he had conceived an ardent, and it is believed, honorable attachment. His natural impetuosity and ungoverned violence of character displayed itself, in his endeavors to terrify and compel the young lady and her friends to allow him an interview.

Things were in this state, when he called on me one evening at my residence a few miles from the village of L. He desired a private interview. When we were alone, he told me that he had come to bid me farewell, and to request me to execute some trifling commissions for him, as before the next morning he should "be a dead man." I treated his declaration at first with indifference. He renewed it in the most solemn manner, saying he could not and would not live. After repeating his former requests with some additional ones respecting his burial, &c., he began to arrange some papers he had brought with him, and of which he wished me to take charge, to prevent their falling into the hands of the people at the hotel. I took this opportunity to leave the room and consult some gentlemen who had called on business, as to the proper course for me to pursue. Our conclusion was, that although there was some cause for anxiety, yet the circumstance did not warrant any attempt at restraint or supervision. Before he left me I made a solemn appeal to him respecting the nature of the act which he avowed the intention of perpetrating. He heard me through, and replied that he did not come to ask my advice but my assistance. I parted from him at the door, and

without some apprehensions and yet with no sufficiently definite fears, knowing as I did his boastful and at the same time cowardly character, to make me willing to alarm the inmates of his boarding house, or by any direct efforts to attempt the frustration of his alleged purpose.

After an interval of two hours or more, as I was about to retire for the night, a messenger came in the greatest haste from the keeper of the public house in L., desiring me to come instantly and see M., who was dying by poison. I lost no time in obeying the summons, and on my arrival found the house in the greatest confusion. The passages leading to M.'s apartment were filled with female inmates of the house, extremely terrified, and the chamber was crowded with men.

It appeared on inquiry that he had drunk the laudanum from a tumbler, and then going to his room, locked the door, undressed himself, and lain down to die. The tumbler had accidentally attracted attention and led to a discovery of the dreadful act. The door of the chamber was then forced open, and attempts were made to arouse him from the state of partial insensibility which had already commenced. These attempts had in part succeeded, and when I entered the room two physicians were standing by his bedside urging him to swallow a potion which they had prepared. This he was sternly refusing to do, begging them to let him die in peace. When he saw me, he exclaimed, with a demoniacal laugh,—

“Ah, sir, you see that I am not so great a coward as you took me for.”

“M—,” said I, “I have not come to bandy words with you; I have but one question to ask; and I

charge you before you answer it to think of your father and mother whose grey hairs you are bringing down with sorrow to the grave, and of your God, before whom you are rashly attempting to hurry your wretched soul. My question is this.—will you voluntarily swallow this draught which Dr. C. has prepared?” His reply was instant and firm.

“No! I will not.”

“Very well,” said I, “if you will not do it voluntarily, you must involuntarily.” Then turning to the physicians I stated my determination to spare no pains and hesitate at no measures, however violent, under their direction, by which his life, though apparently useless, might be prolonged, so that his excellent parents might at least be spared the agony of learning that their youngest son had died by his own hand. We immediately engaged in a series of efforts of the most severe and unremitted description, which he resisted for hours with a convulsive strength that astonished us all, and in the course of which he was once left strangled and apparently lifeless.

From this condition, however, he was aroused by the most powerful stimulants, and at length our endeavours began to succeed. Although with oaths and curses he resisted the efforts of nature, yet his stomach finally rejected the deadly agent, and towards morning I left him much exhausted and feverish, with his mouth much lacerated by the violence we had been compelled to employ,—but out of danger.

The next day I saw him again. He was suffering both from the effects of the poison and of the remedies which had been used, but showed no signs of compunction. His spirit was untamed. He did not thank us for saving his life,

and expressed the wish that we had allowed him to die. When told that at one time he was thought to be dead, and that if the effort to force the medicine down his throat had been persisted in another minute, he would never have breathed again, he exclaimed in the most hardened manner, "O! why did you not hold on that other minute."

He would not promise to abstain from similar attempts in future, though as a mark of gratitude to his host and hostess for their kind attentions, he assured them that he would never trouble them in the same way again. He soon left the place, undertook to teach in the city of B—, but without success. owing to his intemperate habits, and whether yet living I know not. If these pages should ever meet his eye, let him remember that God will never refuse to forgive and save the penitent, to whatever distance they may have wandered, and however vile and wretched they have been.

But to return to the scene of attempted suicide. Never have I beheld so horrid, and at the same time so instructive a spectacle. More than once I stepped out upon the upper piazza of the house, that I might breathe the fresh air of midnight, and reassure myself, by looking at the bright moon and the beautiful landscape, and enjoying again the stillness of a summer evening, that I was not a visitor in the abodes of despair. Excrecations, profane jests, prayers for death, and messages to the object of his affections, were intermingled in a manner of which no description could convey the full idea.

When the clock in the neighboring steeple gave out the hour of midnight, he exclaimed, with apparent solemnity, "Great God, before twelve tomorrow I shall be

in thy presence!" In the next next breath, he he uttered a witticism upon what he called the bungling practice of the "Yankee Doctors," and advised them in future to have more efficient means at hand, for similar cases. From the whole scene, dreadful and revolting as it was, I endeavoured to extract some good, especially to the mixed company who crowded the chamber during the greater part of that fearful night.

In reply to my inquiries as to the origin of all his vice and wretchedness, he assured me that *idleness* was the first downward step he had taken. This led him to various methods of "killing time," such as drinking, gaming, and theatre going, which lead so many young men down to the gates of death. He was the child of ho e, of affluence and prayer. Yet *idleness* proved his ruin. Let the young man who reads these pages, remember his sad confessions, made at a moment when he expected soon to die. Let him shun idleness, as he would the outer circles of a whirlpool. If diligence is to be considered as one of the "minor moralities" of life, it is no less true that it saves from some of the grosser vices. For the want of it M. was ruined. With advantages such as few enjoy, he plunged himself to a depth, which few in this world are suffered to reach. This slight sketch can give but a faint impression of its horrors.

Let the parent, too, who finds it difficult to say, concerning a sick or deceased child, "Thy will be done," be reminded that God knows what is best, and perhaps inflicts this blow, to save him from a heavier one. Light in comparison, would have been the agency of his parents, if he had died in infancy, to that which wrung their hearts daily for many years of his

life. Yet how often is such a bereavement regarded as too heavy to be borne! I add but a single word. If the Clergyman's Profligate Son" is yet alive, may there be occasion to write another and a very different chapter of his history.

Moral Heroism.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.



T was harvest time. There was a reformed farmer in — Division, who could not procure hands to harvest his grain without furnishing *li-*

quor! All his neighbors and former friends refused to help because he was a "Son," and

would not employ *whiskey* in his fields. Their own harvests were going bravely on with good cheer, and they laughed

and made themselves merry at the expense of the poor "Son," toiling all alone in his large and waving fields.—Once he was a hail fellow well met, and could idle away his hours, and his fields were neglected, and his prospects for comfort were put in peril; his family and all that was sacred to his heart were suspended upon a poise over the gulf of perdition by intemperance. By the well-timed and well directed efforts of the Sons, he was brought to consider. A moment's reflection unmasked the demon destroyer in all its fearfulness, just ready to devour him.

With temperance firmly established in the heart as a principle of action, there was created cheerfulness of spirit, a quiet and agreea-

ble habit, that carried itself to the domestic circle, and rendered itself peaceful, happy, and prosperous. No wonder that the fields rejoiced to return from their fruitful bosoms a rich reward to the renewed industry and watchful care of their regenerated lord. But, alas! harvest, with her golden treasures, her laden fields—the end and object of his toil and care, came with its stern demands! The fields *must be reaped!*—Interest, duty and necessity all clamored—"They must be reaped!" "But who shall reap them?" he asks, while he stands alone before his attentive wife and dependent babes. They pondered the question and answer "who?" His neighbors stand ready, on one condition, to enter the fields and gather the harvest quickly hence. That condition is, *We must have rum!* Here *principle* and *policy* stand up and look each other full in the face.

Principle triumphed gloriously in the heart of the *son!* He cast his eye to the motto on the banner, and read with renewed delight, "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," and felt his heart grow strong in faith and hope at that moment.

With a glad heart our hero entered the field alone!—alone he threw the cradle in its circling sweep into his whited field, and laid at his feet the long swath of mown grain. At every sweep of the cradle, amidst the jeers and scoffs of his merry dram-loving neighbors, his heart grew large with the sentiment that if I am to lose a part, God will give me comfort with what my own arm will save. Yea, it is because I have acted on *principle* that these rich fields wave in plenty before me, and God forbid that this should be the occasion of my fall or offence! I will do my duty and leave the rest with God.

Thus alone, laboring and musing, the toilsome but patient hours wore away. Saturday evening drew on, and our honest and unflinching Son had left his field to seek repose in the peaceful circle of his thrice blessed family, where, with peaceful heart, quiet conscience, and wearied limbs he gave himself to the embrace of nature's sweet restorer. His Division was some miles distant.—His brethren, however, had heard of the "floods that were lifted up against him," seeking to overwhelm him, and forthwith called a meeting. They met in *secret*, and *secretly* banded together to arm themselves for, and to go to the field of action in a body, and work their way through!

It was night, and the moon shone calmly and bright upon the scene. Our heroic Sons sallied forth, and armed themselves with cradles, hooks and rakes, they moved in an unbroken column towards the silent field. At every step the bounding heart filled with glee and joy, all joined in singing their favorite chorus—

"Pledge, brother, pledge, should e'er affliction crave,
We'll fly to succor and to save."

On, on they went, and soon arrived at the unraped field. Here it lay in silent loneliness, with a slight impression made on one border by the "lone Son." They stealthily slipped into the enclosure, stole a march upon the unsuspecting hour, and one after another led off—slaying each a broad swath, followed by rakers and binders. The action thus begun was cheerfully kept up until there was not a standing spire of grain in the field. The next duty was to gather up the well banded sheaves and arrange them in neatly formed hand-stacks, setting upon each a crown. This accomplished, nothing re-


mained but to make a quiet and "secret" retreat to their respective homes, bearing off each their successful scythes, sickles and rakes, and be found in bed before the sacred Sabbath should arrive.

But for the trickish thought of the signal and bloodless victory that had been so silently won—the great surprise of the lone Son, when he should awake and find all his grain in shocks—the chagrin, shame and mortification of those whisky-loving neighbours, who should witness triumphs of virtue and principle over them in spite of whisky, jeers, or scoffs; but for these busy thoughts, we say, our noble boys would have fallen into a refreshing sleep after their nightly toil. But the inspiring energies of "Love" to the brethren, "Purity" of purpose, and "Fidelity" to the cause of its votaries, had filled their hearts to overflowing. Over such a feast the heart must tarry and regale itself to the full! It is truly a luxury to relieve oppressed virtue, and administer to the protection and support of the man of principle and integrity. On these dainties the Sons of Temperance feast upon *hidden* manna.

The night passed off in quietness, and the light of the Sabbath morn had again made visible the unsurpassed beauties of those prairies and woodlands, now in a state of cultivation, along the borders of the beautiful Wabash. Never did the sun look down upon richer fields of grain than adorn this Egypt of the West. The man of toil and of principle arose from his couch with the cherished anticipation of a sweet day of rest—rest to the wearied limbs and anxious but unbending mind. He walked forth upon the portico to catch the morning breeze, and cast his eye o'er flocks and fields, as he was wont to do, to see if all was right.

His eye lit upon his reaped field! He started, as if he had lost his reckoning, and it was some other field. "But, no, that's *my field* certainly!" But these shocks—what! how can this be? Amazement overcame him—he paused.—"Wife," he cried, "come here; do you see that field, reaped, bound and shocked—the whole of it? Do you see, my children?—Tell me who harvested this grain so neatly—who, wife? Children, who *came in the night* and cut my grain and put it up so handsomely for me into shocks? All stood in speechless wonder for a moment, when he exclaimed: "The Sons—**THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE** have done it!—God bless the Sons of Temperance," he exclaimed.—Each heart responded. "God bless them," while tears of gratitude stood in the eye of every member of the family circle.—*Kentucky Era.*

An Honest Boy.

 HE Augusta Age gives the following good story. It don't appear to be published as original, but it is no stated whence it is taken:

"That is right, my boy," said the merchant smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay amongst the dust and paper of the sweepings.

"That is right," he said again, "always be honest, it is the best policy."

"Should you say that?" asked the boy timidly.

"Should I say what? that honesty is the best policy? Why, it's a time-honored old saying—I don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing—the spirit is rather narrow I'll allow."

"So grandmother taught me replied the boy; "she said we should

do right, because God approved it, without thinking what man would say."

The merchant turned abruptly towards the desk, and the thoughtful faced little lad had resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning a rich and influential citizen called into the store. While conversing he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is, that a boy of twelve (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if they are bad—"

"Stop" said the merchant, "do you see that lad yonder?"

"With that noble brow?—yes, what of him?"

"He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes—that's what everybody tells me who have boys to dispose of—no doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," replied the merchant calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, sir—never. He would restore a pin—indeed (the merchant continued) he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws on the goods, and I cannot teach him prudence in that respect. Common prudence, you know is—common—common prudence—ahem!"

The stranger made no assent and the merchant hurried on to say—

"He was a parish orphan—taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot—no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times—his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than be dishonest. I can't account for it, upon my word I can't."

"Have you any claim on him?"

“Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed the boy is entirely too good for me.”

“Then I will adopt him: and if I have found really one honest boy thank God.”

The little fellow rode home in the carriage, and, was ushered into a luxurious home; and he who sat shivering in a cold corner listening to the words of a poor old pious creature who had been taught of the Spirit, became one of the best and greatest divines that England ever produced.

“They that honor Me, I will honor.”

The Frost-Work Yesterday.

Give me my dews, oh clouds! the earth had cried,

When, from empyrian heights cast coldly down,

A vapory mist fell o'er the landscape wide,
Chilling the heart of country and of town.

But like the grudging gifts of men to men,
Where selfish rule holds arbitrary sway,
That, changed by powers unseen by mortal ken,

Become rich blessings scattered in our way.


The dews were gathered, crystalline and bright,

And, molded by the spirits of the air
Within the still alembic of the night,

Grew gems of purest water everywhere.
Each tree and shrub shone in the morning's beam

With more than earthly glory in its gleam.


The Teetotal Butcher and his Horse.

 FEW days since as I was distributing temperance tracts on the road-side, to parties of Irish and English harvest labourers, a man on horseback came up, and I resolved to pass him by, judging that he was no labourer; he, however, asked for one, and after reading it deliberately, he said: “I was once a labourer six months, but became a teetotaler in consequence of the pressing custom of obliging men to drink in the harvest field; I have been a teetotaler

three years: when I first took the pledge, I bought a fat pig and became a butcher; now I can say that I am worth £100, and can take £50 with me any time to market”—adding, “I am now come from Northamptonshire, and going to St. Ives' market on my own horse to buy stock.”

Written for the Life Boat.

Water.

 WATER, sparkling water, the pure the fresh the free,
Is there aught upon this joyous earth so beautiful as thee.

Shall I liken thee to diamonds bright, that sparkle in the mine,

Or all the richest gems of earth how bright soe'er they shine?

Shall these or any such as these be likened unto thee?

No, no, clear sparkling water, it may not, shall not be.

I love thee when in winter time, in fairy flaves of snow,

Thou fallest on the mountain tops, or on the valleys low;

Like pearls on ocean's foamy wave, or down on swan's white crest,

Or like angel's wings upon the earth thou lovingly doth rest.

Oh! water, beautiful water, the pure the fresh the free:

Is there aught upon this joyous earth so beautiful as thee.

I love thee when tempestuous adown the rock's steep side

Thou dashest like an untamed thing, in all thy native pride;

Or whether in thy calmer moods thou glidest gently on,

Bearing upon thy heaving breast, the rich, the brave, the strong;

From ocean's wide unathored depths down to each tiny rill,

O! water, sparkling water, thou'rt king of beauty still.

Nor is it on the earth alone, thy beauty may be seen,

For where would heaven's tinted bow but for thine aid have been;

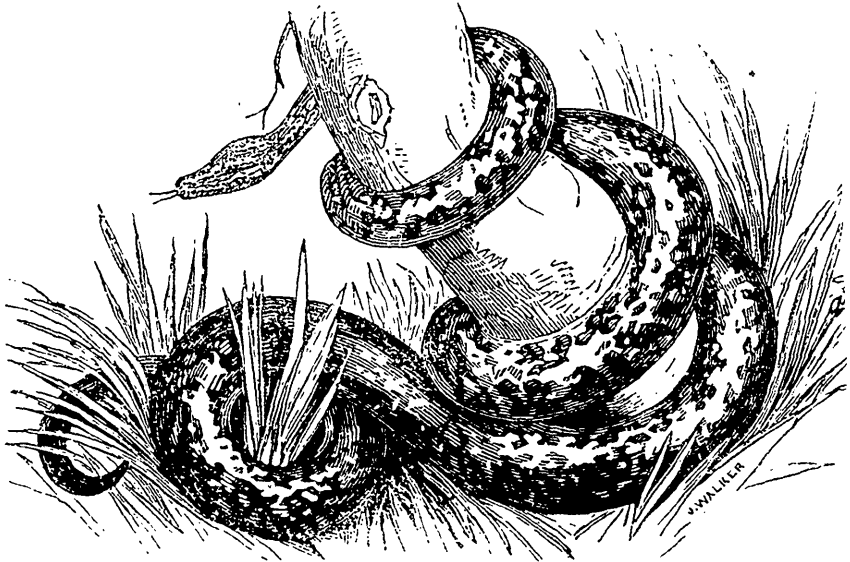
And from the very throne of God, where sin can never go,

Do rivers pure and crystal-like of living waters flow.

There in thine own fair native clime thou still shall wander on,

When hushed is every mortal sound, and closed each mortal's song.

MARY.
Montreal, Dec. 14th, 1855.



The Boa Constrictor.



THE boa constrictor is common in the Philippines, but it is rare to meet with a specimen of very large dimensions. It is possible, nay probable, that centuries of time are necessary for this reptile to attain its largest size; and, to such an age, the various accidents to which animals are exposed, rarely suffer it to attain. Full-sized boas are consequently to be met with only in the gloomiest, most remote, and most solitary forests.

I have seen many boas, of ordinary size, such as are found in our European collections. There were some, indeed, that inhabited my house, and one night I found one, two yards long, in possession of my

bed. Several times, when passing through the woods with my Indians I heard the piercing cries of a wild boar. On approaching the spot whence they proceeded, we almost invariably found a wild boar, about whose body a boa had twisted its folds, and was gradually hoisting him up into the tree round which it had coiled itself.

When the wild boar had reached a certain height, the snake pressed him against a tree with a force that crushed his bones, and stifled him. Then the boa let its prey fall, descended the tree, and prepared to swallow it. This last operation was much too lengthy to await its end. To simplify matters, I sent a ball into the boa's head. My Indians took the flesh to dry it for food and the skin to make dagger sheaths of. It is unnecessary to say, that the wild boar was not forgotten, although it was a prey that had cost us so little trouble to secure. One day an Indian surprised one of these reptiles asleep, after it had

swallowed an enormous deer. Its size was so great, that a buffalo waggon would have been necessary to transport it the village. The Indian cut it in pieces, and contented himself with as much as he could carry off. Having been informed of this, I sent after the remains, and my people brought me a piece about eight feet long and so large in circumference, that the skin, when dried, enveloped the tallest man like a cloak. I presented it to my friend Hamilton Lindsay.

I had not yet seen any of these, largest-sized serpents alive, when one afternoon, crossing the mountains with two of my shepherds, our attention was drawn to the constant barking of my dogs, which seemed to be assailing some animal that stood upon its defence. We at first thought that it was a buffalo that they had roused from its lair, and approached the spot with due caution. My dogs were dispersed along the brink of a deep ravine, in which was an enormous boa constrictor. The monster raised his head to a height of five or six feet, directing it from one edge to the other of the ravine, and menacing his assailants with his forked tongue; but the dogs, more active than he was, easily avoided his attacks. My first impulse was to shoot him; but then it occurred to me to take him alive and to send him to France. Assurdly he would have been the most monstrous boa that had ever been seen there. To carry my design into execution, we manufactured nooses of cane strong enough to resist the efforts of the most powerful wild buffalo. With great precaution we succeeded in passing one of our nooses round the boa's neck; then we tied him tightly to a tree, in such a manner as to keep his head at its usual height, about six feet from the

ground. This done we crossed to the other side of the ravin, and threw another noose over him, which we secured like the first. When he felt himself thus fixed at both ends, he coiled, and writhed, and grappled several little trees which grew within his reach along the edge of the ravine. Unluckily for him, everything yeilded to his efforts; he tore up the young trees by the roots, broke of the branches, and dislodged enormous stones, round which he sought in vain to obtain the hold or point of resistance he needed. The nooses were strong, and withstood his almost furious efforts.

To convey an animal like this, several buffaloes and a whole system of cordage were necessary. Night approached; and confident in our nooses, we left, proposing to return next morning and complete the capture; but we reckoned without our host. In the night the boa changed his tactics, got his body round some huge block of basalt, and finally succeeded in breaking his bonds and getting clear off. When I had assured myself that our prey had escaped us, and that all search for the reptile in the neighbourhood would be futile, my disappointment was very great, for I much doubted if a like opportunity would ever present itself. It is only on rare occasions that accidents are caused by these enormous reptiles. I once knew of a man becoming their victim. It happened thus:—

This man having committed some offence, ran away, and sought refuge in a cavern. His father, who alone knew the place of his concealment, visited him occasionally to supply him with food. One day he found, in place of his son, an enormous boa sleeping. He killed it, and found his son in its stomach. The poor wretch had

been surprised in the night, crushed to death, and swallowed. The curate of the village, who had gone in quest of the body to give it burial, and who saw the remains of the boa, described them to me as being an almost incredible size. Unfortunately this circumstance happened at a considerable distance from my habitation, and I was only made acquainted with the particulars when it was too late to verify them myself; but still there is nothing surprising that a boa which can swallow a deer should as easily swallow a man. Several other feats of a similar nature were related to me by the Indians. They told me of their comrades, who, roaming about the woods, had been seized by boas, crushed against trees, and afterwards devoured; but I was always on my guard against Indian tales, and I am only able to verify positively the instance I have just cited, which was related to me by the curate of the village, as well as by many other witnesses. Still there could be nothing surprising that a similar accident should occur more than once.

The boa is one of the least to be feared among the Philipines. Of an exceeding venomous description is one which the Indians call *dijon-puluy* (rice leaf). Burning with a red hot ember is the only antidote to its bite; if that be not promptly resorted to, horrible sufferings are followed by certain death. The *alin-morani* is another kind, eight or ten feet long, and, if anything, more dangerous still than the "rice-leaf," inasmuch as its bite is deeper and more difficult to cauterise. I was never bitten by any of these reptiles, despite the slight precaution I observed in wandering about the woods by night as well as by day.—*Twenty Years in the Philipines.*

THE LIFE BOAT.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1853.

Cadets of Temperance.

From the Proceedings of the last Annual Session of the Grand Division of Canada West, we learn that the Cadets of Temperance in Canada has ceased to exist as a body,—and that the order is indebted to Mr. Nixon, their Grand Secretary, to the amount of £45 9s 6d. The laudable efforts of Mr. Nixon to sustain this order deserves every praise, and should only be known to be appreciated by all the friends of Temperance. The Grand Division of C. W. is not at present in funds to aid him, but the subject was laid on the table to be taken up and acted on at their next session. In the meantime, we are of opinion the Divisions of the Sons of Temperance, and more especially those in the localities where sections of Cadets existed indebted to the Grand Secretary, should take the matter immediately in hand, and send in Contributions in aid of the liquidation of this debt. And we are still farther of the opinion that such Divisions are in duty bound to act thus; for these Sections, while they existed, were under their care, and to their neglect and want of proper attention, in too many cases, is to be attributed the downfall of this most interesting order. Brothers of the Order of Sons see to it that our Brother does not suffer any pecuniary loss from his devotion to the

Cause of the Cadets of Temperance.

We also observe, from the same proceedings, that in view of the order of Cadets having ceased to exist, the G. D. is strongly impressed with the importance of Juvenile Temperance organizations, as a means of preserving the youth of this Province from the baneful effects of the use of all intoxicating drinks. To give as extended publicity as possible to the Resolution passed by the Grand Division, recommending the organization of Juvenile Temperance Associations by the Sons, we repeat it here, as follows:—

Moved by C. H. Van Norman, G. W. A., seconded by Rep. J. W. Woodall.

That inasmuch as the Order of Cadets of Temperance has ceased to exist as a body, therefore resolved,—That the several Subordinate Divisions be authorized and recommended to organize in localities where it may seem desirable, Juvenile Branches similar to the Cadets of Temperance, to be entirely under the jurisdiction and management of the Sons of Temperance; and that a suitable password be furnished them from time to time by the Grand Scribe, and the Officers to be installed by the Deputies of this Grand Division, or such other Brother as may be appointed by the D. G. W. P.

Santa Claus.

CHRISTMAS has come and gone, and, we doubt not, many of our young friends has enjoyed the festive season to their hearts content. Santa Claus has treated them libe-

rally, and they wonder who the kind old fellow is. Well, to gratify such curiosity, as far as we can, we will tell you all about him. Santa Claus is the patron saint of children, and especially school boys; of poor maidens, of sailors, of travellers, and merchants. He is of all patron saints, perhaps, the most popular and interesting. Throughout all Catholic Europe, children are still taught to reverence St. Nicholas, and to consider themselves as placed under his particular care. If they are good, docile, and attentive to their studies, St. Nicholas, on the eve of his festival, will graciously fill their cap or their stockings with dainties, while he has as certainly a rod in pickle for the idle and unruly. The following is the legend of St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as he is more popularly termed, and if his early history seem wonderful, all we can say is, that it cannot be more so than the wonderful feats he is reputed to accomplish every year on the eve of his festival:—

Nicholas was borne at Parthera, a city of the province of Lycia, in Asia Minor. His parents were Christians and of illustrious rank, and after they had been married many years, a son was granted to them in recompense of the prayers, and alms which they offered up continually. This extraordinary child, on the day he was borne, stood up in his bath with his hands joined in thanksgiving that it had pleased God to bring him into the world. He no sooner knew what it was to feed than he knew what it was to fast, and every Wednes-

day and Friday he would only take the breast once. As he grew up he was distinguished among all other children for his gravity and his attention to his studies. His parents seeing him full of these holy dispositions thought that they could not do better than dedicate him to the service of God; and accordingly they did so.

When Nicholas was ordained priest, although he had been before remarkable for his sobriety and humility, he became more modest in countenance, more grave in speech, more vigorous in self-denial than ever. When he was still a youth, his father and mother died of the plague, and he remained sole heir of their riches; but he looked upon himself as merely the steward of God's mercies, giving largely to all who needed.

Now in that city there dwelt a certain nobleman, who had three daughters, and from being rich he became poor—so poor that he could scarcely obtain food for himself and his daughters, and saw no means of disposing of them in marriage as became their breeding and their good dispositions. Oftentimes it came into his mind to tell them he could no longer maintain them, and they must find some work however servile, or die of hunger; but shame and sorrow held him dumb. Meantime the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do, and not having bread to eat; and their father became more and more desperate. When Nicholas heard of this he was moved with compassion; therefore, one night, when the maidens were asleep, and their father alone sat watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and, tying it up in a handkerchief, he repaired to the dwelling of the poor man. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known;

and while he stood irresolute, the moon, coming from behind a cloud, showed him a window open. So he threw in his parcel, and it fell at the feet of the father, who when he found what it was, returned thanks, and with it portioned his eldest daughter.

A second time Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night; and with it the nobleman married his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid; therefore he determined to watch, and when the good saint came for the third time, and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe, and flung himself at his feet, saying, "O Nicholas, servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?" But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man. And many other charitable works did Nicholas perform in his native city.

The Officer's Son.



HAVE one little fact to relate to you on the subject of children's usefulness. Children can be useful by consistency—conscientious consistency. I

was going into Canada one time, and while on the St. Lawrence, a gentleman who was one

of a very pleasant number of passengers came up to me, and said:

"Mr. Gough, I believe."

"Yes, sir, my name is Gough."

"You probably do not know me; I am Captain —, of the rifle

brigade. Do you remember when you were lecturing at Niagara, a gentleman in uniform passed the pledge?"

I said that I did, distinctly.

"Well, I am the man. When you appealed to the people to adopt the principle of total abstinence, I happened to be present in uniform, and, to encourage others, I undertook the task I have mentioned. My boy signed that pledge, and on coming home, he said:

"Pa, I have signed the pledge; will you help me to keep it?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Well, I have brought home a copy of the pledge, will you sign it, papa?"

"Nonsense, nonsense, my child;—what could I do when my brother officers called, if I was a teetotaler?"

"But do try, papa."

"Tut, tut; why you are quite a little radical."

"Well, you won't ask me to pass the bottle, papa?"

"You are quite a fanatic, my child; but I promise not to ask you to touch it."

"Six weeks after that, two officers came to spend the evening.

"What have you to drink," said they, "have you any more of that prime Scotch ale?"

"No, I said, I had not, but would get some.

"Here, Willy, run to the shop, and tell them to send some bottles up."

"The boy stood there respectfully, but did not go.

"Come, Willy; why, what's the matter? Come, run along."

"He went, but come back presently without any ale in his hand.

"Where's the ale, Willy?"

"I asked them for it, pa, at the shop, and they put it upon the counter, but I would not touch it. Oh, pa, pa, don't be angry, I told

them to send it up, but I could not touch it myself!"

"I could not but feel deeply moved, I stood up and said:

"Gentlemen, you hear that? you can do as you please; when the ale comes, you may drink it; but not another drop shall be drunk in my house, and not another drop shall pass my tongue. [Cheers.] Willy, have you your temperance pledge?"

"Oh, pa! I have."

"Bring it then," and the boy was back with it in a moment. I signed it, and the little fellow clung around my neck in almost a frenzy of delight."

That officer is one of the noblest and most self-denying advocates the temperance cause possesses—doing more good than any half dozen men in his vicinity. It cost him something to be a teetotaler. He met at first with much ridicule; but as he said to me:—

"I have the best of it. Sometimes after a mess dinner, they will be rubbing the head, and I say, tapping my forehead, 'Ah, perfectly clear;' and they reply, 'Well, Captain you certainly have the best of it.'"—*Gough*.


Prohibition in Rhode Island.

THE Providence *Daily Tribune* says, that two thirds of the present General Assembly of Rhode Island are uncompromising advocates of the prohibitive law, and that no "outside pressure or inside influence" could induce them to vote for repeal. It says:

If more stringent legislation is deemed advisable—if the efficiency of the law can be increased, and its enforcement reached more certain by any legislation within the bounds of the constitution, the legislature is prepared to give it to us We do not know of a man in this city or state, who is

not, in some manner, interested in the traffic in intoxicating liquors, or who is a victim to appetite, or who is not endeavoring thereby to make political capital for his party, who advocates a license system. We should as soon expect our manufacturers to advocate the propriety of going back to the spinning wheel and hand loom, or to see our railroad corporations tearing up their rails and putting on our horse teams with which to convey passengers and freight.

Tobacco *versus* Education.

 HE writer of an excellent tract, addressed to Christians, speaking of the expences attending this senseless indulgence, says: "I know a circuit in the Primitive Methodist connection, in which there are upwards of 500 members: of those at least 200 are smokers of tobacco, setting snuff aside. If they smoke on an average 6d. each per week, their quarterly expenditure amounts to £65, almost £20 a quarter more than the circuit ordinary gives for the support of their ministers. I know a family of not more than six individuals, and they expend 4s. 6d. per week on tobacco. I know a place where six families live, and a few years ago they were giving for tobacco on an average £2 per month—and they could not educate their children."

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

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

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

LAZINESS travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

Charades.

I.

One half of me is a powder much in vogue;
One half what man does when he is a rogue;
My whole is used most frequently by night
To expel darkness and assist the sight.

Sorel.

R. H.

II.

Nothing than me, is more generally used,
By men of all stations, I'm prized or abused;
I assist to enlighten all mankind,
To enlarge their Ideas—expand their mind

You scarce can find in a civilized country,

A man who never needs the use of me;
Three-eighths of me stops at Inkermann,
Three-eighths of me at Sebastopol,
One-fourth of me's found in Heligoland,
I've told you now where to find the whole.

Sorel.

R. H.

III.

My first is found in calf's or cabbage head;
My second in poor men when captive led;
My third in parrot when our voice he apes;
My fourth in cats and caps and cheese and cakes;

My fifth in the last eatable is found;
In almost every house you hear me sound.

Sorel.

R. H.

IV.

My first in serpents may be found;
My second in stranded ships when aground;
My third in a laboring company find;
My fourth with artillery is combined;
My fifth in Shrapnel Shells delights;
My sixth in trouble, strife and fights;
My seventh in paddle boats is found;
My eighth in propellers does abound;
My ninth likes very well to go loose;
Whilest my tenth is found a flying goose:
Altogether I form a place of renown,
Where battles were lost and battles were

won.

Sorel.

R. H.

Rebus.

A flower; a Christian name; a fruit, part of a circle; a scabbard; an instrument denoting time; a kind of glue; a species of cherry; a musical instrument; and an ornamental covering for a lady. The *initials* will give the name of a manufacturing town in Scotland: and the *finals* the name of another in England.

A. D.

Arithmetical Question.

If it takes 30 seconds for St. Paul's clock to strike six, how long does it take to strike twelve?

A. D.