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# THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1856.

No. 7.

## "I'll be Revenged on Him."

**C**OME along, Charlie Barrow; I can't wait for you, if you stop talking there. No more last words, I say." This speech was made, in an impatient tone, by Master James Graham, a boy of some thirteen or fourteen years, attired in the most elegant costume, and twirling in his hands a miniature cane. The companion whom he addressed was perhaps a year younger than himself; plainly and neatly dressed, who was talking to a boy of about his own age, whose patched and faded garments bore evidence of struggles with pinching poverty. Charlie seemed to pay no attention to the impatience of his playfellow, but finished his conversation; and then, bidding the poor lad a kind and friendly farewell, he rejoined James, who was tapping his shinning patent-leather boots with the end of his cane, for want of a better employment.

"Why do you stand talking to that ragged fellow, Charlie?" he cried. "I should think you would have too much spirit to be seen speaking to him."

"And I should think, James, that you would have too much good sense, not to speak of any thing better, to make such a remark as that."

"Good sense? I don't see that sense has any thing to do with the matter; and, if it has, I rather think it is on my side. He is in a different rank of society from you and me; and I don't see why we should notice him."

"I did not speak to him to gratify him then; though I should do so, if I had no other reason. I wished to inquire for his mother and sister."

"Mother and sister! Worse and worse! Why, how happened it that you knew he had any? And how came you to know him at all?"

"Before you came to live in the neighborhood, James, John Lee was my only playmate; and I am glad to play with him now, whenever he can be spared for a little amusement. He used to go to our school; and though he dressed plainly, and it was evident that

wealth did not belong to his family, there was not a boy better loved or more respected. I sat next him for a long time; and I noticed that his clothes, when they grew old, were not replaced, as heretofore, with plain though good articles, but they were carefully patched and darned. One morning, when he came to school, he looked very sad; but, as we were required to attend to our lessons, I did not find out the cause. After school, he went to the master's desk and told him that he could no longer attend school, because his services were needed at home. The master was very kind, and enquired if he could not be spared for a part of the day; but John said that he had obtained employment as a doctor's boy, and that he was needed at all hours of the day. I was sorry enough for him, poor fellow; but we agreed to see each other as much as possible in the evening. I go very often to his house. His father has been dead many years. The fortune which he left was quite small, but enough to support the widow and her two children comfortably, though with strict economy. It was John's darling wish to go to college, and be educated for an engineer; and the energies of the whole family were exerted to gratify this desire. But the failure of a company in which half of Mrs. Lee's property was invested put an end to all these bright plans; and John was obliged to seek an employment which might support himself, and add something, however little, to the scanty resources of the family.

"No one could know Mrs. Lee without feeling an involuntary respect for her. She never complains, and is all the time busy with her needle, except the necessary time spent in nursing her daughter, who is an invalid. John

loves his sister dearly. She is sixteen, — three years older than himself; and it is his delight to do anything for her in his power."

"All that may be true, Charlie, and John Lee may be a very good boy; but, still, I don't see why we should associate with him."

"I have known John Lee three years, and have never discovered any thing bad in him. He has his faults, of course; but he is a far better boy than I am."

"Very probably; but there is such a want of refinement and good breeding in that class of people!"

"Wrong again, James. Your mother is an elegant woman; her manners are polished and lady-like, but no more so than Mrs. Lee's. If Mrs. Lee by a sudden turn of fortune, were to become mistress of such an establishment as your father's, she would be equally capable of the etiquette and refinements which you consider so necessary."

"Upon my word, Charlie, you grow quite eloquent. Why don't you go and play with those fellows?" — pointing to a group of quarrelsome, dirty lads, who were kicking foot-ball.

"Simply because I do not believe our tastes and pursuits would agree. They would not be happy in my company, and I should not enjoy theirs. John Lee and I have many pursuits and thoughts in common; and so we have chosen each other for friends. Come, James, shake off this nonsense, and let me introduce John to you. He's a capital fellow, though a little shy at first."

"No, no, Master Charles! It is bad enough to go with you, if you will persist in associating with him, without becoming acquainted with him myself."

Charlie's spirit was a little

roused at this ; but he knew that he could not convince James, if he became angry ; so he quietly let the subject drop, hoping that circumstances might prove to James the folly and worldliness of his opinions, if they were worthy the name of opinions.

John had lingered a moment to look after Charles, and heard James call him a ragged fellow. He did not stop to hear Charlie's defence, but hurried off, his cheek glowing and his eye kindling with indignation. His first impulse was to tell his mother how insulted he had been. "But no," he thought: "it is hard enough for her to be poor, without hearing any thing foolish boys may say to me. I'll be revenged on him myself, though ; see if I won't ?" When John entered his home, he found his sister unusually languid. "Can I do any thing for you, Mary ?" he asked.

"If you will read to me, John, I shall like it very much. Mother has been so busy finishing the sewing which must be done to-night, that I could not ask her."

John took the Testament, and read. At length he came to the passage, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink ; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

"I believe that verse was made for me," thought John. "I wonder if I could not get my revenge in that way ? Perhaps I might."

Three weeks after, John Lee was startled from his sound slumber, in his little attic over the doctor's office, by the violent ringing of the office-bell. Hastily throwing on his clothes, he ran down to the door. The rain was pouring in torrents, and the wind blowing violently. The moment he opened the door, James Graham sprang in ; but, seeing only John, he asked

in a hurried manner for the doctor. "He has gone to his cousin's to spend the night," replied John, "and will be at home at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Oh, my mother ! my mother ! What can be done ?" cried James. "I have been to the other doctor, and he is sick ; and my mother will die if she cannot get relief."

"The doctor would come, Master Graham, I am sure, if you would send for him." "But we have no one to send. My father is absent on business ; and our servant has only been with us a day or two, and does not know the way. I would go myself, if I knew it. Oh, dear ! Something must be done quickly."

John considered a moment, and then resolved that it would be right for him to leave his post and go for his master. "Master Graham," he said, "if you will run home and tell your servant to get your chase ready, I will go over for Dr. Ayres. He often trusts me to drive his horse ; and you need not fear any accident. I will come to your house as soon as I can."

In a quarter of an hour, John sprang into the chase at Mr. Graham's door, and drove rapidly away. It was a lonely ride under any circumstances, but in the dead and darkness of the night it seemed doubly so. The muttering of distant thunder, too, was soon heard, and the cloud approached nearer and nearer. Now a flash of lightning startled him, lighting every object for a moment with a strong glare, which only made more terrible the succeeding gloom. John had a courageous disposition, and his mother had strengthened it, frequently saying to him, "There is nothing to dread, my son, but sin."

Nevertheless, he could not help an indefinable sensation, half fear,

half loneliness, at finding himself, with the exception of his horse, the only animated thing amid the wild contest of the elements. The brave animal seemed to feel that something was at stake. Although at every flash of lightning he plunged violently, and held his head as closely to the ground as possible, as if to shut out the flaming heavens, still he kept boldly on. The twenty minutes of John's drive seemed to him an hour. Fortunately, the doctor had not retired. He had been engaged in a long conversation with his host, which had detained him, without thought of the hour, until after midnight; and then the fearful grandeur of the storm prevented his retiring.

"You, John, at this time, and in such a storm?" he exclaimed, as he answered the boy's hurried summons.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Graham is very ill, and her husband away; and neither Master James nor the servant knew the way here. I offered to come and get you. I hope I did not do wrong to leave the office, sir."

"No, no; quite right! Wait a moment and I will be ready."

Dr. Ayres went into the house to take leave of his host; and in a moment more the wheels rolled swiftly down the avenue on the homeward way. The thunder and lightning had almost ceased, though the rain still fell in torrents. Dr. Ayres insisted upon driving, and bade John go to sleep, if he could, in a corner of the chaise. Under the doctor's more powerful hand, the ride home only occupied about fifteen minutes. He sprang out of the chaise at the door, and hastily entered the house. John, half asleep, now that the necessity for action was over, wet and tired, slowly followed. He had reached the garden-gate, when he felt him-

self seized by the arm; and turning round, he saw James Graham.

"You must not go home till you have dried your clothes," he said. "There is a great fire in the dining-room. Come in, and sit down to rest."

In vain John tried to excuse himself. James pulled him back, and, dragging him into the comfortable dining-room, where the fire did look cheerful certainly, he placed him in an arm-chair directly in front of it, and gave him a cup of the hot coffee which the house-keeper had made for the doctor in the midst of all her hurry and distress. In a few moments, the doctor entered the room.

"I'm glad to see you here, John," he said; "for I need some medicine, and I think you can find it for me." He gave him the directions; and away went John, as if there had been wings to his feet. The doctor thought he had better remain at Mr. Graham's half an hour longer, as his services might be required again. James, during this time, was constantly running between the door of his mother's room and the dining-room. Now he listened to her faint moans of pain; and then, unable to bear to hear her distress any longer, he rushed back to the dining-room. At length the doctor came down stairs again; and, in answer to the boy's eager inquiries, he informed him that his mother was now out of danger, but that she required great quiet, and that the best thing he could do would be to go immediately to bed. "As for you, John," he added, "you may go home, and sleep as hard as you can, to make up for lost time."

"Wait a minute, John," cried James, as the doctor left the room, and John prepared to follow. "I called you hard names the other day, and I am sorry for it. I should

like to know you better; for I am sure you are a boy of the right spirit. I can never forget"—here James's voice became choked—"what you have done for us to-night; and, if my father can ever befriend you when you go out into the world, I will answer for it that he shall do it. But don't think that I imagine any thing would repay your kindness; only I should like to show, better than by words, how much we feel it."

John went home very happy. He had avenged his injury in the truest way; and James was more sorry for his thoughtless and heartless words than if John had planned the most subtle scheme of injurious vengeance. Boys, will you try this method of revenge? You will find it, as did John, by far the most satisfactory and effectual.—*Child's Friend.*

### A Brave Little Boy.

**I** LOVE a brave boy. I don't mean a rash boy, who rushes into danger without thinking. Nor do I mean a blustering boy, whose words are larger than his deeds. But I do mean a boy who never shrinks from dangers which he must meet, who keeps cool when most boys would get excited, and who fixes his mind more on the best means of getting out of a bad fix than on the trouble itself. I have read of such a boy lately, and I will tell you what he did.

This boy's name was George. He lived at Grosse Isle, near Detroit, and is about seven years old. A few weeks since he was on the dock, when seeing a storm coming up, he took refuge under the deck of a sail-boat belonging to Mr. F. W. Backus, lying at the dock, with the sail hoisted. In a moment after a squall struck her, when she

broke from her moorings, and started toward the open lake.

When first seen she was nearly half way across the river, and the little fellow had crawled from his place of shelter, and taking his place at the helm, endeavored to direct her course towards the shore. Soon the rain came down in torrents, the wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and the banks of the river were lined with wailing women and children, and strong men, who were powerless lookers-on. Not a boat was immediately within reach. The sail-boat had almost reached Stony Island, and the hearts of the lookers on were for a moment relieved, expecting to see her go ashore, when all at once she breached to, and came abruptly round again, heading for Grosse Isle.

As the boom settled round, the anxious spectators held their breath; for a moment the head of the little pilot disappeared, only again to reappear, holding manfully the helm. Directly another and fiercer squall struck the sail, the boat was thrown upon her beam ends, and the sail and boom in the water, and cries of "He's lost, he's gone," were heard on all sides.

Still the gallant bark held her way, again she went about, and took her course toward Malden, and again her brave young pilot was plainly seen standing at her helm. By this time a boat had been manned, and put off to the rescue; but before getting any distance into the river the sail-boat took another turn, heading again towards home. She ran straight to the middle of the river, when Mr. F. W. Backus, and H. Gray, Esq., ran down the bank, and made signs to the boy to keep the helm up or down, as the meandering of the boat required.

He obeyed the signs like an old salt, and in a few minutes the boat was run into shallow water, when the gentlemen named above were enabled to wade on board, and in a little time the boy was in the arms of his mother, who had been an almost distracted spectator of the whole scene. In answer to a question of how he was getting along when the gentlemen boarded the boat, he answered, he was pretty wet; but added, "Wasn't it lucky, Mr. Backus, that I was aboard your boat when she went off?"

### The Way to get on in the World.

**A** WORKING man, some time ago, published his own biography, one of the most interesting little volumes that has appeared during the present century. A paragraph is as follows:—"It may, to some, appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly, if I omitted it. When filling a cart with earth on the farm, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another workman. I pushed over what I had heaped up to help him; so, doubtless he did to me, when I was last and he first. When I have filled my column or columns of a newspaper with matter for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped, if I thought the subject required more explanation, because there was no contract for more payment, or no possibility of obtaining more. When I have lived in a barrack room, I have stopped my work, and taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and nursed it for her, or gone for water for her, or cleaned

another man's accoutrements, tho' it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature and travelling for a newspaper, I have gone many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject to its minutest details, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the case; and this, when I had the work, was most pleasant and profitable. When I have wanted work I have accepted it at any wages I could get, at a plough, in farm-draining, stone quarrying, breaking stones, at wood cutting, in a saw-pit, &c., &c.

In London I have cleaned out a stable and groomed a cabman's horse for sixpence. I have next tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have really obtained—both sought for and offered—ten guineas for. But if I had not been content to begin at the beginning, and accepted shillings, I should not have arisen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working; whatever I have been doing, with spade or pen, I have been my own helper.

Are you prepared to imitate? Humility is always the attendant of sense, folly is pride. A wise divine, when preaching to the youths of his congregation, was wont to say, "Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters." The cure for pride is sense; and the path to promotion is condescension. What multitudes have been ruined in their prospects by the pride of their hearts. Away, then, young men, and away, forever, with self-foppery, and empty pride, idle habits and expensive associates—"stoop and conquer."—Sink in spirit and rise in opulence. Be faithful over few things and be made ruler over many."—*London Ch. Pen. Magazine.*

### The Turpentine Tree.

**T**HE State of Carolina contains, it is said, upwards of two millions of acres of wild, swampy land, which is covered principally by a heavy growth of rich pine timber. The trees are generally of great size and extend in unbroken forests, for miles and miles. These forests are more valuable to the State than its mines of golden ore, for they produce immense quantities of tar, pitch, turpentine and rosin.

The juice of these trees is produced and manufactured in this wise: a cavity is made in the trunk of the tree near the ground, capable of holding about three pints. Above this, in various places, incisions are made in the tree, and a shallow groove in the bark, leading from every incision to the hole, so that all the sap escaping from the wounds, will flow down to the reservoir designed for its reception.

The process of chipping is repeated every week or two, to give a fresh surface from which the juice exudes, until after a few years the trees are blazed on every side to a height of ten or twelve feet. Large forests of dead trees are constantly seen standing, tall and erect, without branch or bark resembling a large ship-yard filled with tall, dismantled masts. Into the boxes near the ground the juice, a crude turpentine, begins to flow about the middle of March, slowly at first, but more rapidly as the warm season advances, and slowly again in autumn, until it ceases altogether in winter. The liquid, about the consistence of honey, as it flows, is removed from the excavations as they are filled, and transferred to barrels, where it becomes a soft solid. The average yield of these trees, is about five gallons each, a year.

A barrel of this sap contains,

usually, seventeen per cent of oil or spirits of turpentine, and this is distilled from it by means of a rude apparatus, consisting of a large iron retort, capable of containing two or more barrels. The turpentine is placed in the retort, the oil driven off by process of distillation, and stored away, and resin is left as the residuum. But the uses of the pine tree does not cease thus.

In the trees of the long leaved pine, the resinous matter becomes concentrated in the interior layers of the wood when its vegetation ceases. This dead wood, known throughout the South as light-wood, is then selected for the manufacture of tar. The tree is cut into billets of convenient size, which are placed together in a pile and covered with earth, in much the same manner that wood is placed in a charcoal kiln.

The stack of wood is built, however, upon a mound of earth prepared for the purpose, the summit of which declines from the circumference to the centre, where a cavity is formed, connected by a little canal with a ditch which surrounds the mound. A slow combustion is maintained until the resinous matter is melted, running into the central cavity, and from that into the outer ditch, where is collected, the tar of commerce, and placed in barrels for exportation.

Young America is growing rapidly. Every day we meet with proofs of this encouraging fact. Here is one of the latest instances of rapid development. "Have you been to the Astor Library?" asked a youth of his father a few days ago. "No, I have not," replied the father. "You had better go and see it," the youth continued; "just mention my name to the Librarian, and he will show you every attention."



### Worrying the Angels.



MAMMA, don't it worry the angels to see you fretting about so?

It was a blue-eyed, curly-haired, 'little Georgie,' who said this to his mother, as she entered the room where he was playing, with the same impatient step, and anxious, frowning eye, which all that morning he had observed in wonder and silence.

'Why Georgie! What ever put the thought in your head?' the mother answered, taken by surprise.

'Oh nothing—guess. It just happened in there as I was thinking what a beautiful morning it was, and how everything seemed to be smiling, except you, mamma, and you looked so troubled. Was it naughty to say so?'

'Not at all, dear, I was the naughty one, but do you know why I have felt so fretful and troubled this morning?'

'Yes, I heard you say that uncle, and aunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Cheever, and a young lady were to come in the noon train, and that your wood was poor, and there was no rice at the grocery, and Hannah had gone off to a circus, beside. I suppose, as Pa says sometimes, you are in a 'peck of trouble,' ain't you, mamma?'

'Why Georgie, I did think I was, but now that you have come to name it over, and specify the cause of my trouble, they seem rather small, after all.'

'Well, that is just what I thought, only I didn't know that I ought to say so. But it seems to me such things must look so trifling to them—the angels I mean, mamma, if they can see our actions—and as if it must worry them to see us so unhappy about trifles.'

'They are trifles, darling—the

least of trifles. And a big, grown woman like me ought to be ashamed to make myself miserable the whole forenoon for them, turning the brightness of this glorious spring morning into clouds and gloom. Now Georgie, have I scolded myself enough?'

'Well I should think you had, mamma. Your forehead don't scowl as it did. But I wish I could help you. I can stone raisins, and peel pie-plant, and wash potatoes, and flour the tins for you to bake, and what else can I do?—something I guess.'

And Georgie rolled up his apron sleeves, and went to work with a will.

Georgie's mother, too! The change that had come upon her countenance was but the reflection of the brightened spirit within, and though she might not regard the idea of 'angels worrying' in precisely the same light as her sensitive little boy, it lifted her thoughts from the turbid current of household vexation into nobler channels. And when, at one o'clock, she seated her guests at her neatly-spread table, and helped them to the nice juicy ham of her own curing, the well-cooked vegetables, snowy bread and delicate rhubarb pie, no one would have imagined she had been half the morning ready to shed tears for the want of beefsteak and a little rice or tapioca. Would that all the Marthas of our land might learn the secret of true Household Nobleness.—  
*Ohio Farmer.*

A REASON.—A lady, walking on one of the wharves in New York, a few days since, asked a sailor whom she met, why a ship was called 'she.' The son of Neptune replied, that it was 'because the rigging cost more than the hull.'



### MOUNT ARARAT.

**T**HE above spirited engraving of Mount Ararat, from a view, taken from the Plain of Erivan, probably gives a very correct representation of that celebrated mountain. The loaded camels with their drivers, an indispensable feature in oriental scenery, gives life to the picture, and in all respects, it agrees exactly with the best descriptions of well-informed and accurate travellers.

The mountains of Ararat are situated in Armenia, just where the boundaries of Russia, Turkey, and Persia meet, to all of which, they belong. They are divided into two mountains, the Great Ararat, on the north-west, and the Less Ararat, on the south-east; their summits, in a direct line, are seven miles apart, and their bases are united by a wide, upland valley. The summit of the Great Ararat, lies in about  $39^{\circ}$  North Latitude, and is 17,323 feet above the level of the sea, and 14,320 feet above the great plain of the Aras, from which it rises in solitary grandeur. On the north-east slope of the mountain, visible from Erivan, thirty-two miles distant, is

a deep, crater-like chasm. The mountain is covered with perpetual snow and ice, for about three miles downward from its summit; on the north side, from about 14,000 feet above the sea, it shoots up in one frozen crest, stretching down on the south side, and forming what is called the Silver Crest of Ararat.

Little Ararat rises 13,093 feet above the sea level, and is free from snow in September and October. Its declivities are much steeper than those of the Great Ararat; its form is almost conical, and marked with furrows, that radiate from the summit. These mountains are subject to terrific thunder storms, accompanied with hail and snow, which come on with great suddenness, often endangering the lives of travellers. About the last of July and beginning of August, the summer attains its great heat, and at that time the air is calm, and the sky clear and unclouded. It is the only season in which the summit of the mountain can be ascended with safety. Then commences an atmospheric war, the strife being between the two great peaks, which discharge their electric batteries with tre-

mendous fury, so that the summit of the Little Ararat, is bored with lightning-tubes, so numerous, that they impart to the rock the appearance of worm-eaten wood.

The volcanic nature of the Ararat mountains, is evidenced by the stones found on their slopes, which are, without doubt, the products of a crater, though no mention of an eruption previous to 1840, is found in the chronicles of the neighboring monastery, extending back over a period of 800 years. But on July 2nd, 1840, a terrible eruption took place from the head of the great chasm, accompanied by an earthquake, which wrought great destruction in the neighboring district. The eruption continued a full hour. When the vapor cleared away, and the shower of stones and mud ceased, the rich village of Arguri, at the foot of the mountain, and the monastery and chapel of St. James, on its declivity were not to be seen; all, along with their inmates were buried under the rubbish of ejected stones. The earthquake also destroyed 6000 houses in the neighboring districts.

The name of this lofty range of mountains is associated with our earliest recollections. All of us probably can recall with pleasure the childish days, when we listened with delight to the wonderful story of the deluge, and received our first lesson in faith, from the example of the patriarch Noah.

Ararat witnessed the earliest progress of the human race, and is still hallowed by traditions of the antediluvian world. "Men began to multiply on the face of the earth," and in the language of our Saviour "they did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all."

When the deluge had subsided, the ark rested on the side of Ararat. Noah, strong in faith, unbarred the windows of the ark, and looked out, serene amidst the wreck of a world, for he knew that it was by God's appointment. And he sent forth a raven, and it went to and fro, but brought no tidings of a change. Then he sent out a timid dove, but it came back with drooping wing, fluttering for a resting place, for it found no rest for the sole of its foot. Yet his faith wavered not: patiently he waited in his marvellous vessel, steered by an unseen hand, till the dry earth should again appear, decked with its crown of verdure.

Seven days passed away, and again he sent out his gentle messenger, the dove, and lo! at eventide she returned, fresh, with unflaging wing, bearing in her bill an olive leaf. "So Noah knew that the waters were abated." Still another week passed away, before he again opened the window of the ark, and sent forth the dove, on its errand of discovery. But it returned no more to the ark, so Noah knew that it had found a resting place, and that the fountains of the deep were sealed.

Yet seven days more, and Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked out, as on the face of a new creation. And then Noah went out, at God's command, with his household and every living creature, to replenish the wasted earth and prepare it for future generations. Above was the wide expanse of heaven, and below the solitary earth; and Noah, with pious gratitude, before he renewed the toil of daily life, builded on that consecrated spot an altar to the Lord, and offered a burnt offering of praise and thanksgiving thereon.

And the Lord, we are told, ac-

cepted the devout offering, and there sealed a covenant of mercy with the human race. And he "set his bow in the clouds," as a token to all generations, that "the waters should no more become a flood to destroy all flesh."

"Baptized by the flood," says a late author,—“consecrated by the altar, illuminated by the first fresh rainbow, Mount Ararat stood evermore, a sacred mountain on the earth.”

### A New Cure for Rheumatism.



ONE of the most remarkable cases of sudden cures of disease of long standing, was that of a rheumatic invalid, with which is connected an amusing ghost story. There were a couple of men in some old settled part of the country, who were in the habit of stealing sheep, and robbing the churchyards of the dead. There was a public road leading by the meeting house where there was a graveyard, and not far off on the road to the tavern. Early one moonlight night, while one thief was engaged in robbing a grave the other went off to steal a sheep. The first one had accomplished his business, wrapped the shroud around him and took his seat in the meeting house door, awaiting the coming of his companion.

A man on foot, passing along the road towards the tavern took him for a ghost, and alarmed almost to death, ran as fast as his feet would carry him to the tavern which he

reached out of breath. As soon as he could speak, he declared that he had seen a ghost, a real ghost robed in white, and sitting in the church door. But nobody would believe him. He then declared that if any of them would go back, they might be convinced. But, incredulous as they all were, no one could be found who had the courage to go.

At length, a man who was so afflicted with the rheumatism that he could not walk, declared that he could go, if he could only get there. The man then proposed to take him on his back, took him up and off they went. When they got in sight, sure enough, there it was, as he had said. Wishing to satisfy themselves well, and get as near they could in the dim light, they kept venturing up nearer and nearer. The man with the shroud around him took them to be his companion with a sheep on his back; and he asked in a low tone of voice:—

‘Is he fat?’

Meeting with no reply, he raised his voice higher:

‘Is he fat?’

No reply again, when he exclaimed in a vehement tone:

‘IS HE FAT?’

That was enough. The man with the rheumatic on his back replied:

‘Fat or lean you may have him.’

And dropping the invalid, he travelled back to the tavern as fast as his feet would carry him. But he had scarcely reached there, when in came the invalid on foot too! The sudden fright had cured him of his Rheumatism; and from that time forward he was a well man.

This is said to have been of real occurrence, and it is not the only case of such cures of which I have heard. I once heard of a woman

who had been bed-ridden, I think, for twenty years; and who, upon the house taking fire, made her escape upon her feet, and was never so confined by the disease afterwards.—*Phila. Courier.*

#### Saved a Shilling.

**A** WEAVER took to his employer the first cloth he had woven since his arrival in this country.

Upon examination, his employer detected two holes within half an inch of each other, and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for each hole.

"An plaze your honor," said Sandy, "is it the number of holes, or be the size uv um, that yez put the fine on us?"

"By the number of holes, to be sure, sir."

"And a big hole and a little one is the same price?"

"Yes, a shilling for every hole, big or little."

"Then give me a hould of the piece," replied Sandy.

It was handed to him, when with his fingers he deliberately tore the two small holes into one, triumphantly exclaiming—

"By the piper o' Moses, an that'll save me one shilling?"

The good natured employer laughed heartily at the odd experiment, and forgave poor Sandy the fine.

#### Little Tommy.

**D**OES not this simple story remind the reader of some other little Tommy who has sacrificed a trifle by the magic of his touch, and left it to be cherished as a priceless thing? It is from the *Charleston News*:—

While passing rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy sitting on a curb-stone. He was appar-

ently about five or six years old, and his well combed hair, clean hands and face, bright though well patched apron, and whole appearance indicated that he was the child of a loving though indignant mother. As we looked at him closely, we were struck with the heart broken expression of his countenance, and the mark of recent tears on his cheek.

So, yielding to an impulse which always leads us to sympathize with the joys or sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and putting a hand upon his head, asked what was the matter? He replied by holding up his open hand in which we beheld the fragments of a broken toy—a figure of a cow.

Oh! is that all?—well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy shop and buy another," and we dropped a fourpence into his hand; "and that will buy one, will it not?"

"Oh, yes," replied he, bursting into a paroxysm of grief, "but this was little Tommy's and he's dead.

We gave him the last piece of silver we possessed, but had it been gold, we doubt if he would have noticed it more than he did the silver. The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacancy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little unsophisticated heart.

#### A Bad Mark.

**I**'VE got a boy for you, sir." "Glad of it; who is he?" asked the master-workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name, and where he lived. "Don't want him," said the master workman; "he has got a bad mark." "A bad mark, sir; what?" "I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smokers."

### The Wreckers.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

"*Traffickers in ardent spirits, wreckers  
along the sea of life!*"

Hark to the roar of the surges!  
Hark to the wild wind's howl!  
See the black cloud, that the hurricane  
urges,

Bend like a maniac's scowl!  
Full on the sunken lee ledges  
Leaps the devoted barque,  
And the loud waves, like a hundred sledges,  
Smite on the doomed mark.

Shrilly the shriek of the seamen  
Cleaves like a dart through the roar;  
Harsh as the pitiless laugh of a demon,  
Rattles the pebbled shore!  
Ho! for the life-boat, brothers!  
Now may the hearts of the brave  
Hurling their lives, to the rescue of others,  
Conquer the stormy wave!

Shame! for humanity's treason!  
Shame to the form we wear!  
Blush, at the temple of pity and reason  
Turned to a robber's lair!  
Worse than the horrible breakers—  
Worse than the shattering storm—  
See the rough handed, remorseless wreckers  
Stripping the clay, yet warm!

Plucking at girlhood's tresses,  
Tangled with gems and gold;  
Snatching love-tokens from manhood's  
caresses,  
Clinched with a dying hold.  
What of the shrieks of despairing;  
What of the last faint gasp?  
Robbers! who lived would but lessen your  
sharing;  
Gold—'t was a god in your grasp!

Boys, in their sunny brown beauty;  
Men in their rugged bronze;  
Wemen whose wail might have taught  
wolves duty;  
Died on the merciless stones.  
Tenderly slid o'er the plundered,  
Shrouds from the white-capped  
surge;  
Loud on the traitors the mad ocean thun-  
dered;  
Low o'er the lost sang a dirge!

Woe! there are deadlier breakers!  
Billows that burn as they roll!  
Flanked by a legion of crueler wreckers—  
Wreckers of body and soul!  
Traitors to God and humanity—  
Circes—that hold in their urns,  
Blood-dripping murder, hopeless insanity,  
Folly and famine by turns!

Crested with wine, redly flashing,  
Swollen with liquid fire,  
How the strong ruin comes, fearfully dash-  
ing,  
High as the soul walks, and higher!  
Manhood, and virtue, and beauty,  
Hope, and the sunny-haired bliss,  
With the diviner, white angel of duty,  
Sink in the burning abyss!

What if the soul of the drunkard  
Shrivel in quenchless flame?  
What if his children, by beggary conquered,  
Plunge into ruin and shame?  
Gold has come to the wreckers—  
Murder has taken her prize!  
Gold—though a million hearts burst on the  
breakers—  
Smothers the crime and the cries!

### The Strawberries, or overcoming Evil with Good.

**D**ID you ever hear those beautiful words, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Do you know what they mean? I saw a most pleasing illustration of this precept, and it may lead you to "go and do likewise" if I relate it.

Maria is a little girl about seven years of age, who goes to school every day. One bright day when every thing seemed to be praising God, Maria returned at noon, with a sad face.

"Mother," she said, "I don't want ever to go to school again; *I don't want to,*" said the sobbing child.

"What has happened now? I thought you liked to go to school," said her mother.

"Well the girls treated me so unkindly, Emily pinched me and pushed me down; and Mary pulled off my bonnet, and struck me. Need I go to school this afternoon?"

"But what is this all about?," said the mother.

"Why, Emily said Sarah Carlton told her I had got her slate pencil; and I had not seen it," was the reply.

After a while the little girl by means of gentle words from her parents and sister, became quiet, and when the school hour came she went with a joy that surprised her mother, but the secret came out.

"Mother," said the elder sister, about nine years of age, "you can't think how Maria is going to fix it."

"Fix it?" was the reply, "fix what?"

"Why, those girls; I planned it for her; we went out on the hill, and found some strawberries, and when she gets to school, she is going to tell the girls she will give them some," said the peacemaker.

At the usual time, five o'clock, Maria came running home with a heart full of glee, and clapping her hands with delight, she exclaimed, "O, mother, I made friends with them all; I did just as sister told me. I told the girls I had got something for them, and they looked ashamed, but I did not notice it; and then I said, 'I have got some strawberries which I will give you if you will be good; and then I gave Emily and Mary three a-piece, because, you know, they were the ones that hurt me; and then I gave Sarah Carleton two, she told that story about me; and all the rest of us had one. Was not that a nice way?'"

The mother put her arm round the neck of the dear child, and kisses mingled with smiles, and there was joy there, because "evil had been overcome by good."

### Very True.

A poor Irishman who appeared for a license to sell ardent spirit, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied "Ah, sure, it is not much character a man needs to sell rum."

### The Sleepers.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!  
A holy thing is sleep,  
On the worn spirit shed,  
And eyes that wake to weep:

A holy thing from heaven,  
A gracious, dewy cloud,  
A covering mantle, given  
The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!  
Reverse the pale, still brow,  
The meekly-drooping head,  
The long hair's willow flow.

Ye know not what ye do,  
That call the slumberer back  
From the world unseen by you,  
Unto Life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,  
In her childhood's land perchance,  
Where her young sisters play,  
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound  
Her spirit haply weaves;  
A harmony profound  
Of woods with all their leaves:

A murmur of the sea,  
A laughing tone of streams—  
Long may her sojourn be  
In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,  
Each gleam of beauty fled,  
Each lost one still more fair—  
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

### Library.

The place that does  
Contain my books—the best companions  
—is

To me a glorious court, where hourly I  
Converse with the old sages and philoso-  
phers;

And sometimes, for variety, I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their  
counsels,

Calling their victories, if unjust got,  
Unto a strict account; and, in my fancy,  
Deface their ill-placed statues. FLETCHER.

### Memory.

So have I seen the cloud-rack, fast and free,  
Come thronging onward from the distant  
sea,

Along the hill-tops, till the rising sheen  
Of morn had spread their parted woof be-  
tween,

And laugh'd away the masses dark and dull,  
Into a radiance glad and beautiful—  
E'en so the glorious past came floating by,  
O'er the dark chambers of his Memory.

SHARPE.

## Puzzles for Pastime.

### Enigmas, Charades, &c.,

I.

Shame will bring me into thy face,  
Grief will not let me stay ;  
Of joy am I an abiding trace,  
Envy drives me away.  
So long as with thee I still remain,  
Beauty and youth will smile ;  
When I am gone, thou'lt seek them in vain ;  
They've vanished, alas ! the while.

II.

From Messina came a lady fair,  
With a sharp and biting tongue,  
And met by the way a negro pair,  
One sweet and soft as the summer air,  
The other endowed with strength so rare—  
One old, the other young.

On a realm of waters these people met,  
'Twas a wonderous thing to see,  
For the young and the old, the cold and  
the hot,  
Commingled together, were, I wot,  
Right pleasant company.

III.

Why's a merciless man, with a memory  
bad,  
Like one with whom avarice is a sin most  
besetting ?  
Because, if no better solution be had,  
He's never *forgiving* but always *forgetting*,

IV.

Morning is beaming o'er brake and bower ;  
Hark to the chimes from yonder tower ;  
Call ye my first from her chamber now,  
With her snowy veil and her jewelled  
brow.

Lo ! where my second, in gorgeous array,  
Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,  
Looking for her, as he curvets by,  
With an arching neck and a glancing eye.

Spread is the banquet and studied the song,  
Ranged in meet order the menial throng,  
Jerome is ready with book and with sto'le,  
And the maidens strew flowers—but where  
is my whole ?

Look to the hill !—is he climbing its side ?  
Look to the stream !—is he crossing its  
tide ?

Out on the false one ! he comes not yet ;  
Lady, forget him—yea, scorn and forget !

V.

A fool will allow me but scanty rest.  
I've less to do at the wise man's behest ;  
Single am I as a good man's slave,  
But double when owned by a liar or knave ;

Justice will look at me sharply and well,  
And weigh in the balance each word I tell ;  
Yet many will cheat the judge, they say,  
With me for their servant day by day.

VI.

A bridge of pearl, in cunning wise,  
Built o'er a sea of gray ;  
With lightning speed 'tis seen to rise  
Over our heads away.

The largest ship, with loftiest mast,  
Rides 'neath its arched span ;  
Over the bridge no man hath passed  
Since first this world began.

It comes with the stream, and dies away  
When the water floods abate.  
The bridge's name, now I pray thee say,  
And who did the bridge create ?

VII.

He talked of daggers and of darts,  
Of passions and of pains,  
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,  
Of kisses and of chains ;  
He said though love was kin to grief,  
He was not born to grieve ;  
He said, though many rued belief,  
She safely might believe.  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore by yea and nay,  
My whole was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.

He said my first, whose silent car  
Was slowly wandering by,  
Vailed in a vapour faint and far,  
Through the unfathomed sky,  
Was like the smile whose rosy light  
Across her young lips passed.  
Yet oh ! it was not half so bright,  
It changed not half so fast ;  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore by yea and nay,  
My whole was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress leaf  
Upon his raven hair,  
And drew his rapier from its sheath,  
Which made the lady stare,  
And said, his life-blood's purple glow  
My second there should dim,  
If she he loved and worshipped so,  
Would only weep for him.  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore by yea and nay,  
My whole was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.

VIII.

Among the snakes, I wreck of one  
Not born of earthly breed,  
And with this serpent vieth none,  
In terror or in speed.



It darts upon its helpless prey  
With roar both loud and high ;  
In one destruction borne away,  
Rider and steed must die.

In highest place it loves to bide,  
No door may bar its path,  
And scaly armour's iron pride  
Will but attract its wrath.

The firmest tree it ploughs amain,  
How tough soe'er it be—  
As brittle reeds are snapt in twain,  
'Twill rend the mightiest tree.

Yet hath this monster grim and fierce  
Ne'er twice with prey been fed,  
But once its fiery tooth can pierce—  
Slayeth—and is dead.

## IX.

When my frst was hailed in the cheftain's  
halls,  
The red flag waved o'er the banner'd walls,  
And the song flow'd soft and low ;  
The feast was spread on the cheerful board,  
The rust was swept from his father's sword,  
And the cloud from the cheftain's brow.

A young girl sat where the sunbeams  
bright  
Pour'd over my second their golden light ;  
She was pale, and wan, and ill ;  
It helped her to earn her daily bread,  
And nightly shield her unguarded head,  
And yet did she hate it still.

My whole is formed of gems and of gold,  
Of numberless things, of wealth untold,  
And often of worthless dross :  
With visions of days that have pass'd  
away  
Unbidden it comes to the young and gay  
In the midst of sorrow and loss.

## X.

Know'st thou the picture limned so rarely,  
Whose light and lustre are its own ;  
That changes hourly, yet so fairly,  
It loses nothing of its tone ?  
Right narrow is the room it filleth,  
The frame that bounds it, is right small ;  
Yet whatsoever is great or thrilleth  
Thy heart, through it alone comes all.

## XI.

Who is the man, now tell to me,  
In whom we most resemblance see  
To a fish—upon the whole ?  
In him the resemblance most we trace  
Whose mother's a *little common plaice*,  
Tho' his father's a good old *sole*.

## XIII.

For a partner in business my *first* is oft  
used—  
In the sport of my *second* young men are  
amused :

To catch many animals my *third* you'll see  
borne,  
And my *whole* by nobility only is worn.

## XIV.

In festive halls and gardens gay,  
My *first* entices you to stay ;  
My *second* too, how sweet to hear—  
When through the surge the boat we steer :  
My *whole* on rapine *wholly* bent,  
To threatening words too oft give vent.

## XV.

Ny *first* in two languages you'll find,  
As a personal pronoun best defined ;  
My last as a *nick-name* oft was used,  
When a man now dead, you heard abused ;  
My whole a smart figure well sets off—  
(What say you to one like Menchikoff ?)

## XVI.

In France my birth, and there supreme my  
rule ;  
" *Philosophy*" my jest, " *esprit*" my tool.  
Among the French so *débonnaire* and gay  
I form the charm of " *la société*."  
The English too—that wandering nation  
Give me a general invitation.  
Shall I accept it ? No, in sooth  
For that I am too sage ;  
For though they think me good in youth ;  
They call me *bad* in age.

## XVII.

My first a useful article  
In London may be seen ;  
It may be yellow, may be brown,  
Or else it may be green.

My second is a little word,  
It numbers letters two.  
If you are *it*, you won't be out ;  
I'm sure that's very true.

My third is also very small,  
But not an English word,  
It's known in Latin, and in French,  
As probably you've heard.

My whole oft sits in grave debate  
O'er matters that concern the state ;  
Or else, committed to its care,  
It holds the curious and rare.

## ANSWERS

TO PUZZLES FOR PASTIMES IN LAST NO.

ENIGMAS.—1. Heptarchy. 2. Ornament.  
3. Seclusion. 4. "The wicked flee when  
no man pursueth"—Prov. 28, 1. 5. Rheu-  
matism. 6. Inside. 7. Air.

CHARADES.—1. Nightshade. 2. The let-  
ter Y.

RIDDLES.—1. Poles. 2. As-cent. 3.  
Is-is. 4. Because it is always worsted.  
5. It always makes a lease please.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Start, star, tar, tart,  
art, rat. 2. Life Boat, Montreal.