



MAY.

Dear Children—on the 1st of April—Fickle April, most fitting type of human life, with its winds and clouds and sunny days, representing bodily afflictions, mental sorrows and soul rejoicings—just one month ago—we launched our little *Life Boat* upon the broad open sea of *experiment*. Is not every human enterprise an experiment as to whether it will accomplish in its progress and results the good, that was proposed? Still we were strong in the belief then, and we are more confirmed in it now, that the children of our good old North State, were entitled to have and that they would cheerfully support at least one paper published in this their native State, which they could call their own. Are we not right children? I believe every one of you will say yes! Well then, this is your paper, gotten up expressly for you, and we want every child in the State to read the *Life Boat*—now how shall we manage to do this? Will you not tell us? How will this plan do? Suppose every child, in every neighborhood who gets this copy, will take it over to his neighbor and show it to his little boys and girls, and thus get one new subscriber each—don't you see, this plan will double the subscription at once—and the 5,000 of this number will become 10,000 in the next number? Now how many of you will try this plan? All who will, say I! Well, a good number have already spoken and taken passage upon the *Life Boat*, we have made the trial trip for April—and our Boat is still 'right side up with care,' and she is putting on more steam and unfurling her canvass to catch the favoring breezes of sweet, gentle, lovely,

MAY.

This month derives its name from *Maia*, or *Majesta*, who was reputed the wife of *Vulcan*, because a priest of *Vulcan* offered a sacrifice to her on the first of May. She is sometimes identified with *Maia*, daughter of *Atlas* and *Pleione*,—the eldest of the seven sisters called the *Pleiades*, or seven stars. She was also the most beautiful of them. The rising of the *Pleiades* in Italy, was about the beginning of May. Our Saxon ancestors called this month by a less pagan and poetical name, *Trimilki*—because they began to milk their cows three times a day in this month of grass and flowers. In England (where May invests herself with a more beautiful attire than in this country) from time immemorial May has been ushered in with gay and joyous rural rites. Thus *Wodsworth* says,

This sweet May morning
The children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide
Fresh flowers
And Sir Richard Vernon represents

the Prince of Wales, "As full of spirit as the month of May." Indeed, the British poets generally make a vast amount of capital out of the merry month of May. We have imitated them to some extent in this country; and though we have not our May-poles and morris-dances—which we can do very well without—we have our May-day pic-nics and our May-Queens too. Well, we have no objection to this—in fact, we rather like it. Our "May of life," though we are not quite as young as we used to be, has not yet "fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf" of age so as not to allow us to enjoy those rural pleasures which so delight the young.

Enjoy "the May-moon of youth," children; but let all your amusements and recreations be innocent and virtuous. Remember, God gives you this beautiful season, and all the means of enjoying it which you possess. Be like the flowers—expand your petals and send forth your fragrance to the skies. Let the Spring, the May-day of life, be devoted to God; then when you "shall hear the rain and wind beat dark December," you shall not be forced to say, "the evil days are come in which I have no pleasure," but in the retrospect of a well-spent life and in the hope of a blissful eternity, you shall realize the truth of the poet's paradox, which you sometimes sing, "December's as pleasant as May."

BRIGHTNING ALL IT CAN.

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly toward night the clouds broke, and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the whole country. A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones:

"Look! oh, look, pa! the sun's brightening all it can."

"Brightning all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun, if you choose."

"How papa? tell me how."

"By looking happy, and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good: that is all."

The next day the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark; the little heart seemed full of light and love: and when asked why she was so happy, the answer came laughingly, "Why! don't you see, papa, I'm the sun! I'm brightning all I can!"

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Cannot little children be like the sun every day—brightening all they can? Try it children.—*Child at Home.*

TWO AND ONE.

Two ears and only one mouth have you,
The reason, I think, is clear:
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To talk about all you hear.

Two eyes and only one mouth have you,
The reason of this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To talk about all you see.

Two hands and only one mouth have you,
And it is worth while repeating,
The two are for work you will have to do,
The one is enough for eating.

Golden Harp.

For the Life Boat.
A LITTLE SERMON OF OUR PASTOR.

Prov. 20: 11. "Even a child may be known by his doings."

HERE are many ways, my dear children, of knowing persons. We may know a person by sight. We may know persons by names; we know persons by description. But the best way to know persons is by their dispositions and actions.

Now we are going to tell you how you may know a bad child, and a good one too; and when you see how ugly a bad one is, we hope you will never be like him, but try to be a good one.

The first mark of a bad child is an ill temper; a temper that makes one get mad, and cry, make mouths, and quarrel and fight. You know how bad it is to be in a house full of stifling smoke, so bad it is to be with an ill-tempered boy. I had rather walk with a gravel in my shoe, or sleep with a thorn bush, or wear a hair shirt, than to carry about with me an ill temper. Whenever you see a boy getting mad at every little thing that crosses him, you will know him by that mark as being a bad boy. Hissing snakes, stinging hornets, growling dogs, bears and tigers, all have ill tempers. Now children, you don't want to be like ugly animals, do you? No, you say; well then, don't cherish ill tempers.

The second mark which shows a bad child, is idleness. Lazy children love to sleep in bed in the morning; they love to do nothing all day. They think it mighty hard to do the little work which they are told to do. They tell Tom, or Sallie, or some one else to do it. Laziness always leads to ignorance, poverty and worthlessness. Such children never do anything for themselves or any body else. We call such persons slothful. Like that lean, ugly, monkish, nasty animal called a sloth, that is too lazy to crawl down a tree, so he doubles himself up and falls down. Pity but that he would kill himself, isn't it? Now what boy wants to be like a good-for-nothing sloth. Every thing in the world but a sloth shames a lazy boy. The sun is always busy shining upon the world; the rivers keep busy in rolling on towards the sea; the little birds are busy in singing and flying through the air; the spider weaves a nice little web; the ant builds up a little red house, and the beautiful butterfly swims upon the wave of the air. And shall boys, who have minds to think and get knowledge, and feet to walk, and hands to work, rust away in idleness. No, go out into this lovely world and work and be wise in head, good in heart, and full-handed in property. Then you will be a man, an ornament to your family, and a blessing to the world.

A third mark of a bad child is disobedience. When a child disobeys his mother, or father, or Sunday school teacher, he shows a bad mark. "Children obey your parents" is a good and wise command. Children ought to obey their parents. Disobedience does a great deal of harm in the world. It turned Adam out of the flowery garden into a thorny wilderness. Angels lost their bright homes in heaven by disobedience. George Washington, you know, was a great man; when he had won great victories, and drove the British troops from our country, and made this land free from the rule of England, everybody was praising him. His good old mother said, "George always was an obedient boy."

For the Life Boat.
A WORD TO PARENTS.

ON the face of the tremendous amount of good, which Sabbath Schools have effected in the land, it would seem, that all intelligent parents would give to them the weight of their whole influence; would seek to advance them in every possible way, and make them, what they are designed to be—the great nurseries of the Church of God.

Pious parents are apt to do this, for, having received their religious training in these nurseries, they properly appreciate their power for good. But irreligious people do not. It is then, to the irreligious fathers and mothers those parents who have hitherto taken little or no interest in Sabbath Schools that we would most affectionately commend, for their reflection, the following significant statement:

In a certain village there were ninety-eight settled families having children over ten years of age. In twenty-seven of them both parents were pious! In these twenty-seven families there were one hundred and twenty-five children over ten years old. Eighty-four, or about two-thirds of these children were pious.

In nineteen of the ninety-eight families only one of the parents, the mother with a single exception—was pious. Of the ninety-five children they contained, thirty-one—one-third were pious.

In the remaining fifty-two families neither parent was pious! Of their one hundred and thirty-nine children only thirty—not one-tenth. These facts, the fruit of careful investigation, strikingly illustrate the immense power of parental influence for good or ill. Piety in both parents; won two-thirds of their little ones to Christ; in one parent one-third; where no piety existed, only one-tenth (and they were saved by the Sunday school) were lovers of God!

WHAT ONE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER CAN DO.

About ten miles from Bordentown, New Jersey, is a village named Recklesstown. Its name speaks its character. It has, for a long time, seemed to be forgotten by God and man. One earnest Christian opened a Sunday-school, having pity on the children. For twelve years he toiled in that school alone. A short time since there seemed to be some tokens of seriousness.—The pastor of the Baptist church of Jacobstown was called in. This pastor and the Sunday-school teacher were the only known professors of religion in the town. Among the dissolute and impious a work of grace began. Fifty three persons have been baptised, seventy are hopefully converted, and the work is spreading. Recklesstown has ceased to be a reproach in the land.

CARE OF DAUGHTERS.—According to the old German custom, the sons were to walk to church after their father; but the daughters before their mother, to show that her eye should never be off them.