

wines from 15 to 20 per cent; and gin, rum, brandy, and whisky, from 35 to 55 per cent. People pretend to take these drinks from various reasons, but the true reason is, because they contain alcohol, which stimulates; that is, it makes people a little bit tipsy. This alcohol is rank poison, and it is only by its being greatly diluted with water that it does not kill instantly. But in all cases it interferes with the healthy workings of the human frame. Alcohol is not food, but fire. It vitiates the blood, stimulates the brain, deranges the nerves, corrodes the lungs, pains the stomach, ruins the appetite, impairs digestion, defiles the breath, parches the lips, bloats the face, dims the eye, wastes the muscles, palsies the limbs, and injures the whole system. It consequently strikes at the moral and intellectual powers of man. It enfeebles the understanding, impairs the judgment, effaces the memory, extinguishes sensibility, pollutes the imagination, depraves the taste, stupefies conscience, annihilates honour, prostrates self-respect, debases the social affections, sours the disposition, inflames the wicked passions, dethrones reason, and contaminates the heart. And in its social effects it produces an immense mass of misery and sufferings in families, and throughout the whole of the social circle. Teetotalism consists simply in entire abstinence from all alcoholic compounds. We drink water, milk, tea, coffee, the juices of all our fruits, anything indeed that is free from alcohol; but from this fiery substance we call upon every man to abstain.

THE YEAR.

Pause we awhile—another year has fled—

Fled with swift step, a vivid transient dream;
Bearing us further, and still further, down
Eternity's dark, ever-rolling stream!

Another year—and all its hopes and fears,

Its sorrows, and its joys alike are o'er;
Its cherish'd dreams, its smiles, its bitter tears,
Add to the past—they will return no more!

And yet forget it not! sweet flowers were strewn

Across its pathway—flowers bright and fair;
And memory breathes the Eden-like perfume,
Those wither'd flowers leave on the closing year!

Forget it not! The old year may have left

A warning or a watchword for the new;
Then let us mentally recall the past—
Regret our follies and resolve anew!

But o'er the dawning year a veil is thrown—

The veil of mercy hiding future fate—
Hiding alike the pleasure and the pain
That through the coming year our steps await!

It may be dark, and fearful storms may rise;

It may be bright, and spring-time all the year;
But be it bright, or dark, let Hope be given
Our path to gladden, and our hearts to cheer!

If truth and resolution guide us on,

If we are strong in strength that's not our own,
Then may we hope to walk and weary not,
Nor, stumbling, dash our foot against a stone!

Then may the closing of the year begun

Be happier than its birth, know less of fear;
Then may the joy be ours to know, to feel,
We have not lived in vain another year!

DO NOT HURRY.

BELIEVE in travelling step by step. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance by its daily gain enriches a man more than fits and starts of fortune and speculation. Every day a thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick, houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the less speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Do not give up a small business till you see a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself had better not move. From bad to worse is a poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Do not jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember, men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water may be got from a small pipe, if the bucket is always there to catch. Large game may be caught in small woods. A sheep may get fat in a small meadow, and starve in a great desert. He who undertakes too much succeeds in but little.—*Shelley*

CARRYING THEIR OWN BRIMSTONE.

AFTER a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me, and said in a canting way: "Bishop, do you believe in a hell?" I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?" He said, "Yes." "Well," said I, "the best answer I have ever heard came from a poor negro woman. She had a young niece who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep her wilful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the meece came bounding into the room:

"Aunty, aunty, I ain't gwine to believe in a hell no more. If dar is any hell, I just wants to know where dey gets all de brimstone for dat place; dat's what I'd like to know!"

The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and, with a tear on her cheek, said: 'Ah! honey darlin', you look out you dont go dere, for you'll find dey all takes dere own brimstone wid 'um.'

I said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?" He said, "No"; and he went home—I hope, with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved, we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone" even in this world.—*Bishop Whipple.*

More than half-a-century ago, Nathaniel Cobb sat down in his counting-house in Boston and wrote the following covenant: "By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dollars. By the grace of God, I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth twenty thousand dollars, I will give one-half of my net profits; if I am ever worth thirty thousand dollars, I will give three-fourths; and the whole after fifty thousand dollars. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward, and set me aside." This covenant he subscribed and adhered to with conscientious fidelity as long as he lived. On his death-bed he said to a friend: "By the grace of God, nothing else, I have been enabled, under the influence of these resolutions, to give away more than forty thousand dollars. How good the Lord has been to me!"—*Selected.*

You cannot serve two masters—you *must* serve one or the other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the Lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the devil; and not only the devil, but the lowest of devils—"the least crested fiend that fell." So there you have it in brief terms—work first, you are God's servants, fee first, you are the fiend's. And it makes a difference, now or ever, believe me, whether you serve him who has on his vesture and thigh written "King of Kings," and whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written "Slave of slaves," and whose service is perfect slavery.—*John Ruskin.*