

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness not strength, sickness not health, death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds.—It is the life-blood of the gambler, the ailment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot. It brings shame not honor; terror not safety; despair not hope; misery not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and, insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

There, it does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villanies; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend.—*Zion's Advocate.*

LYING.

It is recorded in history that a certain philosopher of ancient times was one day asked, "What does a man gain by telling a lie?" "Not to be believed," said he, "even when he tells the truth." Young readers, bear in mind this answer of a wise man, and, at the same time, remember that he who is greater and wiser than the wisest of men hath said that "All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Rev. xxi. 8.

A GLASS OF GIN.

It was only a glass of gin, recommended by a family physician to a young man slightly indisposed; but what evil followed in its train! That glass was succeeded by others, till drinking became a fixed habit. No one who looked upon the manly form and the handsome face of James R. would have supposed for a moment that he was a drunkard, and loving friends carefully concealed the fact from the world. Business by slow degrees was given up; seldom was his hand steady enough to guide the pen, or his brain sufficiently clear to add up the columns of the ledger. Time wore away, and one day, to the astonishment of many, he was picked up in the public street, and brought home in a state of beastly intoxication to his afflicted friends. Ere long they consigned all that remained of James R.—to a drunkard's grave. The tempter came to him disguised in a pleasing dress, and he fell a victim to his seductions. What an amount of good might he have accomplished, had he resisted the evil, through strength given him from God! How many young men are to-day sipping their *first glass*! It may have been recommended by a physician, to ward off sickness; but if followed by others, it will bring disease and death—aye, death eternal—to its victim. Then be careful of the first glass. Resist the temptation, in whatever form it presents itself. Remember the fearful words recorded in the holy Scriptures, that the *drunkard shall not "inherit the kingdom of God."*—*M. P. R. in American Messenger.*

Death at Sea.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore—his body remains with his friends, and the 'mourners go about the streets;' but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which gives to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object and a real evidence; but at sea the man is near you, at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy shows his loss. Then, too, at sea, to use a homely but expressive phrase, you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own; and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap; there is always an empty berth in the fore-castle, and one man wanting when the small night watch is mustered; there is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with

upon the yard. You miss his form and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senseless fancies the loss. All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time.—*Two Years before the Mast.*

Oddities of Great Men.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connexion with the effects they produce. An old gentleman felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes, on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always, in coming up Bolt Court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain that the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose without his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reisinger, the German critic, wrote his Commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schlegel lectured, at the age of seventy-two, extempore in Latin, with his snuff-box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.—*Monthly Journal.*

THE ART OF READING ALOUD.—There is no social pleasure, amongst those it has been my lot to experience which I esteem more highly than that of listening to an interesting book well read, when a fire-side circle, chiefly composed of agreeable and intelligent women, are seated at their work. In the same way as the lonely traveller, after gaining some lofty eminence, on the opening of some lovely valley, or the closing of some sun-set scene longs to see the joys he is then feeling reflected in the face of the being he loves best on earth; so, a great portion of the enjoyment of reading, as experienced by a social disposition, depends upon the same impressions being made upon congenial minds at the same time. I have spoken of interesting books, well read, because I think the art of reading is far too rarely cultivated; and I have often been astonished at the deficiency which exists on this point, after which is called a finished education.

THE TWOFOLD LESSON.

"There is nothing in the world which does not show, either the misery of man, or the mercy of God; either man's impotence without God, or his power with God. The whole universe teaches man that he is corrupt, or that he is redeemed; teaches him his greatness or his misery."—*Pascal.*