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'VIRTUE LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE.'

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Pictures.

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A drunkard! No half way for him. He takes it whenever, wherever, anyway anyhow, he can get it. He's out at the elbows, out at the knees—has a crownless hat, is minus the skirts to his apology for a coat. Is extremely puzzled which way leads homeward, and goes to sleep in the loving embrace of a runaway hog, after vain endeavour to blow out the moon!

Young men, look at him; tying there, every sense deadened, drowned, his last cent spent at the gambling table, his very soul steeped in rum! What has he done! how has he performed his task, he, the handiwork of God? Has he enlarged the temple, embellished the inner shrine, added beauty to the noble structure? What is he? A disgrace to society a curse to his father, the death of his gentle mother, a shame to his young brothers and young sisters. And there bends over him, a fair, faded being, she who left, not long years ago, her home, and went with him, entrusted to his keeping—a sacred deposit. How has he fulfilled the trust? The neighbours will tell you that more than one night, in the cold and wet, her light step has passed their dwelling; her fragile form has darkened the door of the low grog-shop, in search of her husband, and he went home with her because he could not bear that she should be a subject for their coarse jests and low ribaldry; loving her; for she clung to him, 'mid all his wretchedness, although, when un-