

the whole amount of pleasure is in gratifying the disposition to remain at rest, and spare yourself an encounter with these latent resistances. This is, I suppose, the pleasurable sleepiness of the story books.

**THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.**—This well-known City missionary, when on the point of sailing for Sidney, wrote to the *Times* which lately noticed his work, calling attention to the statements he has made respecting the intemperance of the people. In London, in 1848, there were 11,000 public houses to 10,790 bakers, cheesemongers, butchers, grocers, dairy-keepers, fishmongers, greengrocers, and fruiterers. "We may," he says "build churches and chapels, and multiply schools, but sir, until the drunken habits of the lower orders are changed, we shall never act upon them as we would wish. While the pothouse is their church, gin their sacrament, and the taproom their school-room for evening classes, how can we adequately act upon them for the conversion of their souls? I have no doubt but that if the masses of the humbler classes are to become worshippers of their Saviour, and their children voluntarily educated, in contradistinction to the Prussian and other compulsory systems, then the parents must cease to be the gin and beer bibbers they unfortunately now are, and, since our beloved Queen has already been called upon to sign a 'Maine Law,' for a portion of the British dominions as large as Ireland (I refer to New Brunswick), I shall hope one day, 'the sooner the better,' to find the wisdom of England taking a lesson from the poor uncouth timbetherers, of the Penobscot, and the backwoodsmen of the Minnesota, and demanding a Maine Law for old England. Nor have I the slightest fear of reaction in such a case, as the lower classes would speedily find their temporal circumstances improved, and their personal comfort surprisingly increased, by the abandonment of their previous drinking usages. Religion and education would then receive such an impetus as would gladden beyond measure every rightly influenced mind."

**HOW TO TREAT THE WORLD.**—At one of the evening parties at Streatham, Mr. Coxé was discoursing, perhaps not very considerably, on the happiness of retiring from the world, when Dr. Johnson cautioned him against indulging such fancies, saying: "Exert your talents, and distinguish yourself; and do not think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire." Johnson said once, when some one complained of the neglect shown to Markland, "Remember, he would run from the world, and it is not the world's business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out, as I do, and bark."

**CECIL'S MOTHER.**—Richard Cecil made the following observation, before his mind was influenced by religion:—"I see two unquestionable facts. 1. My mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body and mind, and yet she cheerfully bears up under all, from the support she derives by constantly retiring to her closet, and to her Bible. 2. My mother has a secret spring of comfort, of which I know nothing; while I who give an unbounded loose to my appetites and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may I not attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it from God."

**A SURFEIT OF INTOXICATION.**—The *Spectator* mentions a curious remedy in use in Swedish hospitals, for that form of madness which exhibits itself in the uncontrollable appetite for alcoholic stimulants. The process may be easily described. We will suppose that the liquor to which the patient is addicted to drinking is the commonest in the country—say gin. When he enters the hospital for treatment, he is supplied with his favorite drink, and with no other; if anything else is given to him, or any other food, it is flavoured with gin. He is in Heaven—the very atmosphere is redolent of his favorite perfume! His room is scented with gin; his bed, his clothes, every thing around him; every mouthful he eats or drinks, everything he touches; every zephyr that steals into his room bring to him still gin. He begins to grow tired of it—begins rather to wish for something else—begins to find the oppression intolerable—hates it—cannot bear the sight or scent of it; longs for emancipation, and is at last emancipated; he issues into the fresh air a cured man; dreading nothing so much as a return of that loathed persecutor which would not leave him an hour's rest in his confinement. "This remedy," says our contemporary, "appears to have been thoroughly effectual—so effectual, that persons who deplored their uncontrollable propensity, have petitioned for admission to the hospital in order to be cured; and they have been cured."

**PRESERVING BUTTER.**—The farmers of Aberdeen, Scotland, are said to practice the following method for curing their butter, which gives it a great superiority over that of our neighbors:—"Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one of saltpetre, take one ounce of this composition for one pound of butter; work it well into the mass and close it up for use." The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich and marrowy consistence, and fine color, acquires a brittle hardness, nor tastes salty. Dr. Anderson says:—"I have eat butter cured with the above composition that has been kept for four years, and it was as sweet as at first." It must be noted, however, that butter that is thus cured requires to stand three weeks or 2 month before it is used. If it is sooner opened, the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards. The above is worthy the attention of every dairy woman.

**EXPEDIENCY OF PROHIBITION.**—In the course of an address delivered last year in the Masonic Hall, Pittsburg, by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, he used the following forcible language:—"We all consider it madness not to protect our children and ourselves against small pox, from vaccination—and this, though the chance of dying by the disease may be but one in a thousand, or one in ten thousand. Drunkenness is a disease more loathsome and deadly even than small pox. Its approaches are still more stealthy, and the specific against it—total abstinence—has never failed, and cannot fail."

**THE INFIDEL REPROVED.**—When the Rev. Mr. — heard an infidel jestingly say once, "I always spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," that venerable Minister turned round, and said, in an accent of deep solemnity, "You may find, sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

**IMPORTANT.**—It is said that those who regularly pay the printers are never attacked with epidemics.