

enters into a child's soul like the sunshine into a rose bud, slowly but surely expanding it into beauty and vigor.

—The good or evil we confer on others, very often recoils on ourselves; for as men of a benign disposition enjoy their own beneficent acts equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any natures so entirely diabolical as to be capable of doing injuries without paying themselves some pangs for the ruin which they bring on their fellow-creatures.

ANECDOTE.—It was a gentleman, of a benevolent turn of mind who put this Dutch anecdote into shape: 'I say, square, what'll yeou take for that are dog o' your'n?' said a Yankee pedlar to an old Dutch farmer, in the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pennsylvania; 'what'll you take for him?' he ain't a very good-lookin' dog; but what was you callin' him, may-be, he'd fetch?' 'Ah!' responded the Dutchman, 'dat dog ish't wort' nothin', 'most; he ish't wort' you to buy 'um.' 'Guess tew dollars about would git him, wouldn't it? I'll give you that for him.' 'Yaas; he ish't wort' dat.' 'Wal, I'll take him,' said the pedlar.—'Sh'top!' said the Dutchman; 'dere's one ting about dat dog I gan't sell. 'O, take off his collar; I don't want that,' suggested the pedlar.—'Tain't dat,' replied Myvheer; 'he's a hoor dog, but I gan't sell de wag of his dail when I comes home!'

MALT AND ALE.—It is even said that the diminution of the malt-tax will not cheapen beer at all: well, perhaps so. Possibly the brewers could tell you that malt has less to do with beer than you suppose.—*Punch*.

BITTERS.—"What makes bitter beer more bitter?" asks *Punch*. The Chancellor of the exchequer, an authority on the subject, makes answer and says, "Bitter small bottles." And smitten with the truth of this, *Punch's* cry is "not men but measures."—*Punch*.

VERY BITTER BEER.—A very greatly increased consumption of bitter ale will be the consequence of the reduction of the Malt Tax; for all the beer we drink will be embittered by the reflection that we are saddled, in consequence, with an additional House duty.—*Punch*.

—Remember that to be the patron-saint of a triumphant reform—its eulogist after victory has perched upon its banner—its helper when being of age it can't go alone—is one thing; and that to be its friend and advocate in the hour of struggle and trial is quite another thing. The latter—and not the former—is the true test of virtue.—*Dr. Spear, N. Y.*

EXCITEMENT.—The man or the woman to whom habitual excitement of any kind has become essential, has taken the first step towards ruin.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe*.

WHO IS GUILTY?—The question, which of the Deacons, which of the Elders, and which of our prominent citizens, is renting a building or buildings to accommodate the liquor traffic? is a question considerably agitated since the sermon last Sunday evening. We shall not attempt, in this place, to answer the inquiry, but simply notify the guilty parties that the eyes of the community are upon them, and if they don't answer for it here, either in their own persons, or character, or families, they will have to up—some where! There is danger in all these several particulars.—*Utica Teetotaler*.

INTEMPERANCE.—It is a great mistake to call nothing intemperance but that degree of physical excitement which completely overthrows the mental powers. There is a state of nervous excitability, resulting from what is often called moderate stimulation, which often long precedes this, and is in regard to it, like the premonitory warnings of the fatal cholera; an unsuspected draught upon the vital powers, from which, at any moment, they may sink into irremediable collapse.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe*.

MORE FEMALE DEPRAVITY.—Elizabeth Howe, aged 60 left the workhouse to live with her daughter. The first use she made of her liberty was to gratify her love for strong drink. She was soon after found dead in a public-house.

—Dr. Gregory says: "Gentlemen, ardent spirits are no more fit for a Christian than for a Turk; and they are no more fit for a Turk than they are for a horse."

TERRIBLE MISTAKE.—Mr. Dodd, paymaster of the 50th Regiment has accidentally killed himself, at Preston. He was generally abstemious in his habits, but one morning he indulged rather freely in wine and spirits, and while confused by the drink, he swallowed a quantity of vitriol in mistake for water.—*Britannia*.

—Sir Walter Scott tells us of a gentleman, who, irritated at some misconduct of his servant, said: 'John, either you or I must quit this house.' 'Very well, sir,' said John, 'where will your honor be going to.'

Poetry.

YESTERNIGHT.

BY ALICE CARRY.

Yesternight—how long it seems!
Met I in the land of dreams,
One that loved me long ago—
Better it had not been so.

No, we met not as of old—
I was planting in the mould
Of his grave some flowers to be,
When he came and talked with me.

White his forehead was, and fair,
With such crowns as angels wear,
And his voice—but I alone
Ever heard so sweet a tone.

All I prized but yesterday,
In the distance lessening lay,
Like some golden cloud afar,
Fallen and faded like a star.

Hushed the chamber is, he said,
Hushed and dark where we must wed
But our bridal home is bright—
Wilt thou go with me to-night?

Answering then, I sadly said,
I am living, thou art dead;
Darkness rests between us twin,
Who shall make the pathway plain?

Ah! thou lovest not he cried,
Else to thee I had not died;
Else all other hope would be
As a rain-drop to the sea.

Further, dimmer, earth withdrew,
Lower, softer, bent the blue
And like bubbles in the wine,
Blent the whispers, I am thine.

Angels saw I to their bowers,
Bearing home the sheaves of flowers,
And could hear their anthems swell
Resping in the asphodel.

O'er my head a wild-bird flew,
Shaking in my face the dew;
Underneath a woodland tree,
I, my love, had dreamed of thee.