

'Let Me Alone.'—Mark i, 31.

"Let me alone," said an undutiful son, in reply to the expostulations of his father: "let me alone; I will do as I please, and your talk is of no use." In a few days this tippler, gamester, and debauchee finished his race in the grave.

"Let me alone, I am my own guardian," said one in reply to his beseeching wife, who was kneeling at his feet, imploring him in plaintive strains not to go again to the tavern and card table: "let me alone," he said, and leaving her in tears, he went to the place of rendezvous, and in a few hours his work was finished—he was in eternity, a self-murderer! and his wife and little ones beggars.

"Let me alone," said a poor creature, as he came reeling to the grog-shop to complete his debauch: "let me alone; I know what I am about; I drink no more than I need; I can govern myself; I despise a drunkard." He went on his way, and the next morning he was found a stiffened corpse upon the frozen ground.

"Let me alone," said a man, who was taking his morning dram, to his wife, who mildly expostulated with him, and tenderly hinted her fears that he was becoming too fond of morning drinks; "let me alone; I drink no more than I need; I can drink or let it alone." A few months after, the same man staggered home from a military muster, and for his abuse to his family, received in prison, a righteous punishment.

"Let me alone," said the manufacturer of ardent spirits, as a friend presented him the tract called "An Alarm to Distillers and their Allies;" "let me alone; I must support my family." In a few months his son was turned out of Church for intemperance; his eldest daughter married a miserable drunkard, his own distiller; and he himself became endorser for one of his best customers, who ran away; and in one year, ruin, beggary, and shame came upon the whole family.

"Let me alone," said the tavern-keeper; "let me alone; I do not sell to drunkards; if I do not sell, some one else will; and I only sell to support my family." A year or two made it manifest that his bar had at least *one good* customer, and he ended his days a drunkard and in prison.

Why is a man in gaol like a leaky boat? Because he requires bailing out.—Why are washerwomen the silliest of people. Because they put out their tubs to catch *soft* water when it rains *hard*.

Miscellaneous.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF AN OYSTER SHELL.—If examined by the microscope the exterior of an oyster shell will be found a large continent, as it may be called, millions of minute insects wandering in the largest liberty over its surface. Each of these insects is the owner of a house or cavern, which it forms by burrowing in the solid shell. Besides these minute members of the animal kingdom; the vegetable tribe are represented by a luxurious growth of plants, springing up and over the entire shell. These are of every variety of form and color, and consist of trees, shrubs, and flowers of the most beautiful description. In order to examine them properly, the shell should be placed in a glass of clear salt water.

EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and beasts by nature.—*Cicero*.

All earthly comforts are like a fair picture that is drawn upon ice.

KIND WORDS DO NOT COST MUCH.—They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. They do not cost much, yet they accomplish much:—1st. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. 2nd. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, but hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

GREEK v. GREEK.—A boy, the other day, was going up Union Street, Aberdeen, bearing a leg of mutton, when an individual accosted him with: "Whaier are ye geeann wi' that, laddie?" "D'ye ken the Editor o' the *Aberdeen Herald*?" "Hoot, ay, a' body kens him." "Well, its nae for him," was the reply. The interrogator had nothing more to say.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—"I wonder, my dear," said a lady, looking over the paper, to her husband, "what is the best substitute for silver?" "I know, mamma," screamed out a precocious specimen of the rising generation; "It's Californy!"—*Punch*.