

but did not proceed far ere the blustering wind and the drifted snow greatly retarded his progress. Under all disadvantages still he toiled, with his keg upon his back. There lay before him a forest of some miles extent, through which his road passed, and he thought if once there, the shelter of the grove would add to his comfort. He plied his steps with redoubled energy until at the desired shelter he at length arrived.

Having thus, as he expected, partly escaped from the fury of the storm, he set him down to take a short respite. Wearing and exhausted by the toils of his journey he thought of stimulating his energies by a draught from his fatal keg. Nature indeed needed a restoration, but not such as now administered. He arose, as he thought, refreshed and proceeded on his way. The stimulation, however, was but momentary, and in a short time the eye became dazzled—the head giddy, and the strength of the limbs seemed to have forsaken him. He thought of recovering his strength by a repeated draught. Nature was exhausted, and by the stimulant it was overcome. It was but adding additional motive force to a machine already strained by too much. It was done—he sunk powerless upon the snow with the instrument of his death by his side. Again he repeated the draught, and in a state of unconscious intoxication forgot the reality of his position. The storm howled a melancholy dirge over his lonely bed. The snow still drifted around him, while the keenness of the cold chilled his very vitals. And still he slumbered, while part after part of his mortal form yielded to the influence of a deadly chill.

Life now seemed extinct, and soon would have been, had not a fellow-traveller stumbled upon him in passing. The paleness of death sat upon his brow, and the stiffness of death seized upon his limbs. His fellow traveller being possessed of uncommon strength, and believing that he was hardly a corpse, with an effort, laid it upon his shoulder and carried it to the cottage near at hand, specially kept up for the accommodation of travellers. Medical aid was at hand—it was diligently applied, but was successful only in recovering a temporary consciousness.

The fountains of life were affected—he could not live. He tried to look, but vision had fled—to move, but motion had forsaken him. Having communicated the circumstances of his helpless condition to those who stood around him, and implored the forgiveness of Heaven for the crime of over-indulgence, a thrill passed through his frame—his heart heaved, and was still forever!

On the next day, the remains were carried to their late home. On the second day—New Year's day—the day of so much anticipated luxury and merriment—they were borne, amid a large multitude of friends and acquaintances, from the lonely cottage, and interred amid all the ignominy that the circumstances heaped upon them, in the church yard of E—.

Although the character of Mr. D— was in every other respect unexceptionable, all his good qualities are forgotten, and although the mound that covers his mouldering remains is green with the verdure of years, yet it is still pointed out as the resting place of an individual who lived an habitual drinker, and died a despicable Drunkard.

#### Educate for Happiness.

It is a curious phenomenon in human affairs, that some of those matters in which education is most potent, should have been amongst the least thought of as branches of it. What you teach a boy of Latin and Greek may be good; but these things are with him but a little time of each day in his after life. What you teach him of direct moral precepts may be very good seed; it may grow up, especially if it have sufficient moisture from experience; but then again, a man is, happily, not doing obviously right or wrong all day long.

What you teach him of any breadgetting art, may be of some import to him as to the quantity and quality of bread he will get; but he is not always with his art. With himself he is always. How important, then, it is, whether you have given him a happy or a morbid turn of mind; whether the current of his life is a clear wholesome stream, or bitter as Marah. The education to happiness is a possible thing—not to a happiness supposed to rest upon enjoyments of any kind, but to one built upon content and resignation. This is the best part of philosophy. This enters into the 'wisdom' spoken of in the Scriptures. Now it can be taught. The converse is taught every day and all day long.—*Friends in Council.*

#### Getting up Behind.

There is a great deal of this 'getting up behind' practised in the world, on a large as well as on a small scale. Let a great cause arise, and immediately a host of small objects leap up and take a ride with you. You see how ready people are to get up behind royalty in this country. Over how many doors do you see the royal arms mounted! What hosts of purveyors to the Queen—friseurs, chemists, dentists, umbrella makers, sausage makers, and so on! It all means 'getting up behind'; or, as the Yankees call it, 'tailing on.' Some new project is announced, and is hailed as absurd. It can never work; it is ludicrous—impracticable—stupid—insane. But it is tried, and found to work;—it even works well. Instantly all the deprecators make a rush at the identical project which they had been abusing, and now try to 'get up behind,'—be it railways, or screw ships, or electric telegraphs. If balloons were to succeed, there would soon be nothing but balloons; and every balloon would have its parachute, or parasite, 'getting up behind'—'tailing on.' Thus also are all manner of successful commercial speculations imitated. . . . Let any individual achieve notoriety, it matters not how—Jenny Lind, Tom Thumb, Kosuth, Cobden, or Paxton—and forthwith you have handkerchiefs, hats, songs, umbrellas, pipes, &c., called by their names—books dedicated to them—portraits of them engraved and sold as long as they will sell—and their names converted to trading purposes by that enterprising portion of the community which is ever so ready at 'getting up behind.' The same class starts 'organs of public opinion,' to advocate whatever opinion is uppermost; and you witness the sudden advent of British Blazers, British Protectors, British Lions, and all sorts of short-lived heroes and defenders of what will sell and go down with the wind. 'The People' is a phrase which is now copiously worked up by those who have things to dispose of. You have the 'People's' this, that, and the other; for the said 'People' are in the ascendant. We see one enterprising clothier is now using it to get rid of trousers, coats, and gaiters, and is puffing himself off as the 'People's' clothier. He wants to 'get up behind'; and thousands are like him. How many 'got up behind' the Great Exhibition! It was meat and drink to them. What ingenuity was exercised in turning the penny by that grand event! But wait till the neat novel and striking vehicle drives along, and lo, the little sweep will be jumping on to the gallant equipage. And not only he, but thousands more will be waiting their opportunity of "getting up behind!"—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

#### J. B. Gough in Upper Canada.

The C. C. Advocate says, this popular Temperance Lecturer has favored our city with another visit. He gave three lectures, in the spacious Stone Church belonging to the Wesleyan Methodist denomination. They were numerously attended by a very respectable class of our citizens, who listened with deep interest to his powerful reasoning