

and all those sweet influences which ought, perchance, reform him; he has forsaken all reasonable expectations of happiness in this world.

A drunkard is never happy, though he sometimes becomes so drunk that he is constantly laughing; but it is the laugh of insanity. And, finally, he is content to take his portion in this world amid the intolerable stench of whisky and tobacco. This case varied occasionally with a visit to the abode of the pigs when his head is too heavy to stay where the image of God ought to be. He is content for all this to give up all chance of going to heaven, for the Bible is express in its declaration that such characters cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.—*Western Spectator*.

CAPITAL FOR THE YOUNG.

IT is a consolation for all right-minded young men in this country, that though they may not be able to command as much pecuniary capital as they would wish to commence business themselves, yet there is a moral capital which they can have, that will weigh as much as money with those people whose opinion is worth having. And it does not take a great while to accumulate a respectable amount of this capital. It consists in truth, honesty and integrity; to which may be added decision, firmness, courage and perseverance. With these qualities, there are few obstacles which cannot be overcome. Friends spring up and surround such a young man almost as if by magic. Confidence flows out to him, and business accumulates on his hands faster than he can ask it. And in a few short years such a young man is far in advance of many who started with him, having equal talents and larger pecuni-

ary means; ere long our young friend stands foremost, the honored, trusted and loved. Would that we could induce every youthful reader to commence life on the principle that moral capital is the thing after all.—*Token*.

THE CURSE OF INTemperance.

A WRITER in the *Methodist Protestant*, speaking of the curse of intemperance, makes use of this decidedly strong language: "When the sword of pestilence in Europe, far and wide, mowed down like grass its helpless victims, the angel of the pestilence grew weary with the slaughter and he sheathed his deadly blade. The terrible two handed sword of alcohol slays with an unceasing slaughter. He never tires—he never holds back his bloody hand, neither night nor day. 'The slogan' of his internal mercenaries is: 'slay and slay,' until your very soil is soaked with blood, and your grave yards groan with the bloated corpses of his victims. When the black plague swept over the Eastern world, it killed, passed on, and left the survivors free from fear and danger. The black plague of intemperance is an ever abiding destruction—it will not pass on—it never departs.—*Mass. Life Boat*.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The velvet moss grows on the sterile rock, the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches, the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins, the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the vegetations of the preceding year; and, Heaven be praised, something green, something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul, will, in the darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.