

CHEAP THINGS!

A **Wine Bath**.—An American traveller in the city of Paris, seeing the words, "Wine bath given here," exclaimed, "Well, then, French are a luxurious people." Then, with true Yankee curiosity, and the feeling that he could afford whatever any one else did, he walked in, and demanded a "wine bath." Feeling wonderfully refreshed after it, and having paid about five francs, he asked, in some amazement, how a wine bath could be so cheaply. His sable attendant, who had been a slave in Virginia, and enjoyed a sly bit of humour, replied, "O, massa, we jest pass it along into anudder room, where we gib baths at four francs." "Then you throw it away, I suppose." "No, massa, den we send it lower down, and charge three francs a bath. Dar's lots of people who an't so berry pertikler, who will take in it after dis at two francs a bath. Den we let de common people have a franc a piece." "Then, of course you throw it away," exclaimed the traveller, who thought that this was going even beyond Yankee profit. "No, indeed, massa," was the indignant reply, accompanied by a profound bow; "no, indeed, massa, we are not so stragvant as dat com'ly, we jest bottle it up den, and send it to de city for champagne."

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.—A respectable young man in Cincinnati got intoxicated at a wine party, and in that state went home to his wife. As soon as she awoke she sprang from her arms at

INTEMPERANCE IN JAPAN.

round the suburbs, the peach and the plum trees are cultivated chiefly with a view to the beauty of the blossom, which attains the size and fulness of a rose and covers the tree in rich profusion. It is one of the great delights of the Japanese at Yeddo, during all April, to make picnics to these suburban gardens and temples. Groups of men, women, and children, by families, may be seen trooping along the shady roads, on their way to enjoy the beauty of the opening spring; the rich in Normans, the middle and lower classes on foot. It is sad enough that this Arcadian scene is so often marred by intemperance. Not content with inhaling the freshness of the opening flowers, the men drink deep of *saki*; nor is this practice altogether confined, as one would fain have hoped, to the rougher sex. The latter make the streets unsafe on their return,—especially to dogs and foreigners. They may be met in bands of two or three, with flushed faces, and, now and then some of the lower class lie stretched on the road, too drunk to go any further. The vice of intemperance the Japanese nothing to learn from foreigners. At least, cannot be laid to their charge. They are as much given to the northern rascals as the Europeans are in the land.

THE DRUNKARD CAN BE SAVED

BY REV. JOEL FISK.

A deep gloom was cast over the pleasant village of E—, by the sudden death of Mrs. N., a lovely young woman of decided Christian character. Mr. L. W., a man of intemperate habits, and a great advocate of universal salvation, was engaged to dig her grave. While at work he reasoned thus:

"A Christian is going to be laid in this grave. All feel assured that she has gone to heaven; but if I should die and be laid in my grave in a few days, would my neighbours have as good hope of me? And am I sure myself that I should go to heaven? And am I, a miserable drunkard, a profane man, a Sabbath-breaker, fit for a holy heaven? Though my creed would carry me to heaven as others, yet I must confess I have some fears, after all."

With these reflections, he reached the bottom of the grave; just then the church rang out its solemn notes, calling him to the exercise of the faith.