

hastily up and beckoned me to follow him. I did so, and he conducted me to the bar-room, and throwing open the bar, I saw that it was "empty, swept and garnished." "There," said he, with emphasis, "I've done." He was done. A pitcher of cold water and a waiter of tumblers were all that remained of a well furnished establishment. He was done; for himself and nearly every member of his family became true converts, and are now foremost in every good work. Others of the craft soon followed, and in less than two months, not a drop of strong drink was sold in that village. The revival went on. No one ever dreamed that it was less extensive or less beneficial, on account of plain preaching against existing sins.—*Sketches of Revivals.*

#### Temperance and Missions.

**I** AM persuaded, from many years of past experience, that God will not bless the cause of missions on this side India with any extensive success, till the missionaries of the Cross take up the thorough Temperance principle. On receiving the converted Hindoos into the Christian Church, if the Missionary does not exhort them to continue in the same pure (abstinence) principle in which they have been educated from their youth, and set the same example in his own person, a flood of intemperance, with all its crimes, will come in upon the infant Church and spread over India, and all our missionary efforts will end, in the whole, a curse and not a blessing to the country."—*Arch-Deacon Jeffreys, Bombay.*

"What plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

#### The Week.

The Week seven daughters had;  
Six unto toil were given,  
The seventh in beauty clad  
Did naught from morn till even.

They washed, they cook'd, they swept;  
They worked unceasingly;  
But feeling wronged, they wept  
That she toiled not as they!

And to the Week they came,  
"Why should one daughter rest,  
Faring each day the same,  
And being better drest?"

And the Week thus replied,  
"She unto God was given!  
From birth was set aside  
An offering unto heaven.

Her work is all unseen;  
She worketh silently,  
As streamlet through the green  
Keeps on its peaceful way.

Ye do the outward part,  
& leaning each plate and bowl;  
She careth for the heart,  
And purifies the soul!

Let each her station fill  
As she hath talents given;  
So shall ye do God's will,  
And fit yourselves for heaven!"

#### Indian Summer.

There is a time, just ere the frost  
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,  
When Autumn in a reverie lost,  
The mellow day-time dreams away;  
When Summer comes, in musing mind,  
To gaze once more on hill and dell;  
To mark how many sheaves they bind,  
And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,  
The dying flowers look up and give  
Their sweetest incense ere they go,  
For her who made their beauties live.  
She enters 'neath the woodland shade,  
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf  
And bear it gently where are laid  
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

#### ANSWERS

TO PUZZLES FOR PASTIMES IN LAST NO.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.—1. A Blush  
2. Punch. 4. Bridegroom 5. The Tongue  
6. Rainbow. 7. Moonshine. 8. Lightning  
9. Heirloom. 10. Eye. 11. Answers it-  
self. 12. Coronet. 13. Banditti. 14.  
Tunic. 15. Badinage. 16. Cab-in-et.