

giron, simply as a record that in this particular case it was the remedy which, by the blessing of God, was associated with the cure:—

Sulphate of iron 5 grains; Magnesia 10 grains; Peppermint water 11 drachms; Spirit of Nutmeg 1 drachm. Twice a day.—*Extracted from "The Author of 'The Sinner's Friend.'" By Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.*

A BEAUTIFUL PROVISION.

By the wisdom of God, the Creator of the universe, water is made an exception to the law which governs all bodies when contracted by cold. Other bodies continue to contract as long as the cold increases.—Water does the same till it reaches the temperature of about eight degrees above the freezing point, when it is at its greatest density, and hence its greatest weight.—Additional degrees of cold expand it, and thus it becomes lighter.

Were this not the case, the specific gravity of water would continue to increase, until it arrived at the freezing-point; and ice thus being heavier than the surrounding water, would sink as fast as formed. All bodies of water, as a necessary consequence, would freeze solid from the bottom to the top, and the heat of our summers would never suffice to melt them. In short, these beautiful and fertile regions now teeming with mineral and agricultural wealth, would present but the solitary aspect of the Mer de Glace, or the eternal snows of the Arctic regions.

In this phenomenon, so common throughout the world, what Christian mind can fail to trace the evident workings of a Father's hand, thus providing in so beautiful a manner for the comfort and happiness of his sentient creation; while to the atheist, whose mind is, in any degree, open to conviction, this and ten thousand analogous instances observable in the world of nature, indicating design in their creation—and hence an intelligent Author—combine to form an argument for the existence of God, at once irrefutable and unanswerable. Truly we may exclaim with the golden mouthed-singer of Israel, "The heavens declare the Glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."—*Band of Hope Review.*

Winter will not last forever.

Winter will not last forever;
Spring will soon come forth again.
And, with flowers of every color,
Deck the hillsides and the plain.
Lambs will soon in fields be sporting,
Birds re-echo from each tree.
"Winter's gone! its days are ended!
We are happy—we are free!"
Hedge and tree will soon be budding,
Soon with leaves be cover'd o'er;
Winter cannot last forever,
Brighter days are yet in store.

Sorrows will not last forever,
Brighter times will come again,
Joy our every grief succeeding,
As the sunshine after rain;
As the snow and ice of winter
Melt at the approach of spring,
So will our cares and trials
Joy, and peace, and comfort bring,
When the heart is sad and drooping,
Think, though you be vexed sore,
Sorrows cannot last forever;
Brighter days are yet in store.

GOSSIPING.

Reader, did you ever listen to the conversation between ladies and gentlemen in what is termed, par excellence, fashionable society, without wondering how human beings possessing any brains could be satisfied with such thin, watery, intellectual diet? It is wonderful that intellect does not die of starvation, but then it is fashionable, we suppose to indulge in this sort of insipid, puerile small talk, and so the world wages on because everybody is afraid to do anything different from what everybody else does. The intellect, the soul may starve, but it will not do to step out of the ordinary routine. On this subject, Mr. Whipple, in his essays, has some good hints. He says:

"But of all the expedients to make the head break, the brain ganzy, and bring life down to the consistency of a cambic handkerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which in some charmed circles, is courteously styled 'conversation.'—How human beings can live on such meagre fare, how continue existence in such a famine of topics, is a great question, if philosophy could search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there, are who will go on dawdling in this way from fifteen to fourscore, and never hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart.

The whole universe of God spreading out its splendors and terrors and pleading for their attention, and they are wondering where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon on her bonnet! The whole world of literature, through its triumphs of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores, both of thought and emotion, and thinking it is high time if John intends to marry our Sarah, for him to pop the question.—To be sure, when this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dish of scandal with bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality which does pretty well in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living if not the reality of life."

THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

We read in history of a hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted, in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busy with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and, like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent him in safety back to his bustling comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless

awaking, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbour is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

A NOVEL CUSTOMER.

"Guv'nor," said a jolly cartor to a publican in the West Riding of Yorkshire, "you don't care what liquors you sell, do you, if you get plenty of profit?"

"No, not I," replied Boniface.

"Well then, I'll have a bargain with you," continued the cartor. "I'm a teetotalter, and so are my horses. I have to come past here every week, and I'll pay you threepence for a glass of water instead of a pot of beer, and then I can freely let my horses drink out of your trough."—*Band of Hope Review.*

I DON'T DRINK WINE.

Why? 1st. Because "Port, Madeira, and Sherry, contain from one fourth to one fifth of their bulk in alcohol, so that he who drinks a bottle, drinks nearly half a pint of alcohol, or about a pint of pure brandy.

2d. Because it the most fascinating and therefore the most dangerous of intoxicating liquors.

3d. Because I am convinced from the best medical authority, that it is injurious, and not beneficial, to persons in health.

4th. Because it is expensive, and I think it wrong to waste money upon a bad article, which might be given to the poor, who can scarcely get bread.

5th. Because the depressing and debilitating effects upon the system after drinking it over night, prove it to be bad.

6th. Because if I drink wine, I cannot blame my children if they also become wine drinkers.

7th. Because a wine drinker cannot consistently reprove others who get fresh with drinking Ale, Porter, or Spirits.

8th. Because a great quantity of wholesome fruit is spoiled to make this wine, and a vast amount of labour of our countrymen exchanged for this dangerous article.

9th. Because being recommended by physicians as a medicine, it cannot be considered fit for the dinner table.

10th. Because at parties and public dinners it is the constant source of disorder, tumult, and serious accidents.

11th. Because drinking wine is a state of slavery from which I am determined to be free.

12th. Because the brightest geniuses, the greatest men, and the most powerful nations have been destroyed by wine.

13th. Because it is the testimony of all Lecturers and Ministers, who have made the experiment, that they can sustain more exertions without using wine.

14th. Because many a clever man has been brought to poverty and ruin, who might have been independent, and many are in their graves, who would have been living had it not been for their wine.

15th. Because in abstaining, I am sure I am right, but all wine drinkers have their misgiving.