

in Montreal, has lately died the drunkard's death, and left a family utterly destitute.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

FOUR ARGUMENTS FOR EARLY TEMPERANCE.

It is our happiness to believe and feel that all our little readers will listen to argument. Let them once come under the influence of vile drink, and they will never attend to reason. Now there are four arguments for early temperance. The first is from Health. See that fine little boy with ruddy cheeks and active limbs! What a pity it is that he should be broken down by intemperance. But he surely will be, if he drinks wine, and cider, beer, and other vile potations. How did Daniel preserve his fine countenance when he refused the king's wine! His manly form, his ruddy countenance, his sprightly step, showed that his drink was from the running brook.

2. From its consequences to the mind. What youth would be stupid as the brute, idiotic, or a maniac? Yet many youth, bright and vigorous, become fools and madmen; nothing can save them if they love the cup.

3. From regard to character. Is the boy respected who drinks? Will any one trust him? Will any one employ him? Does it not follow almost as a matter of course that he will lie and steal, and swear, and break the Sabbath, and become a miserable creature? Let a father take his son to a merchant, or mechanic, or farmer and say, "I want you to take my boy, he drinks." What answer will he get but this, "Away with him, sir, I want no such boy." The temperance certificate is one of the best recommendations to any place.

4. From regard to the soul. What youth does not hope to be saved? But what says God of drunkards? What hope have they of salvation? What regard have they for religion? Every youth that would be a religious man, should be a temperance man and a total abstinent. It is not enough that he be not a drunkard. He must not be a moderate drinker. Moderate drinking destroys the health, impairs the mind, and takes away the heart. We inculcate then upon all our little readers, the doctrine of total abstinence from all that intoxicates. We love to hear them join the song.

"The wine cup that so many prize
Is not the cup for me,
The aching head, the bloated face
In its sad train I see.
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days.
O that's the cup for me;
O that's the cup for me;
O that's the cup for me.—*Youth's Advocate.*

THE SILVER PITCHER.

A few weeks since, a beautiful silver pitcher was brought from Baltimore to Philadelphia and, in presence of 2000 people, was presented to a gentleman as a reward of merit. And what had he done? Fought a great battle and destroyed many lives? No. Had he proved himself a great financier, and gained millions for his country? No. Or constructed an Erie Canal, or a thousand miles of railroad? No. What then had he done? What heroic deed? He had turned many a poor drunkard from his downward path, and prevented many a young man from entering the road to ruin; and, in the city of Baltimore, he had persuaded the firemen to give up drinking rum and whiskey at fires; and so pleased were they with it, that the Fire Insurance companies sent him a silver pitcher. And who was this man? Lewis C. Levin, once a most interesting youth, but ruined by drink, now reclaimed and a benefactor to his race.

Two years ago, said he, in an obscure tavern, you might have seen an individual, enslaved, and fettered, bound hand and foot by the power of alcohol. He, alone, who breathed upon man and from the dust created the living spirit, could measure the depths of that man's agony! Yet even there faint whispers reach his ear, and wandering rays of light visit his eyes. See! he stirs! He begins to recollect where he is, and where he should be; he begins to feel his inherent strength, he will surely rise from his dungeon floor;

he will surely break the bolts of his prison-house, and make good his way back to the hearts of men! Yes, thank God, he is free, he is here, he stands before you! He no longer bends his neck and hugs his gilded chain—he has cast off the damning yoke, and with his pledge against future bondage, he stands a freeman in the light of heaven.

O temperance, what glorious victories art thou achieving!—*Ib.*

THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

Let others praise the sparkling wine,
And say its taste brings gladness;—
We know beneath the rosy hue
Lurks many a germ of sadness.

In vain shall gifted poets sing,
And wreath their cups with bays,
We'll only sip the crystal spring,
And chant cold water lays.

The Crystal Spring! the Crystal Spring!
So clear so bright it flows,
Beneath its surface lies no sting,
No train of bitter woes.

No grieving child, no care worn wife,
No wreck of manly years,
No sound of blows and angry strife,
No sad, remorseless tears.

The Crystal Spring! the Crystal Spring!
To rich and poor a treasure,
Its healing waters daily bring
To all our senses, pleasure.

Ask men upon the briny sea
To name its price in gold;
The eager cry from parching lips
Declares its worth untold.

The Crystal Spring! the Crystal Spring!
Let songs and praises sweet,
Ascend to Him who bids it rise,
An pours it at our feet.

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.—A little boy who attended a temperance meeting a few evenings since, went home, and was enquired of by his father where he had spent the evening. He replied, "At the Broadway Temperance Society." And," said he, "father, I learned something." "What is that?" said the father, "Never to put any strong drink to my lips; for it has killed 20,000 persons annually; and how do I know that it will not kill me." The father was convinced, and on the following Sunday evening signed the pledge.—*Washingtonian and Organ.*

AGRICULTURE.

A VARIETY OF STOCK THE MOST ECONOMICAL FOR THE FARMER.

We are advocates for that system of stock raising, which gives a reasonable variety to the fields and yards of the farms. In addition to yielding a more general supply for the owner's use, and thus carrying out the great principle every farmer should practise, *to buy nothing he can produce within himself*; there is great economy and profit in it. There is generally in every field a variety of plants which are suited to different classes of animals; the horse selects one or more which he crops closely; the cow fancies others which she browses upon till exhausted; while the sheep follows after and nips what both have rejected, and is moreover peculiarly useful in exterminating, when not over fed, most of the noxious weeds that infest the pastures. In the hay-rick, too, the same preferences are exhibited; the oats thrown out from the horse-manger are eaten with avidity by the cows and sheep, and the latter picks up the merest leaflets neglected by the others. Thus Providence seems to sanction in the diversity of the vegetable creation, the propriety and advantage of distributing and appropriating them among numerous species of animals.

We are strengthened in our conclusions, by the beautiful yet