

But at length he consented to accompany me to the house. I knocked at the door and his wife opened it. 'Is this Mrs. Richardson?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, this is Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Richardson this is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house.'

They went in. The wife sat one side of the room, and the man on the other. I wanted to see who would speak first; and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it down again. Then she folded it up closely, and jerked it out through her fingers, an inch at a time; and then she spread it all down again, and then she looked all about the room, and said, 'Well, William,' and he said, 'Well, Mary.' He had a large handkerchief round his neck, and she said, 'You had better take the handkerchief off; you'll need it when you go out.' He began to fumble about it. The knot was large enough, he could have untied it if he liked, but he said, 'Will you untie it, Mary?' And she worked away at it, but somehow or other her fingers were clumsy, and she could not get it off; their eyes met, and the love-light was not all quenched, he opened his arms gently, and she fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her bosom, and the child look in wonder, first at one and then at the other, you would have said, 'It is not a brute, it is a man with a great warm heart in his breast.' Oh, how many hearts and homes might be cheered, if Christian men and women would visit poor drunkards, and point them to the cross of Christ.—*John B. Gough.*

GERMAN DRINKERS.

What is set up as the master-vice among ourselves is in him a sort of amiable weakness. He is like the husband who was pronounced "a good kind of a drunken body, with no harm in him." "He does not take raw spirits, like our wretched working classes," you say; but even that is not strictly true.—The Schnaps is a considerable institution in Germany, and if you are an early riser you will often see a glass of brandt-wine, or kirsch-wasser, or bitters taken, to fortify the stomach for the heavy beer-drinking of the day. But let us look at fermented liquors alone. It will shock no German to impute to him the consumption of a couple of bottles of wine in any given day—not though you should make it out to be three or four. Now the sages in chemistry tell us that the mildest wine made has 8 per cent. of alcohol in it—that without that it cannot be wine at all.—Strong ports and sheries have 24 or 25 per cent. Take the average German at half of this—12½ per cent. Well, in proof spirit, which is a good deal above the average of the gin palace, the amount of alcohol is 50 per cent. It follows that in a couple of bottles of this very harmless stuff there is as much spirit as in half a bottle of good gin or brandy. Then we are told that the strength of the strongest malt liquors just comes up to 8 per cent.—that of the weakest wines. If we suppose that excellent liquor, Bavarian beer, to be half as strong as this, there is room for it to communicate a good deal of fire

when consumed on the enormous native scale. In any place of entertainment in Bavaria, if a Kellner sees your beer-flagon empty, he immediately fills it for you without request or hint. Bavarian nature abhors such a vacuum, and the nerves of a kindly Kellner will not permit him to hold such a type of misery as an empty beer-flagon. I was told in this region that the universal passion for beer was made a highly available instrument for the suppression of crime—seeing that in countries where nothing of the kind prevailed, it is impossible to bring punishment up to so afflictive a height, consistent with the preservation of the criminal's health, as the stopping of a Bavarian's beer; while, for the purposes of prison discipline, the power on some occasions slightly to relax the prohibition was a bribe to good conduct, so potent as to leave far behind anything we can accomplish through our inferior social institutions. How much beer the inhabitants of this or any other part of Germany habitually consume, can only be matter for guess work; but any one who knows the country will not denounce from one or two gallons per day as extravagant. Now, on the supposition of the 4 per cent., a gallon of beer is equivalent to half a bottle of spirits. In the novel by Freytag, called "Debit and Credit," supposed to be so accurate a picture of German manners, we are told that the average allowance of beer to a pucker—the allowance which it is not creditable to him to exceed—is forty pints a day—more than three gallons, and certainly endowed with more alcohol than a bottle and a half of ordinary spirituous liquor.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW.

The best inheritance that parents can leave their children, is the ability to help themselves. This is better than a hundred thousand dollars apiece. In any trouble or difficulty, they will have two excellent servants ready, in the shape of their two hands. Those who can do nothing, and have to be waited on, are helpless, and easily disheartened at the misfortunes of life. Those who are active and handy meet troubles with a cheerful face, and soon surmount them. Let young people therefore, learn to do as many different useful things as possible.

Every Farmer's Boy should know how sooner or later.

1. To dress himself, black his own shoes, cut his brother's hair, wind the watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep all his clothes in perfect order, and neatly in place.
2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon, and drive a team.
3. To carve and wait on the table.
4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep and dress a veal or mutton.
5. To reckon money and keep accounts accurately, and according to good book-keeping rules.
6. To write a neat, appropriate, briefly expressed business letter, in a good hand, and fold and superscribe it properly, and write contracts.
7. To plow, sow grain and grass seed, drive a mowing machine, swing a scythe, build a stack and pitch hay.
8. To put up a package, build a fire, white-wash a wall, mend broken tools, and regulate a clock.

There are many other things which would render boys more useful to themselves and others—these are merely a specimen. But the young man who can do all these things well, and who is ready at all times to assist others, will command far more respect and esteem

than if he knew merely how to drive fast horses, smoke cigars, play cards, and talk nonsense to foolish young ladies at parties.

THE TROUBLES OF A BREWER.

A Mr. Greene, a brewer and member of Parliament in England, uttered himself at a dinner given to his dependents in the following style, showing that conscience was troublesome. It is so with a good many distillers, brewers and venders, in our country.

If a person think it right to abstain altogether from liquor, he has a right to his opinion, and it is no business of mine, neither do I find fault with him; but I think I am perfectly at liberty to say, that although I don't agree with him, yet I have a right to be treated with that civility which is due from one man to another. I do not call that civility or right, when people deal out hard names to others. We all in this country, stand upon our characters. It is not for me nor any person in the trade to defend drunkenness and excess. It is the great enemy to private peace; it is the great curse of society; and it is the ruin of the trade which I am not ashamed to say is my trade. I come amongst you as a brewer; and I believe that in following the trade of a brewer, if I carry on the trade righteously, no man has a right to raise a finger of scorn against me. I don't like these opinions to go forth; I don't want to produce controversy, but simply to lay down a rule—that if we, who are all in some trade, are to be judged at all, let us be judged by our lives, as worthy members of society, doing our duty in the sphere in which we are placed. We need not then be ashamed of our trade; nor is any person, in my mind, justified in calling us hard names; therefore, I will propose three times three for the old toast, "fine ale, quick sale, and good pay." [Loud applause.]—*Warrington Guardian, Nov. 12.*

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

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