

Temperance, although the most priceless jewel of man's existence, is but little valued except by those who know its worth. Set aside the cost of indulgence in intoxicating drinks which is very great—what pure and extreme delight does that man experience who is free from its snares and temptations! He has not the sin to bear of making drunkards of his children—no dread moments such as those who indulge are subject to, ever enter his breast—and when the confiding hope and trust are placed in the Redeemer, the scourge of pestilence and death is unheeded, the soul safe from passing storms and temptations of life, enjoys an unceasing state of rest and happiness—the dread moment of death and separation from the body passes away, and its triumphant flight is winged to heaven, to mingle with the hosts on high in the pure enjoyment of eternity.—*Provincial Wesleyan.*

Wisdom in Brevities.

Observe how a person spends his time: thence you may judge with certainty of his inclination and genius.

Never desist in thy pursuits while there is hope; but hope not unreasonably; for this shows more desire than judgment.

He who lies in bed during a summer's morning, loses the best part of the day; he who gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

In the case of injuries, it is too common to say 'Both are to blame,' to excuse a listless unconcernedness. This is a base neutrality. Others will cry, 'They are both alike,' thereby implicating the injured with the offender. This is done in order to qualify the matter with the faulty, or to hide a just decision from the wronged.

If industry be no more than habit, it is an excellent one. If you ask me what is the hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest.

When intemperance spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth on thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy, then is the moment of danger, then let reason stand firmly on her guard.

THE LETTER H.—Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath—Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

The Bottle.

BY J. MILLER.

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college;
It wakens wit, it kindles lair,
And pangs us fu' o' knowledge;
Be't whisky gill, or peany wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion.
By night or day!—BURNS.

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,
Loudly sings in whisky's praise;
Sweet his sang, the mair's the pity
Ere on it he wair'd sic lais.
O' a' the ill-puir Caledonias
E'er yet preed, or e'er will taste,
Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whisky's ill will scathe her maist.—McNENZIE.

Great Bottle! midst this contradiction,
Let's bind ourselves to truth's restriction,
And bide by fact, discarding fiction,
King-making bottle.

And, first—thou canst with rapture swell
Man's heart, and every dark doubt quell,
But, then, he wakes like Dives, "in hell."
Sago-making bottle.

Though for thee some their all have given,
Still, they enjoyed thy reckless heaven,
Till hence at last by ruin driven,
Fool-making bottle.

For mingling in thy votaries' stir,
Nan falls to feel his fellow's spur—
Ay—trampled like the voriest cur,
Brute-making bottle!

What makes the hearthstone dark and cold?
Makes young men prematurely old?
Makes lenders shy, and cravens bold?
The "generous" bottle!

What oft makes genius lightly prized,
And die with hopes unrealized?
Makes age unrevenged, youth despised?
The "friendly" bottle!

What shakes the strong man's hand like grass?
What drags man down from class to class?
What makes the man of sense an ass?
The "inspiring" bottle!

Who turns the healthy visage pale?
Who bares the back to winter's gale?
Who thins the kirk and crowds the jail?
The "social" bottle!

Who can proud spirits meanness learn?
Who makes still less what poor men earn?
Who binds worse than worst despot stern?
The "glorious" bottle!

Who can to youth bright pictures draw,
As fair as dreamer ever saw,
Mid song, and laugh, and loud huzzas,
And happy madness;

While stealing on his dreamy soul
The waves of misery darkly roll,
And "christian" like he drops his "scroll"?
The "sparkling" bottle!

What makes man proud and mean by turns
What makes him what the wise man spurns?
What blasted Scotland's Robert Burns?
The "jovial" bottle!

What levels worth with fool and rogue,
To court their friendship, learn their brogue,
Throw off the man, assume the dog?
The "cheering" bottle!

What, after all his erudition
In Tory schemes and Whig coalition,
Enslaves the pot-house politician?
The mouthing bottle!

Darkness and storm slay on the main,
War strows his "thousands" on the plain,
But thou'st thy "tens of thousands" slain,
Tremendous bottle!

Great Lucifer, in Hades pent,
In conclave sat with black intent,
And made, and to this world sent
Thee, cursed bottle—

"Go," said he, "make man's world a hell,
Make husbands hate, make wives rebel,
Delude, destroy, bid clamour swell;
With grinning, idiot-laughter spell
Befool, betray, blast, blight, fob, fell,
Until thy deeds no tongue may tell;"—
And thou hast done his dark work well,
O'er many a hope thou'st rung the knell,
OH DAMNED BOTTLE!