

conveniences, that an ordinary day's work can be done at the washhouse in from three to five hours. Swimming baths of pure Croton are furnished at three cents; first-class warm baths at ten cents; ordinary warm baths, and cold shower baths, five cents; and a medicated vapour bath, usually costing one or two dollars, is given to the poor invalid for twenty-five cents, with medical advice gratis.

Washing the parts affected several times a day with Hufeland's formula, consisting of borax two parts, orange-flower and rose-water, of each fifteen parts, it is said to be an excellent remedy for red spots so often seen on the faces of young persons, otherwise in good health.

The mind may be overburdened; like the body, it is strengthened more by the warmth of exercise than of clothes.

Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil; whereas vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good humor.

### Varieties.

'Daddy, I want to ask you a question. Why is a gin-palace like a bad shilling?'—'I can't tell, my son.'—'Because you can't pass it,' said the boy.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—those are the masters of victory.

A publican's wife, in Suffolk, whilst in church, fell asleep, and let fall her bag, in which she carried a large bunch of keys. Aroused by the noise, she jumped up and exclaimed, 'Sally, there's another jug broke!'

One of the members of a church in southern Kentucky was arraigned before the church not long since on a charge of having united with the temperance society. The members voted that he should be excluded. He then proposed to the church, to settle the question, how much liquor one of their members must drink to entitle him to full fellowship.

'John' said a clergyman to his man, 'you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day. 'Do you never take a drop yourself,' minister?' 'Ah, but John, you must look at your circumstances and mine.' 'Very true, sir,' said John; 'but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?' 'No, John, I cannot tell you that.' 'Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean.'

A FEW WORDS ON WINES.—'At this season of the year,' as the advertisements and puffing circulars have it, we feel it a duty to give the world a little advice upon wines, and if we cannot tell them exactly what to drink, or what to buy, we can at least inform them what to avoid. We therefore offer the following hints:

—1. When you see wine advertised as 'an excellent wine to lay down,' be sure it is not worth picking up. 2. When you read of a wine that is described 'as full of body,' you may conclude that it is half spirit. 3. When you hear of a wine being particularly 'racy,' you may set it down as sloe. 4. When you are asked to purchase a fine old sherry with a nutty flavor, the notion of the nut may suggest the idea of what is commonly termed a cracker. 5. When you read of a wine with beeswing, you may fairly say, 'buzz!'

### Poetry.

[FOR THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.]

We drink no more of that cursed gall,  
No more we the wine cup drain—  
We've freed ourselves from the Tyrant's thrall,  
The Syren sings in vain.  
How blind we have been! how foolish to think  
There was joy in the sparkling bowl!  
Oh, why did we love so that poison'd drink?  
That stings as it charms the soul!  
We drink no more, &c., &c.

How fondly we met at the splendid ball,  
Where the lovers of fashion were!  
At the gay parade, at the festive hall,  
How we loved to linger there!  
We lightly joined in the merry song,  
As we bade each care depart—

We smiled the most of that smiling throng,  
But we smiled not from the heart.

We drink no more, &c., &c.

Oh! what oceans of tears may in secret flow,  
In the depths of the wounded heart!  
And though wine was the cause of all our woe,  
We from it would not part.

As the fly will keep hovering round the flame

That is sure her wings to burn,

So to drown the sense of our sin and shame,

We would to our wine return.

But we drink no more, &c., &c.

Then let us all sing a song of praise

Unto Him who rules above—

Oh, let us with joy our voices raise,

In hymns of grateful love—

For He hath put forth His arm to save,

And we are snatched, as it were,

From the drunkard's doom—a dishonor'd grave,

And eternity of despair!

Then let us all sing a song of praise

Unto Him who rules above—

Oh, let us with joy our voices raise,

In hymns of grateful love.

T—c D—o.

Montreal, 11th August, 1852.

### The Homes of the Poor.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The halls of the rich have been famous in song,

Ever since flattery fawn'd upon wealth;

Feigning, to palaces only belong

Honor and virtue, contentment and health;

But, the glad tidings from heaven to earth

Tell of true wealth in Humility's store;

Jewels of purity, patience, and worth,

Blest above gold in the homes of the poor.

Yes, the well favor'd in fortune and rank

Wisely will covet such riches untold,

While the good giver they heartily thank

For the two talents of honor and gold;

Wisely such jewels of price will they seek,

Cherishing good as the real Koh-i-noor,

And from the diligent, modest, and meek,

Learn to be rich in the homes of the poor.

Yet are those homes overclouded with night;

Poverty's sisters are Care and Disease;

And the hard wrestler in life's uphill fight

Faints in the battle, and dies by degrees!

Then, let his neighbor stand forth in his strength,

Like the Samaritan, swift to procure

Comfort and balm for his struggles at length,

Pouring in peace on the homes of the poor.

Cleanliness, healthiness, water, and light,

Rent within reason, and temperate rules,

Work and fair wages (Humanity's right),

Libraries, hospitals, churches, and schools,—

Thus, let us help the good brother in need,

Dropping a treasure at Industry's door,

Glad by God's favor to lighten indeed

The burdens of life in the homes of the poor.

Oh! there is much to be done, and that soon;

Classes are standing asunder, aloof:

Hasten, Benevolence, with the free boon,

Falling as sunshine on Misery's roof!

Hasten good stewards of a bountiful Lord,

Greatly to imitate him evermore,

Binding together, in blessed accord,

The halls of the rich with the homes of the poor!

—Meliora.