

We won't give up the Bible,  
For it alone can tell  
The way to save our ruined souls  
From being sent to hell.  
And it alone can tell us how  
We can have hopes of heaven—  
That through the Saviour's precious blood  
Our sins may be forgiven.  
We won't give up the Bible,  
God's holy book of truth.

We won't give up the Bible,  
But if ye force away  
What is as our own life-blood dear,  
We still with joy could say—  
"The words that we have learned while young  
Shall follow all our days;  
For they're engraven on our hearts,  
And you cannot erase."  
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

We won't give up the Bible—  
We'll shout it far and wide,  
Until the echo shall be heard  
Beyond the rolling tide.  
'Till all shall know that we, though young  
Withstand each treach'rous art;  
And that from God's own sacred word  
We'll never, never part!  
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

—New York Evangelist.

### Temper.

I recollect reading an anecdote, some time since in the journal of one of our popular tourists, which exhibited the disastrous effects that sometimes ensue for the want of self-government on trifling occasions. As far as I can remember the story ran as follows:

The American tourist encountered while travelling in a diligence in France, an elderly lady, who was a native of this country, and whose amiable and attractive manners and good-humoured endurance of fatigue and inconveniences, excited the commendation and applause of the American. The prepossession was mutual, and before the travellers separated, the matron threw out sundry hints for the practical guidance of her more youthful associate. Among these was a judicious caution to him against marrying any woman before he became well acquainted with her domestic virtues. To this end she advised him never to visit any young lady as an admirer at a regular hour on each day. The traveller manifested surprise, and inquired, "What possible evil could result from paying his visits to the object of his admiration at stated seasons?"

"Very great deception as to character," she replied, "might probably be the consequence, inasmuch as the young lady knowing when her lover was to be expected, would be prepared in holiday dress and smiles to welcome him. A friend of mine," she said, "had learned a painful lesson by thus regularly making his calls at a particular hour in the evening on a fair acquaintance. So admirably had she uniformly appeared at these times, and so attractive, that his heart had been taken captive; and the young lady and her family smiling on his suit, it was about to be consummated, when a very short time previous to that fixed on for her marriage, having occasion to leave town on business during the afternoon, he called unexpectedly at an early hour of the morning to take his farewell. The hall-door was open, and he entered unannounced; while he stood on the threshold he heard strange and discordant notes issuing from the family sitting-room which was near at hand. The sound was so unusual that he found himself unassignedly a listener in a scene never meant for his ear. It was, alas! the voice of his *bien amie* engaged in an angry discussion with her mother about some article of dress, in which the taste of parent and child differed—one impassioned word followed another, until finally the refractory child prevailed, and the mother, with flushed face and swimming eyes, left the apartment, and passing through the hall disappeared. Shocked and astounded by the alarming discovery which he had so unexpectedly made, the gentleman retreated with a sorrowful heart to his lodgings; a painful and heart-rending struggle ensued, the issue of which may be readily imagined; he wrote a kind and feeling letter to her who had thus deceived him, relinquishing her hand

forever; since he felt assured that one who could not command her temper on such an occasion to her mother, was ill qualified to render him happy as his wife."

How many such discoveries are made, both by man and woman, when, alas! it can profit nothing—the irrevocable vow has been pronounced, and they have been joined together until death shall sever the tie, with tastes uncongenial, tempers unsanctified, and wills unsubdued.—*Young Ladies' Companion.*

### Two Kinds of Riches.

There are two kinds of wealth—one for the body and the other for the mind. A farmer having a large, productive estate, enriched with beautiful, substantial buildings, and a choice farm stock, is said to have a handsome property. But this very individual may know nothing of his own nature, of science or philosophy, or of what is passing in the world. He is scarcely conscious of any thing further than his bodily appetites. Yet we call him rich! And he is so in everything that can comfort the body. Wealth for the mind he has not. No library, no enlarged, generous views, no inquiries after truth, and no instructive conversations. He has spent his days in working with the bones and muscles, in enlarging his farm, in building, and raising stock. All has been for the body. He has not given one hour to make his mind larger and richer. He laughs at you if you talk of mental possessions—with these he has no trade no intercourse. Reader, do you work one half of each day for the mind? Or is not this the state of the case? You have improved your store, you have improved your shop, you have improved your farm, you have improved your breed of cattle, and the only thing left unimproved is your mind. We now leave the country and enter the city. Before us stands a magnificent palace. We enter it. The furniture is profuse and gorgeous. The rooms are light and spacious—all is costly and magnificent, and the only little mean thing in it, is the soul of the owner. He has spent his youth and manhood in getting together this outward wealth. He has made no importations for the mind, they have all been for the store. He has sought his fellow-men, not for information, but to empty their pockets into his own—not to increase his virtues, but his dollars. And after a life of such labor, the only beggarly thing he has must be his mind. If there was an "almshouse" for mind, many of those called rich, would be sent to it by the police as vagrants. The public charity would then deal out a portion of truth to those who now to the beggars deal out a daily portion of potatoes.

### Adam and the Angel of Paradise.

Translated from the German of Krummacher.

As Abel was lying in his blood, and Adam stood weeping beside the slain one, an angel from Paradise came to the Father of the human race, and silently placed himself beside him with a sad countenance. Then Adam looked at the angel and said, "Is this a symbol of the race that shall spring from me, and shall over again a brother's blood, shed by the hand of a brother, stain the earth?"

The angel answered, "Thou say'st!"

"Ah! with what name shall this dreadful deed be called?" asked Adam.

With a tear, the heavenly messenger answered—"War!"—*Id.*

INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.—The increase of temperature observed in mines is about one degree Fahrenheit for every fifteen yards of descent; and, should the increase go on in the same ratio, water will boil at the depth of 2,430. Lead melts at the depth of 8,400 yards. Everything be red hot at the depth of seven miles. Gold melt at the depth of twenty-one miles. Cast-iron melt at the depth of seventy-four miles. Soft iron melt at the depth of ninety-seven miles. And at the depth of 100 miles there must be a temperature equal to the greatest artificial heat yet observed—a temperature capable of fusing platina, porcelain, and, indeed, every refractory substance we are acquainted with. These temperatures are calculated from Guyton Morveau's corrected scale of Wedgewood's pyrometer; and if we adopt them, we find that the earth is fluid at the depth of 100 miles from the surface—and that, even in its present state, very little more than the soil on which we tread is fit for the habitation of organised beings.—*Mechanics' Mag.*

THE WORLD AND THE BIBLE.—The population of the globe has been estimated, in round numbers, at one thousand millions. Of those, only one hundred and seventy millions are nominal Christi-