

Carleton Place.

VOL. XII.

CARLETON PLACE, C.W., JANUARY 8, 1862.

No. 18

WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

The number of *Punch* received by the *Anglo-Saxon* has peculiar interest. Its principal feature is a fine engraving of Britannia, looking over the sea, in a sad, yet stern mood; her arms by her side, all ready; her hand on a lanyard ready to fire off a cannon, pointing at America. Undenied it is a single line, "Waiting for an Answer." On the opposite page are the following powerful lines, which undoubtedly well reflect the feeling of the British nation:—

Britannia waits an answer, Sad and stern,
Her weapons ready, but unheeded they lie;
In her deep eye, suppressed, the lightning burns,
Still the war-signal waits her word to fly.

Wrong has been done that flag whose stains follow
Have earned freedom wherever they flew;
She knows that wrong words fit slaves and shewah
aroids, She but waits who can, that wrong undo!

She has been patient; will be patient still,
More than that she knows war's curse and
How? Harsh words, scant courtesy, loud-mouthed ill-will
She needs, as rocks meet ocean's fretful drow.

All wars she knows drag horrors in its train,
Whichever the loss, the cause for which they stand;
But worst of all the war that leaves the stain
Of brothers' blood upon a brother's hand.

The war that brings two mighty powers in shock
Powers 'twixt whom fair commerce shared her crown;
By kindness knit, and interest's golden lock—
One blood, one speech, one joy, one pain.

All this she feels and therefore, sad of cheer,
She waits an answer from across the sea;
Yet hath her sadness no alloy of fear,
No thought to count the cost, what it may be.

Dishonor hath no equivoque in gold,
No equivoque in blood, no loss in pain;
Till they whom force has torn from health and fold
Of her proud flag, stand 'neath its fold again.

She waits in arms; and in her cause is safe;
Not fearing war, yet hoping peace the end,
Not loathing those who seek to check or chide;
The Right she needs; The Right God will defend!

DANGERS OF SPRING.—We have high medical authority for saying that a great many more persons die in May than in November. The natural causes are, first, the increased dampness of the atmosphere, and secondly, the fact that doors which shut easily in winter do not do so in summer. 2d.—Nature takes away the appetite for meats, for heat-giving food, in order to prepare the body for the increased temperature of summer. But two errors in practice at this time, interfere with nature's arrangements, and produce many painful and dangerous diseases. First, the amount of clothing is diminished too soon. Second, the consequences of fire in our dwellings are removed too early. All persons, especially children, old people, and those in delicate health, should avoid removing the thick, woollen flannel, and the dampness of the atmosphere in May, and then it should merely be a change to a little thinner material. Fur coats should not be removed, nor fire places and grates cleaned for the summer, until the first of June; for a fire in the grate is sometimes very comfortable in the last week of May; that may be a rare occurrence, but as it does sometimes take place, it is better to be prepared than to shiver for half a day, with the risk to ourselves and children, of some violent attack of spring diseases.

By neglecting these things, four causes are introduced to interfere with the body and induce colds and fevers. 1st, The dampness of the atmosphere in May. 2d, That striking falling off in appetite for meats and other "heating" food. 3d, The premature diminution of clothing. 4th, The too early removal of the consequences of fire.

And when the very changing condition of the weather of May is taken into account, it is no wonder, that under the influence of so many causes of diminution of the temperature of the body, many fall victims to disease. In November, the healthiest month in the year, we have put on our warmest clothing, kindled our fires, we have found a keen ree in substantial food, while the dampness of the atmosphere has been relieved by the colden air of increasing cold.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD HABITS.—Mac, it has been said, is a bundle of habits; and habit is second nature. Metastaseus entertained so strong an opinion as to the power of repetition in act and thought, that he said, "All is habit in mankind, even virtue itself." Butler, in his *Analogy*, impresses the importance of careful self-discipline, and resistance and temptation, as tending to make virtue habitual, so that at length it may become more easy to be good than to give way to sin. "As habits belonging to the body," he says, "are produced by external acts, so habits of the mind are produced by the exercise of inward practical purposes, i.e. carrying them into act, or acting upon the principles of obedience, veracity, justice, and charity." And again, Lord Brougham says, when enforcing the immense importance of training and example in youth, "I trust every thing under God to habit, on which, in all ages, the lawyers, as well as the school-masters, have wisely placed their reliance; habit makes everything easy, and casts the difficulties upon the devotion from a wretched cause." Thus make sobriety a habit, and temperance will be helpful; make prudence a habit, and reckless prodigality will become revolting to every principle of conduct which regulates the life of the individual. Hence the necessity for the greatest care and watchfulness against the inroad of any evil habit; for the character is always weaker at that point at which it has once given way; and it is long before a principle restored can become so firm as that which has never been moved. It is a fine remark of a Russian writer, that "habits are a necklace of pearls; untie the knot, and the whole wreath falls." Wherever formed, habit acts involuntarily, and without effort; and it is only when you oppose it that you find how powerful it has become. What is done once and again, soon gives facility and possession. The habit at first may seem to have no more strength than a spider's web; but once formed, it binds as with a chain of iron. The small events of life, taken singly, may seem exceedingly unimportant, like snow that falls silently like flakes; yet, accumulated, these snow-flakes form the avalanche.

Self-respect, self-help, application, industry, integrity—all are of the nature of habits, not beliefs. Principles, in fact, are but the names which we assign to habits; for the principles are words, but the habits are the things themselves; benefactors or tyrants, according as they are good or evil. It thus happens that as we grow older a portion of our free activity and individuality becomes suspended in habit; our actions become of the nature of fate, and we are bound by the chains which we have woven around ourselves.—*Samuel Smiles.*

A PARAGRAPH MATRIMONIAL.

Choose a wife as a precious piece of business. Do you suppose there is nothing in it but evening visits, bouquets, and popping the question? My dear simple young man, you ought not to be trusted off by yourself alone! Take care that you don't get the girl Chit article, that looks exceedingly pretty, and the matting-piece under the gilt ornament are all rubbed off, and then is fit only for the dust pile! A wife should be selected on the same principles as a calico gown. Bright colors and gay patterns are not always the best economy. Get something that will last, and wear. Nothing like the sun and showers of matrimony to bleach out these deceptive externals! Don't choose the treasure by gas light, or in a parlour ting. Broad daylight is the best time—a kitchen the most suitable place. Bear in mind, sir, that the article once bargained for, you can't exchange it if it don't suit. If you buy a watch and it don't run as you expected, you can send it to a jeweler to be repaired; in the case of a wife, once paired, you can't repair. She may run in the wrong direction—very well, sir; all that is left for you is to run after her, and an interesting chase you will probably find it. If you get a good wife, you will be the happiest fellow alive; if you get a bad one, you may as well sell yourself for two and sixpence, at once! Just as well to consider all these things beforehand, young man!

SUB-SOIL PLOWING HARD PAN LANDS.

As the utility of sub-soil plowing is being generally admitted, we need not edit anything in its favor. It is, however, frequently asserted that sub-soiling is of no use without under-draining. This is a mistake. It is true, that in clayey soils not under-drained, the subsoil cuts soon re-close themselves, and the soil, in full of water, settles back to its original position, but this is not true of the red loam and sandy soils; for the latter, although wet, are not rendered plastic by sub-soiling without under-draining, but are improved, by enabling the water to pass off through the sub-soil cuts, each one of which remains free, and acts partially as in horizontally drained soils, admitting the passage of water to the course and more formidable red shade.

FATHER NEVER PRAYS.

Mr. L.—a wealthy man, and with his wife and young family resides in one of our great cities. Mrs. L.—a few years since, became the subject of divine grace, and is a humble and devoted follower of Jesus Christ. For a long time her husband's heart remained untouched. Musing and musing, the pious mother gathered her little household about her, and the incessant acceptable to God, the sacrifice of Christian hearts to the family altar, went up daily to the mercies. But the husband and head of the family was never one of the happy group. Like the miser, he would not come, but wanted his merchandise in the busy city.

How many Christian mothers among us every day assemble their loved ones about the family altar to seek for the divine blessing and pardon of sins, and to give thanks, when he who should be the head of the church, turns his back upon these sacred duties.

One morning when Mrs. L.—was gathering her little flock for her "prayer," Willie, the youngest, a boy three years old, steadily resisted the call, and started to go down the stairs with a very mischievous grin. "Come to prayers, Willie," said the mother, gently. "No, ma'am, I don't want to say prayers. I am going to be a gentleman, and so I am not going to say my prayers any more."

"But gentlemen do say their prayers, Willie," said the mother. "Yes, ma'am, but I don't want to say prayers. I am going to be a gentleman, and so I am not going to say my prayers any more."

"Father never prays," answered the little fellow; "father is good, and father never prays."

"Oh, little Willie, do't say so," said the mother, "you do not know what you are saying, but I'll tell you. I will tell you that your father is a good man, and that he does say his prayers every day."

"That's not true," said the little boy, "I know that your father is a good man, and that he does say his prayers every day."

"That's not true," said the little boy, "I know that your father is a good man, and that he does say his prayers every day."

"That's not true," said the little boy, "I know that your father is a good man, and that he does say his prayers every day."

"That's not true," said the little boy, "I know that your father is a good man, and that he does say his prayers every day."

"That's not true," said the little boy, "I know that your father is a good man, and that he does say his prayers every day."

"That's not true," said the little boy, "I know that your father is a good man, and that he does say his prayers every day."

"That's not true," said the little boy, "I know that your father is a good man, and that he does say his prayers every day."

"That's not true," said the little boy, "I know that your father is a good man, and that he does say his prayers every day."

"That's not true," said the little boy, "I know that your father is a good man, and that he does say his prayers every day."

during the seven succeeding years she devoted her incessant efforts to the discovery and prosecution of the real criminal, and at length they were condemned, and the complete innocence of her husband proved to the most sceptical.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

How rare is a good travelling companion. One who will neither bore you with sentimental ecstasies of rocks and rivers, or deplete you with long-winded arguments to prove that he is, should be, or—let about every trifling misfortune of the way; or insist on dragging you forward on all conversational occasions with strangers, about whom you care nothing, and who care nothing for you; who would have you see every new sight at different stopping-places, when the only reason you have for a bath and a bed. In short, how rare is a person with that fine tact which a glance can decide when to whom to speak, and when to be silent; who need not be told in words what is evident in the language and action of the world; who takes no offence at your necessary silence, and can understand that a human being is not to be constantly poked up with a long pipe, like a beast at a menagerie, to show his paces to a gaudy audience. In short, how blessed is tact, and how irreplaceable when joined with cultured intellect.

LIVING WATERS.

How delightful is the water, gurgling up from the perennial fountains of earth. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape. Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

These are springs of crystal waters. Ever welling out of the earth, they are the life of the land, and the joy of the traveller. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape.

Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

These are springs of crystal waters. Ever welling out of the earth, they are the life of the land, and the joy of the traveller. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape.

Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

These are springs of crystal waters. Ever welling out of the earth, they are the life of the land, and the joy of the traveller. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape.

Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

These are springs of crystal waters. Ever welling out of the earth, they are the life of the land, and the joy of the traveller. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape.

Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

These are springs of crystal waters. Ever welling out of the earth, they are the life of the land, and the joy of the traveller. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape.

Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

These are springs of crystal waters. Ever welling out of the earth, they are the life of the land, and the joy of the traveller. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape.

Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

These are springs of crystal waters. Ever welling out of the earth, they are the life of the land, and the joy of the traveller. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape.

Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

These are springs of crystal waters. Ever welling out of the earth, they are the life of the land, and the joy of the traveller. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape.

Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

These are springs of crystal waters. Ever welling out of the earth, they are the life of the land, and the joy of the traveller. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape.

Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

These are springs of crystal waters. Ever welling out of the earth, they are the life of the land, and the joy of the traveller. In our native land and the gay rambles of childhood, how many a pure spring sends forth its limpid waters in hills and valleys, while the mind of the traveller in other lands will involuntarily turn to these fountains that flow so perpetually over earth's long landscape.

Especially when we journey in a desert region, or in a land where no water is, we will be reminded of these living waters of their purity and preciousness.

other hand, a rough, implacable surface of east iron is favorable to radiation, and a fire in such a stove will always produce a most powerful effect.—*Dr. Lardner on heat.*

A LIE.

I had told a deliberate falsehood, and that lie haunted me all through the day, a heavy weight upon my spirit. I repeated it as soon as uttered; but pride forbade me to recall those words. What, proclaim myself a liar? I could never do it. If it had been any other fault I had been guilty of, the task of confessing it would have been slight, but to be branded for ever, to have a time by that most cruel name—Lie, I could never do it.

I promised to myself, and on my bed at night, never again to be guilty of the slightest defect as regards truth. But this did not remove the heavy load that lay upon my conscience. I thought it was only one, but before I slept I dreamed of it all night. Oh, but I had never spoken that lie; my conscience urged me to confess it, not to pass for better than I was; but I could not bow my brightly spirit. Thus I lay down at night and after tossing restlessly for some time, I fell asleep; but oh! that bright dream! I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

Oh! I had told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie. I dreamed that I had said, "I have told a lie." Not a word, said I, but I have told a lie.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

TO PREVENT CREAM FROM RISING.

You all know that if you can prevent the cream from rising, the milk will be more palatable and healthy, with the particles of cream mixed through it, than skim milk, or milk from the cow, when the fresh taste and odor. To prepare milk in this way, take it while warm from the cow, set it in a cool place, and stir it continually till all the animal heat is out, and no cream will rise after the operation. Try it and see how much it will be improved for family use.

RICED BLANCHONNETS.—This is an excellent accompaniment to preserves of any kind, or to baked apples. It is made as follows:—Put one teacupful of whole rice into half-a-pint of cold water; when the rice cracks, or begins to look white, add one pint of milk, and a quarter lb. of butter. Boil it until the rice has absorbed the whole of the milk, stirring it frequently the whole time. Put it into a mould, and it will turn out when quite cold. It is preferred hot, but may be again made warm by being placed in the oven for a short time. It may be flavoured with lemon, cinnamon, &c., but is most wholesome without, and forms both an elegant and very economical dish at any time.—*New Yorker.*

We presume there may be among our readers some who think of Blanchonnet as an expensive delicacy, or as difficult to make, whereas, for the tables of most of our farmers it is one of the cheapest dishes that can be made. In this case every one can substitute your own sugar for the loaf sugar, or the sugar may be omitted. The mould, if you do not happen to have Blanchonnet moulds, may be any earthen dish. Eat it with cream, and if made without sugar, some of your own maple sugar. No managed, all you have to buy is the teacupful of rice, and the loaf sugar.

Or, when you call it killed, beat the first in four parts of water without salt. When the liquid is reduced to one quart, strain and mix it with a quart of milk. Boil ten minutes and pour it into your mould or dish. Eat it when cold, with sugar and cream as above. In this case everything is of your own production.

The same dish may be very economically prepared with Cornmeal or Irish meal, rice flour, corn starch, or with potato starch which you can make from your own potatoes. The principal ingredients are your own milk, sugar and cream.—*Chronicle.*

A WORLD WITHOUT A SABBATH.

What would it be? Labor without rest; care without solace; probation without preparation; a night without day.

To the laboring man, the loss of the Sabbath would bring unceasing toil without rest, without compensation, and without the reward of a peaceful conscience. It would wear out the machinery of life. It would rob him of the allotted period for mental and spiritual improvement, and for home duties and enjoyment. Buzalind in mind, body and association, he would sink to the level of the brute, the spirit of capital, and end his days in a lunatic asylum.

To the family, the Sabbath loss would be the loss of the home day—the day of domestic reunion, instruction, worship and edification. Family government would lose its time; family joys would be cut; domestic purity would be imperilled—for the two oldest institutions in the world are interlinked and family purity would become extinct.

To the church, a lost Sabbath would involve the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

To the nation, a lost Sabbath would be the loss of its solemn assemblies, its godly ministry, its day for education and action, its season for domestic and associated instruction of the young, and its outpouring of the best that remains for the people of God.

THE GOOD-BY.

"George—George!"

"Well, what's waiting now?"
The young husband turned back the door-knob, and there was assistance in his face, and assistance on his brow, as he answered his wife's call.

"Nothing papa, only baby and I just want to look you good-by, and then come up toward him, the little, graceful, sweet, and old woman, with her baby in her arms, and the little one crowded and thrust up its dimpled hands, and clutched the short thick lock triumphantly.

"O, baby you rogue, you like to pull out