The Family.

Care of the Little Ones.

Of all the essays, outside the Bible, upon the care of children, the following is the most complete and beautiful one with which our reading has brought us acquainted:

WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall:
Never mind the moments lost;
Never mind the time it cost:
Little feet will go astray:
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay:
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me the weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
Prating eloquent and wild;
What is said and what is sung
By the joyous, happy child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim,
Blessings in the Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true!
Extirpating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripen for eternity.

A Story for the Little Folks.

THE POOR MUSICIAN AND HIS MATE.

One beautiful summer day there was a great festival in the large park at Vienna. This park is called by the people the Pratur. It is full of lovely trees, splendid walks, and little rustic pleasure houses. At the time of which I am speaking there were people there, some young and some old, and many strangers too. And all those who were there enjoyed such a scene as they had probably never beheld before. Be that as it may, the Pratur was almost covered with the crowds of people. Among the number were organ-grinders, beggars, and girls who played on harps. There stood an old musician. He had once been a soldier, but his pension was not enough to live on. Still he did'nt like to beg; therefore, on this particular festival day, he took his violin and played under an old tree in the park. He had a good, faithful old dog along with him, which lay at his feet and held an old hat in his mouth, so that passers-by might cast coins in it for the poor old man.

On the day of the festival which I have now mentioned, the dog sat before him with the old hat. Many people went by and heard the old musician playing, but they didn't throw much in. I wonder the people did not give him more, for he was truly a piteable object. His face was covered with scars received in his country's battles, and he wore a long gray coat, such as he had kept ever since he had been in the army. He even had his old sword by his side, and would not consent to walk in the streets without carrying his trusty friend with him. He had only three fingers on his right hand, so he had to hold the bow of his violin with these. A bullet had taken off the two others, and almost at the same time a cannon-ball had taken off his left leg. The last money he had had been spent in buying new strings for his violin, and he was now playing with all his strength the old marches he had learned so often when a boy with his father. He looked sad enough as he saw the multitudes pass by in their strength and youth and beauty; but whenever they laughed it was like a dagger in his soul, for he knew on that very evening he would have to go to bed supperless, hungry as he was, and lie on a straw couch in a little garret room. His old dog was better off, for he often found a bone here and there to satisfy cravings of hunger. It was late in the afternoon, his hopes were almost like the sun—they were both going down together. He placed his old violin down by his side, and leaned against an old tree. The tears streamed down his scarred cheeks. He thought that none of that giddy crowd saw him, but he was much mistaken. Not far off stood a gentleman in fine clothes, who had a kind heart. He listened to the old musician, and when he saw that no one gave him anything, his heart was touched with sympathy. He finally went to the dog, and looking into the hat saw only two little copper coins in it. He then said to the old musician, "My good friend, why don't you play longer?"

"O," replied the old man, "my dear sir, I cannot; my poor old arm is so tired that I can not hold the bow; besides, I have had no dinner, and I have little prospect of supper."

The old man wiped his face with his feeble hands. The kind gentleman with whom he talked resolved to aid him as best he could. He gave him a piece of gold, and said:

"I'll pay you if you will loan me your violin for one hour."

"O," said the musician, "this piece of money is worth more than half a dozen old fiddles like mine."

"Never mind," said the gentleman; "I only want to hire it one hour."

"Very well; you can do what you will," said the owner.

The gentleman took the fiddle and the bow in his hands, and then said to the old man:

"Now, my mate, you take the money, and I will play. I am quite sure people will give us something."

Now was not that a singular musical association? They had just become acquainted, and immediately entered into an arrangement to work together for the public. The strange gentleman began to play. His mate looked at him with great wonder; he was so stirred that he could hardly believe it was his old violin that such beautiful sounds came from. Every note was like a pearl. The first piece had not been finished before the people observing the strange sight, and hearing such wonderful music, stopped a moment in curiosity. Every one saw that the fine-looking gentleman was playing for the poor but none knew who he was. By and by the people began to drop money into the hat, and the old dog seemed delighted to receive so many pieces of gold for his master. The circle of hearers became larger and larger. Even the coachmen of the splendid carriages begged the people inside to stop and hear the music. Still the money increased. Gold, silver, and copper were thrown into the hat by old and young. The old dog began to growl. What in the world could be the matter? One gentleman as he dropped a large piece of money into the hat had struck him on the nose, and he came very near letting the hat and money fall. But it soon became so heavy that he could not hold it any longer.

"Empty your hat, old man," said the people, "and we will fill it again for you." He pulled out an old handkerchief and wrapped the money in it, and put it in his violin-bag.

The stranger kept on playing, and the people cried out, "Bravo! bravo!" in great joy. He played first one tune and then another; even children seemed carried away with rapture. At last he played that splendid song, "God bless the Emperor Francis!" All hats and caps flew off their heads, for the people loved their Emperor. The song finally came to an end. The hour was ended, and the musician handed back the violin to the old man.

"Thank you," said he. "May God bless you!" and he disappeared in the crowd.

"Who is he? Who is he?" said the people. "Where does he come from?"

A certain person sitting in one of the coaches said: "I know him. It is Alexander Boucher, the distinguished violinist. It is just like him. He saw that the old man needed help, and he determined to help him in the best way he could."

The people then gave three cheers for Boucher, and put more money in the old man's hat. When he went home that evening he was richer than he had ever been before. When he went to his bed he folded his hands and prayed that God might bless good Boucher, so that when he should get to be an old man he might have good friends.—*From the German.*

"How Long Will it do to Wait?"

The following is from a work published by the American Tract Society, 'Records of S. V. S. Wilder.'

Dr. Nettleton had come from the evening service in some country town to his home for the night. The good lady of the house, rather an elderly person, after bustling about to provide her guest with refreshments, said, directly before her daughter, who was in the room, "Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you to talk to Caroline. She don't care nothing about going to meeting, nor about the salvation of her soul.—I've talked and talked, and go to our minister to talk, but it don't seem to do no good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton." Saying which, she soon went out of the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast, when he turned around to the young girl and said,

"Now just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once.

"Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time, till I am sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. N. "Let's see. how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. N., "religon is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it, and you're in good health, you say. Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do to die without it. I wonder how long it would do for you to wait?"

"That's just what I've been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said Dr. N., "suppose you say till you are fifty?" No, that won't do; I attended the funeral the other day of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty? How will that do?"

"I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No, I do not think so either; something might happen. Say, now, twenty-five? or even twenty, if we could be sure you would live so long. A year from now; how would that do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and of how many people, as well apparently as you are, do die suddenly, I am afraid to have you put it off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, *Now* is the accepted time. We must take the time. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel down here and ask God for mercy through his Son Jesus Christ?"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, kneeled on the spot. In a day or two, she by grace came out rejoicing in hope, finding she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.

The Empty Cradle.

There is a whole volume of poetry in the following little sketch, which we find in the last number of Miss Barber's *Weekly*:

We met John on the stairs. He was carrying an old cradle to be stowed away among what he termed "plunder" in the lumber-room. One rocker was gone, and the wicker work of the sides broken; it was an old willowy affair, but he could not refrain from casting a sad look into its empty depths.

"Gone!" we said dreamily, "all gone!" What golden heads were once pillowed here! heads on which the curls grew moist in slumber, and the cheeks and lips flushed to the hue of rose leaves. When sleep broke, the silken fringed lids opened heavily from the slumberous eyes; smiles flitted like sunbeams over the face; the white fist was thrust into the mouth, and when mamma lifted the muslin and peeped in to see if baby was awake, what cooing and crowing was heard! The little feet began to kick, out of pure delight, and kicked on until both of the tiny red shoes were landed at the foot of the cradle. Where are those heads now? Some that were embrowned by vigorous manhood, are sleeping on battle-fields; some are bleached with time and cares: and the feet have grown sore and weary on the rough paths of life.

Perhaps some little one, once tenderly rocked here, is sleeping in the coffin. Over it grow heart's ease, and the vigorous box, and white candy-tuft, and the starry jessamine. The blue bird flutters its bright wings through the willow boughs, and the cool summer wind whispers to the green leaves and grass-blades on the grave. What of? perhaps of its immortality. Sleep on little dreamless one! "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A Cracked Commandment.

We heard a suggestive expression related the other day of a very little girl who was taken by her mother into a shop, where a tempting basket of oranges stood for sale. While her mother was engaged in another part of the room, the little one feasted her eyes on the fruit, and nursed the temptation in her heart till it grew too strong to be resisted, and she hid one of the oranges under her apron and walked quickly away. But conscience remonstrated so strongly that, after a little reflection, she walked quickly back and as slyly replaced the orange in the basket. Again the forbidden fruit, out of possession, presented its tempting side, and again she yielded. After a sharper conflict than before, conscience gained a second victory, and the almost stolen orange was again taken and finally restored. With a saddened countenance she walked home with her mother, and when they were alone burst into tears, exclaiming: "O, mother, I cracked one of the commandments! I didn't break it; indeed I didn't break it, mother—quite—but I'm sure I cracked it!"

We shall never again see a piece of doubtful conduct without thinking there's a commandment cracked.

Shut your Eyes and Open your Mouth.

A cock had just crowed upon his dunghill. A fox was watching him but dared not approach very near for fear of frightening him. He therefore employed this ruse:

"My dear sir," he said, "I can no longer resist my desire to tell you how much pleasure you have given me. It is a long time that I have been looking at you, and you are, I must confess, the most perfect creature I ever beheld. But what pleases me, above everything else, is your voice. In my whole life, I never herd one like it except, perhaps, that of your father. And it was remarkable in him that he sang with his eyes shut."

"I can do the same," replied the cock, and immediately he shut his eyes, spread his wings, and was going to crow, when the fox seized him and carried him off.

Happily for him, some shepherds who were at a little distance, saw the robber carrying off his prey, and let loose their dogs upon him.

The cock then used a little art in his turn and said to the robber, "Tell them that I am one of your friends, and they will let you go."

The fox, believing this, opened his mouth to speak, and so let go his bird, which immediately flew into a tree and mocked him.

"Woe unto him who speaks when he ought to be silent!" said the cock.

"Woe unto him who shuts his eyes when he ought to have them open!" observed the fox.

Temperance.

Truth?

The National Temperance *Advocate* concludes an articles on the above-named topic, in the following strain:

And we may add, this is a question for the consideration especially of those who call themselves *Christians*. What is truth in regard to temperance? What does God, by reason and revelation, teach me is my duty, in word and action, relative to this important matter? Let those to whom are committed the oracles of Jehovah, to whom all truth must be precious, into whose souls the light of divine wisdom and glory has shown, who, if they are not in the holy of holies, and permitted to see the divine effulgence, are in the surrounding courts of the temple, and in the enjoyment of some rays shining from the heavenly throne—let the Church, the great body of the faithful, composed of numerous sects, but all united in one army under the Captain of salvation; let the Church, in all her majesty and beauty, stand forth and examine this momentous subject.

But, say some, this is not her business. The Church had better leave all discussion and definite action on this point to temperance reformers. It will certainly injure the cause of piety if she meddle in this matter. It will only create prejudice and opposition, and may result in the most unhappy consequences. It is true, God commands his ministers to cry aloud and spare not in rebuking sin. But in the pulpit they should by all means, in regard to this delicate subject, cry faintly and spare a great deal, lets they hurt the feelings of some who occupy the best pews. They had better touch the evil lightly if they must notice it at all and very gracefully pass on to other topics. And as to other Christians, according to the advice of St. Paul: "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." If he pleases, let the pious man drink the good creature of God—only he must be careful to know his measure. It will be very wicked in him to get drunk, although his neighbor, having a better stomach, may drink twice the quantity, and, if he does not become intoxicated, will be perfectly innocent. Let him do as he pleases. If he choose to take something, what is that to others? "Every tub stands on its own bottom." He is responsible for himself.

Who has not heard reasoning, or an attempt to reason, like the above? But it is the language of Satan, repeated by wine-bibbers and timid-hearted believers.

Temperance is the handmaid of religion; and Christians, instead of treating this cause with aversion, should feel it has special claims on their sympathies and efforts. They should be the first and foremost to advocate and support it. And we believe, too, the time has come when the Church, in her organized capacity, should take hold of this subject and lead the way. Nor can we believe she will attain the glory and power to which she is destined until she puts from her not only drunkenness, but the cause, and unfurls her banner bearing the inscription: "*Abstinence from all that will intoxicate!*"

A Dutchman's Temperance Lecture

We have listened to many effective arguments in favor of total abstinence, but we have never heard one more exhaustive than that of the honest German who was asked to speak at a meeting of the friends of total abstinence. As to the precise locality of this meeting, our readers are at liberty to exercise their guessing faculties. After some hesitation he arose and said:

"I shall tell you how it vas, I put my hand on mine head, and there vos von pig pain. Then I put mine hand in mine pody and there vos anoder. There vos very much pains in my pody. Then I put mine hand in my pocket, and there vas nothing. So I jined mit the temperance. Now there vas no more pain in my head. The pains in mine poty vas gone away. I put mine hand in my pocket, and there vas twenty dollars. So I shall shtay mit the temperance." Aside from the moral aspects of the question, the Dutchman's experience tells the whole story.

Am I to Blame.

"Am I to blame, mother?" asked a young lad the other day, who had joined a temperance society. His father and mother (probably temperate drinkers) appeared to be displeased with him. After a long silence, the boy broke forth, "Am I to blame mother? Sister Mary has married a drunken husband, who abuses her every day. Sister Susan's husband was intemperate, and has gone off and left her; and you are obliged to take her home and take care of her children. Brother James comes home every night drunk; and because I have joined the cold water company, and you are likely to have one sober person in the family, you are scolding me. Am I to blame?"

Consumption of Spirits in the United Kingdom.

In the first half of 1866, 10,290,006 gallons of home made spirits have been retained for home consumption, being an increase in each of the three kingdoms over the quantity in the first half of 1865 and of 1864. In the same period 1,324,874 proof gallons of brandy, and 1,932,851 gallons of rum, have been entered for home consumption, showing an increase in these also over the first six months of the two previous years.

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3d CASE.—Sarah Burns, aged six years, seized with scarlet fever; gave her two pills every four hours for twenty-four hours; applied the Ready Relief to her throat, gave her lemonade with half a teaspoonful of Relief as a drink. In thirty-six hours she was playing with her brothers and sisters. I have prescribed your Pills in cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Sluggishness of the Liver, or Torpidity, and have witnessed the most astonishing cures. I believe them the only true purgative in use; they are invaluable, having a greater controlling influence in Liver and Spleen derangements than calomel or blue pill. Your Pills are the only purgative that can be administered with safety in Erysipelas, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, and all Eruptive Fevers; their soothing, tonic, and mild aperient properties render them invaluable.

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"My Faith looks up to Thee"
"Jesus, Lover of my Soul."
"Hark, the herald angels sing."
"Come thou fount of every blessing."
"To day the Saviour calls."
"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone."
"Come hither, all ye weary souls."
"When marshalled on the mighty plain."
"When I survey the wondrous Cross"
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."
"There is a fountain filled with blood."
"Not all the blood of beasts."
"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing"
"From Greenland's icy mountains."
"The morning light is breaking."
"When I can read my title clear"
"Rock of Ages cleft for me"
"My Country 'tis of thee."
"Nearer my God to Thee."

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