The Family.

Blowing Bubbles.

As I loitered through the village,
I saw children at their play,
Blowing bubbles in the sunshine,
From a penny pipe of clay.
I had passed them with a greeting,
But their gladness charmed me so,
That I turned to watch their bubbles
Sailing through the summer's glow.

Though they seemed not half so brilliant
As in boyhood I had known,
When the smallest of my bubbles
Held a rainbow of its own,
Yet my little friends grew merry
As each tinted, air-blown toy
Floated upward, and the baby
Clapped its chubby hands for joy.

And the girl—her arms outstretching,
As if begging them to stay—
Said, "I'm sorry, very sorry,
They so quickly fade away!"
But her brother looked quite manly
As he shouted with delight,
"It is easy, very easy,
To blow others just as bright!"

And he blew with such good fortune
That, before his task was done,
You might count a score of bubbles
Floating gaily in the sun.
Then her eyes with pleasure sparkled,
As the crystal phantoms played,
And she quite forgot her sorrow
That they should so quickly fade.

And she paused where I was resting
In the shadow of a yew,
And in tones of laughing wonder
Cried, "Can't you blow bubbles, too?"
And I knew not how to answer;
So I left them to their play,
Blowing bubbles in the sunshine,
From a penny pipe of clay.

The Little Toy Maker.

On a warm day in a June a widow was seen drawing a wooden cart over the common. In the cart was a little boy, whose head lay on a clean white pillow. There was in his face the look of days of pain and sorrow.

For more than an hour the little wooden cart rolled along the path, and the poor boy looked around on all the pleasant things to be seen on that fine day. The flowers and birds, the blue sky and green fields, were all objects of joy to him.

"Pardon me," said a lady to the widow; "I have been looking at your dear boy. His pale but happy face has quite won my heart."

"Thank you," replied the widow; "my Jamie is a cripple, and cannot run about and play like other boys of his years; but he is quite happy when I draw him out in the morning."

"How old is he," said the lady.

"About ten."

"Was he always a cripple?"

"O no; he was a fine baby," said the mother, and a tear stood in her eye; "but when he was six months old his young sister let him fall from her arms one day while I was away at work. He was very much hurt, and was ill for many months. A kind doctor watched over him, and tried to make him well, though he knew I had no money to pay him for all he did. I had to go each day to work for a family a good way from home, and every morning day by day, and week after week, I kissed his little face, thinking never more to see him alive. But God was good, and spared him to comfort his mother."

"But he must be a great care to you," said the lady.

"O no; he is the greatest blessing I have on earth. When I and my daughter go home at night," continued the mother "tired with the labors of the day, I always see his sweet pale face at the window; he watches for our return. Many a prayer of gratitude we send up to him who gave us such a comfort in our life of trouble, and we humbly ask God that he may spare us this blessing. I rise an hour earlier, in order to enjoy this morning walk with him."

"But I should think Jamie would be very lonely while you are away?"

"That was what I often feared; but he tells me that, though he misses us sadly, he is never lonely. Jamie, dear, tell this lady how you amuse yourself when I have gone to work," she said, turning to the boy.

He had been looking about him, and so occupied with his own thoughts that the conversation had passed unobserved by him.

"I am busy all the day working on my toys," he said, looking up with a sweet smile into the lady's face; "or when I get tired, in reading Lucy's Sabbath school book; the boys from the next house often come in on Wednesday or Saturday afternoons and read to me. I like them to come and sit with me, for then I can work and learn too."

"But don't you wish you could go to school with them?"

"I am very happy as I am. I think God is good to me, and I thank him for giving me such a kind mother and dear sister. I have a pretty rose tree, too, in my window. Almost every month it brings me a blossom. The first one in the year I give to mother; the next to Lucy. I don't keep them on the stem to wither, for all my friends love Jamie's roses as they call them, and it is all I have to give those I love. A kind lady gave me the bush, and told me to learn a hymn for each blossom it gave. If you come to-morrow you shall have a blossom."

"Thank you, Jamie; I would like very much to visit you and your rose bush, and will try to call."

As it was now time for Mrs. Morgan to go to her home, she bade the lady good-morning, thanking her for her kindness. Jamie gave her a smile, and the little car rolled away.

About ten o'clock the next morning the lady went into the alley where Mrs. Morgan lived. She wondered which of the many houses here could be, but she soon saw Jamie's face at an open window.

As she passed into the room where he sat he expressed much joy at seeing her. Before leaving, his thoughtful mother had placed a chair for the lady quite near him and his little table. On the table lay a Bible and a hymn book, together with a few little story books. The blooming rose was one of the sweetest kind, and perfumed the whole room at it stood near the window.

The table was strewn with bits of wood, while many pretty little toys, carved with his knife, were ranged in order next the wall.

In this way this poor crippled child occupied his time, and provided many a little comfort for his loving mother.

"Do you not get weary, Jamie?"

"Sometimes I get very tired, for I am never free from pain, and often, for whole days, I cannot get from my bed into this pleasant little corner, my back hurts me so; but I lie still and think about Jesus, and of the time when I shall never more get tired of pain."

"Do you feel afraid to die?"

"O no! Jesus is always with me, and he has promised never to leave. I shall not be a cripple in heaven. No one will know I was the 'little cripple,' who always had to ride in his little cart wherever he went."

"Should you not feel sorry to leave your mother, and die alone?"

"The Saviour will not leave me alone. Mother taught me this nice text, 'Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.'"

"You seem very happy, my dear boy; have you felt always thus?"

"No; I used to be afraid to die, until I heard that Christ died for me. I know he loves even me, a poor little cripple boy, and if I believe in him, will take me to his happy home in heaven. I do not think I shall live long," he continued. Every morning when mother goes away, I watch her till she turns the corner, for I think, perhaps, I may not see her again. Dear mother! I do not tell her of these thoughts, for I know they would only trouble her; and as long as I am here I will try to be her sunshine, as she often calls me."

"That is right, Jamie; next to God, love that mother who so tenderly cares for you. But I have made a long call; I must go now; though I will try to come again. Good by."

A few weeks passed, and the lady was told that Jamie was much worse. She hurried to see and comfort him. There was no pleasant face at the window, as she passed up the court. All was still.

Jamie lay with his white face calm in Death. The little hands so busy with toy-work during her last visit, were calmly laid by his side. He was—at rest.

Some unfinished toys lay about the room; his chair stood in its usual place; the rose bush, with bright new blossom, stood where she last saw it; but Jamie had gone to the happy home where there shall be no more pain.

When the lady called to mind what a cheerful, happy, loving spirit that afflicted boy displayed; when his mother told her how for years he had rendered all happy around him by his uncomplaining nature, causing all to forget their sorrow by the message of peace which he repeated from his much loved book, the Bible, she thought how many little boys and girls, who had everything the heart could wish, did not love the Saviour, or do anything to induce others to love him.

Reader, are you well and strong? If so be thankful. God might have made you like 'crippled Jimie.' What are you doing to show your gratitude to him for your health and strength?

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."—*The Children's Friend.*

The Red Line.

A beautiful block of marble was brought some years ago, all the way from Paris, for the great sculptor, Canova, to fashion out a statue of the great Napoleon. It was very pure and beautiful, and Canova was proud of having such a splendid block of marble to work upon. And he thought of how he would soon fashion that rough-hewn block into an elegant and graceful figure, and how it would stand in the king's palace, and be admired by thousands and thousands. But just when he was about to commence working upon it his eye discovered a tiny red line running down one of its sides. It was a very little one, and many people would have thought nothing about it; but Canova said, "I cannot work upon this, it has a flaw. It is not perfectly pure and white. I will not lay my chisel upon it. And he did not.

So, dear children, will it be with your souls. If there is on them the smallest taint of sin when you die, God will say, "I cannot receive this soul. It is not perfectly pure." No, there must not be the faintest red line, but they must be perfectly pure and white, and there is only one way by which they become so, and that is by their being washed in the blood of Jesus.

Temperance.

Drunk.

Young man, did you ever think how terrible that words sounds? Do you ever think what misery and woe you bring upon your friends when you degrade your manhood by getting drunk? Oh, it is a fearful thing thus to trample under foot the high claims that God and man have upon you!

Drunk!

How it rings in the ears of a loving wife! How it makes the heart of a fond mother bleed! How it crushes out the hopes of a doting father, and brings reproach and shame upon loving sisters!

Drunk!

See him as he leans against some friendly house, he is ready to fall into the opening jaws of hell, unconscious of his approaching fate.—The wife, with tearful eyes and aching heart sits at the window to hear her husband's footsteps, but alas they come not!

He is drunk!

The husband and parent is drunk! He is spending his time and money when he should be at home enjoying the comforts and joys of his own family circle.

Drunk!

He is spending for liquor the means of support, while his family is starving for food and suffering for clothing.

His reputation is gone.

His friends, one by one, are reluctantly leaving him to his miserable fate.

He goes down to his grave unhonored and unaung.

Drunk!

Temperance.

The Ohio Temperance men have issued an appeal which has the right ring. When temperance organizations take this ground and maintain it, they will accomplish something and not much will be done until they do. The Ohioans say:

1. We will vote for no intemperate man of any party for any office—drunkards are unfit to hold office.

2. We will vote for no man known to be in favor of opening or keeping open saloons and beer-gardens on the holy Sabbath.

3. We will vote for no man, either to make or execute the laws, who is opposed to the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors of any name as a beverage.

Here in God's name we take our stand, and we invite the Christians of every name, temperance men of every organization—all who are unwilling to see the Sabbath blotted out, to unite and stand with us. We shall be denounced and sneered at, and it does not alarm us. It will be said we are seeking to legislate men into morality; to unite Church and State. Our reply is:

1. We do intend to permeate legislation and politics with religious principles and ethics.

2. Sweep all legislation on moral questions from the statute books, State and municipal, and you have little of importance left. What but legislation on moral questions are laws against slander, indecent exposure, gambling, prostitution, prize fights, sale of obscene publications, lotteries, &c.? Away with this senseless hypocritical cry against moral legislation. The opposite is immoral legislation, legislation that increases taxes, multiplies crimes, destroys life, ruins character, fills our alms houses with paupers, our jails and State-prisons with criminals, and supplies the gallows with victims.

"Licensed to do thy neighbor harm,
To spread disease, and woe and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm,
Licensed to whet the assassin's knife."

If the legislation we propose and demand be moral legislation, what is this but immoral legislation?

We shall be told laws forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors as beverages are unconstitutional. But the full bench of the United States Court, including our own McLean and Chase, have twice declared them constitutional, while no judge or court of any standing, has pronounced an opposite decision. If such laws are unconstitutional, so is every system of license. A license law makes the sale unlawful to ninety-nine persons out of every hundred. A license system regulates and restricts sale. This is precisely what we propose to do. Alcohol may be sold for legitimate purposes. It has its place, and to this we propose to confine it and the sale of it.

When sold to be used in the arts and in medicine, it may be useful, but as a beverage it is not, but hurtful to every interest of society.—Nor do we propose to prohibit drinking by law. Men may keep liquor in their houses, and carry it upon their persons, but they shall not sell it to others, nor under any pretense make their houses places of resort for drinking purposes; and, no matter whether is is food or poison, if it renders life and property insecure, we have a right to stop the sale.

Agriculture.

Potatoes a Remedy for Bots.

Late in summer the large horse or gad fly, is busy in laying its small yellow eggs on the hairs of the sides and legs of horses, which being glutinous, adhere there. The horse, in licking himself, touches the eggs, which burst, when a small worm escapes, which adheres to the tongue and is carried with his food to the stomach and feeds and grows there until spring, when it passes out of the body and soon becomes a fly.—Youatt and Spooner, in their work on the horse, claim that bots do not injure a horse, and cannot be removed from the stomach by medicine, but pass away themselves in the spring. For more than fifty years I have heard of horses, and seen them, said to be sick of the bots, and to die of them. Many, with a view to remove them, pour molasses and milk down the throat of the horse, of which it is said that bots are fond so that they are thus led to let go their hold of the stomach. This is soon followed by a pint of tanner's oil, or some other cathartic, causing the horse to discharge the bots.

When visiting a friend a few months since, a worthy brother clergyman, he informed me that a horse having died of the bots in his neighborhood, his stomach having been eaten through and through by them, some of them were put in spirits of turpentine and other fluids commonly fatal to the life of worms and insects, but did not suffer from them. Another horse in the same neighborhood was suffering severely from bots, when a quart of potato juice was poured down his throat, which soon relieved him of pain; and a large quantity of dead bots passed away from him.

To me this remedy was new, but it may be commonly known to farmers. But be this as it may, an important inquiry here arises, namely, are those eminent farmers, Youatt and Spooner, right in what they say with regard to bots? and, if so, what worms are those which, with farmers and others, have so long gone by the name of bots, and of which horses so often die, as is proved by examining their stomachs, which are extensively eaten and pierced through by them?—*N. Y. Observer.*

About a Crock of Butter.

Not long since, a friend of ours said he had ordered a crock of butter, and, when it came, he would show an article of the right stamp. The crock came, but in transferring to the cellar, it got badly broken, involving the necessity of a new one, and the labor of re-packing. But what of the butter? Was the boast of its being of the "right stamp" made good? It was not. It failed in several respects. In the first place, there was a want of uniformity in the texture and finish of the several layers composing the crock. Some of them were seamed with blue-looking rivulets, or cavities filled with a mottled liquid, showing a lack of manipulation in working out the buttermilk. Other portions were streaked with veins of undissolved salt, evincing great carelessness or a lack of judgment in the use of that article. Then, again, there were occasional hairs, threads, or strings meandering through the mass, all tending to detract from the character and value of the butter.

These faults are too common, and should be corrected; for, of all things entering into family consumption, dirty or poorly manufactured butter is the least endurable. There is no excuse for these shortcomings on the part of butter-makers. If persons in the diary business lack the knowledge necessary to success, let them acquire it from those in possession of it. This can soon be done by those anxious to excel, and sufficiently honest to aim at doing justice to others.

In putting down butter, there should be an effort at uniformity throughout the operation This is not hard of attainment, hence a failure should not be imputed to bad luck, but to a negligent disregard of the conditions of success. Work the butter clear of the milk, to begin with. See that no hairs or threads meander through it. In salting, if in doubt as to the quantity to be used, prepare a pound, or less, by trial, till the proper quantity has been ascertained. When the taste is satisfied, observe the same proportions in successive churnings, till the tub or crock is filled. The result will be a mass of uniform colour, free from veins of milk or undissolved salt, of hairs or strings, and fit to be eaten with the eyes open and the senses of taste and smell active in the performance of their allotted functions.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

Husbandry.

By husbandry, the ground gives us everything necessary for food and nourishment, and such things, likewise, as afford the greatest pleasures. Yet, though it gives us plentifully of all kinds of things, it does not allow us to reap them in sloth and idleness; but excites us to health by the labour it appoints us.

The practice of husbandry makes men strong and bold, enabling them to defend their country.

He was surely a wise man that said husbandry was the mother and nurse of all the other sciences; for when she flourished, all the other sciences and faculties fared the better; but when the ground lies uncultivated, and brings no crop, all the sciences and arts are at a loss, by land and sea.

It is healthful employment that breeds good men and occasions generosity of spirit and good will toward one's friends and country.

Excelsior Spinner!

Lookout for the Agents of TAYLOR'S PATENT EXCELSIOR SPINNING MACHINE.

DO not buy until you see this beautiful Spinner. It is small, neat, and convenient, simple, durable and easily understood. A child 8 years old can manage it. You sit at your ease while spinning. A reel is attached to wind the yarn from the spindle. It spins even, smooth yarn of Wool, Cotton, Flax, or Tow. Coarse, or fine yarn can be spun as desired, and FOUR TIMES as much in a day, as on any other hand spinner. Wait for the agents of Taylor's Excelsior Spinner, and you will be sure to buy the best Spinning Machine ever invented.

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april 10.

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ALL DISORDERS OF THE
Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera.

ONE TO SIX BOXES ARE
Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

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In Dr. Radway's Pills, this very important and essential principle is secured. A dose of two to six (according to the condition of the system) of Dr. Radway's Pills will produce all the positive alterative change—from a sluggish or torpid, to a healthy action of the Liver—as the physician hopes to obtain by a dose of Blue Pills, or Calomel; and will as thoroughly cleanse the Stomach, and purge from the bowels the diseased and retained humors as a most approved cathartic, or cathartic medicine, occasioning no inconvenience or sickness.

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Inflammation of the Bowels—Bilious Fever—Dyspepsia—Costiveness—Scarlet Fever—Lead Cholic, &c.

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DR. RADWAY & CO.: I send you for publication the result of my treatment with your Pills in the following cases:

1st CASE.—Inflammation of the Bowels. John C. Chapman, aged thirty-four, was seized on the night of the 22nd of October with inflammation of the bowels; was called at 10 P.M.; he had then been suffering over three hours; had not a passage for six days; I gave him six of your Pills, and applied the Ready Relief to the abdomen; in a few minutes the pain ceased, he fell into a calm sleep; at 4 A.M. he had a free evacuation; at 9 A.M. eat his breakfast; at 11 A.M., gave him six more pills, and for five days gave him three pills per day; he is now well and hearty. In all cases of inflammation of the bowels, I succeed in removing all danger by a single dose of from six to eight in six hours. In lead cholic, I give the pills in large doses—six to eight, and a tessponful of relief to a wineglass of water every three hours—it always cures.

2nd CASE.—David Bruce, aged twenty-six, called at 3 P.M. on Nov. 25th; found that he had been attacked with bilious fever for twenty-two hours. I gave him six of your pills every four hours, and gave him warm drinks of bonset tea. In twenty-four hours he was convalescent; is now at work and perfectly healthy.

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.

Yours, etc.,
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Yours very truly, J. G. HODGSON.

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Feb 13

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THAT till within eighteen months all attempts to prepare a suitable and safe Combination for Leather, which could be used with satisfaction as a Dressing for Harness, Coach and Carriage Tops, Boots, Shoes, Yoke Straps &c., &c., and act as a Water Proof, Softener, Leather and Stitching Preserver, as well as to renovate the article dressed, have failed.

It is Equally Strange & True

That eighteen months ago, Ephraim Mack, of Mill Village, Queens Co, N. S., discovered and prepared and is now manufacturing and circulating as fast as possible, a Combination of 13 ingredients, known as E. Mack's WATER PROOF BLACKING, which is warranted to accomplish all the above objects, or money refunded, as agents and venders are instructed to return the money in every case of failure, when satisfactory evidence is given.

That this is true, who will doubt when they read the following Certificate?

We the undersigned having used E. Mack's Water Proof Blacking on our harness, boots, shoes, coach tops, &c., and having proved it to be superior to any preparation of the kind we ever used, cheerfully recommend it to all who require a Leather Dressing as a convenient, safe and valuable combination.

Rev. F. E. W. Pickles, Mill Village, Queens Co, N. S.; Messrs. Calder and Fraser, do.; Dr. J. M. Barnaby, M.D., do.; E. D. Davison, Esq., do.; James Forbes, M.D., Liverpool, N. S; James Turner, Esq., Jordan River, Shelburne Co, N. S; James T. Binns, Shelburne; Rev T. W. Smith, do Wm McRey, Esq, Clyde River, Shelburne Co, N S Rev Thos Smith, Barrington, do; Wm Sargent Port Medway, Queens Co, N S; Spencer Cohoon, do.; Rev C. W. T. Dutcher, Cleveland, Queen's Co. Dr. Pope, M.D., Petite Riviere, Lunenburg Co. Rev. Christopher Lockhart Horton, N. S.; Wm Merry, Bridgewater, Lunenburg Co.; Wm. Owen, Attorney at Law, Bridgewater, Lunenburg Co.; H. B Mitchell, Esq., Chester.
sept 26

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

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