The Family.

The Consolation o Bereaved.

Life's load is heavy, and we bow
Beneath the burden wearily;
But shall we faint in weakness, now
That *one* is free?

Life's way is dark, the clouds of woe
Veil the faint star-beams from our sight;
Yet press we onward, for we know
One is in light!

Life's course is long, our weary hearts
Pant for the goal with toil distrest;
Yet strength the blessed thought imparts,
One is at rest!

Life's pains are sharp; the aching head
Seeks a short hour of rest in vain;
Yet on *one* brow repose is shed—
One has no pain!

Life's dreary waste is wild and rude,
And shelterless our footsteps roam;
Yet is our failing strength renewed—
One is at home!

Life's wants are fierce; from burning thirst
No stream our spirits may restore;
One dwells where living fountains burst,
And thirsts no more!

Life's conflicts thicken; from the strife,
Wounded and worn, we seek release;
But the rude warfare still is rife—
One is in peace!

Life's ills are piercing;
Fills the lone heart by grief opprest;
Yet 'midst our tears 'tis bliss to know
That *one* is blest!

—*Caroline Dent.*

Never Cross a Bridge till you Come to it.

It was beginning to grow dark one pleasant October evening, and little Annie and her grandmother were sitting by a brightly blazing wood fire. Grandmother had her knitting in her hands, and the gathering darkness did not stop her work, for she had knit so many stockings for her children and grandchildren that her fingers knew just what to do without having any eyes to watch them. But, for a wonder, busy little Annie was doing nothing, and had sat for a whole quarter of an hour without even talking. The truth was, Annie had had three little friends to spend the afternoon with her, and they had played and laughed and talked so much that she was glad to rest and be quiet. So she sat watching the bright flames, till grandmother at last said, "what is my little girl thinking about so long?"

And then the unusual silence was broken, and Annie's little tongue ran as fast as it could talk, with a history of all that pleasant afternoon—of the games they had played, and the stories they had told each other under the trees.

"And oh! I remember," she said suddenly, "there was something I wanted to ask you, grandmamma. We were playing 'Proverbs' this afternoon; and one that Lucy gave us to guess was, 'Never cross a bridge till you come to it.' I don't know what it means; do you?"

"Yes, darling: it means, do not be troubled and anxious about difficulties or trials in the future; wait till you come to them."

"But still I don't exactly see what it means about the bridge," said Annie. "Of course, no one can cross a bridge before they come to it."

"I will tell you a little story that may help you to understand it. Once upon a time there was a little girl named Ruth. She was a timid child, afraid of all sorts of things that had no intention of hurting her. If a cow looked toward her, she felt sure it meant to run at her; if a dog barked, she thought it meant to bite her; and if she had to go into a dark room, she trembled with fear till she was safely in the light again. Don't you think she was very foolish?"

"Yes," said Annie, hanging down her head a little, for she remembered some such feelings herself. "But, grandmother, how can any one help being afraid?"

"I will tell you one way. When you are alone in the dark, for instance, do not think about unpleasant things—about ghosts, and robbers, and such things, that will naturally make you afraid; but think of pleasant things; and, if nothing else will take away your fear, remember that your Heavenly Father is with you as much in the darkness as in the light, and when you are with him there is surely nothing to fear.

"But to return to my story. Little Ruth had been spending a day with her aunt, who lived in a great farm-house, not far from her own home. Her father drove her over in the carriage in the morning, and told her she might stay all day, if she would be home by the time the sun set. So Ruth had seen the little new chickens, and played in the hay, and picked currants for Aunt Mary, and been very busy and happy all day. After an early supper, while the sun was still far up above the hills, her aunt took her out in the garden and orchard, and gave her a basket of fruit and flowers. Then she showed her a new and short way home, across the field, into a narrow lane that led into the main road.

"Ruth ran on merrily, stopping sometimes to add some wild flowers to her basket, and sometimes to look back to the fence where Aunt Mary stood watching her. She soon found herself safely in the lane, and, after climbing a little hill, she could see her own home not far away. It was a beautiful view, for she could see the blue ocean far away between the hills, and the river, with the white houses of the village reflected in it, and, close by, the winding road, with hedges of wild rose and elder, and little clumps of trees here and there. But Ruth did not stop long to admire the view; for, as she looked down the hill, she saw something which frightened her. What do you suppose it was?"

"A cow?"

"No; guess again."

"A great black dog?"

"No; it was only a pretty little brook, which ran sparkling over the stones."

"I don't see how she could be afraid of a brook. That couldn't hurt her,"

"This was the trouble. The road, as it seemed to Ruth, ran directly down to the brook, and for a bridge there was only one broad plank. So she began to think how dreadful it would be to have to go over such a bridge. It might break down, or she might be dizzy, and fall off, and be drowned."

"Why, I like to cross over the brook on a board!" said Annie, quite relieved to find that Ruth was not to be an illustration of her own foolish fears.

"But Ruth had not lived in the country long, and little city girls are not in the habit of running about in all sorts of places as you are. Ruth was very much afraid, and she began to think what she could do. Could she go back? No; for it would take a long time to go round by the road, and, besides, she was ashamed to have her aunt know that she was afraid. So she did the most foolish thing possible; she sat down and cried, and then she looked down the hill again, and the water seemed deeper and the bridge narrower than before; and so she cried again. I don't know how long she would have sat there crying, if the sun had not gone down towards the mountains so fast, reminding her that it was time to go home. She went slowly down the hill till the bushes and trees hid the brook and the little bridge, and then she took courage, and ran on faster. She soon came to a turn in the little lane, which she had not seen, the trees were so thick; and where do you suppose she found herself? In the main road, with only a very short distance to go to reach her own gate, where her mother was looking out for her!"

"And where was the brook?"

"The brook was by the side of the road, where it had always been; but the path down to it led off in another direction."

"So all her crying was for nothing, and she didn't have to cross the bridge at all."

"No. And now you see what is meant by crossing a bridge before you come to it; do you not?"

"Yes, grandmamma; but people are never so foolish really, are they?"

"Yes, dear; very often. Many a tear has been shed over troubles that never came. Do you remember a little girl who cried because there were such long words at the end of the spelling-book? How was it when she really had to learn them?"

"Oh, they were easy enough then. And I remember crying one night last week because I thought it would rain the next day, and we could not go to the pic-nic. And it only rained a few drops in the night, and the next day was beautiful. Oh, dear! I didn't think I was so foolish."

"Ah! dear Annie, older people than you sometimes do the same foolish thing."

"But, graudmamma, sometimes the sorrows we fear do really come; and then we have to cross the bridge."

"Certainly, dear; but if little Ruth had not found she was mistaken, and really had to cross the brook, would her crying beforehand have made it any easier? No indeed; and remember this, Annie, God has given us no promise of strength for imaginary sorrows, or for trials that we think may be in the future. He says, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be;' and if we try to carry to-morrow's burdens to-day, we must expect to sink under them. Now, my dear, can you remember any text in the Bible that means the same thing as this proverb?"

"Yes, grandmamma, I think I know one: 'Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"Not Worth a Straw."

Perhaps a straw is not as worthless as you think. Let us see. Straws are the stems of wheat, rye, oats and barley. In order to wave to and fro in the wind, and yet bear up the heads of grain, they must be both light and strong. Let us see how lightness is secured. They are made hollow, you see, like quills; and yet not hollow through the whole length, for every now and then we find a knob or joint, which helps brace up the sides and make them strong. The straw outside is hard, and looks shiny, as if it had been polished. It is polished, and that keeps the weather and the insects from damaging it, besides adding to its strength. Polish! But where does it get polish! God gave these plants the power of drawing up through their roots, this gummy sort of varnish from the earth.

It is flint. There is nothing like it on the stem of the sweet pea or currant bush, because they do not need it. But does it not show God's wisdom and knowledge in giving this power to one plant where it is needed, and withholding it from others where it is not? So you see that a straw even can show the wonderful power of our Creator, God, and speak his praise.

Temperance.

Joe.

I was lecturing in a small town once, and when the lecture was over, persons came up to sign the pledge. A number of young ladies were standing by and looking at the signers with interest. Directly some of them came to me, "Mr. Gough, go out to the door and get Joe to sign the pledge." "Why, I don't know Joe." "Well, he is standing at the door."

Out I went, and standing there was a poor fellow, with an old tattered cap on his head, torn shirt, dirty clothes, old boots, and a woe-begone look. Says I to myself, this must be Joe.

"How do you do, Joe?" said I, "How do you do, sir." "Joe, I want you to sign the pledge." "What for?" "Why, Joe, those ladies in there sent after you." "What—who? Why I didn't think I had a friend in the world." "Come on, Joe, come on," said I. He stopped and said, "Look here; some fellows told me to bring a bottle of liquor into the meeting to-night, and get up and drink, and say, 'Here's to your health.' They said they would give me fifty cents if I did so. Them's 'em all along the gallery up there—there they are. I ain't going to do it." He went to the door, and we heard him smash the bottle on the steps. He came in and went up to the table, and commenced to write his name, but couldn't do it; so he braced himself up and caught hold of his arm, but could not. Says he, "Look here, that's my mark." Then the ladies came up and shook hands with him; but he pulled his cap over his eyes, and now and then wiped a tear away. "Stick to it," said one. "All right, Joe—all right."

Some three years after, I was in the same place, and whilst going along the street, I saw a gentleman coming along, dressed in a good suit—nice black hair, boots cleaned, and a nice shirt collar, with a lady on his arm. I knew it was Joe. Says I, "You stuck to it, didn't you?" "Yes, sir, I stuck to that pledge, and the girls have stuck to me ever since."

Some people think when they have persuaded a drunkard to sign the pledge, they have done. It's a mistake; it's then that he wants your help. He is then at the bottom of the hill lower than the common level; he must climb; it's hard work; he commences tremulously, feeble, doubting; he raises his feet, and gets a little way; and becomes faint; you see he is about to give away; run and put a little peg right under his feet; there, you see he rests; he's tired; he starts again, fearing, as he goes higher; he gazes around him, and looks worried; he has worked hard, and, stop, put another peg right under his feet; he rests; help him up, and when he gets up, he'll look and see those little pegs along and he will not forget them, but bless and remember you.

INTEMPERANCE.—The sword has slain its thousands, but strong drink its tens of thousands. The sword has made broken-hearted widows, silent midnight mourning, orphans, bitter lamentation and great destitution; but in addition to all these, strong drink brings disgrace and utter ruin.

The Drunkard's Boy.

A little boy was seen hastening through the streets of a large city one cold, starless midnight. Faster and faster he ran, as though he feared some lurking spirit of evil would find him out. His conscience was not his own; it was another's! He was being forced to do that which he hated—one of the ten thousand evil effects of rum! His father had come home that evening from the tippling-house almost insane. He had fallen asleep, but had waked raving. "More, *more*, MORE!" he shrieked. Water was offered him, but he dashed the glass away with fury, and demanded rum until the neighbours, hearing the frenzied cry, ran to see the cause; his little boy, shivering with cold, crept from his straw in the corner, too much frightened to lie still. His father, in the height of his madness, saw him, and ordered him to go for rum. When the boy hesitated, he threatened to kill him and the poor little fellow took up the old tin pail, of which he was heartily ashamed, his mother slipping her last piece of money into his hand to pay for the accursed stuff! Oh! what a load of guilt upon that man's soul, to send that boy on such an errand to purchase living death for every soul akin to him!—*The Banner.*

What a Pint of Whiskey Cost.

Some thirty-one years ago, Jonathan Beckwith, a young lawyer of decided promise, bought a pint of whiskey, and getting drunk, wandered out on Terre Coupee prairie on a cold winter night, and was so badly frozen that he lost his reason and the use of his limbs, and has been ever since, until his death two weeks ago, an inmate of the county poor house, an insane cripple, and his keeping has cost the county no less than Eight Thousand Dollars! This is the startling amount that the tax payers of this county have had to pay that one man might pocket a few cents profit on the sale of a pint of whiskey.—*South Bend Register.*

LET the youth who stands with a glass of liquor in his hand consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

Agriculture.

(From the Country Gentleman)

Be Gentle with your Stock.

I presume that no man of experience or of observation will disagree with me, when I assert that a quiet or gentle disposition can be *cultivated* as well as *bred* in *most* if not *all* domestic animals. Point me to a man who *loves* his horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry, and I will show you a gentle, quiet, orderly stock. On the contrary, show me a bad tempered, unfeeling farmer or herdsman, and I will insure you kicking run-away horses, hooking unruly cattle, wild and unquiet sheep and hogs. This is the *rule*. There may be exceptions, but they are few and far between. There are undoubtedly cases in the management of horses and cattle, where sharp and decided discipline may be necessary and proper, but the cases are rare and should be treated with coolness and judgment, and not as is generally the case when under the influence of *passion*. The model horseman or herdsman, when he goes into the stable, always has a kind word for his horse, a gentle *pat* for his neck, or a stroke over his head or nose. If a horse is fond of his keeper, he likes to *smell of him* and eat out of his hand. When he goes to catch a horse out of the pasture, he takes an ear of corn or a handful of oats. He never goes into the field when his animals run, without having a *talk with them.* Perhaps you do not believe, doubting reader, that dumb animals can understand human language. Still they *can*, and you may laugh at me if you are so inclined, when I assure you that I find vastly more enjoyment in talking with an intelligent *horse* than in conversing with a human *ninny.* I am not alone in the indulgence of these "beastly" tastes. Some of the wisest and best of our race have reckoned it among their greatest enjoyments to mingle with their flocks and herds. One of the greatest minds the world ever produced, the "Godlike Daniel," was never so happy as when sauntering among his Alderneys and his Devons. Who doubts that his animals were quiet and peaceable? I have somewhat wandered from my text, but my aim has been to show that if we really *love* our domestic animals, we shall be kind and gentle with them, and that such treatment *generally* begets a like disposition in them. On the contrary, a man that rarely goes near his horse or cow without an angry word or a *kick*, generally has bad tempered or unruly animals. It is easy to show that such treatment is unprofitable, as well as inhuman. All dairymen will bear me our in the assertion that a quiet, gentle milker gets *one-third* more milk than one who kicks and pounds his cows about. A kind and humane teamster who loves and takes good care of his team, will do more work in the long run, with much less of wear and tear, than the ill tempered our who over-drives and abuses his horses. *How mean and unmanly*, as well as unwise, to let our bad temper have vent upon the poor innocent creatures, whom God in his providence has placed under our control. When he decreed that man should "have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle and over all the earth, he did not design that he should play the *tyrant* or *abuse* the responsibily thus imposed upon him; but that he should so act as to hasten the happy period when "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them." If this peaceable epoch shall ever be brought about; it will be through *human instrumentality*, when men shall cultivate peace, not only among nations, states and communities, but in their own households and *farm-yards.*

Scientific Method of Curing Hay.

It has been affirmed by eminent culturists, that hay can be safely deposited in the mow in a semi-green state, and come out green, fragrant, and exceedingly palatable to stock, by sprinkling upon each load from four to six quarts of air-slacked lime. The philosophy of it lies in the chemical fact, that lime is a powerful absorbent. The Rev. E. Willis, of Rockfort, Illinois, tested this process last season, during the unpropitous weather for hay making. Finding that it would be impossible to save the hay by out-door exposure he carried it into his barn in a heavy, green condition. He sifted the lime upon it, and it cured handsomely, and came out in the spring as inviting as flowers pressed in an herbarium. His horses and stock devoured it greedily, and preferred it to the best sun-cured hay.

This is a valuable "chip" of knowledge for farmers. Necessity often compels them to choose between the alternative of leaving out in a drenching rain a few loads of half-cured hay, thereby spoiling it, or hurrying it into the barn with a right smart chance of its heating and moulding. Lime will absorb all the vegetable moisture and save the hay; while salt gathers moisture, and fails in many cases to preserve it.

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as they are the only preparations combining these essential qualities. The ingredients both ANTHELMINTIC and PURGATIVE, composing them are eminently calculated to produce the best results, in accordance with the object of their combination, while they are both pleasant and agreeable to the taste.
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'Must Jesus bear the Cross alone."
'Come hither, all ye weary souls."
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'When I survey the wondrous Cross"
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