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AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally neatly executed.

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WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

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Mutual Insurance Company,

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, President.
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SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

DOOLEY'S

MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Post Office Building, State Street, Boston,
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

CHARLES W. WELDON,

Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Hanway, Sturdee & Co
Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

THOMAS GOW,

Plumber and Gas Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MERRITT'S HOTEL BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Pumps, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

Geneva. Ale. Barley, &c.

Landing from the ships "Barbara" and 'Lisbon' from London:—

20 HHDS. fine Pale GENEVA;
50 Bls. Stout PORTER, "I. W. Bridges & Son;"
50 brls. East India Pale ALE, "Herborts;"
2 cases best Bengal Indigo; 4 cases No. 1 Starch;
30 kegs F. and S. F. MUSTARD;
20 do. best Ground Ginger;
4 cases Servants, Friend; 1 cask Nutmegs;
1 cases Liquorice JUICE;
5 casks Pickles, } "Crosse & Blacks."
2 do. Sauces, }
Ex "Selecia from Glasgow:
2 Puns. Cambelton WHISKY;
10 hhds. } Fine Pale GENEVA;
10 qr. casks }
20 matts Wine Bottles; 10 bales bottle Corks;
28 barrels fine Pot BARLEY;
5 bales Wrapping PAPER;
75 boxes Tobacco Pipes, } very superior;
25 do. Woodstock, do }
10 casks Washing Soda; 2 do. Blue Vitriol;
1 cask Copperas; 2 brls. Cream Tartar.
For sale by
ROBERT ARMSTRONG,
July 7. No. 7, Dock-street.

SALT, FISH, MOLASSES, &c., &c.

SIX HUNDRED Bags Liverpool SALT;
200 Boxes Digby Smoked HERRINGS;
10 Barrels American Mess PORK;
10 Do. Prime Do.;
20 Tierces and 10 Hhds. MOLASSES;
20 Hhds. SUGAR; 10 Brls. Do.;
10 Brls. Pilot Bread; 25 Boxes Saleratus;
75 Boxes Liverpool SOAP;
10 Ditto St. John Manufacture Soap;
15 Boxes CANDLES; 75 Brls. Rye Flour;
50 Boxes Lozenges; 500 Yards Homespun;
10 Boxes PIPES; 10 Kegs Tobacco;
With a great variety of other articles, which will be sold at low rates for cash.
In Store.—12M Beech TREENAILS, 18 to 24.
Sept. 15 Visiter. G. M. BURNS.

NEW HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave, most respectfully, to acquaint the public that he has leased that commodious and pleasantly situated HOTEL, North side of King's Square, formerly occupied by Wm. J. Johnston. The house has been newly furnished and he would assure those who may favour him with a call that nothing shall be wanting on his part to make them comfortable. By strict attention to order, providing a well-furnished table, clean and comfortable bedding, and moderate charges, he hopes to insure a fair share of public patronage.

☞ Good stabling and a trusty Hostler.
Sept. 29, 1854. G. RIX PRICE.

WROUGHT NAILS.—Just arrived by the Ship John Barbour—25 Packages, consisting of 6dy., 8dy., 10dy., and 20dy. Board NAILS; Fourpenny, 5dy., and 8dy. Ox NAILS; Sixpenny and 10dy. Horse NAILS. For Sale by JOHN KINNEAR.
January 5. Prince Wm.-street.

WASHING POWDER.—Received per Packet Liberia, and sold at one fifth the usual price.
FELLOWS & CO.

Fall Importations.

RECEIVED per Ships "Joseph Tarrat" and "Imperial" from England, "Eastern City" and "Adelaide" from Boston, a large and Extensive Stock of Season Whitney BEAVER, PILOTS and BEARSKIN CLOTHES; Fancy DOESKIN and CASSIMERE, TWEEDS and VESTINGS, in French cut and Plain Velvets and Satins a beautiful article purchased from the Manufacturers; Red, Blue and White FLANNELS, heavy Kerseys; London Wool Shirts and Drawers; Grey White and Painted COTTONS, Orleans—Coburgs" and Luster "Coburgs."

READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' COATS—in Moleskin, Beaverkin, Witney, Beaver and Pilot CLOTHS, made and Trimmed in the best style;

French Figured and plain Silk Velvets; Figured and plain Satins and Cassimeres, VESTS, Kossuth and every description of Winter Vests; 2000 pair of PANTALOONS from 5s. to 25s.; Boys CLOTHING in Great Variety of Texture and prices; 500 Reefing JACKETS in Beaver and Pilot Clothes; 4 Bales of Buffaloes Robes; 2 Bales of Buffaloe and Seal Skin Coats; Goodyears Rubber Clothing of every description; Mushrat FURS, Beaver and Seal Skin CAPS; Beaver and Kossuth HATS and every description of Outfitting GOODS at this Establishment.

If you want to purchase Cheap Clothing go to the Old Established "St. John Clothing Mart," of sixteen years standing, well known to be the Largest and Cheapest Establishment in the City, where all can be fitted with the best of Clothing. All Goods marked in plain figures. No Reduction.

Gentlemen's Clothing made to Order at the Shortest Notice.

F. NEILL.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 19th, 1854.

(Buy where you can buy the Cheapest—at

GRANITE HALL,
NO. 1 DOCK STREET.
THE LARGEST STOCK, AND BEST VALUE IN NEW-BRUNSWICK.

GOOD CLOTHS,
GOOD TRIMMINGS,
WELL CUT,
AND WELL MADE.

BARGAINS IN OVER COATS.
BARGAINS IN DRESS COATS.
BARGAINS IN BUSINESS COATS.
BARGAINS IN WATERPROOF COATS.
BARGAINS IN ALL KINDS OF VESTS.
BARGAINS IN EVERY STYLE OF PANTALOONS.
BARGAINS IN FURNISHING GOODS.
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, Carpet Bags, &c. &c. &c.

Dec. 1. THOS. R. JONES.

We have obtained the Victory.

KENNAY & SCHRINER,

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.

HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, fluss legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-3 octave to A above.

N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.

Every description of English and American made Pianos tuned and repaired. March 18th.

Greater Bargains than Ever.

TREMENDOUS REDUCTION!

CLEARING OUT ENTIRE STOCK, TO MAKE ROOM FOR
Early Spring Importations!!
AT THE

VICTORIA HOUSE,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, AND
BRITISH HOUSE,
KING STREET.

The Subscriber have THIS DAY *still further marked down* ALL THEIR STOCK determined to CLEAR OFF *every article, before arrival of* Spring Importations.

☞ TERMS—CASH ONLY.

N. B.—All Goods marked in Plain Figures.
Feb. 2d. J. DOHERTY & CO.

India Rubber Boots & Shoes.

Received on Consignment from the Manufacturers:

110 CASES Ladies, Gents' and Children's Rubber Over SHOES.

The above are warranted to be of the best quality, and will be sold lower than any ever offered to the public.

Ladies Metallic RUBBERS, price 4s.;
Gents' do. ditto, " 4s 6d.

A credit of three Months will be given on all purchasers over £15. B. O'BRIEN.

"Waverley House," King Street.

P. S.—Also a large assortment of leather Goods. January 5.

ROBERT NISBET,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker,
Prince William Street.

HAS always on hand FURNITURE of every description, and of the best quality,

Rosewood, Mahogany, Walnut, and Covered COFFINS, of every size and price, furnished at short notice. Also—*Palls and Hearse.*

☞ UPHOLSTERING carried on in all its branches. St. John, Feb. 16, 1855.

PURE COD-LIVER OIL & LIME.—A further supply of this Valuable Medicine, received by Steamer from Boston. W. O. SMITH.

MONEY WANTED.—I want to sell for money, 1 bbl. Cuba SUGAR, 1 bbl. PORK, and 2 boxes No. 1 Cavendish TOBACCO—duty paid. Price moderate.
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.
March 23. No. 5 Prince Wm. Street.

Under Patronage of Royalty and the Authority of the Faculty.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

UPWARDS of Forty Years' experience has fully confirmed the superior reputation of these Lozenges, in the cure of ASTHMA, WINTER COUGH, HOARSENESS, SHORTNESS of BREATH, and other PULMONARY MALADIES.

They have deservedly obtained the high patronage of their Majesties the KING OF PRUSSIA, and the KING OF BAVARIA; very many also of the NOBILITY and CLERGY, and of the Public generally use them, under the recommendation of some the most eminent of the Faculty.

They have immediate influence over the following cases:—*Influenza and Consumptive Complaints, Coughs Shortness of Breath, Hoarseness, &c. &c.*

Prepared and Sold in Boxes and Tins of various sizes, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; Sold retail by all Druggists, &c., in the whole world.

N. B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "Keating's Cough Lozenges" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

VALUABLE TESTIMONIAL.

Cure of Asthma of several years standing

Cainscross, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, March 20, 1850.

SIR,—Having been troubled with Asthma for several years, I could find no relief from any medicine whatever, until I was induced about two years ago to try a box of your valuable Lozenges, and found such relief from them that I am determined for the future never to be without a box of them in the house, and will do all in my power to recommend them to my friends.

If you consider the above Testimonial of any advantage, you are quite at liberty to make what use of it you please. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,
THOS. KEATING, Esq. W. J. TRIGG.

☞ Agents for St. John, Messrs. CHUBB & Co.; Fredericton, Mr. James GALT, Druggist.

St. John, December, 1854. 6m. 1af.

NEW GOODS for Fall Trade

COMMERCE HOUSE,
KING STREET.

OCTOBER 6TH, 1854.

HORSFALL & SHERATON

Have received per Steamers "CANADA," and "NIAGARA," and Packet Ships David G. Fleming," "John Barbour," "John Bannerman," and "Joseph Tarratt":

181 Packages of English and French Goods,

Being a part of their extensive purchases for the Fall Business; and comprising a good assortment of every description of

WOULENS, LINENS, COTTONS,
SILKS, Furs, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces,

and SMALL WARES of every description, which are offered to Wholesale Buyers at the lowest rates, and most favourable terms.

HOUSE FURNISHING.

NEW STYLES.—Oct. 2nd, 1854.

HORSFALL & SHERATON respectfully request the attention of persons furnishing house, to the following description of GOODS, the assortment of which is superior to any heretofore in this market, and are offered at rates to suit the most economical.

Rich Gilt and Mahogany Poles and Cornices, of superior style and finish;
DAMASKS and MOREENS, in all of the Fashionable Colours, with suitable Trimmings;
Silk Brocatelles, very rich;
Silk and Woollen DAMASKS;
Cords and Tassell, for Ottoman;
Rich Velvet Pile, and Tapes CARPETINGS;
Brussels 3-ply Kid dermister; Scotch do.;
Hearth Rugs, Sheepskin and Rope Mats;
DRUGGETS, from 4 4 to 16-4;
English and American Floor Oil CLOTHS, new patterns, in all the useful widths;
BLANKETS, QUILTS and Counterpanes;
Table Linens and Sheetings;
Cloth, Worsted, and Linen Table COVERS, &c.
Oct. 4.

NEW GOODS.

NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE.

SEARS' BRICK BUILDING, NORTH SIDE OF KING STRT.

R. HUNTER,

HAVING completed his FALL IMPORTATION from Great Britain and the United States, has now on hand, and offers For Sale at his usually low prices, a large and varied assortment of Goods, suitable for the Season—

IN PART CONSISTS OF

Beaver, Pilot, Witney and Mohair CLOTHS, with numerous other materials suitable for Over Coats; Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Tweeds, Satinets, &c., &c.

VESTINGS—In Silk Velvet, Plush, Satins, Quiltings, &c., &c.

The Clothing Department—The largest and most varied assortment of CLOTHING in the Province—cut and made up on the premises. The assortment being continually kept up, having a great number of hands employed.

The Furnishing Department comprises a general assortment of Gent's White and Fancy Shirts Collars, Shirt Fronts, Neck and Pocket Hdkfs, Fancy Ties, Mufflers, Socks, Braces, Umbrellas Carpet Bags, Valises, Trunks, Snow Stockings, Hats, Caps, &c., &c.

Goodyears' Patent India Rubber Coats, Capes and Leggins.

The principle on which this Establishment was first commenced, and which has given such general satisfaction to the public for the last five years, is still continued—that is

No second price—all Goods marked in plain figures.

Nov. 24, 1854. R. HUNTER.

Cars! Cars!! Cars!!!

THE subscriber has for Sale One Hundred and Fifty Pair (150) of rough Spruce from 12 to 18 feet long

—also—

Twenty Pair of Dressed ditto, from 12 to 18 feet long. Apply to THOMAS SMITH, Spar Maker, Stormont Street, Sydney Ward.
Dec. 11, 1854.

MEN & WOMEN!

RUB, RUB, RUBBER SHOES, For Sale Cheap.

ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.
Dec. 8, 1853. No. 5, Prince William Street

IS WANT.

MEN in want of either BOOTS, Bootees, or SHOES, will find it to their advantage to call into No. 5 Prince Wm.-Street, before purchasing elsewhere. I have a large Stock on hand, and will sell them cheap for cash.

ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.
Prince Wm.-Street, Sept. 15.

HOLLOWAYS PILLS AND OINTMENT—Just received and for sale by
October 28, 1853. FELLOWS & CO.

Poetry.

MONUMENTS.

BY JOHN S. L. SOULE.

Not in cemetries only
Are the records of the dead;
All around on hearth-stones lonely
May their epitaphs be read.

Every household showeth traces
Sacred to departed love;
And each band of kindred faces
Hath an absent one above.

Not a heart but hath some corner
Darkened by the cypress shade,
Where affection sits, a mourner,
By the waste that death hath made.

Not an eye but frequent turneth
Upward to the jewelled sky,
To some flashing gem, that burneth
With a new-born brilliancy.

Polished slabs and granite solemn
May heroic deeds enroll;
But the only during column
Rises, quarried from the soul—

From the soul, where fondly linger
Shadows of the lovely flown;
Where no sacrilegious finger
Stains the monumental stone.

Marble words alone can never
Immortality impart;
But loves record lives for ever
Deeply sculptured on the heart.

Let no impious Te Deum
Celebrate the spirit's praise—
Not the chisled mausoleum,
With its Lapidary lays.

Love shall claim the holy duty,
Watching with her angel tread;
Tinging with immortal beauty
All the relics of the dead.

THE PRINTER'S PRAYER.

Oh, thou Great HEAD of earth and heaven.
Who dost the howling Tempests ride,
Thy will the holy RULE has given—
Be thou the Printers friendly GUIDE.

When eve thy azure bow expands,
He sees the STARRY LETTERS bright,
The work of thy eternal hands.
Great sovereign of therial light.

With heaven's effulgent TYPE serene,
The beautious rainbows' cheering ray,
IMPRINT upon his soul the scene
That opens in celestial day.

And when this earthly mouldering FORM
Is LOCKED in death's cold icy CHASE,
Oh, save his spirit from the storm
That hurls the vicious from thy face.

And oh, when the last trump shall sound,
And bid the slumbering dust arise,
May he be in the COLUMNS found
That form the PAGES of the skies.

Miscellaneous.

HOME SCENES—ONLY A FEW WORDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. James Winkleman shut the door with a jar, as he left the house, and moved down the street, in the direction of his office, with a quick firm step and the air of a man slightly disturbed in mind.

"Things are getting better fast," said he, with a touch of irony in his voice, as he almost flung himself into his leather-cushioned chair. "Its rather hard when a man has to pick his words in his own house, as carefully as if he were picking diamonds, and tread as softly as if he were stepping on eggs. I don't like it. Mary gets weaker and more foolish every day, and puts a breadth of meaning on my words that I never intended them to have. I've not been used to this conning over of sentences and picking out of all doubtful expressions ere venturing to speak, and I'm too old to begin now. Mary took me for what I am, and she must make the most of her bargain. I'm past the age for learning new tricks."

With these and many other justifying sentences, did Mr. Winkleman seek to obtain a feeling of self approval. But, for all this, he could not shut out the image of a tearful face, nor get rid of an annoying conviction that he had acted thoughtlessly, to say the least of it, in speaking to his wife as he had done.

But what was all this trouble about? Clouds were in the sky that bent over the home of Mr. Winkleman, and it is plain that Mr. Winkleman himself had his own share in the work of producing these clouds. Only a few unguarded words had been spoken. Only words! And was that all.

Words are little things, but they sometimes strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and the fertilizing rain—but, when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest. Some men speak as they feel or think, without calculating the force of what they say; and they seem very much surprised if any one is hurt or offended. To this class belonged Mr. Winkleman. His wife was a loving, sincere woman, quick to feel. Words, to her, were indeed things. They never fell upon her ears as idle sounds. How often was her poor heart busied by them!

On this particular morning, Mrs. Winkleman, whose health was feeble, found herself in a weak nervous state. It was only by an effort that she could rise above the morbid irritability that afflicted her. Earnestly did she strive to repress the disturbed beatings of her heart, but she strove in vain. And it seemed to her, as it often does in such cases, that everything went wrong. The children were fretful, the cook dilatory and cross, and Mr. Winkleman impatient because sundry little matters pertaining to his wardrobe were not just to his mind.

"Eight o'clock, and no breakfast yet," said Mr. Winkleman, as he drew out his watch, on completing his own toilet, Mrs Winkleman was in the act of dressing the last of five children, all of whom had passed under her hands. Each had been captious, cross, or unruly, sorely trying the mother's patience. Twice had she been in the kitchen, to see how breakfast was progressing, and to enjoin the careful preparation of a favourite dish with which she had purposed to surprise her husband.

"It will be ready in a few minutes," said Mrs. Winkleman, "The fire hasn't burned freely this morning."

"If it isn't one thing, it is another," growled the husband. "I'm getting tired of this irregularity There'd soon be no breakfast to get, if I were always behind time in business matters."

Mrs. Winkleman bent lower over the child she was dressing, to conceal the expression of her face. What a sharp pain now throbbed though her temples. Mr. Winkleman commenced walking the floor impatiently, little imagining that every jarring footfall was like a blow on the sensitive aching brain of his wife.

"Too bad! too bad!" he had just ejaculated when the bell rung.

"At last!" he muttered, and strode towards the breakfast room. The children followed in considerable disorder, and Mrs. Winkleman, after hastily arranging her hair, and putting on a morning cap, joined them at the table. It took some moments to restore order among the little ones.

The dish that Mrs. Winkleman had been at considerable pains to provide for her husband, was set beside his plate. It was his favorite among many, and his wife looked for a pleased recognition thereof, and a lighting up of his clouded brow. But he did not seem even to notice it. After supplying the children, Mr. Winkleman helped himself in silence. At the first mouthful he threw down his knife and fork, and pushed his plate from him.

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife.

"You didn't trust Bridget to cook this, I hope," was the response.

"What ails it?" Mrs. Winkleman's eyes were filling with tears.

"Oh! it's no consequence," answered Mr. Winkleman, coldly, "anything will do for me."

"James!" There was a touching sadness blended with rebuke in the tones of his wife; and, as uttered his name, tears gushed over her cheeks.

Mr Winkleman didn't like tears. They always annoyed him. At the present time, he was in no mood to bear with them. So, on the impulse of the moment, he arose from the table, and taking up his hat, left the house.

Self-justification was tried, though not, as has been seen, with complete success. The calmer grew the mind of Mr. Winkleman, and the clearer his thoughts, the less satisfied did he feel with the part he had taken in the morning's drama. By an inversion of thought, not usual among men of his temperament, he had been presented with a vivid realization of his wife's side of the question. The consequence was, that, by dinner time, he felt a good deal ashamed of himself, and grieved for the pain he knew his hasty words had occasioned.

It was in this better state of mind that Mr. Winkleman returned home. The house seemed still as he entered. As he proceeded up stairs, he heard the children's voices, pitched to a low key, in the nursery. He listened but could not hear the tones of his wife. So he passed into the front chamber, which was darkened. As soon as he could see clearly in the feeble light, he perceived that his wife was lying on the bed. Her eyes were closed, and her than face looked so pale and death-like, that Mr. Winkleman felt a cold shudder creep through his heart. Coming to the bedside, he leaned over and gazed down upon her. At first, he was in doubt whether she really breathed or not; and he felt a heavy weight removed when he saw that her chest rose and fell in feeble respiration.

"Mary!" He spoke in a low, tender voice.

Instantly the fringed eyelids parted, and Mrs. Winkleman gazed upon her husband's face in partial bewilderment.

Obeying the moment's impulse, Mr. Winkleman bent down and lift a kiss upon her pale lips. As it moved by an electric thrill the wife's arms were flung around the husband's neck.

"I am sorry to find you so ill," said Mr. Winkleman, in a voice of sympathy. "What is the matter?"

"Only a sick-headache," replied Mrs. Winkleman. "But I've had a good sleep, and feel better now. I didn't know it was so late," she added, her tone changing slightly, and a look of concern coming into her countenance. "I'm afraid your dinner is not ready;" and she attempted to rise. But her husband bore her gently back with his hand, saying:

"Never mind about dinner. It will come in good time. If you feel better, lie perfectly quiet. Have you suffered much pain?"

"Yes." The word did not pass her lips sadly, but came with a softly, wreathing smile. Already the wan hue of her cheeks was giving place to a warmer tint, and the dull eyes brightening. What a healing power was in his tender tones and considerate words. And that kiss—it had thrilled along every nerve—it had been as nectar to the drooping spirit. "But I feel so much better, that I will get up," she added, now rising from her pillow.

And Mrs. Winkleman was entirely free from pain. As she stepped upon the carpet, and moved across the room, it was with a firm tread. Every muscle was elastic, and the blood leaped along her veins with a new and healthier impulse.

No trial of Mr. Winkleman's patience, in a late dinner, was in store for him. In a few minutes the bell summoned the family; and he took his place at the table so tranquil in mind, that he almost wondered at the change in his feelings. How different was the scene, from that presented at the morning meal!

And was there power in a few simple words to effect so great a change as this? Yes, in simple word fragrant with the odots of kindness.

A few gleams of light shone into the mind of Mr. Winkleman, as he returned musing to his office, and he saw that he was often to blame for the clouds that darkened so often over the sky of home.

"Mary is foolish," he said, in partial self-justification, "to take my hasty words so much to heart. I speak often without meaning. If what I say. She ought to know me better. And yet," he added, as his step became slower, for he was thinking closer than usual, "it may be easier for me to choose my words more carefully, and to repress the unkindness of tone that gives them a double force, than for her to help feeling pain at their utterance."

Right Mr. Winkleman! That is the common sense of the whole matter. It is easier to strike, than to help feeling or showing signs of pain, under the inflictions of a blow. Look well to your words, all ye members of a home circle. And especially look well to your words, ye whose words have the most weight, and fall if dealt in passion, with the heaviest force.—*Home Magazine.*

"HE CARETH FOR YOU.—Children of affliction, hear ye this. What though the world forsake you, and leave you to mourn alone. What though a base ingratitude has stung you to the quick, and clouds of anxieties are clustering all around you. There is one that careth for you, and though all others should forsake you, he never will. True, the night is dark and the billow are strong, and the tempest thickens, yet look up; there is one walking on the billows by your side, who is mightier than you; and, it is to just such as you that he loves extend his care—that precious care, whose watchfulness is never withdrawn; whose love is never dimmed. In the valley He will walk by your side, and along the steep and dreary road will take your burden to Himself. 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, He will sustain thee.'

"He careth for you.' Child of perplexity, hear ye this. Why then take thought for to morrow, the morrow is all His own. Can you make it better? If you could make it better and take it out of His hands all to yourself, would you do it? I doubt it, if you knew how much He loved you. Trials perhaps, but then trials producing what? why a heart fitted to love and serve Him, just such a heart as He says you must have if you are to dwell forever with Him.

Politeness is one of the cheapest things in the world. It pays the best of civil dends, and no one ever lost anything by investing in it.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

The great mass of mankind are laborers. The broad sweep of that universal law, that in the sweat of our face we shall eat our bread, lays on the stern alternative—work or starve. In some lights this looks like the law of a hard master; and the philosophic friend of humanity is saddened at the spectacle of all this weariness and toil, burden alike for body and soul, and very naturally wonders how this drudgery and care can be man's to harmonize with the dignity of man's nature, or the benevolence of man's Creator. What relation has the bent back and the furrowed brow, and the hard hand and the worn out frame, and the over tasked brain and the weary sinking heart, with the growth of the immortal mind, and with all those better aspirations of the soul—those most characteristic marks of the Divine finger which formed it?

These and a thousand questions like them, which pass through the thoughtful mind, would be hard to answer, if there were not a brighter side to the decree. But once find in this law the noble purpose and the beneficial results of labor—let down upon this busy, toiling scene of life the beautiful light of the Creator's love and the difficulty vanishes. Work is man's appointed task—the great mission he is sent upon. Labor is not merely a necessity, but a duty—the fulfilment of a responsible trust—obedience to a wisely imposed and beneficient law.

You are obliged to work! Thank God and all your star for it! Out of his infinite treasure-house of gifts, we know not that the Creator could find a more precious one than this same necessity of labor. In the midst of your weariness and pain, think a moment;—labor of some sort lies at the foundation of all progress, all hope, all good here or hereafter. From first to last, life is a school to teach activity, effort, labor. Every sense and every muscle of the body must be trained; every intellectual and moral power within us has to be brought out and cultivated. Nature is a vigorous old school-dame; and her morning greeting and evening charge to her pupils is, what the voice of conscience within us is—he that will not work shall not eat. We are not sent into the world to be sheep, to crop the spontaneous herbage of the field, and then recline on full stomachs in thoughtless repose. Nature gives nothing but the raw material, which we must work up for our wants.

Thought as well as wool must be combed and spun; virtue as well as gold must be dug out, cleansed and assayed; honor, station power—all good must be built up, course by course, toilingly and anxiously every step to the top. If nature had her way, the monarch in this world would be the greatest worker, and the only order of nobility composed of those that achieve the largest and best results. Labor is life's great function. With spade and plough, with shaft and furnace, with fire and steam, amidst the noise and whirl of swift and bright machinery, abroad in the silent fields under the roofing sky—everywhere and always, man must work, always be experimenting, pushing, progressing. He is a man only when he works—he is faithful to life's great law, and God's express will, only as he toils on, in imitation of the nature that supports him.

Yes, thank God for labor! It is the only way of happiness and self-respect. Luxurious indolence never yet did for a man, and never will. There is a law against it. Every good thing in this world has its price. Whatever is obtained without effort, by a necessary law of the mind, is used without pleasure. To enjoy a thing we must strive for it; and usually the measure of the enjoyment will be the length and stress of the toil by which it has been obtained. The mother loves not one of the group that clusters around her fireside, and claims her affection, as she loves the poor fragile plant whose life and growth have been the fruits of manifold watchings, and cares and tears. No dividend nor instalment is half so sweet to the possessor of millions, as that first precious dollar that rewarded his early toil. The heart gilds with a thousand precious affections, the object it strives for and toils for. The world over, labor, and peace, toil and pleasure, work and happiness, go hand in hand. The sweat of the brow turns into diamonds and drops upon our path.

Nobody has a right to live who does not labor in some way. A lazy man is a defaulter in the most precious trusts; and, tried by a just standard, he deserves to be shunned—if not shut up. Nature has no respect for the man that will not work. She uses him very roughly indeed. If it were not for his friends or for his crimes he would be starved and put out of the way. If you ask, the stars, or the ever swelling sea, or the untiring forces of earth and air, they will tell you he is only a man, and worthy the honor of manhood, who masters his tasks, and goes about his appointed duty manfully. All others are intruders, drones—or something worse.

UNJUST EXECUTIONS.

"Do you know of any people ever hung unjustly?" There are a number of well-authenticated cases of unjust hanging. The case of Jonathan Bradford, the Oxford inn-keeper, who was hung for the murder of a guest named Hayes, is well known. Bradford went to the gallows protesting his innocence; but the circumstances of guilt were so overwhelming that nobody believed him. Eighteen months after his execution, a Postman, formerly in the employ of Hayes, confessed the crime, when laid on a bed of sickness. In the year 1742, a waiter named Jennings, residing at the Bell Inn, Hull, kept by one James Brunell, was hung on a charge of highway robbery. A variety of circumstances, all tending to fasten the crime on poor Jennings, were proved at the trial which he could not rebut. He was hung, declaring his innocence up to the very moment of execution. Within a twelvemonth after, Brunell, the master Jennings, was arrested for robbery, and the fact being proved on trial, he was convicted and sentenced to death. During his repentance, he confessed that he had committed many robberies, and among others, the one for which Jennings suffered. A case is cited in Hale's Pleas of the Crown, where a gentleman in England was hung for the murder of his niece, a little child, who suddenly disappeared. Soon after his execution, the child made her appearance, and stated that she had merely run away from her uncle's ill-treatment. There were a number of strong circumstances against the prisoner, and by a foolish act of his own he fully confirmed the suspicion of his guilt. Feeling perfectly conscious of his innocence, yet not knowing how to disprove or explain away the strong appearances of guilt, he procured a girl bearing a remarkable resemblance to the missing child, and attempted to show that she was