

The Family.

Chide Mildly the Erring.

Chide mildly the erring— Kind language erring— Grief follows the sin—

Chide mildly the erring; Jeer not at their fall; If strength were but human,

How weak were we all! What marvel that footsteps Should wander astray.

Chide mildly the erring; Entreat them with care; Their natures are mortal—

God's Little Girl. Papa, dear papa," exclaimed little May

"No, indeed," said May. "Fannie behaved beautifully—a thousand times better than I should have done.

"Yes, my darling," replied Mr. Davis. "I only know whose little girl Fannie is, and I only know whose little daughter was a child of the same father."

"Indeed, I wouldn't like to have Fannie's father for mine," said May. "And I don't see why you should wish such a thing, either."

"About a year ago Fannie gave her heart to Jesus, and now she is God's little girl; that is what I mean," replied Mr. Davis.

"God's little girl!" repeated May. "and does he keep her from being often naughty?"

"But I don't know how," May answered, looking up sadly. "and besides, I am not half good enough to be God's little girl."

"Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,'" replied her father. "He does not say, 'Suffer good little children to come,' but all children, no matter how naughty, if they only wish to be good.

"Does May remember the day last summer when she was lost in the woods?" asked her father. "Yes, indeed," replied the child. "I never can forget that day, nor how I cried till you came and found me."

"Did my little daughter enjoy the beautiful flowers, and the birds that sang so sweetly in the trees, better when wandering all alone, or when I found her, and we walked home together, hand in hand?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Oh, for then I felt so safe so happy, that the flowers and birds seemed a thousand times more beautiful than ever before."

"Just so it is with little Fannie," said Mr. Davis. "Once she was lost, and wandering far away from the path which leads to heaven; but now she has an Almighty Father ever near, to guide her steps towards that bright home prepared for her in heaven.

"Yes, indeed," replied May. "I would expect her to be just as she is—very, very happy. And, papa, I mean to ask God, before I go to sleep, if he won't please make me his little girl, for Jesus' sake!"

"Tears of joy filled that father's eyes, as he looked upon his little one; but fearing that she might mistake them for tears of sadness, he said cheerfully, 'God will bless you my precious one, and keep her close to him through life and death, if she will honor him and obey him.'"

"Yes, dear papa," said the child, earnestly. "I will give my heart to Jesus, and ask him to help me to be good." And then, with a bright smile she added, "It will make me very, very happy, to know that I am his little girl."

"Does my dear little reader intend to wander through the world alone?" "No, indeed," May answered. "papa and mamma are with me, and they love me ever so much." But they cannot live always, darling, nor could they take their little one, if she were dying, and carry her to that happy home in heaven.

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In the Catalogue of the Nova Scotia Department, drawn up by the Board of Provincial Commissioners, it is stated under the head of Horticultural Productions, &c., that the climate of Nova Scotia is particularly suitable to the growth of the Apple tree; that the crop is generally sure and large. Sorts which in England require a wall or espalier, grow and thrive in the open orchards, as standards. Five situate an enormous size. A specimen of the Gloria Mundi Apple sent to England, measured from 16 to 17 inches in circumference. "The amount of Apples raised in 1860 was 186,481 bushels, Annapolis County raising 65,405 bushels."

The varieties preserved in alcohol were the Gloria Mundi, Gilliflower, Ribston Pippin, Seek-no-further, Bishop's Pippin, Golden Pippin, and others.

In the preserved state the specimens of the Gloria Mundi, as nearly as can be ascertained through the jar, are *Spina* in diameter, which corresponds with the size mentioned above. The Ribston Pippin has been well grown. A long cylindrical Apple, which appears to be the Lady's Finger, of Cox, is as much as 6 or 6 inches in length. From an inspection of this part of the exhibition, it is evident that the apple succeeds well in Nova Scotia.

In the local catalogue to which we have referred, it is stated that "The Pear grows vigorously, is very productive, and sorts such as the Marie Louise, Williams' Bon Christian, Louise Bon of Jersey, Knight's Monarch, and other hardy ones will do exceedingly well as standards; crop comes in a good average size, but not so large in proportion as the Apples. This may be owing to the circumstance that the Apple from the time of its blossoming, attains its full size at the shorter time than the Pear; and as the mean temperature of April in Nova Scotia is 30°, and that of May only 40°, the Pear cannot be in blossom till a month after its usual period in Europe, or probably not before the end of May; consequently its season of growth is shorter than in countries where it acquires the highest perfection as when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a lawyer says when you are reflected from your door by your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress.

This art of hearing, though not taught in the schools, is by no means unknown or unpracticed in society. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.

There are two doors inside my ears—a right hand door leading to the heart, and a left hand door, with a broad and steep passage, leading out into the open air. This last door receives all ugliness, profanity, vulgarity, mischief-making, which suddenly find themselves outside of me.

Judicious teachers and indulgent parents save young archness a world of trouble by a convenient deafness. Bankers and brokers often are extremely hard of hearing when usual business is important. I never hear a man who runs a stage in the street, howling my name at the top of his voice; nor those who talk evil of those who are absent; nor those who give me unasked advice about my own affairs; nor those who talk largely about things of which they are ignorant.

If there are sounds of kindness, of mirth, of love, open fly my ears; but of reproach, or hatred, or vulgarity, or flattery shuts them. If you keep your garden gate shut, your flowers and fruit will be safe. If you keep your doors closed no thief will run off with your silver; and if you keep your ears shut, your heart will lose neither its flowers nor its treasures.

The Art of Laughing. A merry heart—a cheerful spirit, from which the laughter bubbles up as naturally as gold bright beads from a glass of champagne—are they not worth all the money-bags, stocks, and mortgages that Wall Street holds? The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma; his face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. If things go right he laughs because he is pleased; if they go wrong he laughs because it is cheaper than crying. People are always going to see him—their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks on the grinning face. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; it seems as if sunshine came into the room with him, and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on the pathway. A good humored laugh is the key of all hearts. 'Satire,' says a keen observer, 'is the most useful of all forms of writing; sentiment is literally wasted on nineteen readers out of twenty. The truth is that people like to be laughed at in a general sort of way. If you are making yourself ridiculous, you want to be told of it in a pleasant manner, not to be sneered at. And it is astonishing how frankly the laughing population can talk, without treading on the sensitive toes of their neighbors. Why will people put on long faces when it was much easier and more comfortable to laugh? Tears are too plentiful in this world by far; they come to us unthought and unbidden. The wisest art in life is to cultivate smiles; to find the flowers where others shrink away from thorns. The man that laughs is on the high road to discover the philosopher's stone.

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as a sailor would furl his sails, and making all light, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magnetic field, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down the portmanteau of my ear, and he cannot get in any further. Does the collector of neighborhood scandal take my ear as a warehouse, it instinctively shuts up. Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that