The family.

THE PRAYER OF A DYING SUFFERER I come to Thee, blest Jesus, I who have little faith. I clasp Thy hand to hold me Through all the pain of death. When heart and flesh are tailing, O Saviour, fail me not; No evil thing can hurt me If not by Thee forgot.

As to repentant Mary, As to the dying thief, To me, repentant, dying, Speak pardon and relief. Through the sharp hour of parting, While doubts and fears increase, Into the grave's dark shadow Bid Thou me go in peace.

Entering the unknown region Ot the strange spirit-land, Guide Thou my timid footsteps Hold Thou my trembling hand. O Let the heavens opening Not dazzling angels show Bet my departed dear ones. Whom best I love and know

And do Thou, O my Saviour Thine earthly likeness wear, That as the " Man of Sorrows ' I first may see Thee there, And at Thy blest feet kneeling. As oft I've longed to kneel. To Thee with grief acquainted. All my sad case reveal.

If Thou dost say "Forgiven. If Thou forbid'st to weep, It Thou Thyselt dost promise Those I now leave to keep I too of the glad angels May join the happy song, Nor downcast and a stranger. Fear their too joyeus throng

> A TRAGEDY. ACTED EVERY NIGHT

By Rev. John Hall, D. D.,

Scene First. A dingy room, with a dul light in it; on an old and ill-used sofa a pale jaded woman in a halt-sleep. We may study the room till she awakes.

Something of former respectability in it. a general depository of odds and ends; carpet fierce retort; blows. If the demons can get could have set things right. But he had always of nice pattern, but sorely faded, and worn into ragged holes near the windows ; window cur-

been aimed already; the babe's head had re-ceived it first. She'screamed, "Oh! my child!" and fell too. The old man and the boy saw it. While the poor mother, in evident fear, lays out a supper let us take a survey of him. His

der than his body; traces of good fe

As for Tom when his mother left the room, if his wife and children were not like the morning? Those two hours rightly used will be and was quiet, he produced a bottle he had brought in; he raked up the coals in the stove; he drank again and again; and then flung him-blame his wife for not making enough of his self on his bed and slept the drunkard's sleep. presents, for he well knew he never gave her hours but those two you waste if you sleep them Scene Third .- The same room; better fur-any; nor did he greet her with those kind words "Midnight oil" is a humbag. You go to bed nished; some new things in it, and a sewing which would not have failed to draw the same in the evening when you are tired, and set

your mind to work in the morning when you are machine in the space by the window. The old from her. mathing and opace of the white. The bas was a good husband without being a rested. Guard your character in the beginning

where the state of the second state of the sec

ried. That is his wife with a print gown of kind one, spending his money for the most and in the end it will guard you. faming colors, and enormous earrings. She part on his family in a hard, business-like kind To tell you the fate of other apprentices, who flaming colors, and enormous earrings. She part on his family in a hard, business-like kind To tell you the fate of other apprentices, who had been a domestic, but got tired of restraint, of way, but showing no affection towards his loafed the evenings and slept the mornings saved money, and set up a sewing machine, and thus was free to go to the theatre, where she As Wedge walked home, his tools on his met Tom, walked with him, received his propo- back, he came across an old friend, carrying genuine happiness. Your usefulness wil sals, and at length married him a year ago. It carefully a dainty bunch of snowdrops in his crease, your self respect will strengthen, your is past eleven o'clock, when Tom comes in, to big, rough hand. "Here, Will," he said, walking along by growth, and your whole being will march along find his wife's brows black as night, and an the carpenter "I've just given a trifle for the upward path rejoicing .- N. Y. Tribune.

ominous silence threatening a storm. "Got any supper for a fellow. Bess?" is these flowers-pretty bits of things, ain't they? -for my wite makes so much of any little pre-

Tom's introduction of himself. "Get your supper where you spend your sent I take her home; she never minds what I bring her, so long as I give it to her myself supper time," is the gruff response. "Get me my supper, Bess," he shouts out, for to be sure I always tack on a little something stamping his foot, and trying to look the bully. in the shape of a few kind words, which makes the thing seem valuable in her eyes. I don't "Not if I know it." is the stolid reply. He raises his hand, as if to strike her. know how I could get on sometimes, if it wer-Don't do it, Tom, I advise you ; if you hit me en't for having flowers pretty handy ; you can you'll rue it. 'Tisn't your old mother you have get them for little or nothing at any time, and they are more beautiful than anything we could to knock about, mind you."

Tom is a coward at heart. He dare not make." Wedge's road now lay in a different directis trike her, but he takes up his hat, slams the door, and goes to a basement saloon close by; on from his friend's, so they parted company and it is not till dinner-time next day she sees Joe Sparks putting a couple of snowdrops into Will's hand, supposing he would know well him again.

Scene Fourth, and last .- The same room, enough what to do with them. but very dreary and empty. The sewing ma- Wedge turned the snowdrops over in his chine has been pawned; the new things are hand, and looked after Joe who had nearly gone, and the old look older and older. Bes- turned the corner; what could the man mean by sie is a mothez; with a pale sickly baby: she giving him the snowdrops and never saying a was long ill; is weak yet; and she has been in word? He couldn't have known what had just the womanly weakness of these mournful happened at the hall; yet it seemed strange months completely beaten down and ccwed by that he should come up and say all this about her brutal husband. Poor Bessie ! she was not presents just when Wedge was thinking radically bad; only gay and foolish. She did about that very subject, and enjoying the not respect Tom, but she wanted to "change very excuse, too, "that he coulden't afford her life, and she thought she liked him," and buy his wife anything." But now having the could get on with him. But Tom has grown snowdrops, and having heard so much about worse—much worse. He is hardly ever quite sober. His associates are the vilest, male and that he must give them to his wife, and this female. He has just been in a dance-house, proceeding would be such a new and extraordiwhere some maudlin compliments to a frequent-nary one that the very thought made him feel er of the place are flung back to him with con-sheepish.

tempt, for he is known to be without a cent. Wedge's wife was a nice woman, but family "Get away; what business have you here? cares were weighing her down, so that the Go home to that washed-out rag of your own." light was fast dying out of her eyes, and the In the temper this stinging insult produces color fading from her cheeks. She would not Tom tumbles home late at night, to find Bessie have minded them half, nor even a quarter as asleep; no coal for the stove; and no supper. much if, when Wedge came home, she could Bookcase, for example, with glass doors-now There is an altercation: abusive language; have told him all about them-for ten to one he

any peculiar joy out of human sin and woe, it must surely be when they see a man's hand up-subject, so that she had left off looking for help to exercise authority over him. Tom was rough tains once there, as appears by the poles once lifted to strike down the trembling woman he where there was none to be got. It seemed to gilt, now disclosing their native pine; chairs unstable, and of several patterns; a small clock on the mantel piece the newset thing in the on the mantel-piece, the newest thing in the place, that strikes with a quick wheezing sound, and lived in the opposite room. The old man a lived in the opposite room. The old man as if it had caught cold, and rushing through its striking nervously, as if ashamed of itself ed down with his clenched fists. They called out

"Twelve o'clock, and Tom's not home yet. and he took up a chair, and aimed it at her. What am I to a chair and aimed it at her. Ringing at the door-bell violently and continu-been aimed already; the babe's head had re-arm beat them out and out" Wedge had done whistle and march off without (a sign of with-

" Oh !

suspecting young women who are thinking of

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE

CARPENTER.

" I do wish, Tom, you would to inside, and planed down no end of knot and rough places, and French polished her off as if boots off the window-sill !" "Oh, don't bother me, I'm reading," Tom Yes, murder ! with the extenuating crime she had been some choice piece of cabinet work that he was drunk. Curtain talls upon Tom on to be sold for nobody knows what. would say, and the boots refused to stir an inch which of course was very naughty. And so it That day was the beginning of brighter times ; As you and I, reader, turn from the tragedy Mary's heart having been, as we before said would go from morning till night.



out a supper, let us take a survey of him. His face is the oldest of him, two or three years ol-dor then his bady: traces of good features-bosom the little body; groaning out at intervals

TRUST YOUR MOTHER.

18107 B. 31 7484

Trust your mother, little one; In Life's morning just begun, You will find some grief, some fears, Which perhaps may cause your tears; But a mother's kiss can heal Many griefs that children feel; Trust your mother-seek to prove Grateful for her thoughtful love.

Trust your mother, noble youth, Turn not from the paths of truth : In temptation's evil hour Seek her ere it gains new power, She will never guide you wrong; Faith in her will make you strong. Trust your mother, seek to prove Worthy of her faithful love.

Trust your mother, maiden fair ; Love will guide your steps with care; Let no cloud e'er come between-Let no shadow e'er be seen Hiding from your mother's heart What may prove a poisoned dart; Trust your mother, seek to prove Worthy of her faithful love.

Trust your mother to the end, She will prove your constant friend; It 'tis gladpess wings the hour, Share with her the joyful shower; Or if sorrow should impress, She will smile and she will bless. Oh, be trustful, loving, true, That she may confide in you !

HOW BESS MANAGED TOM

BY MISS MARY B. SLEIGHT.

Tom's sister Nell was pretty and fastideous

and glad to be done with it. But it wakes up the woman from her dog-sleep. "I will kill you outright and be done with it!" she neard a cheerful voice tait out, "For pity's sake, Tom, do take your hands are you Mary?" But greater still was her aston-ishment, when, on going to the door, her hus-most aggravating manner.

" Tom, I don't believe you've combed you

as if nobody was there, eyes for example; lips thickened and swollen, child ! my murdered child ! and cheeks flabby and tallow-colored. Clothes unmatched; part shabby, part flashy; all smelling strongly of tobacco smoke. his way to prison for ten years.

Where were you, Tom ?" timidly says the mother.

" Oh, enjoying myself." "I know; but where, Tom?" "Ah! at Hallack's; all the fellows were

there."

"And where then. Tom ?"

" Oh, nowhere; took a walk."

" Tom, you were somewhere else; you were drinking; I know it."

"Oh, yes, the fellows turned in at the corne

and had a drink."

"Tom, dear, I am-you'll break my heart."

"Come now, stop that mother. If a fellow A thick earpet had lately been put down in works hard all day, he must have some fun when he can, without being cross-questioned;' and pushing the empty plate away, and rising and shutting easily, so Wedge, the village car- for some time to come.-Brttish Workman. with a movement that upset his chair, Tom penter, was sent for to ease it. At six o'clock slams the door atter him, and goes to his bed. whilst he was still at work, carriage wheels

"God help me ! what can I do ?"

were distinctly heard, and the squire's lady Yes : God help you, poor weak mother ! You with her children down into the hall, ready to gave up the reins to a headstrong boy too soon. And now you cannot get them back.

Scene Second .- The same room, darker and more dismal, book-case and clock gone; no he heard the shout the children gave when their one in a pecuniary point of view. He went carpet; a woman old and feeble, with a look of father stepped out of the carriage. He saw, into a strange neighborhood, where his name constant terror. Long past midnight. Several times she has moved about, started, listened, drawn her old shawl around her bent shoulders. and then flung herself down again. At length to his coatfails; all dragging him alorg, as it, home the doors of respectability were open to ways invited to be her escort. there is knocking, and Tom comes in. He is a once having got him into their net, they meant, somebody's son; in his new home the doors of man now, in size and years, but with a defiant and dare devil look that makes you turn away from him. His breath is heavy with drink, and blue-bottle at their leisure.

out of a heap.

and I'm"

"Come now, shut up, old woman; I know he must have been away a month, to put it all that by this time, pretty well, I guess. down at the lowest figure. He saw, moreover, You just go to your bed, and I'll take care of that the squire was holding tightly in his hand a little parcel; which, shaking off the children, myself.

"Tom, I don't wont to go till you're ready. by a number of little dodges of which loving fathers only know the secret, he quickly untied, I'll wait."

"Come, old woman, here's your candle. I'm for all the world as if he were a boy of fiveold enough to mind Number One."

stone weight), who could not wait a moment And the poor mother goes. He would abuse for anything. In a shorter time than we take her, strike her, as he has many a time done, to write it he pulled out the contents and gave when quite drunk, if she did not. She goes to them to his wife, with three distinct kisses. bed, but not to sleep-to think and weep. Wedge could swear there were three, for he Yes ! she thinks. Tom is not her oldest child. She had another-Willy-who died at the age counted them, and wondered how many more of two. She remembers the little curly head, there were to come ! Soon the merry party went up stairs, the

the smooth brow, the waxen hands that lay in the small coffin, beside which she wept bitterly. echo ot their voices died away, and Wedge was She was broken-hearted. All the world look- left to finish his work on the door, whilst his ed like a grave to her. It was many a day be- heart and conscience began their work on him. fore she was content to think that God should He, too, had a home and wife and children; he take her child. And then Tom came. She too, had been away all day; but the thought thought of him as a baby, of his baby tricks, of struck him uncomfortably that his welcome

life; and then come broken thoughts of God. down, as hard as bog oak. In fact, he was Perhaps she had been wrong to Him. Per- feeling jealous of the squire and discontented haps He would pity her. He knew a parent's with his own wife and children. Why were

we moralize. "Something very wrong in the sawed right open, never closed up again, by But little sister Bess had a different way with social mill that grinds out results like that; reason of her husband's continually putting in somewhat stubborn Tom. Bess seemed to unwonder could we do anything to mend it ?" At one little thing and another on purpose to keep derstand that coaxing was better than driving; least we can dedicate this outline to all the un- it open; and warm streams of affection came and sometimes when he sat with both hands gushing out that nobody knew where ever there plunged in his pockets, Bess, with a book or a marrying drunkards, and all the mothers who at all, they were hidden down so deep. And picture would nestle down beside him, and alare spoiling their sons by giving them their own as to Wedge he never knew before how many most before he knew it one hand would be patpretty little speeches he could make. Without ting her curls, while the other turned the leaves any notice beforehand, whatever, they seemed or held the picture. It she chanced to see him to come from somewhere inside already made, making an elevator of the window-sill, she would packed up and directed, ready to be delivered say in her pretty coaxing voice :

" Just try my ottoman, Tom, dear, and see " with care, this side up," to his wife, whilst how comfortable it is for the feet," and though the contents of these said parcels, or sententhe dining-room at the squire's residence, which ces, generally brought a smile on Mrs. Wed- Tom occasionally growled in a good natured was found to prevent the door from opening ge's face, and made her as lively as a cricket way, about its being too low, the boots always came down to its level. Whenever his hair looked particular ly rough, she would steal be-

NEW FABLES.

blacklooks !"-S. S. Scho lar

A STORY FOR BOYS

Lads, let me tell you a story. Once upon a welcome home Mr. Cary, who had been that time a youth left his home, at sixteen years of it. Yet, for the next three days at least, he day to town. Wedge, who was working inside age, to learn a trade-a dirty, disagreeable the dining-room, listened with astonishment as trade, but one that his parents thought a good also, through the door crack, that the two el- was not known. Around his old home he dest had caught hold of his hands, whilst the was somebody's son; in his new home he was younger ones were clinging like little barnacles somebody's son; in his new home he was to call on any of her young friends, Tom was alspider-like to bind him hand and foot, and de-vour him, as that interesting insect could a great blue bottle at their laisure

from him. His breath is heavy with drink, and his clothes look as if he picked them on a chance That the squire's return should cause such when he reflected coolly he did not much blame Bess slipping her-arm through his with a loving Bess slipping her-arm through his with a loving Bess slipping her-arm through her glow delight was a puzzler for our worthy friend; for sepectability for its self preservation. There hug, while "the bear felt a great warm glow "Tom dear you're killing yourself, and had he not, with his own eyes, seen this gentle-are doors that open easily to every comer. at his heart as he walked away with Bess, and you're killing me too. It's past three o'clock; go off at half-past nine in the morning, no one These he shunned. There are apprentices in determined to try harder than ever to be could have persuaded him otherwise than that every villiage that will bear shunning-he did gentle as a kitten" for her sake.

The important question was, "What should he do ?" After discussing this amid the din and NOT ALWAYS FAIR TO JUDGE OF OTHERS dirt, he said to himselt, "Well, if I can't go BY OUMSELVES.-Nobody could think what where I ought, I will not go at all." Easy to made Mr. Pug, the new pet's, nose so black.

say, hard to do. Because he was just like you -he liked fun as well as you do, and a spice of mischief too. He must do something. In self- lap dog; "he's been upsetting the ink, that's years old (and not a great man of fourteen defense he began to read.

The old system of apprenticeship in the country used to require the boys and journey men to work until 8 o'clock in the evening Winter time, and after this was done it was ling with her affairs in that way. common to loat about the corners, stores, and taverns until 9, 10, or 11 o'clock. Tom-the

boy-went to bed.

In the morning it was difficult to get boys and journeymen up to breakfast at 6 1-2 or 7 Tom got up at 4 o'clock, sometimes at 3 sometimes even as early as 2, in mistakefor his rule was to get up when he got

his boyish ways, of her pride in him. And home, if indeed he got one, at all, would seem awake, and from that time, until the others got up he read and studied. His morning candle of warm water. With this liquid rub the cloth, than death can strike. There are greater griefs This reflection was not so sweet as to make his came, in time to be a signal for the villagers using a piece of flannel or black cloth for the who had occasion to start somewhere early. purpose. After the application of this solution confused spirit wanders to and fro, from the as a double-bladed sixpenny penknife, and the coffin of dead Willy to the living sorrow of her wood of the chair, whose legs he was cutting the contract the contract and the rowed others, took a leading newspaper, and in iron it, brushing the cloth from time to time in the living sorrow of her wood of the chair, whose legs he was cutting

day's reflection. This course bore its legitimate fruit; he went In order that they may retain their full flavo haps He would pity her. He knew a parent's with his own wite and children. Why were this course bore is regiminate full, he were in order that they may retain their full flavor thought of her mother, and remembered her after the tashion of the squire's family? He he now lives in the neighborhood of the old at once in boiling-water. Cold water, if they mother teaching her, "Our Father." Oh, how frowned as he thought how badly he was used, shops as much respected as any one. I believe are made to wait in till it reaches the boiling long ago and far away that appeared ! Ages of scrrow lay between. And she went over "Our" But conscience had a word to say to him, " Mediocrity."

Father "to the very end. Thus diverted from and said it loud enough too tor him to hear, alof which the water is to form a part, is wanted. her griefs, and soothed and worn out, the poor though he was making noise enough to pre- I leave you to imagine all the hardships, if the reverse rule should be observed. The vegray-headed, heart-broken old woman went to sleep. It told him the fault was chiefly in himself, for what you do from four to six-o'clock in the liquid may obtain its share of the flavor.

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