

FOR LOVE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

A CINCINNATI paper says: In a pottery factory here there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his "wee lad," as he called him a flower, a bit of ribbon or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give a color to the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental man, but never went home at night without something that would make the wan face light up with joy at his return. He never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him, and by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups upon wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they struck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another engravings in a rude scrap book. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; he understood all about it, and believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact that the entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some dropped swearing as the weary look on the patient fellow workman's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day now some one did a piece of work for him and put it on the sanded plank to dry, so that he could come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled and the little coffin came out of the lowly door, right around the corner, out of sight, there stood too stalwart workmen from the pottery with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave half a day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession and following to the grave that small burden of a child which probably not one had ever seen.

DO IT WELL.

It is not, after all, so much what a man does, as how he does it. He may be a good mechanic at sawing wood, and such deserve credit. There is a scientific way to shovel gravel that brings about the best results with the least expenditure of energy. Whatever honest occupation a man may from choice or necessity engage in, he deserves credit in proportion as he does his work well. It doubtless calls for different talent to do some things than it does to do others but any man who succeeds in getting to the head in one vocation, has demonstrated a probability that he may succeed in another. He has at least earned the right to try. He has shown that he has one of the qualities necessary to success in any direction—viz., the quality of doing well what he is able to do.

One of the gravest and commonest

mistakes of the young man is the idea that what he is engaged in is not worth doing well. That idea will beat any man, young or old. No one gains a right for higher work except by the way of present duty well done. We have known boys, every way qualified to become good mechanics, go through an apprenticeship and scarcely know more at the end than at the beginning simply because they were going to do some other job well. The present is the one every time. Demonstrate your ability to do something well, and the opportunity to advance will not be wanting. No man ever rose to respectable distinction in any other way.

TRUTHFULNESS.

A gentleman once asked a boy, who was deaf and dumb, the question, "What is truth?" The boy replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing a straight line. The man then wrote, "What is a lie?" The boy answered by drawing a crooked line.

Lies are always crooked. One lie opens the way for another, for often a dozen lies must be told to conceal one. Telling an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest; you know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wild-wood.

"A lie is an intention to deceive," and may be told without speaking a word. A gentleman once asked a boy if a certain road led to the city. The boy nodded his head, and then laughed as the man took the wrong road. That boy lied with his head. Lies may be told with the fingers, and many other ways.

Young people often amuse themselves by seeing who can tell the biggest lie. This is a bad habit, and leads one to vary from the truth at other times.

The only safe plan is to form the habit of *always* telling the truth. This will give a feeling of self-respect that will scorn whatever is low and mean. It will also give a purity to character that will tend to elevate and enoble the life.

Rector Wanted.

THE Rectorship of the Parish of Holy Trinity, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia having become vacant by the death of the late Rev. Dr. Moody, applications for said vacancy will be received, accompanied by testimonials and recommendations, by

L. E. BAKER,
Dec 12 8m Senior Church Warden.

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MARRIAGES.

EMERY—SAWYERS.—At Bear Island, on January 23rd, by Rev. Edward Ansell, B. A., Thomas Emery to Elizabeth M. Sawyers, adopted daughter of Mr. Robert Lipsett.

JACK—CARMICHAEL.—At the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Baie des Verts, on Thursday morning, 24th inst., by the Rev. W. J. Wilkinson, M. A., R. Melville Jack, Esq., of the Crown Land Department, Fredericton, to Mary, second daughter of J. C. E. Carmichael, Esq., Superannuated Officer of H. M. Customs.

GEORGE—SCHRADER.—At Cole Harbor, Jan. 22nd, 1884, by Rev. W. J. Arnold, James George, widower, to Julia Schrader, widow, both of Cole Harbor.

CORKUM—PARSONS.—At Walton, on Monday, 28th ult., by Rev. H. How, Arthur Wm. Corkum, of Canning, and Emma L., daughter of Robt. Parsons, of Walton.

SMITH—WILSON.—On Jan. 31st, in the Parish Church, Albion Mines, by Rev. D. C. Moore, Rector, Mr. John Smith, of the Halifax Co.'s Offices, to Martha, daughter of the late Mr. James Wilson, Stellarton.

BREYSSE—BENOIT.—Jan. 26th, at Albion Mines, by Rev. D. C. Moore, Auguste Breysse, of Monpazat, France, and Henriette, widow of the late Merle Benoit, (nee Gaillon), of St. Pardon, France.

PARKINSON—SEELY.—At Port Medway, 29th ult., by Rev. John Ambrose, assisted by Rev. W. Morris, Rev. J. R. S. Parkinson, Rector of Port Medway, to Caroline M., eldest daughter of the late Edwin C. Seely, of Port Medway.

DEATHS.

HOLLOWAY.—30th January, after a long illness, which she bore with Christian patience, Jane G., beloved wife of Henry D. Holloway, aged 29 years, second daughter of Jno. G. Wetmore, of Halifax, N. S.

In A. D. 59, soon after St. Paul was converted, he called himself "unworthy to be called an apostle." As the years rolled along, and he grew in grace, in A. D. 64, he cried out, "I am less than the least of all saints;" and just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ, in A. D. 65, his exclamation was, "I am the chief of sinners."

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Yours most respectfully,
(Signed), JOHN W. BLACKLEY,
Cornwallis St. Halifax N. S.

Halifax, N. S. March 26th, 1880.

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