

The Family.
[The following lines have been sent to us as the composition of a brother who is blind.—Ed. P.W.]
THE SUN.
Like a gem from the East comes the beautiful sun,
Away through the heavens his journey to run;
With a gorgeous display of brilliant array;
On the rivers and lakes to gambol and play.
Over mountains, and valleys, woodlands and seas,
No ravine or glen but catches a ray
Of his dazzling light as he journeys away.
Most beautiful orb exquisitely bright,
Filling the world with radiant light;
Giving to all, receiving from none,
Type of the great immaculate One.
Sun for the South, where the loud thunders roll
And the fierce sheets of lightning envelop the pole
Sun for the West, when the deep shadows fall,
And night over nature has thrown her dark pall;
Sun for the North, where the bright meteors flash,
As if nature convulsed in collision would crash,
Hoon from our God, beautiful Sun,
Like the Star of the East the immutable One,
JOHN A. MACE.
Carleton, March 4th 1871.

"RIGHT ABOUT FACE"
One evening, while a young man, on returning to the store where he slept, was reflecting on what he had heard, and seen, and desired, he thought that there was danger in the course he was pursuing came over his mind, and he said to himself, "If I continue to visit that house, I am ruined." Still, on the ensuing evening, he went forth as usual, and he passed on to the opposite side of the street. Before him stood the house where his companions were assembled. He struggled for a few moments against the temptation. Suddenly the thought came over him, "If I cross the street, I am ruined." Instantly he made the decision, and exclaiming at the top of his voice, "Right about face!" he turned, and, hastening back to the store, threw himself down on his bed, slept soundly throughout the night, and arose with an approving conscience in the morning. He has ever since considered the struggle of that evening as the crisis of his life, and whatever of good he has since experienced, has resulted from the decision made by him when, resolutely changing his purpose, and suiting the action to the word he exclaimed, "Right about face!"
And it is a singular fact, that, in conjunction with Erasmus Corning and G. T. Norton, he purchased the block on which were situated the two most frequented rum-taverns, which stood almost immediately opposite the spot where he formed this resolution; and, having demolished the same, erected thereon a large number of dwellings and stores. During eight or ten years he superintended the operations of the temperance press. From the desk where he sat during these years, he could look down upon the spot where he uttered, in his boyhood, the laconic but decided sentence, "Right about face!"
Of the fifty young men "from whom I then separated, leaving them to enjoy the pleasures of that eating, drinking, and gambling establishment, forty-four had already gone to destruction. One, a most promising youth, and heir to great wealth, became so destitute and degraded that he would brush boots at three cents a pair to obtain the means for buying a glass of rum. One, in a state of intoxication, fell head-foremost from the pier at Havre, France, and became imbedded in the mud. The receding tide exposed his sad and disordered remains to the public view. Others came to an end, it is terrible, scarcely less sad."
He has been President of the New York State Temperance Society for a number of years. He warmly advocated the cause by his own pen, and expended thousands of dollars in its behalf. In a speech delivered some years ago at a Saratoga Convention, speaking of temperance, he said, "he owed everything to temperance; and in making a calculation, he found that for the last thirty-six years, he had saved one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

THE EVENING STORY.
"See we are not sleepy, mother,
Look how wide awake we seem;
Tell us something sweet to think of,
Tell us something sweet to dream."
"Tell the very sweetest story
That you ever heard or read—
And you'll see that we remember
Every single word you've said."
Then I told them of a midnight
In the very long ago,
When the sky was full of angels,
And of every shining row.
In a voice of heavenly music,
Came a loving message given
For the sake of one sweet baby
That had come that night from heaven.
"Now, please tell us just another,
Tell the saddest one you know."
And I told of One who suffered,
And who wandered to and fro;
Doing good to all around Him,
Without sin, or fear, or pride;
Blessing those who most ill-used Him;
For whose sake at last He died.
"Now please, just one more, dear mother,
Tell us now the strangest one;
So I told them of a journey,
On a mountain-top begun;
Through the azure in a body,
Just as here on earth He trod,
Up through shining ranks of angels,
To the very throne of God!
Four blue eyes and two sweet voices,
Waited till my tale was done—
Then they cried, "Why that was Jesus—
These three stories are but one!"
Little Sower.

BESSIE AND THE BLUE DAISES.
Bessie lived out in the country. The nearest neighbor was Bessie's Aunt Sarah, and her house was a whole quarter of a mile away. Bessie's house was on the top of a hill, while Aunt Sarah's was in a little valley. No place in the whole world did Bessie so much like to visit as Aunt Sarah's. There were plenty of

girls, while Bessie's sisters happened to be all brothers. To go and spend a whole day there was the greatest happiness Bessie knew. To go on an errand, and stop a few minutes even, was very pleasant.
One summer morning Bessie's mother sent her on an errand, saying, "Do not stop at all this time, Bessie dear, for I am in a hurry for the spoils. I want to use them in my weaving."
Away skipped the little girl in her white sun-bonnet and bare feet, as happy as happy could be. She did her errand, and stopped not even to see what Jane and Mary and Sarah were doing that pleasant morning, for she might be tempted to stop a while.
On her way home, just over the fence, Bessie spied some wild, blue daisies, the first of the season. Now this little girl was very fond of flowers. At her house a few lilacs and roses and sweet-williams blossomed, but not flowers in abundance that she could gather any time she liked. Away went Bessie over the fence for the daisies, almost as quick as a squirrel. She gathered her hand full and hurried on her way home. She went into the house and handed her mother the spoils and showed her the pretty flowers she had gathered. "Where did you find these Bessie?" her mother said. "Why, mother, they grew right on the road-side, where I was walking," replied Bessie. Oh! naughty Bessie! Why did you not say, "They were over the fence, and I jumped over ever so quick, and got them, for I knew you would not care, mother dear." These little wild flowers were as likely to grow by the roadside as anywhere. Bessie was usually a truthful girl. Bessie had always much loved the blue daisies. God made them to bloom every summer for his little Bessie to gather, and she would love them, though so very common.
Bessie put the flowers in her little mug, and stood them on the broad window-sill, as usual, but she did not enjoy them as she had done before. Why not? Because every time she looked at them they said, "You told your mother a lie about us; we were over the fence, not on the roadside. Why didn't you say so? Your kind mother would not have cared; she knows you love flowers. You ought to have told the truth anyway, whether she would have cared or not."
No one but God who made the flowers and Bessie herself knew she had not spoken the truth. The innocent flowers in her mug withered at last, and were thrown out. The blue daisies blossomed on in the fields just as pretty as ever, and Bessie often passed them in her walks, but she did not like to see them now. She would often shut her eyes till she thought she had passed them, for they always reminded her of the lie. Bessie wished they would grow on her way to Aunt Sarah's; she would have pulled them all up if she could, and never have seen another growing anywhere again. The very sight of them made Bessie's little heart heavy on her way to Aunt Sarah's when it used to be so light and happy. She used to say to herself, "When I go home, I will tell mother how I did not tell true, and ask her to forgive me; and God too, for I told a lie about his flowers." Bessie put it off when she got home, and said, "I will tell the next time; it will be easier then, but I will not tell now." Bessie never told, and by and by her mother died.

"Oh! Bessie, why did you not tell the first time, and not put it off? That is the right way. It does not grow easier the next time; or the next; but harder and harder, as Bessie found. Bessie now is an old lady and wears glasses. She has children, and grand-children too, and to every one she tells the sorry story of the little blue daisies—how she never loved to see them any more after telling a lie about them."
Sixty summers have come and gone, and the blue daisies have blossomed every season as fresh and as innocent as ever. Bessie has seen them every summer in her rides and walks, but she never had the heart to pick one—not even one. She says when she sees them, "These little blue daisies are the flowers I told my dear mother a lie about, when I was a little girl; it always makes me sad when I see them. I never told my mother either, or asked her forgiveness, as I should have done." Bessie always adds, "Never, never, tell a lie, dear children; it costs too much."—*Christian Union.*

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watched night and day. But be careful not to render assistance when it is not needed. Rub the lamb dry, and see that they get milk immediately; and after that with ordinary care, there is little danger. A chilled lamb may be restored when apparently nearly dead, by putting it in a bath of warm water—say at blood heat; or in the absence of this, place the lamb in a heap of hot fermenting manure. After a bath rub and dry, and be careful that it does not take cold.
Milk Cows that have but recently calved should have a liberal diet of good hay, with a pailful of warm bran slops twice a day; and in our opinion a quart of cornmeal added to the bran, would be an improvement. Let the cows be kept in the stable nights and stormy days. See that the mangers are cleaned out every day. Whitewash the stable, and let it be well ventilated. Cows expecting to calve should have exercise every day, and see that their bowels are not constipated. Bran or oil-cake will regulate this matter. If the cow is very fat, it may be well to give a quart of a pound of glaucous salts ten days before calving, and repeat the dose every three or four days, if needed, to keep the bowels moderately loose.
Calfes Fattening for the Butcher should be kept in a warm, dry, and airy place, and should be tied up in a warm, dry, well ventilated apartment, that is not too tight. Keep them as quiet as possible, and feed the cow liberally. After the third day there is little danger of milk fever.
Calfes to be Reared may be at once removed from the cow and taught to drink milk from a pail, unless they are choice thorough-bred animals, when it is better to let them suck the cow and have all the milk they will take. Valuable short horn calves are sometimes allowed to take all the milk they want from two cows. Common calves that are not allowed to suck the cow, should have their own mother's milk for a week and afterwards a little skimmed milk may be substituted for a part of the milk; and in place of the cream removed from the milk a little flax-seed should be substituted. It is a great loss to starve a calf. When the calf gets to be a month or six weeks old, the cheapest and best food is oil cake boiled in fresh skimmed milk; or if the milk is too sour to boil without curdling, boil the oil cake in water till it will form a jelly on cooling and then mix it with the milk.
Pigs.—Last fall's pigs must be well fed, and go into a thriving condition before being turned out to clover. Do not begrudge them all the corn meal they will eat. It will pay you better at this season than next fall. Breeding sows should be put in a pen by themselves a week or so before they come in. Have a rail round the pen to keep the sow from crushing the little ones. It should be from eight to twelve inches from the ground according to the size of the sow, and six or eight inches from the sides of the pen. Give a liberal allowance of chaffed straw for bedding. Give the sow for a week before and a week after pigging, warm bran slops and milk; and later give richer food, such as cooked corn meal with the bran. As soon as they will eat, let the little pigs have a few oats or soaked corn, or cooked corn meal, in a separate pen from the sow. On warm days let the sow run out for an hour or two and feed the little pigs just before she is let in a again, and while they are hungry. Our readers will find some useful hints on this subject in "Harris on the Pig."
Hens, to lay well, must have plenty of exercise, and liberal feeding. Let all their apartments be scrupulously clean. Where they have but a narrow range, they must have animal food, as a substitute for the worms and insects they find when running at large. Hens, with young chickens, should be confined in coops, and the chickens should be abundantly supplied with soft food and fresh water. Let the coops be moved on to fresh ground every few days. A common mistake is to have the coops too small. They should be at least three feet high and well ventilated. During a rain storm, place the coops so that the back part, which is boarded up, will keep out the rain. On warm days **Barley**, is the first crop to be sown. Plough the land only when it is dry, and sow as fast as it is ploughed. It should be harrowed until the soil is mellow. Drill in 1 1/2 to 2 bushels per acre. Roll the land soon after the barley comes up.
Clover Seed should be sown on the winter wheat. If the land is dry and hard, harrow the wheat before sowing the clover seed. It will keep weeds and help the wheat, and the clover seed is more likely to germinate. A smoothing harrow may be passed over the land after the seed is sown. If the land is mellow and in good condition, 4 quarts of clover seed and 4 quarts of timothy is quite enough. For permanent pasture add a pint of white clover, when nothing but clover seed is sown, we generally put in 6 to 8 quarts per acre. Last year we lost our whole seedling from not sowing early enough.
Oats will do better on sod land than barley, but neither of them do as well on a tough sod as after corn or potatoes. Two bushels per acre is a little enough seed. Land plowed last fall may be sown to oats without any plowing. Harrow them in thoroughly. It is to be seeded down, make the land as smooth as possible after the oats is sown, and then sow the grass and clover seed, and then roll.
Peas will do well on sod land, drilled in or covered with a Straw harrow. Sow as early as the land can be got ready—two bushels per acre. One or two bushels of plaster per acre would be beneficial.
Potatoes.—Plant early on dry land. Deep planting and harrowing the land, just as the potatoes come up, saves much hoeing, but increases the labor of digging. Plaster some times has a marked effect on potatoes, and some times appears to do little good.
Land intended for Roots should be plowed and harrowed, cultivated, rolled, and plowed again, and worked until it is as mellow as a garden. Parsnips should be sown as soon as the land is in good order, and carrots a week or two later. Mangels and other beets need not to be sown until May, and rutabagas two or three weeks later. Make the land rich with well rotted manure, and guano or superphosphate.
ORCHARD AND NURSERY.
Grafting should be done this month. Care must be taken not to graft too early, as this is more injurious than late grafting. Clions may be cut if the buds have not started, and preserved in sand or earth until ready to set.
FRUIT GARDEN.
Strawberries.—Finish setting out new beds, and plough or spade up all old and unfruitful plants.
Gooseberries.—Set out the Houghton and American Seedling, and thin out the branches of old and crowded plants to admit air and light.
Currants.—When the old plants have been allowed to take care of themselves, and the clumps are filled with grass or weeds, the best way is to grub them up and make new plantations; cuttings root very easily, and will bear a small crop the second year if properly cared for after planting.

DEAR TREE.—Where trees are needed, order early, and in setting use care so as not to injure the roots or bark, as a slight injury often does a great deal of damage to the after-growth.
KITCHEN GARDEN.
Asparagus.—Give a liberal coating of manure if not done last month. Go over the bed with a spading fork, and be careful not to break or injure the buds or roots. If plants are to be raised from seeds, sow in carefully prepared soil, in drills a foot apart. An ounce of seed will produce about five hundred plants. When well up this to three inches.
Beans.—Do not plant in the open ground until all danger of the frost is over. Limas may be planted in hot beds any time this month.
Beets may be sown early this month in rich fine soil. Their growth is facilitated by soaking in warm water for twenty four hours, then pour off the water and put in a warm place until the sprouts start. Roll in plaster to facilitate sowing. One ounce of seed is sufficient for 100 feet of drill.
Cabbages.—Set out plants from cold frames as soon as the ground is dry. Sow seeds in open ground, and as soon as an inch or two high, sprinkle with ashes to keep off the cabbage-flies.
Cauliflowers.—Treat the same as cabbages; they ought to be planted 2-2 feet apart in the rows.
Celery.—Sow seed in the hot-bed this month when the plants are an inch or two high, transplant to a frame and set three inches apart.
Cress must be sown for a succession in drills ten inches apart, and at intervals of a week or ten days.
Egg-Plants.—Ought to be several inches high by this time; transplant to another hot-bed with a gentle heat, and use great care to prevent their becoming chilled.
Horse-radish.—The earlier this is planted the better growth will it make. Set out the small roots which have been preserved during the winter in sand. This crop needs a large application of manure to secure the best results. The roots should be about two inches long, and set out in rows from eighteen inches to two feet apart.
Herbs can be sown in hot-beds now, or in open ground as soon as it is warm enough; the most commonly used are Sage, Thyme, Savory, Sweet Majoram, and Basil.
Lettuce, sown in hot-beds, may be transplanted to the open ground; sow seeds in warm dry soil.
Melons.—A few may be planted on sods in hot-beds for early; they must not be planted in the open ground; until it is well warmed.
Onions, in order to succeed well, need to be sown as early as the ground is worked. Sow in fine, rich soil, in drills a foot apart. Put out Potato and Top Onions in rows fifteen inches apart, and the bulbs four inches apart in the rows.
WILL SICKNESS MAKE US RELIGIOUS.
"One should think," said a friend to the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, "that sickness and the view of death would make men more religious." "Sir," replied Johnson, "they do not know how to go about it. A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick than a man who has never learned figures can count when he has need of calculation."

Obituary.
[From the New York Methodist.]
[The following appreciative notice of the death of the late Mr. McNeil, is from the pen of a New Brunswick resident in New York.]
Died at Sheffield, province of New Brunswick, D. C., on Thursday morning, February 2nd, Henry P. Macneil, after a lingering illness of nearly two years.
The subject of the above notice was quite well known to a numerous circle of friends in New York, particularly in connection with the Methodist Episcopal church corner of Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth street, where he was a member and patron of the mission-school in connection with the above church, corner of Seventh Avenue and Twenty-second street, having in lively remembrance, and, while regretting this removal when he had apparently just reached the point when his usefulness in the Christian Church was becoming more effective, will rejoice to know that in triumph he passed from earth to heaven, being assured that when the "early house of his tabernacle dissolved he had a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where he would know him and did not love him; who can forget his bright, hopeful smile, and his warm-hearted earnestness in doing whatsoever his hand found to do? He came to New York a stranger in a strange land, but faithful and true in his friendships, as well as in the performance of all his duties, he left bearing with him the best wishes and earnest prayers of all those with whom he had been associated, and with whom he had labored—bearing with him too in his heart the germ of that love for Christ which shone so conspicuously in the closing months of his life.
Probably few had so good an opportunity as the writer of knowing what true nobility of character he possessed; and even this was evinced with peculiar force in the unassuming submission which he gave to the will of our Heavenly Father, who in his good providence saw fit to remove him in the very prime of life.
But a few days before his death, it was the privilege of the writer to sit at his bedside, and listen to the "good confession" which he was enabled to "witness." When asked what his hope, he promptly replied in the words of the fifth chapter of Romans: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."
He spoke often and affectionately of the church and mission referred to above, mentioning the names of many in connection with them with whom he had been intimately associated, and to whom he longed to speak of his joy, and his earnest desire to meet them in the courts above.
His last words were "All bright! eye, all bright!" for even then the light of everlasting life flooded his soul and shone from his eyes; and he is now where there is "no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of the Lord lights it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."
The snow pure and white, covers deep the plain where lies all that the angel of death left of him on earth, but his immortal spirit, robust too in spotless white, is now singing the "new song." He suffered much, but never uttered a word of complaint. Like the "Captain of salvation," on whom arm he rested, he was made perfect through suffering, and in his own experience now he has the fulfillment of the promise: "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

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UNION MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company, of Maine.
No Stock or Guarantee Capital drawing interest, but in lieu thereof
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WOODILL'S WORM LOZENGES.
After 13 years trial have been proved to be the only
Certain, Safe and Effective
Remedy for Worms in children and adults discovered.
They contain no Mercury
For sale everywhere.
Factory and Wholesale Depot,
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REMOVAL.
AMERICAN HOUSE,
Kept by Messrs Campbell & Bacon.
THE subscribers have removed from Windsor House, No. 12 Jacob Street, to the new and commodious House,
195 Argyle Street,
opposite Salem Church. They are truly thankful for the patronage they have received while keeping the Windsor House, and shall do all in their power to make their new house a happy, pleasant and comfortable home for either permanent or transient boarders, and hope by strict attention to merit a continuance of public patronage in the American House.
HALIFAX, N. S. Oct. 3d, 1870. 1 year.
IF
You wish good, wholesome and Nutritious
Biscuit, Buns, Tea Cakes,
Pastry, &c.
use
Woodill's German BAKING POWDER.
In its use you save
Time, Trouble and Expense.
Diploma and honorable mention awarded at Provincial and Industrial Exhibition 1868
For sale everywhere.
Factory and wholesale depot,
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In five Quarto Volumes.
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