The Family.

SAVED SO AS BY FIRE.

BY F. C. BROWNE.

"Who's got a copper for poor Dick? I'll stand on my head, or give you a dance, or sing you a comic song for a penny or a drop of beer. Now who's going to throw the first copper into the old hat, towards getting a dinner for poor Dick?"

So spoke a man of middle height and middle age, having the liquid red lips that denote spirit-drinking, and a full, bloated face,—among a company of working men who were taking their mid-day meal in a public house in the northern District of London.

He stood cringing and smiling in the centre of the room—an awful picture or rather reality of what rum can do to debase and degrade man, formed in the image of his Maker. Very far superior to most of those around him in education and natural gifts, he had sunk far below the lowest, through indulging the lust of strong drink. When sober, which was very seldom, none could work better or quicker than he; no one more skilled in grace and finish of workmanship; but he *would* not work; perhaps he could not. He had lost all desire to excel; all true manly ambition had departed from him. Rum had burned these things out of him, and with them, love of home and care for his wife and children. So sunken was he, so deeply degraded, that the man appeared to a thoughtful mind as one truly and visibly possessed by the demon of drunkenness which must be exorcised, before he could be once more in his right mind, and walk erect as his Creator had formed him. "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow?... who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at" that which at the last "bieth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Shivering and despised, weary and sick at heart—yet yet "no man gave unto him." Some looked upon him with a half smile of pitying forbearance, regarding him as scarcely a responsible being; others, especially the younger men, made no attempt to hide their anger and disgust at his presence, but openly bade him to go and leave them enjoy in peace the dinner *they had earned*. Amid all, he stood bearing with a sickly attempt at laughter, the hard words and coarse hints directed against him. With the same sickly smile upon his face he passed out upon his wretched way—one of that horribly large army of young and old, sick and healthy beggars, loafers and thieves, who exist in misery by going from saloon to saloon during the day and filling our lowest lodging houses at night. To these no man ministers, for them no man cares. And yet, among them, it is well known are those who might have been our brightest and our best, had they not bowed down, soul and body, under the awful tyranny of drunkenness. From house to house poor Dick went upon his miserable, profitless way; meeting every where with the same contemptuous treatment, the same scornful rejection; doing the same really laborious work, for grudged and scanty pay and for the same seductive poison which made him willing to accept it. As the day closed, and the evening drew on, and night came, his evening gains both in liquor and money were slightly increased; until the last song was sung, the last house was closing, and there was the only choice between the damp, chilly streets and his miserable home.

Thither he made his way, threading a filthy lane and turning into a narrow alley at the end. He entered the open door of one of the houses—always left open night and day, for the sufficient reason that the whole house contained nothing worth stealing. He ascended a narrow staircase and passed into a dimly-lighted room, which filth and squalor made rife with fever and death. There were dirty bundles of mingled straw and rags, intended for beds in three of the four corners of the room, an old broken table, two chairs without seats, one old saucepan and a little crockery:—and *this* was home!

If such men and such homes were not so common in our great cities, if such scandalous facts were not too patent to be for a moment doubted or denied, it might be thought a mere wanton effort of grotesque imagination to set forth such a picture. But the type is so ordinary, the case one of such constant occurrence, that habit has brought us to regard such homes and such men as things of course, calling for no special effort, for no hearty, self-denying work, for no earnest prayer, for the redemption of the man and improvement of the home. We see and know, we sigh; we pass on, and we forget!

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Dick was in his ordinary condition of full intoxication as he entered his home; his step was steady, his strength firm; but there was brooding within him a fierce, caged devil—greatly feared by his wife and children, because easily aroused by a word or a look,—a devil that had oftentimes broken out upon them, with oaths and curses, blows and tears. Without a word of greeting, he sat down, ignorant and careless whether his wife and children had beemed during his absence; and he began to prepare for rest. His toil worn wife glanced keenly at him from under her bent brow, and then timidly said—"There's a bad message concerning Fannie, Dick; she must have caught the fever, when she came here last week. I went down to see her this afternoon; but the boy came late this evening to say she was very bad, and wanted you to go and see her." As the poor wife spoke, she looked up fearfully, as it uncertain in what manner such unwelcome intelligence would be received.

He made no reply, but replaced his worn shoes upon his weary feet, and went forth into the sharp night. Shivering with cold as the bleak wind met him, he steadily, and for a time silently, held upon his way. At length he began muttering "Fannie! Fannie! down with the fever! I'd sooner it had been all the others together!"

Poor Dick's one lamb, the despised drunkard's last hold and hope in life! Fannie down, pleasant-faced, bright-eyed Fannie! I wish I knew there was a God! I'd pray to Him and and ask Him to spare me Fannie; but I haven't believed in any God for years: If I had, I should not be as I am now! But Fannie always loved me: when the rest ran away afraid, Fannie never did: she came the closer, and looked up,——wondering what mad devil had got into father, but certain it would not hurt *her*. And I never did beat little Fan, drunk or sober! Haven't I gone hungry myself many a time with little Fan's penny loaf in my pocket? And I know I drank harder, because I missed her so, when she went away from me to service. Why didn't, why couldn't I keep sober, and have little Fannie with me at home.

Struggling on as fast as he was able, muttering fretfully to himself as heavy gusts of rain fell on him, he went through the darkness and cold, until he reached the house where his daughter had found much kindness and a good home as a domestic servant. The master answered his wavering knock at the door, and looked very sternly and doubtfully at the wet, draggled figure seeking admission to his clean home; but the emergency was allowed to overcome all scruples; and after a caution to wipe his shoes carefully, he informed Dick that he would find his daughter and a nurse at the top of the house.—The nurse laid her finger on her lip, as he entered, and motioned him to a chair close to the bedside. Laying his shoes aside, and removing his wet coat, he sat down and looked attentively at his sick daughter. Fannie was lying as if exhausted, her face colorless, her lips black and swollen, and her breathing hard and difficult. As he looked upon her, a dull faint heart sinking within him told him that hope was over—that his darling was passing away. A low, wild cry, that he could not repress, broke from him; and then his face was covered by his hands, and he sank upon his knees by her bedside.

The sound roused the dying girl; she looked wildly and unconsciously around, until her eyes met the shrinking figure by the bedside. Then thought and the old love returned to her; she gently raised the bowed head, until it rested upon her hot, laboring bosom; and his arms were flung around her with an intensity that said he knew not how to let her go.

"Leave me alone with father a little while, nurse, dear," said Fannie; "I have something I must say to him before I go." The woman left the room silently; and they were alone.

"Father! darling father!" she said, her arms clinging around his neck," I am dying, and I want you to pray to your Father in heaven for me!"

A low groan, that seemed wrung from the depths of a broken heart, was the only reply he was able to give; but it caused the fever glittering eyes to fix more intensely upon him, and the hot arms to tighten around him as she spoke again." "I want you to think of our old home, father, when you used to twine my hair round your fingers when I climbed upon your knee, and so remember how you always loved Fannie! I wish such times to come again, though I shall not be with you; and so I ask you to pray for me and for yourself, too."

"I cannot, I dare not, Fannie," he said; "I would, if I could—If only because you ask me but I cannot; and it would be useless; I have sinned beyond forgiveness; He would not hear me."

"No, no, father," she replied. if you have been a great sinner the greater honor to Him in saving you. Pray, father, pray for yourself and for me! I shall soon be in heaven but I want you to come there too."

Closer, and more clingingly yet, as though in her entreaty she would grow to him as in the old happy time, Fannie twined her arms around him. She was fast passing away; but it seemed as if she would not go until her striving spirit was gladdened by words of prayer from her father's lips; and she renewed her effort, entreating "Father! darling father! Fannie is dying! but before I go, I want to hear you pray! only a few words, father! Don't refuse such a thing to your darling Fannie! It is the last thing she will ever ask on earth of you!"

With an outburst of sobs and tears, that shook the dying girl, as a leaf in the autumn wind, her father, for the first time in a long life, uttered words of earnest prayer to God. He gasped forth—"God in heaven, have mercy upon my darling and upon me!" The barrier once broken down the pent up deluge burst forth. With his daughter's arms round him, her hot breath upon his tear-stained cheek, there the poor drunkard pleaded earnestly for mercy and though the words were labored and interrupted, they were earnest and heartfelt:—and they *were heard*.

"Amen!" responded Fannie, and then continued, "Let me pray now, father," she said, and with her last strength she poured forth humble, earnest entreaties into the listening ears of Eternal Love, for her father, and her mother and the other children. Then, still clinging closely round his neck, she faltered, "Father, one more promise; don't ever drink any more."

"I won't, Fannie!" he gasped; I never will, God helping me: I will die and go to you, if He will let me: but I will never touch strong drink again." A glad peaceful smile lit up her face as the promise fell upon her ear; and then she faintly murmured, "I am going father, pray!"

He complied, and the words fell solemnly upon the air. Then the loving arms unclasped, the head fell back and Fannie was not; "for God had taken" her to the land, of which it is written, "There shall be no night there!"

A few days, and what had been Fannie was laid in a green spot until the great awakening. Her employer readily provided means of decent burial upon her father's promise of repayment. That all was over, and poor Dick had to return to daily tempting torture without his darling Fannie., Oftentimes every limb seemed to quiver for the accustomed stimulants, and his life appeared one long continuance of awful craving——a terrible yearning that seemed as if it must have its way. Yet his strong resolve never once wavered:—he would die, or even go mad if so it must be: but he would be able to look into Fannie's spirt-eyes and declare that he had faithfully kept his last promise he had given. It was hard striving for some time, and he soon found it necessary to seek aid, whence alone it could be obtained.

It was well for him that he had to strive hard for honest means of living. He therefore went to an old employer saying, "My daughter, Fannie is dead. Before she died she made me promise never to drink any more; and if I die for it I will keep my word. Now if you will kindly employ me, and lend me money to redeem my tools, I will work steadily for you till all is repaid."

"Lift up your head and let me have a fair look at your face," replied the employer.

Dick quietly obeyed the request; and the master fixed a keen, scrutinizing glance upon him, replying at length, "All right, Dick, I'll trust you willingly."

So Dick fought the hard strife,—and conquered; clinging to his work, to Fannie's Bible and to prayer. Among the vilest he goes upon his way, speaking of Jesus, of Fannie, and hope; himself a living gospel to the drunkard, a breathing proof of the infinite willingness of the Son of God to rescue and to save.

LITTLE THINGS.

Life as a whole is a great thing—the greatest thing in the whole range of the Creator's works. Yet it is made up of little things. The ocean is great, yet made up of drops; the mountain is great, yet made up of atoms. So of all great things—they are composed in the aggregate of their little parts. This is the mathematics of all great things, the philosophy of their existence. Jane Taylor made a fable of the clock, which looking forward to a year's labor and calculating the number of times it would have to tick in the year, got discouraged at once and stopped. But some of the machinery, a little more considerate, intimated that it was an easy task to tick once in a second. And so after the experiment, all the members concluded that as only one tick was to be made in a second, they would go to work and continue faithful through the year, and thus make up the vast sum of a year's work—and so it is the little seconds make up the long years. The same is true of fortunes. Dollars are made up of cents. So are eagles, so are fortunes. "Save the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves," simply because the dollars are made up of cents.

We have just read of a man in one of the Southern States who built a factory an an expense of $75,000; and after several unsuccessful experiments in running it, failed to make it pay, and so gave it up. Some years after a shrewd Yankee going that way learned the facts, and after an examination, proposed to the owner to put in $25,000 more stock, and repairs, and take him as an equal partner—the owner's stock against the Yankee's skill. A bargain was soon struck, and the factory started and paid 25 per cent. per annum. An immense fortune was made out of the old dead factory. The Yankee was asked how it was He answered, by attention to little things. I am always here to watch the little things, to pick up a bunch of cotton, to tighten a screw, to turn on a nut, to regulate a machine, to mend a band, to oil a dry place, and so prevent breakages and stopping of the work. These little wastes of material and machinery and time will eat up the profits of any business. These little things I attend to myself, I can hire men to attend the large things. This is the secret of success in every manufacturing business. This principle is equally applicable to farming interests. The farmer must take care of the little things it he wishes to have larger ones to take care of. The little wastes in a thousand ways destroys the profits. The little savings of seed, of harvests, of tools, of fences, of animals, of buildings, of expenses, of time, make the chief profits of the farm. How easy from a little neglect to spoil a machine, a crop, a harvest, a building. A rail of a fence will let in a stock of cattle upon a a growing crop, which in one night will be ruined. A little neglect will admit the rats to a grain hive, the hogs to the garden, the hens to the wheat field. There are a thousand ways in which a dollar may be wasted by a little neglect, not more than the driving of a nail or a stake. If a harness, or a wagon, or a tool, breaks in a slight degree, mend it at once. Never wait for the evil to increase. "A stitch in time saves nine;" saves a rent, saves a government. A nail or a screw in time and place, saves a gate, a door, a building, a machine or a crop. Heavy doors turn on small hinges. Fortunes turn on pivots. Look out for small things. They are the atoms, the drops, that make up the large things. Let farmers learn this philosophy and practise it, and they will be rewarded with success.—*Colman's Rural World*.

HOW TO MAKE HENS PROFITABLE.

A correspondent of the *Massachusetts Ploughman* gives an account of the produce of his fowls in 1870. The number of eggs laid, however, was very large. From an average of about 100 hens during the year, he had 1,284 1-2 dozen, or 15,415 eggs. He gives the plan of treatment as follows.

I kept an exact account of all receipts and expenditures. I have upon an average through the year about one hundred hens, three-fourths Leghorns, the remainder Dorkings. I prefer the Leghorn to all other kinds for layers, as each hen will lay about two hundred eggs in a year and seldom want to sit. The Dorkings I keep for hatching and rearing chickens, though they are good layers and weigh dressed or alive nearly twice as much as the Leghorns.

My plan is to dispose of two thirds of my stock of old horns each year and rear others to take their places, as young ones are better layers than those two years old, and I consider poultry a year and a half old worth as much, pound for pound, as young ones.

I feed them on oats in the morning; at noon I give them a mash made of corn and wheat screenings and boiled potatoes about equal parts; three or four times a week I add a little fresh meat. I feed but twice a day and carefully save all the manure, which I think many people do not understand the value of, each hen will make from seventy-five cents to a dollar's worth in a year.

My hen-house is forty feet long and twelve feet wide, fronting east and west, with doors and windows on every side, built in the cheapest manner to answer the purpose; it is divided into ten rooms, each six by eight feet, connected with yards eight by twelve feet. Each room is furnished with four movable nest boxes placed about two feet from the ground, over that a shelf two and a half feet wide and the roost about one foot above the ground.

Each room is furnished with a box containing sand and ashes for the hens to scour themselves in, a box of broken oyster shells, and a trough for water, which I am careful to provide fresh every day; this I consider very important. The food is placed in a rack made for the purpose. In the nests I keep sawdust with a little sprinkling of air-slacked lime, the dust of which prevents the hens from disturbing their nests.

Lice very seldom make their appearance, as keep the house clean, well ventilated, and sprinkled every week with ashes and lime; if any make their appearance I put four teaspoonfuls of sulphur to a pail of food and feed with this six days in succession; this remedy never fails.

SICK ROOMS—DECISION AND QUIETNESS.

Consult your patient's wants, but consult him as little as possible. Your decision need not be very obvious and positive; you will be most decisive if no one suspects that you are so at all. It is the triumph of supremacy to become unconsciously supreme. No where is this decision more blessed than in a sick room. Where it exists in its genuineness, the sufferer is never contradicted, never coerced; all the little victories are assumed. The decisive nurse is never peremptory, never loud. She is distinct, it is true—there is nothing more aggravating to a sick person than a whisper—but she is not loud. Though quiet, however, she never walks on tip-toe; she never makes gestures; all is open and above-board. She knows no diplomacy or *finesse*, and of course her shoes never creak. Her touch is steady and encouraging. She does not potter. She never looks at you sideways. You never catch her watching. She never slams the door, of course, but she never shuts it slowly, as if she were cracking a nut in the hinge. She never talks behind it. She never peeps. She pokes the fire skiltully, with firm judicious penetration. She caresses one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if she were well. She is never in a hurry. She is worth her weight in gold, and has a healthy prejudice against physic, which, however, she knows at the right time how to conceal.—*Good Health*.

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WILLIAM H BROWN.

Sworn to before me this 5th day of April, 1871. G. B. READ, J. P.

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Sworn before me one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Lunenburg. JAMES D. SELIG, J.P.

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The Interest earned by the Company in 1870 was more than sufficient to pay all its losses for the same period

In ratio for claims and expenses to income is on the lowest grade.

☞ Proof of Loss submitted to the undersigned will be forwarded, and the Loss paid without expense to the Policy holder.

Parties desiring Agencies or Settlement of Policies will apply to
THOMAS TEMPLE, St. John,
General Agent for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland
W. H. BELDING, General Solicitor.

Halifax Branch Office,
227 Hollis Street,
E. D. MEYNELL, Agent.

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac

JULY, 1872.

New Moon, 5th day, 2h. 11 m., afternoon.
First Quarter, 13th day, 3h. 34m., afternoon.
Full Moon, 20th day, 9h. 39m., morning.
Last Quarter, 27th day, 3h. 4m., morniug.

D. W.	Day Wk.	SUN. Rises.	SUN. Sets.	MOON. Rises.	MOON. South.	MOON. Sets.	H. Tide at Halifax
1	M.	4 23	7 45	1 35	8 45	3 55	4 24
2	Tu.	4 23	7 44	2 5	9 32	4 59	5 25
3	W.	4 24	7 44	2 39	10 20	6 1	6 21
4	Th.	4 25	7 44	3 21	11 10	6 59	7 8
5	Fr.	4 25	7 44	4 9	A. 0	7 51	7 49
6	Sa.	4 26	7 43	4 58	0 50	8 42	8 28
7	SU.	4 27	7 43	6 3	1 39	9 15	9 4
8	M.	4 27	7 42	7 4	2 26	9 48	9 40
9	Tu.	4 28	7 41	8 6	3 10	10 14	10 14
10	W.	4 29	7 41	9 10	3 54	10 38	10 49
11	Th.	4 30	7 41	10 11	4 36	10 59	11 26
12	Fr.	4 31	7 40	11 16	5 18	11 20	morn
13	Sa.	4 31	7 40	A 23	6 2	11 41	0 6
14	SU.	4 32	7 39	1 31	6 48	morn.	0 50
15	M.	4 33	7 39	2 44	7 38	0 5	1 41
16	Tu.	4 34	7 38	3 59	8 33	0 32	2 41
17	W.	4 35	7 37	5 14	9 32	1 7	3 47
18	Th.	4 36	7 36	6 27	10 36	1 50	4 54
19	Fr.	4 37	7 35	7 32	11 43	2 45	5 59
20	Sa.	4 38	7 34	8 23	morn.	3 54	6 57
21	SU.	4 39	7 33	9 5	0 47	5 11	7 52
22	M.	4 40	7 33	9 38	1 49	6 33	8 47
23	Tu.	4 41	7 32	10 4	2 45	7 52	9 35
24	W.	4 42	7 31	10 29	3 36	9 8	10 24
25	Th.	4 43	7 30	10 51	4 25	10 21	11 11
26	Fr.	4 44	7 29	11 14	5 11	11 31	11 57
27	Sa.	4 45	7 28	11 39	5 75	A. 40	A 45
28	SU.	4 46	7 27	morn.	6 43	1 47	1 33
29	M.	4 47	7 25	0 7	7 29	2 51	2 33
30	Tu.	4 48	7 24	0 39	8 17	3 55	3 40
31	W.	4 49	7 23	1 18	9 6	4 54	4 52

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport, and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hours and 11 minutes *later* than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N. B., and Portland Maine, 8 hours and 25 minutes *later*, and at St. John's Newfoundland 20 minutes *earlier*, than at Halifax.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

British American Book
and
TRACT DEPOSITORY.
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June 22. HENRY G. HILL.

THE
Provincial Wesleyan,
Edited and Published by
REV. H. PICKARD, D.D.,
Under the direction of the Conference, as a Religious Newspaper, and the ORGAN of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Eastern British America, is issued from the
WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,
174 Argyle Street, Halifax, N. S.
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

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All Wesleyan Ministers and Preachers on trial throughout Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, are authorized Agents to receive subscriptions for the paper, and orders for advertisements.

☞ All subscriptions should be paid in advance from the time of commencement to the close of the current year; and all orders for the insertion of transient advertisements should be accompanied by the Cash.

—:o:—

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