

Our Children's Corner.

Guidance. Dim the path of life appears. Shaded off by grief and fears. And around my trembling feet Many difficulties meet; And uncertain is the way. Father guide me lest I stray.

The Child in the Grave.

There was sorrow in the house, there was sorrow in the heart, for the youngest child, a little boy of four years of age, the only son, his parents present joy and future hope, was dead.

God has not ordained this! He has heartless agents here on earth! They do what they let—they hearken not to a mother's prayers! She doted, in her love, to arrange the Most High; and then came dark thoughts, the thoughts of death—everlasting death—that human beings returned as earth to earth, and then all was over.

When she awoke she rose and washed to see her eyes. Then her husband, with tears in his eyes, told her. "We have closed the coffin; it had to be done."

"When the Almighty is so hard on me," she exclaimed, "why should human beings be kinder?" The coffin was carried to the grave.

The inconsolable mother sat with her young daughters. She looked at them, but she did not see them; her thoughts had nothing more to do with home; she gave herself up to wretchedness, and it tossed her about as the sea tosses the ship which has lost its helm and anchor.

It seemed as if sleep had fled from her forever; it alone would be her friend, strengthen her frame and recall peace to her mind. Her family persuaded her to keep her bed, and she lay there as still as if buried in sleep.

It was scarcely audible, for close by, and then far away, and afterward near again, came delightful sounds. Never before had such glorious, such blessed sounds reached her ears. They rang from the other side of the thick curtain—black as night—that separated the hall from the boundless space of eternity.

"My sweet mother! my own mother!" she heard her child exclaim. It was a well-known, most-beloved voice; and she followed him in rapturous joy. "There is nothing so charming up yonder on earth, mother. Look, mother! look at them! That is felicity!"

The mother saw nothing—nothing in the direction which the child pointed, except darkness like that of night. She saw with earthly eyes. She did not see as did the child whom God had called to himself. She heard, indeed, sounds, music, but she did not understand the words that were conveyed to those exquisite tones.

"I can fly now, mother," said the child, "I can fly with all the other happy children, even into the presence of God. I wish so much to go; but if you cry on as you are crying now I cannot leave you, and yet I should be so glad to go. May I not? You will come back soon, will you not, dear mother?"

"Oh, stay! oh, stay!" she cried, "only one moment longer! Let me gaze on you one moment longer; let me kiss you, and hold you a moment longer in my arms."

And she kissed him and held him fast, then her name was called from above—the tones were those of piercing grief. "What, it is my father calling on you."

And again, in a few seconds, deep sobs were heard, as of children weeping. "These are my sisters' voices," said the child. "Mother, you have surely not forgotten them?"

"Then she remembered those who were left behind. A deep feeling of anxiety pervaded her, and specers seemed to hover around her; she fancied that she knew some of them; they floated through the Hall of Death, on toward the dark curtain, and here they vanished. Would her husband, her daughters, appear there? No; her lamentations were still to be heard from above. She had nearly forgotten them for the dead.

"Mother, the bells of heaven are ringing," said the child, "now the sun is about to rise." And an overwhelming, blinding light streamed around her. The child was gone, and she felt herself lifted up. She raised her head and saw that she was lying in the church-yard, upon the grave of her child. But in her dream, God had prayed, and she was a light for her kindred.

She threw herself upon her knees and prayed, and to detain an everlasting soul from its flight into eternity, and that I forgot my duties to the living. Thus had graciously spared to me."

And as she uttered this prayer it appeared as if her heart felt lightened of the burden that crushed it. A little bird sang over her head, and all the church bells around began to ring the matin chimes. All seemed holy around her; her heart seemed to have drunk in faith and holiness; she acknowledged the might and the mercy of God; she remembered her duties and felt a longing to regain her home. She hurried thither, and leaning over her still sleeping husband, she took him with the touch of her warm lips on his cheek. Her words were those of love and consolation, and, in a tone of mild resignation, she exclaimed,

When watering, particularly newly-planted crops, in dry weather, give a good soaking of water at the roots, and in all mild weather sprinkle over the whole plant at the same time, to prevent excessive evaporation.

Liquid Manure for growing vegetable crops may be given twice each week, and for developing flowers as soon as the calyx or flower cup begins to burst it should be applied but once a week. A cloudy atmosphere is the best condition for giving water, and early in the evening the best period in summer months.

The liquid which soaks from common farm and poultry yards, with some soil added, is the cheapest, but where such is not procurable add one pound guano to three gallons of water, and about a spoonful of soft soap, the latter tied up in a close cloth or bag to prevent it from swimming on the surface of the water. This mixture will make a liquid manure fit for all the ornamental grasses, plants, as Pelargoniums, Salvia, Fuchsias, Calceolarias, Achimenes, etc.

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BRITISH SHOE STORE. No. 145 Granville St.

ARTHUR J. RICKARDS. Received for steamer "America," a large and superior assortment of Gentlemen's Dress and Walking BOOTS comprising all the latest styles.

MARK THESE FACTS! The Testimony of the whole World. When watering, particularly newly-planted crops, in dry weather, give a good soaking of water at the roots, and in all mild weather sprinkle over the whole plant at the same time, to prevent excessive evaporation.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Sores, and Ulcers. All descriptions of sores are remediable by the proper and diligent use of the Ointment.

Diphtheria, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet and other Fevers. Any of the above diseases may be cured by rubbing the Ointment three times a day into the throat, breast and neck of the patient.

Piles, Flatulency, Strictures. The above class of complaints will be removed by nightly fomenting the parts with warm water after the usual manner.

Indiscretions of Youth—Sores and Ulcers. Bleaches, as also swellings, can, with certainty be radically cured if the Ointment be used freely.

Dropsical Swellings, Paralysis and Stiff Joints. Although the above complaints differ widely in their origin and nature, yet they all require less or more of the same treatment.

Results of Dairy Farming. Hon. Zaddock Pratt has furnished the statistics of his dairy farm of 203 acres at Prattville, New York, for the last year. He kept 50 cows.

Let the Afflicted be sure to faithfully try MORRELL'S READY RELIEF. ONLY 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. REV. A. SANDERSON, of Augusta, says that he has used it on his feet for several years.

PRINCE OF WALES Photographic Rooms, OVER THE COLONIAL BOOK STORE, corner of King and Gormain Streets, Saint John, N.B.

R. R. R. HOUSEHOLD BLESSINGS.

Madway's Ready Relief. It is highly important that every family keep a supply of this medicine in the house.

HOUSEHOLD BLESSINGS, No. 2. R. R. R. No. 2. A new principle discovered in medicine to cure all kinds of fevers, colds, influenza, whooping cough, and all other ailments.

MRS. WINSLOW. An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her SOOTHING SYRUP.

THOUSANDS OF CASES. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the system and restores the natural equilibrium of the whole system.

HOUSEHOLD BLESSINGS, No. 3. Madway's Ready Relief. It is highly important that every family keep a supply of this medicine in the house.

Mountain Herb Pills. A new and powerful medicine for the cure of all kinds of fevers, colds, influenza, whooping cough, and all other ailments.

REMEDY FOR BILIOUS DISORDER. CURE FOR BILIOUS DISORDER. A new and powerful medicine for the cure of all kinds of fevers, colds, influenza, whooping cough, and all other ailments.

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AMERICAN SHOE STORE. Now opened next door to Messrs. W. & C. Silver, George Street.

A Large variety of well assorted good cheap and substantial shoes now ready for sale. Children's shoes of all kinds.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD. And for the speedy cure of the following complaints: Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Scalding Head, Itching Humors, Eruptions of the Skin, &c.

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