The Family.

Jamie.

"Father, where is our Jamie to-night?
Jamie, so bold and gay?
The twilight shadows are falling now,
Why does he stay away?
Jamie is handsome, and manly too,
And he will be good and great;
But father, why is our darling boy
A-staying away so late?"

"Our noble boy is a child no more,
He has grown to a man's estate?
He has gone a-courting Minnie Gray,
The reason he stays so late;
For her golden hair and eyes of blue
Have stolen his heart away,
And he goes in the holy twilight hour
A-wooing sweet Minnie Gray."

"Why does the maiden lure him away,
Now we are growing so old?
And we have shielded him all his life,
Our love has never grown cold;
The maid can never love him as we
Have loved him all his years,
Who have led him along the path of life,
Sharing his smiles and tears."

"But, Millie, remember long years ago,
When I was handsome and gay,
And you a maiden so fair and sweet,
That you stole my heart away,
I had a father old and gray,
And a mother kind and true,
Who loved me fondly all my life—
But my heart went out to you."

A blush crept over her withered cheek,
Her eyes shone clear and mild;
No longer she chided the lovely maid
For winning away her child;
She thought of the long ago, when she
Stood close by lover's side
In the little church, and the man of God
Made her a happy bride.

A Dream of Heaven.

"Oh dear! oh dear! I don't like anything! Mean old house—ugly, woodshed;—cross baby!" Tommy ran as if the house, the woodshed and the baby were all after him like many bears.—Ran, till he came to the little brook down under the hill, where he could only see the chimneys of the "mean old house; and there he sat on a large stone and thought over all his troubles.

Poor Tommy! everything had gone crossways with him that morning; he was looking at the world through the most ugly colored spectacles that ever covered a boy's eyes. No wonder, then, that he did not enjoy the beautiful sunlight, the bright autumn leaves and the clear blue sky! I veribly believe that something was wrong with his ears too; for he did not seem to hear the singing of the birds, nor the soft rippling of the water over the stones. Was it Tommy's *self*, or was it somebody else, that kept saying such unpleasant things in his ears all the time that he could not hear those sweet sounds?

"It's awful mean, anyhow! I hate to be poor! People have to do such disagreeable things, when they're poor! Chop wood! ugh! Saturdays, too! There's Harry Brown, *his* father's rich; and he doesn't have to do anything but what he likes. *His* sister don't have to take care of the baby; she's awful proud, and she isn't half so pretty as Nell, either.—Dick Rice, too, *he* can go to his father's office and keep accounts; *that's* nice kind of work; I wouldn't mind that! Might as well not have any Saturdays! the fellows all went off without me; they knew I wanted to play ball, and they might have waited an hour for me, who wants to go when the game is half over!"

Tommy leaned his elbows on the stone, rested head in his hand, and looked over into the brook. What a pouting, discontented face was reflected there! But he did not notice that; he did not see the little white pebbles at the bottom, nor the green moss, nor the tiny fishes gliding along; he just looked straight on through those ugly spectacles. And by and by, things began to grow dim, the water looked misty, and the disagreeable sounds began to get so mixed that they seemed like one *buzz* in his ear. Then his elbows slipped off the stone, his head went down, till it found a resting-place, his hat fell over his eyes, and Tommy was asleep.

Then he had a dream,—a queer sort of a dream,—so strange and so beautiful, that Tommy hasn't forgotten it yet; and I hope he never will, as long as he lives. Tommy dreamed that he was by the door of the most beautiful place he had ever seen,—and looking in, he beheld such beautiful things as dazzled his eyes, and puzzled his mind. Beautiful beings were going back and forth, with white wings and lovely faces; and their feet made no sound on the golden floor. Afar off from the door where Tommy stood, there flowed a clear stream of water; and trees and beautiful flowers grew by the side of it.

And over all there was the most glorious light shining; not like the sun-light of earth, but composed of the richest colors, and far more of them than ever Tommy had counted in any rainbow. Then Tommy heard, in his dream, the sound of sweet music; and he looked to see where it came from. And he saw a great company of people who had harps in their hands and crowns on their heads; and they were singing and playing, while their faces shone with happiness. As Tommy looked, he saw first one, then another, and another, whom he knew, among that company. He started as if he would have gone in to speak to them; but something held him back, and he could not step over the threshold of the door.

Then Tommy said to himself, in his dream, "It must be heaven!" and, looking over all that great company who had harps and crowns, he began to wonder at things which seemed strange to him.

"There is old Uncle Nat, who used so sell apples at the school house, sitting by Doctor Deane; and they have got crowns exactly alike, too; that is queer. Why, I used to think the doctor would have the brightest crown in all heaven, for he used to give such heaps of money to do good with, and Uncle Nat never put more than a penny in the plate on Sunday. Why, Dr. Deane built that orphan asylum, and started that new church just before he died, and—" Tommy stopped, for he heard a voice just beside him, and it said softly, "Not what we do; but how we do it!" Then he saw white wings moving away from him, and he began thinking what the voice meant. And while he was thinking, his eye fell upon little Alice Lee among the company: little Alice who had died last spring: and oh, what a shining crown she had, and how glad and beautiful her face was! "Poor Alice who never did anything but scrub, and take care of people's children, up there among that great shining throng of men and women!—how queer!

"It is not what God gives us to do; but how we do it for Him!" spoke the voice at Tommy's side again. Then he remembered how he had never known Alice to complain; how she had scrubbed, or tended cross children, or waited on her blind grandmother, always with the same pleasant, cheerful face. And Tommy began to understand what the angel meant. Next, he saw among the happy company his old schoolmate Charley Green; who only came to school part of the time, because his father would get drunk and Charley must stay at home and work for mother. None of the boys had ever paid much attention to Charley; and he scarcely ever went to play on Saturday, because there were always so many little chores to be done at home to keep mother and sister comfortable. "And who'd ever have thought of Charley's being up there so high!" said Tommy, wonderingly. Then came the voice again; "God puts into all our lives something to be done for Him; it matters not whether it be small work or great: doing it cheerfully and well, makes the bright crown!" And this time, the voice ended in a loud burst of music; and the door of that beautiful place seemed to close suddenly.

Tommy rolled over from the stone and woke up. There was the brook, and the sunlight and trees, and all just the same as before: but how different they looked to Tommy! I guess he must have dropped those ugly spectacles into the brook as he turned over in his dream. Then he got up and went home, thinking over that beautiful dream. And Tommy knew what it meant. He went up to the house; but it did not seem a "mean old house" any more; it was the home God had given him. The woodshed did not look so "ugly;" cutting wood was a little thing, but God had sent it for him to do. He heard the "cross baby" crying as he went in and he took her out of Nellie's tired arms and frolicked her into a good humor. Harry Brown didn't have such things to do; but what of that? And if his sister Nell was pretty, Tommy thought it wasn't because she wore gay dresses like Harry's sister, but because she was doing God's work with a cheerful spirit, which makes always a pleasant face.

And children, don't you think that God sent that beautiful dream to Tommy to teach him a great lesson? And will you all, who have read the dream, try to learn the same lesson?

'Cause they Killed Him.'

A gentleman in London once told the story of the Savior's suffering to a crowd of little dirty boot-blacks, who had been rude to him, and distributing a little money to them, promised to see them again. Some time afterward he met one of them in the street, but did not recognize him. The following is the dialogue that ensued, and the story of the result of a good man's word in time:

'Please, sir, I'm Jack.'

'Jack—Jack who?'

'Old Jack, if—please sir.'

All at once it came across him who the lad was. 'I remember you now,' he said, 'Have you tried to keep your promise to love the Lord Jesus, and show how much you love Him by obeying Him?'

'Yes, sir, I have; indeed I have,' he answered earnestly.

Inexpressibly delighted, the gentleman stopped and talked to him a little, making an excuse by letting him clean his shoes.

'Can you read, Jack?' he asked.

'Yes, sir; not over well, but I can make shift to spell out a page.'

'Would you like a Testament of your own, where you would read for yourself the story you heard the other night?'

There was no answer, but half a chuckle of happiness at the bare idea. There was no pretence about the lad. The dirty little thief had set his face heavenward.

'I see you would like it, Jack,' added his friend. Come to my rooms at ——, to-morrow, and you shall have one. Good-by.'

Exactly at the appointed time on the morrow, came one modest, eager tap at the door. In walked Jack. He had been to some neighboring pump, poor fellow, and washed himself—not clean, but streaky. He had plastered his hair down meekly in honor of his visit. There was nothing 'taking' with him. He was very ugly; and had it not been for an humble, repentant look, would have been repulsive. That, however, he was not. The gentleman shook hands with him, and made him sit by him.

'Jack, why do you want a Testament?'

'To read about Him you told us of,' said he, shortly.

'Why do you want to read about Him? Because you love Him?'

Jack nodded once, shortly and decisively. There was no doubt about the matter, not a whit.

'Why do you love Him?'

Jack was quite silent. His little, orderly features moved in a singular way; his eyes twinkled; his breast heaved. All at once he dropped his head on the table, sobbed as if his heart would break. 'Cause they killed him,' gasped poor Jack. It was with some difficulty the gentlemen restrained his own tears. The fervent belief in the Lord's death—the clear view which he had of it, that it was for him, and that he did in no way deserve it—had melted his poor little wandering heart as it had never been melted before.

Temperance.

The Bar-Keeper.

He looks badly. Poor fellow. Must be in feeble health. Indications of pulmonary disease. How trying his position. Constantly pelted by men, enslaved to the most brutal passions. He needs sympathy. Sympathy! whoever felt any sympathy for a bar-keeper? Is he in possession of an internal spiritual principal, which keeps the soul in peace? No indeed. The fruits of the spirit don't grow on such soil. His words and actions, indicate the soul, that priceless jewel redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus, "is like the troubled sea which cannot rest." I must speak to him. Who knows but the Holy Spirit may use an imperfect instrument to accomplish the purposes of God. Paul could boast of converts in Cæsar's household; and I may help a deceived sinner to break the snare of Satan, and assist him to put on the armor of God, and fight the battles of the Lord. I can try. May the Holy Spirit help. O, how much wisdom is needed to save a soul from death, "out of season, and in the devil's synagogue." All is quiet. The most suitable time has arrived. We are alone in the bar-room. I said to him—Mr. D—— you have a hard time of it." "Yes," he replied, "I am compelled to be at it, in this miserable place, night and day. It is a slavish life. No comfort on earth, and no heaven in eternity. I tell you, sir, if a man stops to think, it is enough to make him commit suicide." "I sympathize with you my friend," I replied. "But there is something better for *us*." This expression touch'd his heart. His lips quivered, and he exclaimed, "Not for me." "Why not for you?" "Because I sin against light and knowledge. I know it is wrong to deal out alcohol to my fellow man. I see that the poison is producing wretchedness, misery, degradation, and hurrying thousands down to an untimely grave." "Why do you continue in the business?" "I can't help said he. I can't get anything else to do. My poor family would starve if I should give it up. Find me some better employment, and I will not remain here another day. I detest the business." Do you think," said I, "a liquor seller cannot go to heaven.—Why sir, you have seen enough to convince you that a man in my situation cannot be a Christian. Another thing I believe; if a man will sell the 'stuff' merely to make money, he stands a poor chance of receiving the welcome plaudit, 'well done.'" "You seem to know your duty," said I. "Yes, sir, I was nursed in the lap of piety—trained in the Methodist Church. My old father and mother still live to adorn their Christian profession; and they would rejoice to see me released from this cursed business. Yes, I am miserable, because I know I am doing wrong. I wish I could get out of it." Have you made this matter a subject of prayer?" said I. The poor fellow smiled. "Prayer! What a bar-keeper pray? Why it would be blasphemy. It would be mocking God. No indeed. It would be an insult to Deity." "Don't you think you are in this miserable fix, because you have failed to pray? You have trusted in an arm of flesh instead of the living God. The command is, 'in all things let your requests be made known unto God. Once you loved prayer. You recollect when with a child-like simplicity you went to your heavenly Father with all your trials, and asked Him to guide you in all things." "Yes I remember it. Those were happy days." A tear started in his eye, when he remarked "I wish I was in the same fix again." "Well you can be, if you will. I doubt not, providentally, I have been sent here to help you out of this horrible pit. Don't despair my friend. There is indeed, something better for you. You have not fallen so low as the prodigal son. All you have to do is to say I will arise then, then take the first step toward your father's house." "Indeed, sir," said the bar-keeper, I wish I could, "I can't live long, and if something is not done for me preetty soon, I am lost forever. We separated for the night. I retired to my room to fell down in the presence of God, to pray that grace might triumph over the works of the devil, and my friend returned to his home. The next morning the bar-keeper called me and remarked, "On my way home I thought of the conversation—especially your kindness in manifesting so much interest in my salvation. You are the first one, sir," he remarked, "that has spoken to me about my soul. Why, sir, I hated professed Christians for their indifference about my salvation. When I got home and was about to retire for the night, my wife said our Willey, a boy about six years old, as I put him in bed, commenced crying as though his heart would break. After he was pacified, I said to him. What is the matter Willey? His answer was, I haven't prayed for papa, and he would not be quieted until he could get down on his knees and pray for his father. This was too much for me. I could not stand it. Conscience condemned me. I never felt so keenly before how shamefully I had neglected my duty to my family. Here was my little boy, only six years old, could not go to bed without praying for his unnatural father, and I would curse and swear, and take the name of God in vain in the presence of my children. I tell you, sir, I spent a miserable night. Now, I have determined, God being my helper, to lead a new life. I will take your advece. I will look to Jesus, my mediator, and feel confident that grace will be imparted to the soul to enable me to carry in my life the solemn resolutions made, I trust, in the fear of God" "There is joy in heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth; and my poor heart overflowed with gratitude and praise to God for the triumphs of his grace. The following day we seperated. As the barkeeper took me by the hand, the tear started in his eye as he said, "Sir, I shall never forget your kindness. God bless you!" Glory be to Jesus! Did the votary of pleasure, riches, honor or glory, ever feel half as happy as I did at that moment?—Never. Dear friend, do you desire to be happy? Then labor to save a soul from eternal death.—Speak kindly to those who *feel* they are despised by the virtuous. One word may lead a sinner to Christ, and eternal glory! Some months since a Temperance meeting was held in London. A pious nobleman presided. At the close of the exercises, an invitation was given for individuals to sign the pledge. An aged couple, man and wife, were noticed working their way through the crowd, up to the stand. The poor inebriate had wasted a fortune and beggared his wife and family. Yet this noble woman clung to her unfortunate husband; unged him to sign the pledge, assisted his trembling hand to do so. With great difficulty he succeeds. About to leave the stand, the nobleman takes the poor creature by the hand, and with a pleasant smile remarked, "You are one of us, now sir, you are one of us.' This startled the old man. It seemed to be life from the dead. Turning to his wife, he said, "Old woman, did you hear that? One of us! Old woman did you hear that?' One of us!" and as he passed down to his seat, he turns to his wife, "Old woman, did you hear that?' One of us!" And as he passed out of the hall, he was heard to exclaim, Old woman, one of us!" The nobleman's kind words saved the poor inebriate from a drunkard's grave! O, it was like the precious words of Jasus to the wretched, deceived woman, "*Neither do I condemn thee.*" "Go thou and do likewise.

Two Witnesses.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, says:—

"In the five months I have been absent, I have never seen in Great Britain or Europe, four men or a single woman intoxicated. There is more drunkenness in the United States than is to be found among the same number of people anywhere else on the face of the earth.

On the other hand, Rev. Newman Hall says:

"In America he had seen three or four drunken men; in England he saw as many nightly. He blushed and grieved over the drunkenness and vice of Great Britain, and he should be grieved to see any nation brought down to the level of England in this respect."

The integrity and candor of both these witnesses is unquestionable. How then does it happen that their testimony is so conflicting? It happens thus: viz., that Bishop Clark, as a stranger in Europe, associated chiefly with moral and religious people, saw very little drunkenness, and hastily inferred that there was but little there; and Mr. Hall, associating almost exclusively with the same classes here, drew a similar inference in relation to the United States. We shall come nearer the truth if we take each as a competent witness in regard to his own country, but incompetent, from lack of thorough observation, as respects the country in which he was only a visitor. The amount of drunkenness both in Europe and the United States is enough to alarm every one who has at heart the welfare of the race.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS SPENT FOR LIQUORS.—A gentleman well known to the literary world, a few days ago stated that he had spent over $50,000 for liquor in New York city for himself and friends; but now he had just united with the Sons of Temperance, determined never again to touch the intoxicating cup. He commenced his career with fashionable wine drinking, and never was a common drunkard.

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No more noxious doses for me in five or ten pills taken at one time. One of your pills cured me

Thanks, Doctor. My headache has left me. Send another box to keep in the house

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I had no appetite; Maggiel's Pills gave me a hearty one.

Your pills are marvellous.

I Send for another box, and keep them in the house

Dr Maggiel has cured my headache that was chronic.

I gave half of one of your pills to my babe for Cholera Morbus. The dear young thing got well in a day.

My nausea of a morning is now cured.

Your box of Maggiel's Salve cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some Salve behind my ears and the noise left

Send me two boxes; I want one for a poor family

I enclose a dollar; your price is twenty-five cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dollar

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For all Diseases of the Kidneys, Retention of Urine, &c., &c.

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SOOTHING SYRUP,

For Children Teething,

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Sure to Regulate the Bowels.

Depend upon it mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

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Griping in the Bowels,

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ONE TO SIX BOXES ARE
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Suppression of the Menses, Headache, Hysterics, Nervousness Cured.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 10th, 1859.

DR. RADWAY: Your Pills and Ready Relief have saved my daughter's life. In June last she was eighteen years of age, and for three months her menses were suppressed. She would frequently vomit blood, suffer terribly from headache and pain in the small of the back and thighs, and had frequent fits of hysterics. We commenced by giving her six of your Pills one night, and rubbed the Ready Relief on her spine, loins and hips. We continued this treatment one week, when to our joy she was relieved of her difficulty. She is now well and regular, and has been to every dance.

Yours very truly,
J. G. HODGSON.

Your Pills cured me of Piles that I feel assured was caused by over-dosing with drastic pills.

Loss of Appetite—Melancholy—Nervousness—Bad Dreams—Sleeplessness Cured By Dr. RADWAY'S Pills.

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To promote digestion, sweeten and strengthen the stomachs of the weak and distressed Dyspeptics, they are invaluable. Six days' use of Radway's Regulating Pills will enable those, who, from their utter stomach weakness and indigestion, are obliged to sacrifice their appetites, to enjoy the most savory meats and hearty food. No such powers were ever possessed by medicine as these Pills exercise over the weak stomachs of the Dyspeptics, for in six days they so prepare the stomach to receive, relish, and digest such food as it requires. No Heartburn, no Palpitation, no Distress, no Vomiting follow the use of these excellent Pills.

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Feb 13

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That this is true, who will doubt when they read the following Certificate?

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Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, Mill Village, Queens Co., N. S.; Messrs. Calder and Fraser, do.; Dr. J. M. Barnaby, M.D., do.; E. D. Davison, Esq., do.; James Forbes, M.D., Liverpool, N. S; James Turner, Esq., Jordan River, Shelburne Co, N. S; James T. Fines, Shelburne; Rev T. W. Smith, do Wm McRey, Esq, Clyde River, Shelburne Co, N S Rev Thos Smith, Barrington, do; Wm Sargent Port Medway, Queens Co, N S; Spencer Cohoon, do.; Rev C. W. T. Dutcher, Caledonia, Queen's Co. Dr. Pope, M.D., Petite Riviere, Lunenburg Co. Rev. Christopher Lockhart Horton, N. S.; Wm Merry, Bridgewater, Lunenburg Co.; Wm. Owen, Attorney at Law, Bridgewater, Lunenburg Co.; H. B. Mitchell, Esq., Chester.
sept 26

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Aug 28

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