

more inebriate companion. Mary was shocked at her brother's behaviour, and young as she was and little as she knew of drunkenness, felt deeply mortified at the shameful exposure he made of himself staggering along the street as he went. She resolved it possible to conceal his guilt from her mother by carefully avoiding any allusion to it in her presence, which she succeeded in doing much beyond her most sanguine expectation. After kneeling with those helpless ones and commending them, with her misguided son, to the Almighty, she took her station as usual on former evenings at the window from which she had a view of the factory and the shop of Mr. Ashton. Every object she saw in the distance she imagined was her son; but the hours tedious and agonizingly long at length wore away and found her still a silent watcher. It was not until daylight streaked the east that she arose and sought her couch, and soon her wearied and oppressed nature found relief in sleep. She was awok from her slumber by Mary, who informed her the minister and Mr. Ashton wished to see her. Without a moment's delay, (for she was nerved with anxiety,) she hastened to see them; their errand was soon told, and a melancholy one it was indeed, to that hoping anxious mother. They informed her that Joseph, in company with Lawson and Turner, had during the night, embarked on board a small boat and gone without leaving the slightest trace as to their place of destination, but, said Mr. Ashton, "do not be uneasy, he will not remain long away, I should not be surprised if before the close of another week he was back again in S—"; he has not means to carry him far, I am certain he has not above five dollars in the world, and I don't think the others can boast a much larger sum. Never being accustomed to hardships or privations of any kind, he will not, I think, be one to face them very well. I have witnessed with painful feelings the evil habits he has lately formed, I have used every persuasive argument to convince him of his folly, but my efforts were all fruitless. Work was neglected, time lost in dissipation and sin that might have been turned to advantage. My interest was never once called into question by him; the house of God was neglected, while religion and every thing pertaining to it was laughed at and despised. I continued to keep him in my employment, in fact, had engaged him for another year, hoping, and still hoping to see him turn from the evil of his ways, and wake from the awful lethargy into which he had fallen. Yesterday, at his request, I settled with him and paid him the little he has taken with him, which will not take him far. I shall take every pains to learn his whereabouts and will let you know."

"Oh God! is my son so fallen, and I knew it not, pity me oh my Father and enable me to bow with resignation to thy will." Mr. Ashton was not aware until this moment that she had been ignorant in a great measure of his conduct, and he most heartily regretted having spoken so plain. They spoke many comforting words to her, and when they arose to depart she appeared quite calm. She told the sorrowful tidings to Mary, who wept bitter tears for her brother. She loved her brother dearly although he had disgraced her by his conduct and crushed her mother's hopes. "Mary, I cannot attend to the school to day, you may dismiss the children, and tell them they need not come again until Monday." The latter instantly obeyed her mother's injunction, and endeavoured by every means in her power to soothe and comfort her parent. "Mary, as you are idle you may take the bottle to the doctor and get some more medicine for poor Luther; I owe him for the last, you may settle for that, and likewise what you get to-day. Mary have you seen my purse, I cannot find it." Mary burst into tears. "Must I tell you mother, Joseph has it, he came in last evening and was tipsy, he swore at me and threatened to strike me if I refused giving him

the key. I know I did wrong, but I knew not what to do." With an almost breaking heart Mrs. Denham closed the drawer; her little all was gone, yet it was not for that she wept, but the guilt of her son weighed with a ponderous weight upon her mind. For a time she remained totally unconscious of all that was passing around her. When she recovered from her swoon and reflected for a moment, she felt thus indulging in her grief she was murmuring against the Almighty and these words of sacred truth came vividly before her mind, as if to comfort her, "What! shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" She thought, perhaps, God had seen in her a want of simple reliance upon him, or the want of true and absolute submission to his will; and she resolved still to continue praying for him, but would leave the result to God.

We will now pass over a period of ten years in the life of the widow. In the family of her daughter who had married the eldest son of the former Mr. Ashton, far from the place of her former residence, she lived in deep seclusion; with the world she sought no companionship; she had experienced too many of its sorrows; had too often felt the fallacy of earthly hope to be wedded to it, and her only object now was to secure a home where sorrow and sighing were alike unknown. Her constitution naturally delicate was failing under the load of grief that had oppressed her. Her children saw with grief that she was fast passing away from before them and strove to render her descent to the tomb as peaceful and calm as possible.

(To be continued in our next.)



Agricultural.

TO LABOR IS TO PRAY.

BY THE LATE MRS. FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seeds stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its purishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;—
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from our nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blooms the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower!
Only man in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us.
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
Flow through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as the sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong f rest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not! though shame; sin and anguish are round thee,
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee
Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee:
Rest not content in thy darkness a clod!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

SURE CURE FOR FOUNDER IN HORSES.

(For the Son of Temperance.)

As soon as you find your Horse is foundered, bleed him in the neck in proportion to the greatness of the founder. In extreme cases you may bleed him as long as he can stand up; then draw his head up as is common in drenching, and with a spoon put far back on his tongue strong salt, until you get him to swallow one pint. Be careful not to let him drink too much. Then anoint round the edges of his hoofs with Spirits of Turpentine, and your horse will be well in one day. The phlema arrests it from the blood, the salt arrests it from the stomach and bowels, and the turpentine arrests it from his feet and limbs. Founders must be attended to immediately. I have tried the above several times and always effected a cure.

R. A. P.

Pickering, June, 1851.

GRINDING PUMPKINS.—They have taken to grinding pumpkins into flour in Massachusetts, by means of which pumpkin pies, the "peculiar institution" of New England, may be enjoyed at all seasons and in all parts of the world. The "United Society" of Shakers, at Harvard, Mass., are the patentees.

CHARCOAL.—The use of charcoal in growing plants is now become general, and it is found to produce the most effect when mixed in large pieces with the soil, in rough rotten. Powdered charcoal sifted so as to have the particles not larger than those of sand, has been used in Germany for striking cuttings in, and it is found superior to sand, as it supplies them with nourishment after they are rooted, by attracting oxygen from the atmosphere, and thus forming carbonic acid gas round the roots.

SIMPLE CURE FOR CROUP.—When a child is taken with croup, instantly apply cold water, (ice water if possible,) suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge. The breathing will almost instantly be relieved. So soon as possible, let the sufferer drink as much as he can; then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety, and lead the heart in thankfulness to the Power which has given to the pure gushing fountain such medical qualities.—*American Agriculturist.*

To keep the yellow bug from melons and cucumbers plant an onion in the same bed, or strew the ground with onion tops.