

The Family

SPEAK NAE ILL!

Other people have their faults, And so have ye as well. But all ye chance to see or hear...

Be careful that ye make nae strife, W' meddlin' tongue and brain. For ye will find enough to do...

If ye canna speak o' good, Oh! dinna speak at all. For there is grief and woe enough...

If ye should feel like picking flaws, Ye better go, I welen, And read the book that tells ye all...

Dinna lend a ready ear, To gossip or to strive, Or, perhaps, 'twill make for ye...

Oh! dinna add your own, Nor mock it with your mirth, But give ye kindly sympathy...

To suffering ones of earth.

From the German for The Methodist. A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY M. D. L. THE DAISY.

Listen, children! Close by the wayside, There stands a summer-house; but you must have seen it. Before it is a little flower-garden...

Early the next morning, the boy came, and there saw the bird lying dead. They wept, and saw many tears, and dug a little grave and adorned it with flowers...

It was evening, and no one came to bring the bird a drop of water. Then it stretched out its feeble wings and shook them convulsively. His song was a sorrowful peep. The little head bowed toward the flower, and the heart of the bird broke from want and longing...

HOW TO TURN OUT. The Duke of Wellington always slept in an iron camp bedstead eighteen inches wide. When a man wants to turn over, he said, "It is time to turn out." The Emperor Nicholas did the same, Mr. Owen says. The principle is well enough; but I think the detail is wrong...

RUMSELLER'S RIGHT. The rumseller has no more rights than other men. He has no right to interfere with the right of other persons. The drinker has right, so has his wife, so has his child; and they all possess, not proved guilty of crime, have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness...

THE BEST MAN. A story is told of a great captain who, after a battle, was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, some of another. "No," said he, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field today was a soldier who was just lifting his arm to strike an enemy, but when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat checked himself, and dropped his arm without striking a blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing he has done today." And nothing pleases God so much as absolute and unhesitating obedience.

THE TRUE MINE. It is said that when some of his free-thinking friends reproached Goethe for wasting his time over the Bible for the past week, "I am convinced the Bible becomes the more beautiful the more one understands it. Such is the experience of every one who makes God's work his study. The Bible is not a flower-garden whose beauties all lie on the surface, apparent to the most casual glance; but a mine whose treasures lie deep, and can only be seen by him who digs patiently and searches carefully for them. The superficial reader finds nothing, although all the time he is reading over uncolored wealth of precious things."

LIGHT IN DARKNESS. "Two Rabbin," says a Jewish legend, "as they drew near to Jerusalem, saw a fox running upon the hill of Zion. At the sight Rabbi Joshua wept, but Rabbi Eliezer smiled. 'Wherefore dost thou weep?' asked the one who wept. 'Nay, wherefore dost thou smile?' replied the other. 'I weep,' replied the Rabbi Eliezer, 'because I see that the mountain of Zion, which is desolate, the foxes walk upon it.' 'And therefore do I smile,' said Rabbi Eliezer, 'for in the sign that God hath fulfilled his promises I see a pledge that not one of his threatenings shall fail!'"

AFTER THE EVENT—A FABLE. A swallow's nest fell from the eaves of a farm-house, and the barn-yard poultry and the hedge birds gathered about the ruins, and went into committee on them. "I know it was going to fall—I felt sure it must the last time I went on the roof," chirped a sparrow. "Stupid thing—building its nest up there," hissed a goose. "I could have taught her how to lay eggs without getting smashed, if she had only come to me," quacked a duck. "And I could have taught her how to hatch them—I have had to hatch your Neighbor Duck," clucked a hen.

So they carried it in the sod to the lark in the cage. But the poor bird sorrowed loudly over his lost freedom, and flapped his wings against the bars of the cage. The little daisy couldn't speak; not a comforting word could it say to him, and it wanted to do so badly. This was the entire morning. "There is no water here," said the lark. "They have all gone away and forgotten me—not a drop of water to drink! My throat is burning with thirst; in my heart is fire and ice, and the air is so heavy. Oh! I must die! I must lose the warm sunshine, and the fresh green fields, and all the beauty that God has created. Thereupon he pierced the sod with his bill in order to refresh himself; and he spied the little daisy, bowed to it, and, kissing it, said: 'Must you also wither here, you poor little flower? You and that green spot there they have given me instead of the whole world. Every one of your white petals is a sweet flower to me. Ah! they only remind me of how much I have lost.' "If he could only be comforted—if only something could be done for him," thought the daisy; but it couldn't move a leaf. But the perfume which streamed from its petals was so much stronger than the air was so heavy, that the bird noticed it; and although he was starving, and in his pain pulled off the green blades, he didn't touch the little flower.

It was evening, and no one came to bring the bird a drop of water. Then it stretched out its feeble wings and shook them convulsively. His song was a sorrowful peep. The little head bowed toward the flower, and the heart of the bird broke from want and longing. When a man wants to turn over, he said, "It is time to turn out." The Emperor Nicholas did the same, Mr. Owen says. The principle is well enough; but I think the detail is wrong. Sleep itself is far too important to be made uncomfortable. My old friend Rostetter fixed his alarm so that, at the unobtrusive moment, the bed-clothes were dragged from the bed, and Rostetter lay shivering. I have myself somewhere the drawings and specifications for a patent (which I never applied for), which arranges a set of cams and wheel-work under the bedstead, which, at the moment appointed, lift the pillow and six feet, and deliver the sleeper on his feet on the horizontal protuberance. He is not apt to sleep long after that. Rostetter found another contrivance which worked better. The alarm-clock struck a match, which lighted the lamp, which boiled the water for Rostetter's shaving. If Rostetter stayed in bed too long, the water boiled over upon his razor, and he awoke clean shaven, and the prayer-book his mother gave him, and Colebridge's autograph, and his open pocket-book, and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had to get up before that moment came.—Old and New.

THE DEPTH OF THE OCEAN. The ocean is not a "bottomless deep," as poets and to young ladies, neither of whom are familiar with the modern improvements in taking soundings. Not only have skillful seamen known how to reach the bottom and letch parts of it up to the top from great depths, but mathematicians have given themselves the trouble to calculate theoretically its average depth. Buffon gave this at 240 fathoms; Laplace, erroneously estimating the mean elevation of the land at 3280 feet—three times the height now allowed by physical geographers—though the waters of the sea must be of about 2735 fathoms to the Atlantic, and of about 3800 fathoms to the great South Sea. According to this estimate, other mathematicians add, the Pacific must be at its deepest point fifteen and a half miles in depth, which is scarcely probable. But though little is known of the greatest depths of the ocean, we do know that their bottoms are of unequal depth, and that they contain mountains as well as vast rolling plains; and Reclus takes advantage of such soundings as have been made to illustrate in a striking manner the inequalities of the bottom. If, he remarks, the waters of the Mediterranean were suddenly lowered about 110 fathoms, it would be divided into three distinct sheets of water; Italy would be joined to Sicily, Sicily would be united by an isthmus to Africa, the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus would be closed, but the outlet of the Gibraltar would remain in free communication with the Atlantic Ocean. If the level were lowered about 550 fathoms, the Egean, the Euxine and the Adriatic would wholly disappear, or only leave in their beds unimportant pools; the remainder of the Mediterranean would be divided into several seas like the Caspian, either isolated, or communicating with each other by narrow channels, and the terminal promontory of Europe would be joined by the isthmus of Gibraltar to the mountains of Africa. A depression of about 1100 fathoms would leave nothing but three inland lakes; to the west, a triangular basin occupying the depression between France and Algeria; in the middle, a long cavity extending from Crete to Sicily; and eastward, a hollow lying in front of the Egyptian coast. The greatest depth of the Mediterranean, exceeding 2200 fathoms lies to the north of the Sytes, at almost the geometrical centre of the basin.—Harper's Magazine.

THE ANCHORING HARBOR. A little sloop with costly merchandise on board, was once intrusted to the care of a man-of-war, which was to convey it from the Cape of Good Hope to England. For many days they kept together, and then a storm came on. When it cleared the sloop was nowhere to be seen. The commander was very sorry, for he knew how valuable the stores were, and how precious the lives of all that crew were to the home circles where they longed. He anchored at last in Portsmouth harbor in a heavy fog. When it lifted what was his surprise and joy to find anchored close beside him the very little craft over which he was grieving! So in the storm of life parents lose their children. They are separated from them, and they see them no more. But if parent and child are united in Christ, they are anchored in the celestial harbor, and the fog lifts, they shall see these little barques anchored close beside them.

WHAT CHRIST DID FOR ME. For me Christ left his home on high; For me he came to earth to die; For me he slumbered in a manger; For me he dwelt with strangers; For me he Egypt fled with babes; For me he slept in caves and glen; For me he ate his meekly bread; For me he crowned of thorns he wore; For me he braved Gethsemane; For me he hung upon a tree; For me his final breath was made; For me by Judas was betrayed; For me by Peter was denied; For me by Pilate crucifixion; For me his precious blood was shed; For me he slept among the dead; For me he rose with might at last; For me above the skies he passed; For me he came at God's command; For me he sits at his right hand.

ODD AND TOUCHING. There came recently to the New York Post-office a letter directed simply to "God." When opened it was found to be evidently from a little girl, and ran thus: "Dear God, we are very poor. My brother needs a new coat very much. Won't you please to send him one, and then I'll worry no more about it."

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.—During an earthquake the inhabitants of a village were very much alarmed, but were at the same time astonished at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady whom they all knew. Some one asked her if she was not afraid. "No," said she, "I rejoice to know that I have a God that can shake the world."

As a little weeping child will hold its mother fast, not because it is stronger than she, but because the mother's bosom so constrains her that she cannot leave the child, even so Christ, yearning over the believer, cannot go because he will not.

TO PREVENT CATTLE JUMPING. A correspondent of the Vermont Farmer thus describes an improved mode of jumping stick. First put a piece of wood board, one-half or three-fourths inch thick, and about three feet long, over a hole inserted in the bar across the horns in such a way that when this hard wood strap is inserted in it, running over the back, as the animal naturally carries its head, the rear end will be just free of the bark. Drive three or four shingle nails ground sharp into this end, letting them come through three-fourths of an inch, so that, as the animal makes an effort to raise his head to jump the fence, the nails will soundly prick his back, and he will be apt to sink his tail and start for some food that is easier to be obtained. For cheapness and durability this arrangement is unequalled. It weighs less than three pounds; it is not in the way when travelling around, and when the animal lies down it is on one side, as it is nature; and it does not hurt the animal, as the side of the jump stick is in the air. It will keep the animal to which it is applied, where it belongs, sure.

Obituary. Died at Woodstock, County of Carleton, Saturday, June 28, 1873, Hon. Charles Connell, M. P., aged sixty-three years. Mr. Connell was born in the County of Carleton, Ontario, Canada, in 1810. His father, Charles Connell, emigrated from Connecticut to New Brunswick, and was one of the first settlers on the Upper River St. John. He was the number of those united empire loyalists, who, during the ten or fifteen years succeeding the close of the revolutionary war, left the United States and sought new homes on lands which still acknowledged allegiance to the British crown.

Having such an object in view, it was not strange that the subject of this sketch should have been through life a most loyal adherent of that government under the protection of which his father sacrificed so much to live.

When comparatively a young man he entered political life, in which he continued to act in various capacities with eminece and honor, till the time of his death. He occupied many of the high and official positions in the gift of his native province. He was a member of the Executive Council and Post Master General of New Brunswick from 1859 to 1869, and in his administration he was indebted for the step of the Sabbath rest, which has been productive of good results. He was Surveyor General 1866-7, and for many years member of the Board of Works. Many of the settlers upon wild lands have been led to express to him, and with good reason, their gratitude for the wise and just regulations made in that department during his administration. He occupied a seat in the Legislative Council of the Province from 1849 to 1861, when he resigned and returned to the Legislature, to which he was returned, and of which he remained a member till the Union was formed. In 1867 he offered for the Commons and was returned by acclamation, the duties of which station he discharged so satisfactorily, that in the last general election in 1872 he was returned by acclamation. In politics he was a liberal, and responsible government, and in the country a devoted adherent of the cause of the Union. He was largely owing to his influence that the government of the King's College was so changed as to make it a University for the people, extending equal privileges to all. He was a prime mover in introducing the form of government known as municipal, and rendered efficient aid in working it out in his own country. Like most statesmen of these provinces, he dreamed of their union some day, and gave to the project his able aid. When Mr. Connell originated the scheme for building the Riviere Du Loup railway; he was also a director of the Quebec & N. B. R. R.

Mr. Connell was not an orator, but was always able to state his views with directness, clearness and force, and rarely failed to carry conviction to the minds of his hearers. He excelled as a thinking and foreseeing man, as was evidenced both by his political and commercial success. In his liberality he was abundant, ever aiding through a long and useful life, both with hand and purse, all enterprises for the public good. In the building of churches and school houses he took especial interest, aiding both by wise counsel and liberal contributions.

Mr. Connell might well be called "the poor man's friend," for he did more for the opening up of the back settlements, and giving opportunity for the poor to make for themselves a home on easy conditions, than any who had preceded him. He was a man of uncommon energy and determination, of thoughtful generosity and kindness of heart, of strict integrity and conscientiousness, and, though for many years in the strife of politics, has left a record of public and private life unstained.

Of his religious life it is only necessary to say that, while from conviction and choice a Methodist, he was a liberal minded lover of all true followers of Christ. He was for many years an active and efficient Trustee and a liberal supporter of the church, which has suffered great loss by his removal. His personal trust in Christ was put to severe test by long and painful illness, but it failed him not, it enabled him not only to bear his sufferings with Christian resignation, but to rise into the conqueror's victory at the last, and close his career in hope of glorious immortality.

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WOODSTOCK, July 12th, 1873.

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MARY L. POTTER, Storn at Wilmet, this 11th day of April, 1857, before me GEORGE PRINSEY, J. P.

SCOTT'S BAY, Aug. 3rd. 1868. Dr. GATES. This is to certify that after three years suffering of the diseases called Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, I have tested your preparation and found relief.

The first symptoms of complaining were swelling of the stomach, hoarseness of spirit, and very soon became general debility. I tried medicines from three different Doctors but found no real benefit derived from them. I was advised to write for Dr. Gates' Life of Man Bitters, which I did, and on candidly say there was nothing like them for me; six months after I received the Bitters I was in a manner cured of all diseases and weakness. I would say to any of those afflicted with these diseases to try them as I have and they will want no further proof.

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This is to certify that I was afflicted with deafness, loss of voice, &c. for two years and a half; that I could not speak above a whisper; I was thought consumptive by my friends; as I coughed and raised a good deal of phlegm three regular physicians at different times to no purpose. I then by the advice of my friends, as a last resort, commenced using Dr. Gates' Bitters, and in about two weeks my hearing was restored, my cough ceased, and my strength returned to its former state.

MARY L. POTTER, Storn at Wilmet, this 11th day of April, 1857, before me GEORGE PRINSEY, J. P.

SCOTT'S BAY, Aug. 3rd. 1868. Dr. GATES. This is to certify that after three years suffering of the diseases called Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, I have tested your preparation and found relief.

The first symptoms of complaining were swelling of the stomach, hoarseness of spirit, and very soon became general debility. I tried medicines from three different Doctors but found no real benefit derived from them. I was advised to write for Dr. Gates' Life of Man Bitters, which I did, and on candidly say there was nothing like them for me; six months after I received the Bitters I was in a manner cured of all diseases and weakness. I would say to any of those afflicted with these diseases to try them as I have and they will want no further proof.

Mrs. SIMON T. FRASER, Storn to be free, this 3rd day of August, 1865. GEORGE L. JESS, J. P.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Nov. 4, 1859. This is to certify that I, Matthew Shardon, was under the doctor's hands for some time with a disease called the Dropsy, and suffered all but death; and after giving up all hopes, was recommended to go to Mr. Gates. In about two weeks after taking his medicine I was able to go to work as usual.