The fami'y

For the Provincial Wesleyan. HOME.

Delightful thoughts, how many and how sweet, Are couched beneath this precious little word: What happy seasons, when we meet and greet.

Our triends, all gathered round the fam'ly board.

Home is the place where general comfort reigns; 'Tis there we shun the turmoils of the world ;

'Tis there we ease our body of its pains, And sit in calm, like ship with sails all furl'd.

Home is a shelter from this earth's vain cares : 'Tis that revives us when we are depress'd: 'Tis that which wipes away our bitter tears, And, when worn down with trouble gives us them home. rest.

Whose heart doth not at once catch up the tender withal. The talk of Mrs. Webster word? With pleasing recollections hov'ring round

And feel within their finest feelings stir'd, While ruminating on the blissful sound.

Home, 'tis the word that cheers us when away And battling with the world, on sea or land; 'Tis home that turns our darkness into day, And gives us strength our hardships to with- get a boquet I made for you this morning out

The sailor, tempest tossed out on the deep, With surging billows foaming all around; The traveller, o'er the desert bare and bleak, Alike, in that sweet word, know strength is found

But home, that blessed home beyond the sky, them eway. Is to the heaven-bound pilgrim still more

'Tis thet which rises all our comtorts high, And banishes our mest distressing fear.

Tis that which helps us bear the ills of life, With patience, fortitude and trust in God; Assured that when we end this mortal strife. That home shall be our unending abode. ROBERT PITTMAN.

Newfoundland.

WHAT THE PAINT COST.

Early Saturday evening, at a desk in the snug corner of her newly painted grocery, sat Mrs. Webster, figuring up some columns in her ledger, and holding herself ready to meet any callers who might wish to settle their accounts. Since her husband died she had taken hold of it seemed to him that his wife, and little Mary the business herself with earnestness and ener- too, were divining his thoughts. gy, showing that sometimes a woman can do better than a man, even on his own ground. only in the purchase and sale of her goods, but ed everywhere in the store. ten dollars.

Presently in came Philip Phillips, a mechanic and a customer. His bill now amounted to upwards of twenty dollars, a large amount new." for him, for of late Mrs. Webster. considering

have to go out a little in that way-wash, or Yet men best acquantee when the dangers to which he was exposed and the ru-to buy clothes for herself, such as she would more of his having succumbed to them. Allike to have. You musn't blame me, or moth-er either, for asking her about it." most the last words of Sir Roderick Murchison, "Enough said," muttered Phillips. "My as he lay dying in London, last October, were, wife don't go out a washing or ironing either. "Livingstone will come back." As the sa-Tell your tolks that for me." Tell your folks that for me."

come to it ?"

lories, now all faded and drooping.

we were first married all was bright.

round, let me know, and I'll buy it."

"But it faded away like the morning glo

they, Mary ?"

As the boy went his way, Phillips stood ir- ery of the discoverer, and merely anticipated resolute, gloomily pondering what he heard. * She go out and do washing ! Never; not searches, it is by no means certain that his preeven for a friend. But then, if we're going diction will be fulfilled .-- Alexander Young, in

have to go out a little in that way-wash, or Yet men best acquainted with Livingstone

down hill, who knows but that she'll have to Golden Age. Phillips finally concluded that he would not TROUBLESOME NEIGHBORS. go to Van Lennep's that evening, but would

let him wait till the end of the next month for First, Miss McGinty cam over to know his pay. He had two reasons for going there; If a pailful of coal she could borrow, he felt the need of a dram, along with the at- Her husband had ordered a ton from the yard tractions of jolly associates, and he wanted to She'd return it to-morrow. pay his score. But now he resolved to take

Then came Mrs. Martin from over the way. Who said she'd stepped over to see He took a seat in the room where his wife and children were, and they had little to say at If I would oblige her till that afternoon With only a drawing of tea. first, for he felt gruff and gloomy, and a little

Next came Mrs. Johnson, who'd like very muc about painting his nose, stung him to the quick. I'd lend her, an hour or two, ~ He used to think himself a handsome man; A couple of irons, as she had on hand perhaps his coarse habits had changed all that. Some work she was hurried to do. His little daughter Mary, not yet nine years

old, came and climbed on his knee, and then Then came Mrs. Thom:on, a neighbor nex remembering, she said, " Papa, I'll run and door. A troublesome, cranky old dame ----of some flowers in the garden," and she ran Who wanted to borrow for that afternoon. The loan of my large quilting frame. and brought the flowers, a bunch of morning

Scarce had she gone when old widow Jones. "They're the only flowers I could get in the garden," she said, " and they're all spoiled," Who said she was going to scrub, Came into the room and wanted to know she added complainingly; and she held back, If I'd lend her the use of my tub. as it doubting whether to present them or throw When Mrs. Wilson came over in haste .--"Hand them to me, Mary. You did the In her hand a pitcher she bore. best you could, I s'pose," said her father, try- Her molasses fell short, she had'nt enough.

ing by a blunt manner to hide his real feelings. And would like to borrow some more. Let's see-morning glories. Bright things in the morning, and pretty enough, but they Next came Mrs. Hernando, who wanted t

do'nt hold out. They're like people, aren't know If the late paper I had read through, His wife emboldened by this little bit of mon And would feel much obliged to me if I would

But loan it an hour or two. alizing, ventured to put in a word. " They're very much like ourselves, Philip. When we And even at night, when going to bad, There came to my door, Mrs. Doyle, Who had to sit up,-her daughter was sick,-And wanted some kerosine oil.

ries," continued Philip. "Well, now, if there's any flower that keeps its color all the year With patience exhausted, I'm forced to declar That in future I'll lessen my labors, As Philip said this, his face colored for somehow the thought ludicrously, and yet plain- By refusing to lend everything I possess ly struck him that his own nose was a flower of To improvident, troublesome neighbors. that description-red all the year round; and

OUEEN VICTORIA.

William 1V. expired about midnight at Wind-

He rose, and as he did so, he caught a glimpse of his face in the glass. " There's the sor Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, benefit of man She had shown good taste and judgment, not nose with the red paint on it," he reflected. with other peers and high functionaries of the "That's the paint that costs us all so much. kingdom, were in attendance. As soon as the also in the good order and neatness that reign- Opening his pocket-book. he handed his wife "sceptre had departed," with the last breath of the king, the Archbishop quitted Windsor "Take this, Janie, and I'll double it next Castle and made his way with all speed to month; you'll need it to get you something Kingston Palace, the residence at that time of

the Princess-already; by the law of succes-"And you'll buy me a little photograph al- sion, Qneen-Victoria. He arrived long behis intemperate habits, had seldom allowed bum, won't you, papa ?" said little Mary. fore daylight, announced himself, and request

The sequel of her reign has been worthy of

been for a time overturned. That of England

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

To see him issue from the silent air

never

wings.

any monarch now reigning.





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him credit to any great extent "Yes, my little one, if it don't cost too ed an "I can pay you twelve dollars to-night, Mrs. much; but what kind of an album do you want She hastily attired herself and met her venera-

Webster; sorry it's no more," said Phillips, me to get you ?" shambling up to the desk.

"I want a little one with twelve places in it of the death of William, and formally announ " I'm sorry too, Philip. It's not what I for pictures. I want your picture, papa and ced to her that she was, in law and right, suclike to say- for your wife and children's sake, mamma's; all the girls put their father's and cessor to the deceased monarch. "The sove I regret to say it-but we will have to let the reignty of the most powerful nation at the feet mother's in first." balance of this account stand till next pay day, "Suppose we wait, Mammie, till I'm better of a girl of eighteen." She was de jure Queen

and not let it grow any. I'll sell right cheap looking. Maybe I'll come to my good looks in of the anglo ream, in fact or history, on which for cash, you understand ; and for to-night, I'll the "sun never sets." She was deeply agitaa tew weeks." give you a receipt for ten dollars." "O you're good looking enough-only the ted at the formidable words, so fraught with

Phillip took a long breath. Half sitting and half leaning on the bench at the side of the blessing or calamity, and the first words she "Well, Mamie, said Philip, feelinnly, as he was able to utter were these: "I ask your desk, he looked around while Mrs. Webster drew the little girl to his bosom, for his mind prayers in my behalf."

was writing the receipt. To change the subwas fully made up, and he acted as if the best They kneeled together, and Victoria inauguject, for he felt uncomfortable under the implied way to be a man again was to be candid and rated her reign, like the young king of Israel refusal to trust him till the balance of his actender, "I shall pay no more money for nose in the olden time, by asking from the Highcount was paid-he began to praise the looks paint, it costs too mnch." And then turning est, who ruleth in the kingdom of men, "an of the store in its new dress of paint, and with to his- wife who was an astonished listener to understanding heart to judge so great a peohis new way of talking, he said, "That's just ple, who could not be numbered or counted for new fixtures. multitude."

ed up. It takes a woman to get ahead in the world. It must have cost a big sum to paint yet, for I mean to save as I go along; and up after this fashion."

after this fashion." "It has not cost so very much, Mr. Phil-Mrs. Webster told about, the old morning glolips. I hope you'll take kindly, if I speak ries will come back again, and stay for a lifecandidly; it's a fact that it hasn't cost any time."-Young Folk's News. more to paint up my store than it has cost you

to paint your nose."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. Phillips started back, looking confused and As is well known, he began his travelling ex-

angry, his cheeks almost as red as his face. presence he stood, he checked himself, and periences as a mis-sionary. It was in the glow presence he stood, he checked himself. and said, "That's considerable of a liberty, Mrs. us he revolved to devote his lite to the allevia-

Webster; that's right down personal." Vebster; that's right down personal." "Now, Philip, you must bear with my plain-the could do most good as a medical missionary ness. You know as plain as I can tell you that with that wife of yours, and children too, war, he turned his attention to Southern Afri-tor with the plain as proceeding as a proceeding of the south o that with that wite of yours, and children too, you might be in as prosperous a condition as I am. You are gotting good wages, but at the a, where the labors of Rev. Robert Moffat, whose daughter he afterwards married, were it will last. To make a calculation how much it costs to keep you in drink—or, what is the same thing, to paint your nose—you must add to what you pay the bar-tender various little go wrong at home on account of it. For in stance, you being a customer of the dram shop is the reason why your wife cannot afford to keep a girl, and being at times quite over-marked the mas quite over-marked the mas quite over-marked the mas quite over-the a first marked the mas quite over-marked to a bar set of the dram shop is the reason why your wife cannot afford to keep a girl, and being at times quite over-marked the mas quite over-marked mass quite over-marked the mas quite over-marked keep a girl, and being at times quite over-worked, she has an occasional attack of sick-It was during these pioneer efforts that Liv-

your representative. Indeed, in its character ness, and then you have a doctor's bill to pay. ingstone turned to good account the severe it is the summation of the importance, interest, In many ways your habit is seen to be expen- training of his simple Scottish home. In early In many ways your habit is seen to be expen-sive. Your loss of credit is no doubt a disad-life, while working in a cotton factory, he used vantage, and some-mind, I say it for your ben- to place his book on the spinning jendy, so that efit-some have lost their position through close attention enabled him to master its con-

their intemperate habits, and have gone down tents in spite of the roar of the machinery. To hill from that time. Perhaps you've heard the this part of his education he attributed his funny remark, that when a man begins to go power of completely abstracting his mind from How sweet it were, if without leeble fright, down hill, he finds everything greased for the surrounding noises so as to read and write Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,

occasion. The paint on one's nose costs more with perfect comtort, near the dancing and An angel came to us, and we could bear and more-and at last it may cost the man's aongs of savages. life, and what is infinitely of more importance. How the brave missionary clung to his cho- At evening in our room, and bend on ours it is likely to cost him his soul too. If you sen work, undeterred either by the hostility of His divine eyes, and bring us from his bower would save all that, make it a settled point the natives or the miasmas of the swamps, News of dear friends and children who have

bearing a charmed life in the midst of appalnever to go inside of the drinking saloon." With his face very red, Phillips made an ing dangers, is known to all the readers of his Been dead indeed-as we shall know forever awkward bow, and thanking Mrs. Webster for travels. His wife proved a worthy helpmeet in Alas ! we think not what we daily see

his trials and privations. She accompanied him About our hearths-angels that are to be her advice, he went out. It was his intention to go to Van Lennep's on both of his journeys across the entire conti- Or maybe, if they will, and we prepare

saloon, where he had a bill to pay—for Philhp's nent from the shores of the Indian Ocean to imaging himself an honest man, thought that Atlantic. Her womanly influence kept him A child, a friend, a wite whose soft hear imagining himself an honest man, thought that imagining himself an honest man, thought that he tried as well as he knew how, to pay his way in the world. One third had honey to be had honey to be prudence, and restained him from yielding. In unison with ours, breeding its futur

in the world. One thing he had known for a long time-he had nothing to lay by at the end of the week, and now he was going behind-hand savage life. Her unexpected death, on the band.

Outside he met a youngster, the son of a man 17th of April, 1862, while she was planning to

Outside he met a youngster, the son of a man who was once a neighbor, but now, having ris-en in the world, he lived in another street. "Mr. Phillips," said the boy, "I was just going over to your house to see if Mrs. Phil-lips don't know of any woman who'll come and she'll come herself—mother told me to ask." "Well, that's queer in your mother to tell you so. My wile don't go out a washing." "I suppose that's all so, Mr. Phillips. But mother said that Mrs. Phillips had been over

mother said that Mrs. Phillips had been over cerning him, is even more remarkable than the kind used by dagderreotypists on "gem" picthere, and said she didn't know but she would success of the Herald expedition in their search. tures.

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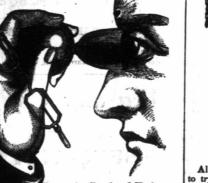
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