

The Family.

The Water and the Flower.

One quiet eve, some years ago, whilst lingering by a stile

That ran along a wayside path, to watch the clouds a while.

Ere thought had lifted from my heart the shadow of her wing.

I saw a child—a little girl—returning from the spring.

Her well-filled pitcher lightly pressed her curls of silken hair.

Supported by a tiny hand, and she was very fair.

With something in her sunny face pure as the sky above.

And something in her gentle eye that guarded angelic love.

A little flower, blossoming a step or so aside.

This happy child of innocence with sudden joy

spied.

Then letting down her pitcher with the same sweet joyous song.

She watered it, half laughing, and gaily tripped along.

The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a summer's sun.

And smiled beneath the act which she unconsciously had done.

Whilst wandering on with fairy tread, as merry as before.

I saw her pass the garden gate, and close the cottage door.

Oh, often in this little scene has crossed my thoughts again.

I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed her spirit then—

This little girl has tripped through life as joyous to the last.

Refreshing all the weary hearts that met her as she passed;

If with unconscious tenderness her heart has paused to bless.

The poor amid their poverty; the sad in their distress;

Still following up God's teachings, day by day, and hour by hour;

Foreboding in that simple scene—the water and flower—

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has hushed to rest

The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden breast;

If to the wayside wanderer, where'er steps have led.

The pitcher has been lowered very kindly from her head

O holy, happy Charity! how many pleasures lost

By those who have not known thee, had been worthy of the cost;

How many hearts a blessing from a better world have borne

Whilst lowering the pitcher to the weary and worn.

Thou who hast stood beside God's spring of blessings day by day.

To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it away.

The poor and the dejected—whom God hath willed to roam—

Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy home.

Oh! let thy heart beat ever quick in actions kind to be.

Remember Him whose bounty has at all times followed thee.

And deem it not a trouble in the wayside or the town.

To linger where the weary are, and let the pitcher down.

—Exchange.

The Story of the Lilies.

"Mamma, when Harry Graves has given me to put into my garden."

Elsie took from the basket she carried upon her arm a few small brown bulbs, and laid them upon the table before her mother. It was a lovely, brilliant, sunny April day; such a day as makes children remember the long-storied-away tresses and spades and wheelbarrows, and that furnishes gardeners with real hard work for the coming summer.

"What are they, dear?"

"Mamma, how do you like the valley—"

"It will be necessary, Elsie, for them to be put into the ground and quite covered over; there they must lie for several weeks, and then, after the soft rain has fallen, and the sun has shone upon the place where they lie, if you look you will see a delicate green shoot springing up from the earth. This will grow larger and larger, until finally it unfolds itself, and exhibits a slender green stalk which gradually develops the waxy white cups that form the flower. It will be the prettiest flower in your garden, Elsie, and it has a faint delightful perfume."

Elsie's blue eyes had expanded to their full extent as her mother detailed this story of the lily.

"Mamma, how wonderful that anything so beautiful should come out of such plain little brown balls!"

There was a soft rose-tint upon the mother's cheek, as she bent forward to encircle the head of her little girl with her arms.

"I can tell Elsie a story more wonderful still."

"Can you, mamma? and not about the lilies?"

"It is a story that reminds me of my darling, as true, but infinitely more beautiful. You remember when little Amy died, and her coffin was put into the ground, you asked me why it was placed there?"

"Yes, mamma. Little Elsie's childish face assumed a look of solemn interest; and her sister's death was yet fresh in her memory; it was for her and her mother still were those black dresses."

"I told you then, dear, that you were too little to understand, even if I took the trouble to explain; I think by the aid of these lilies I can make it clear to you. Do you remember what happened to the Lord Jesus after he died?"

Elsie beat her head thoughtfully for a few minutes. She had just commenced to learn the Catechism, and naturally enough her thoughts turned to the creed to see a reply to her mother's question. She had found it, and she looked up brightly.

"The third day He rose from the dead, He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

"Is that what you mean, mamma?"

"Quite right, Elsie. In his resurrection Christ was an example of this great doctrine of the Christian church. He taught it in his discourses, and proved it after his death, yet it is now new belief. Many, many years before, Job exclaimed in the utterance of his divine faith: 'For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall judge myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.'"

"The mother had spoken as though but giving vent to her own thoughts; the momentary color faded from her thin cheeks, leaving them of an ashen white, and a visionary film glazed her soft dark eyes. Elsie could not understand these words, and she saw their effect upon her mother with wonder and pain; she saw also that though her mother's arms still encircled her, her presence was forgotten, and she put her little hands softly to her mother's face. "But sister Amy, dear mamma, where has she gone to?"

The mother roused herself with a long-drawn sigh.

"I told you, dear, at the time; it was but our darling's body that was put into the ground—"

Like them in this, dear, that she shall rise again in fairness and beauty; but in greater fairness and beauty. While the loveliness of the lily is in comparison with these unsightly bulbs, so shall we rise purged from all earthliness. After his resurrection you know that Christ walked and talked upon the earth with his apostles, but his likeness must have been transformed; as we may believe, the brightness of heaven was there, for many of his followers did not know him at first sight, his voice and his touch were new to them.

Elsie's voice was subdued with a breathless awe—a dim comprehension of the great mystery had penetrated her childish understanding.

"May I go to the churchyard and watch for Amy, mamma? will she soon rise? and do you think I shall know her?"

The mother smiled as she fondled her darling's curly head.

"Any will not rise, dear, until the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ to judge the quick and the dead, and when that shall be, not even the angels in heaven know. I tell you all this, Elsie, so that you may learn to have comfort when any one you love dies, and is buried; and because it will not be long before God will call me to leave you, and to join our little Amy."

"You, mamma? Oh, no, not you, I cannot live without you."

For a few minutes the lady clasped her little daughter passionately in her arms.

"Listen, dear Elsie, it must be so; I am dying slowly but surely of the same disease that carried away little Amy. I want you to know and grow accustomed to the thought, that we may, in the last days, be a real comfort to each other. God may spare me for weeks and months yet, but the parting must come sooner or later."

"But, mamma, you too will rise again, and we shall all meet and be happy in heaven."

"That is certain, if my Elsie will only strive to live by the Bible standard, doing the right, rejecting the wrong."

"Mamma, I will always think of what you have told me, and it will make me glad when you are gone. Will you tell me another part of the Bible where I can read about the resurrection?"

Mrs. Manners opened her Bible, which she now always lay by her couch, and read to Elsie I Cor. xv., explaining it simply as she read.

Preceding in thought by reason of the early sorrows she had borne, and was still called upon to endure, Elsie took more than a child's comfort in the words she read; and when her mother came to the fifty-fifth verse, her heart as could cry with the apostle, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" because of that hope that was beyond the grave.

When Elsie's little bloomed the first flowers were gathered to place upon her mother's grave, but the sting of her sorrow was removed by belief in the words upon the white tombstone: "I would not have you be ignorant brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope."

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so they also which sleep in Jesus will be brought with him."

People are very careful, sometimes, as to how they commit sin, and take far more trouble in doing wrong, than ever it would take them in doing right. Sometimes they escape detection for years; sometimes, as far as this world is concerned, sin never seems to find them out. But it is not so. Generally there is something, some "hole in the wall," which serves to expose the deed done in darkness into the broad clear light of day. Well says the old proverb: "It will take a great many shovelfuls of earth to bury the truth."

A minister was once walking in a country graveyard. The sexton was busy digging a grave, and presently threw up a human skull. The minister took it up and on examining it, found a headless nail stuck in the temple. Secretly drawing it out and hiding it in his handkerchief, he held the man whose skull it was. The story was a sad one. It belonged to a drunken fellow who one night had taken two quarts of ardent spirit, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. Something the grave-digger said, led the good man to suspect something wrong, and going to the house where he had formerly lived, he questioned his wife about the matter, and presently unfolded his handkerchief, and to the terror of the astonished woman held up the skull. "Ah, her sin," said her mother, "she had murdered her husband, and as the 'hole in the wall' revealed Jerusalem's sin, so this headless nail made plain this awful crime."

A thief broke into a house and got safely away with his prize, soon, however, to be captured. His sin found him out, but ah, in how strange a way! Escaping by the window he wounded his hand; the blood stained the pavement. "Drop by drop they tracked it on till their silent guide conducted them along an open passage, and up a flight of steps stopping at the door of a house." Yes, there they discovered him. The drop of blood brought it all to light.

Some wicked men thought to obtain possession of money that by right belonged to others. People before they often make a will, in which they state to whom they want their property to be left. So these men forged a will, imitated cleverly the writing of the gentleman, and when he died brought it forward and claimed the property. "O, you are sure to get it, said they; and so it seemed. But in the paper on which that will was written there was, what you often find if you hold a sheet of paper up to the light, a date—the time that that paper was made. That date told that the paper was not in existence when the will was said to be drawn up, signed and witnessed. Ah, "hole in the wall" again! The date in the paper told the crime."

A good minister of Jesus Christ was once speaking about sin finding us out. So solemn, very solemn were his words: "If you do not find out your sin and bring it to Calvary, to get it pardoned and washed away through the blood of Jesus, your sin will find you out and bring you to judgment to be condemned and sent away by Jesus Christ to everlasting punishment, and not another."

"O," thought a little girl who had told her mother a lie, "O, that lie! I must either find it and bring it to Calvary, or it will cause me to be punished forever." She rested not till she had taken it to Jesus, and known what it was to have sin forgiven.

Beloved young reader, like her, take that same journey to Jesus, with every sin, saying as you go:

"I lay my sins on Jesus, To wash my crimson stains White in his blood most precious, Till not a spot remains."

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Excelsior Spinner!

Look out for the Agents of TAYLOR'S PATENT EXCELSIOR SPINNING MACHINE.

DO not buy any other spinning machine until you have seen this beautiful Spinner. It is small, neat, and convenient, simple, durable, and easily understood. A child of five years old can manage it. It will spin all sorts of yarn spinning. A reel is attached to wind the yarn from the spindle. It spins even, smooth yarn, of Wool, Cotton, Flax, or any other material. It can be spun as desired, and from times as much in a day, as on any other hand spinner. Wait for the agents of Taylor's Excelsior Spinner, and you will be sure to buy the best Spinning Machine ever invented.

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april 10.

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COATED WITH GUM.

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Ask Mother First.

How many pleasant things we can see and hear every day, if we watch and listen!

I was walking to ward home late one afternoon in winter. The country all around was covered with a deep snow, that seemed of a purer white than ever in the light of the departing day. I heard the voices of children behind me; and their little feet stepped fast over the hard, crisp snow. They passed along beside me; and I saw that one was a little girl of about eight years, and her companion was a boy somewhat older.

The girl wore a pretty crimson hood, which was quite becoming to her cheeks, made rosy by the fine winter air. She was drawing a sled. The boy had a sled too. "Come Annie," he said, "let's go down to Pine Hill now; it's splendid coasting there; and we shall have time for some first-rate slides before dark."

"I must go and ask mother first, Henry," said Annie. She did not draw out the words dolefully, as if she did not like to have to ask her mother; but she spoke in a very pleasant and cheerful tone. She hurried along with her sled, and Henry after her. I soon lost sight of them, but I could not forget Annie. I thought to myself, "How safe that child will always be, if she keeps to her rule, 'I must ask mother first!'"

I know children who have sometimes got into a great deal of trouble because they did not ask their mother first. I can remember one of them, but I could not forget Annie. I thought to myself, "How safe that child will always be, if she keeps to her rule, 'I must ask mother first!'"

Children, I mean boys as well as girls, you will be saved a great deal of unhappiness if you ask mother first—Child at Home.

Agriculture.

How to Sweep a Carpet.

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.

Let me tell rural readers a good mode of sweeping carpets. Take a common wash-bucket or small vessel, large enough to admit a broom freely, and put in clean cold water to the depth of a foot or more. Then take a broom (one partly worn so as to be stiff in the beam) dip it in the water, and so, hold it over the tub, or go out of doors, and knock off the drops of water. This can be done most effectively by holding it in one hand and rapping it with the other on the broom above where it is wet. Commence brushing it lightly at first, going over with it the second time more, and if your carpet is very dirty do not sweep more than a square yard or two before dipping your broom into the water again; this will rise off the particles of dust adhering to the broom. Rap off the drops of water as before, and begin again, continuing to do so till the whole is cleaned. Should the water get very dirty before completing the room, it can be changed. One who has never tried the experiment will probably be surprised at the quantity of dirt which will be washed from the broom into the water. A carpet can be cleaned more effectively in this way than it can possibly be done with a dry broom, as the particles of dust adhere to the broom instead of flying to fall back on the carpet. I have dusted my tables and chairs, and before sweeping in this way, I could discover but a mere trace of dirt on them after sweeping through. There is no danger of injuring even a fancy carpet, if the drops of water are thoroughly removed from the broom. Let no one try it who has not time and patience.

Cure for Sore Shoulders.

The best thing I have tried for sore shoulders is horse hair crude petroleum. It seems to have good healing properties. I had been using it for a part, merely rubbing it on the wood with a rag, and was astonished how soon a sore, that happened to be on my hand, got well. Since then I have used it for sores of all kinds on animals, and am satisfied that it is excellent. I and ready to use. Should the water get very dirty before completing the room, it can be changed. One who has never tried the experiment will probably be surprised at the quantity of dirt which will be washed from the broom into the water. A carpet can be cleaned more effectively in this way than it can possibly be done with a dry broom, as the particles of dust adhere to the broom instead of flying to fall back on the carpet. I have dusted my tables and chairs, and before sweeping in this way, I could discover but a mere trace of dirt on them after sweeping through. There is no danger of injuring even a fancy carpet, if the drops of water are thoroughly removed from the broom. Let no one try it who has not time and patience.

Fruit without Sugar.

Where it is desired to keep fruit without sugar, put it in bottles, fill them with cold water, and loosely put in the corks, which should be long and soft, and previously soaked in hot water. Set the bottles in cold water, and heat it up to boiling; let it boil five or ten minutes. Then, with a mallet or other convenient instrument, force the corks in deep and tight, wire or tie them down, and the work is done. We have seen strawberries and other fruit kept in this way for more than a year.

Apple Pudding.

Six or seven large sized apples, chopped fine in a chopping tray—two quarts of milk, four eggs. Make a thick batter; just before putting in the oven, add the apples. Have a hot oven, and eat with a sauce.

Corn Bread.

Str boiling water into sifted corn meal till every part is wet; add half as much shorts, a cup of molasses, teaspoonful of salt, and skinned milk enough to mix; bake in pans.

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