

Carleton Place.

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No. 3.

SABBATH READING.

Our Country and Home.

There is a land, in every land the pride
Beloved in heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns and sweeter smiles
When milder moons impend the night—
A land of beauty, verdure, vale, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air,
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For, in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
A spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, cease to tread,
His sword and scepter, tyranny and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend,
His woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of love and grace lies;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet,
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
Art thou a man—a patriot? look around!
O thou shalt find, how worthy footstep room,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.
—Mongomery.

Farmers' Wives.

The farmer's wife is, or at least should be,
The most cheerful, happy being in existence,
Surrounded as she is by everything beautiful
In nature, awakened every morning by
The joyful carolling of the birds in the trees
around the house, soothed all day by the
whispering winds and balmy breezes, laden
with sweet perfume stolen from clover field
or apple blossoms, how can she be other
than happy? How from her heart have
I pitied poor, pale, uneasy-minded women,
living in large villages or cities, where
every inch of ground is precious, and not a
bird sang but with a wheezy, choked music,
and the very trees look dark and dim.

How often in the morning, as throwing
open my doors and windows to the cool
morning air that came bustling in, filling
every breath with pure sweet odors from the
budding trees and springing grass, have I
wished my city friends could stand in the
door by my side, and gaze upon the lovely
scene spread out before my eyes.
With everything so beautiful around her,
woman can work hard, harder, perhaps,
than she really ought, but with willing
hands. Everybody and everything works
in the country. You cannot look even for a
moment out at the open door without seeing
some little bird very busy getting ready
to build her nest, worms to feed her little fledglings,
or working industriously to teach
them the use of their tiny wings, that scarce
can bear their weight; or perhaps you see a
merry chipmunk squirrel, adroitly stealing
his stock of grain for the winter, he knows
must come sooner or later, and hiding it
wisely in the decayed trunk of a neighborly
apple-tree.

The spirit of action is contagious. The
hours glide by and so do the work, and when
dinner time arrives, instead of the pale, lan-
guid countenance you find in the city wife,
as she sits down to her luxurious table laden
with every delicacy, and under-cooked
vegetables, stale fruits and bakers' bread, a
brisk, cheerful face meets you at the table,
whereon you find ham and eggs, and Indian
meal pudding, and molasses, perhaps
but good, light, sweet wheat bread, and
tempting dishes of fruit that would completely
upset the equanimity of the guests at the
sorrowful city table.

A farmer's wife can concoct such dishes
as city folks know nothing of. With plenty
of milk and eggs, there is always something
in the house to eat. You can never take
her so much by surprise that she will give
you no invitation to stop to tea, and she is
never so full of apologies because the tea is
not nice enough to render you uncomfortable.

With a mind evenly balanced, a home
made happy by her presence, a contented dis-
position, wishing no change, a quiet ease
of turning off work, a farmer's wife is a
woman to be envied, and still some poor,
foolish mortals presume to pity her! Pity,
indeed, better bestowed where it is needed!
The highest, noblest lot of woman is her
home mission, and the most superior place
for the exercise of her powers in the quiet
home in the country, mild the soul-stirring
beauties of nature, the handiwork of nature's
God.—N. E. Farmer.

Advice to the Young.

HEALTH.
Your health is the precious jewel, which is
not valued and taken care of as it ought to be
by many. The proper enjoyment of life and
the benefit of society greatly depend upon
good bodily health. Inform yourself of
the laws of life. Be not ignorant of the
house you live in, the body, and procure
some book or treatise on the subject and
read it. Why not? You study agriculture,
arithmetic, geography, chemistry, etc., and
why not the laws of life—the art of pre-
serving health, and preventing and warding
off disease? The old adage, "An ounce of
prevention is better than a pound of cure,"
is a good one. Improper food and improper
stimulants should be avoided. Strong
tea and coffee, tobacco, snuff, opium, and
alcoholic drinks are detrimental to many con-
stitutions, and but seldom beneficial to any.
The injury done to the system by these
narcotics and stimulants is at first so imper-
ceptible that the evil is not suspected till
the constitution is injured, and perhaps beyond
recovery. They injure and weaken the de-
licate coats of the stomach, impair digestion,
and act powerfully on the whole nervous
system, and lay it open to a host of diseases.
The mind acts in sympathy with the body,
and if the body is diseased, the mind is com-
paratively feeble.

Competence is desirable, and is that at
which you should aim. The prayer of Angus
should be sincerely used by all: "Give me
neither poverty nor riches," etc. Prov. xxx.
8, 9. Either extreme is not good, and
should be avoided if God permits. Never-
theless if you should carelessly be brought
to poverty, bear it patiently; and if prosper-
ed with riches, so that you use it to God's
glory. Lay your plans to save something
yearly out of the proceeds of your labor,
however small that may be. Live within
your income if possible. Give a certain

percentage of your interest to the cause of
God, and for benevolent purposes most
conscientiously and continuously, if you de-
sire God to smile on your labor and prosper
you. Do not spend your money foolishly or
wastefully; if you will you will see the want of
it.

CHARACTER.

Be industrious, economical, preserving and
resolute. Be not discouraged, though you
meet with losses. Let them only energize
and make you more circumspect, thoughtful,
far-seeing, and cautious for the future. En-
deavor to gain and maintain a character in
community. This all-important for your
happiness and usefulness. Be humble.
Love simplicity and plainness. It becomes
all to act and speak with great circumspec-
tion and care. Avoid all frippery and ornate-
ment about your person and dress.
It lowers one in the estimation of sen-
sible persons to see individuals dress to
catch the praise of silly people and whose
praise is not worth having.

Be neat and plain, but not gaudy; not full
of finery and ornament, which indicates a
want of piety and good sense.
Your self-respect should be maintained.
By this I do not mean that you should be
puffed up with pride, or look down with
scorn on others, stiff and self-consequential
as if they were great big I and little you; but
have respect to your character and good
name, your standing and influence in society.
Hence you should most earnestly
and constantly guard to all which indicates
your good breeding, not to stop to mean things,
actions or words; scorn it, be above it, and
aim at a high standard of Christian morals.

It is not one good act that deserves char-
acter, but a steady perseverance in the right
steps, and a judicious course for a series
of years. Then your character becomes per-
manent, useful and weighty. Character is
like glass; it may be easily broken unless
carefully used and sedulously guarded; and
when once cracked and mended it may be
seen afterward, though patched and mended.
Yielding to one temptation will frequent-
ly spoil years of labor to build up a char-
acter. Hence you should most earnestly
and constantly pray for God to help you
and preserve you, for without his aid you
will most assuredly fail and fall.

Playing Marbles.

Well my boy, you are playing marbles; do
you think it right to keep the marbles that
you win?

Yes, sir; if I win them fairly, I do.
Sit down and let us talk about it. Do
you think it right to swear?

No, sir.
Because God has forbidden it.
Can you tell me what God meant when he
said, "thou shalt not swear?"

He meant that I must not take anything
from any one without rendering a suitable
equivalent.

Why do you take this boy's marbles?
Because I won them.

Suppose now, you should play another
game, and agree that whoever wins the game
should have the right to swear. Would that
be right?

No, sir.
Suppose the winner agrees that it will be
right to break the Sabbath, will it be right
to do it?

No, sir.
Suppose you agree that it would be right
to kill somebody if you win?

It would not make it right.
Well, suppose that you agree that
whoever wins the game shall have a right to
one thousand dollars of the property of that
man on the hill, and without paying for it,
too?

Why, we should have no right to this
money.

Suppose, now that this boy's father has
given him a dollar to play with, and he
would be right for you to take away his
dollar and give him nothing in return, if
you should happen to win a game?

No, indeed, and I would not do it either.
Well, now, if you win the marble without
paying for them?

Under a sir, I never thought of that be-
fore. Do you think I stole his marbles?

In the sight of God I do. You have
done just as gamblers do.

Am I a gambler, sir?
In principle you are. He takes a thou-
sand dollars and does not pay for them. You
take marbles and do not pay. This act is
just the same.

Oh sir, what would my mother say if she
knew I was a gambler? But, sir, I won the
marbles.

No, my boy, you won the game and was
entitled to credit for your skill, but you
could not win the marbles or anything else
belonging to another without pay, unless you
violate the command, "Thou shalt not
steal." The gambler uses the same plea.

Well sir I will give back these marbles
and never play 'keeps' again, I thank you
for your good instruction.

I hope you will keep your good resolu-
tion, for a boy who plays 'keeps' is really a
gambler and a thief.—S. E. Root, in *Morn-
ing Star*.

The Little Ones.

Do you ever think how much work a child
does in a day? How from sunrise to sunset
the dear little feet patter round—to us, so
aimlessly! Climbing up here, kneeling down
there, running to another place, but never
still. Twisting and turning, rolling, reach-
ing and tumbling, as if testing every bone
and muscle for future use. It is very cu-
rious to watch it. One who does so, may
well understand the deep breathing of the
very little sleeper as, with one arm tossed
over its head, it prepares for the next day's
gymnastics. Timeless through the day,
till that time comes, as the maternal love that
so patiently accommodates itself hour after
hour to its thousand wants and caprices
real or fancied.

A busy creature is a little child. To be
looked upon with eyes as well as delight, as
its clear eye looks trustfully into faces that
to God and man have seemed to wear
peace. As it sits down in its little chair to
ponder precociously over the white lie you
thought it funny to tell it. As rising and
leaning on your knees, it says, thoughtfully,
its clear eye looks trustfully into faces that
to God and man have seemed to wear
peace—"If I don't believe it." A lovely
and yet fearful thing is this child.

We rejoice in God since he has taught
us that every thing which is true is in us,
but a faint expression of what is in him.
And thus all our joys become to us the echo
of higher joys, and our very life is a dream
of that nobler life, to which we shall awaken
when we die.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Example for the North.

From the *London Times*, Aug. 29.

The continual tale of defeat and calamity
will tend to excite enthusiasm in the
new recruits who are to fill up the ranks so
terribly thinned by the war. A second ad-
vance southward, it may be predicted, will
not be undertaken with the same spirit as
the first. All the circumstances of the war
are changed. The troops are not volunteers
of the conflict has no "wintry days" limit;
the enemy is in terrible earnest and fights
with skill and discretion as well as courage.
It is a more serious business together than
was at first believed. No delusions are
possible now. The part of the population
that furnishes the successive armies
has begun to see that a conquest of the
South is impossible. They refuse to enlist
by the threat of conscription.

The part of the people who can fight by
deputy will begin, perhaps, to recognize
something of the difficulty when they are
forced to pay the bill the war has already
run up, and to calculate what even another
year of "conquest" must cost. They will
begin to recover from the intoxication of the
regiment when they arrive at the sobering
moment of the reckoning. And it is well for
marking that the passion for conquest is
sure to be checked at some point, by its
cost, both in blood and gold. A period
arrives when national pride must yield and
make the best terms; and a way is sure to
be found by which the national honor can
be reconciled with peace.

It seeks consolation in the very bravery
and obstinacy of the resistance, or affects to
discover that it was only beaten by the
power of nature, by climate, by distance,
by mountains, by rivers, or by disease, or
in fact, by anything that palliates the failure.
It matters little how the conviction of the
impossibility of an enterprise is arrived at,
provided it is abandoned with as good a
grace as may be. It would be better, of
course, that the madness of a hopeless un-
dertaking should be recognized by the one
set. This appears to be a prescience beyond
humanity. Yet when invasion has consumed
large armies, wasted millions of treasure,
and at the end of the first year of war leaves
the invading power in doubt whether it is
not really in danger of attack, the future of
such a conflict may be calculated from the
past.

The time has arrived for a compromise of
some kind; the worst settlement of the dis-
pute cannot be so fatal as the war. This
was the conclusion forced upon the British
Government at a period of the history of which
it is taught in every American school. The
North might and its present experience to
the lessons of its schoolbooks with infinite
advantage. The American colonists were
"rebels" in the belief of England, as the
Southern citizens are "rebels" to the Gov-
ernment of Washington. We thought our
national interest and our national pride
were involved in the quarrel, and we fought
by arms. We were stiff-necked in the matter
as a people, and the Government was
under the influence of the most obstinate
of Kings.

We kept up the war for years, and we
are still paying for the blindness of our
grandfathers. Yet England had to yield
all, to acknowledge the independence of
America, and to let the British Crown sus-
tain as it could the cost of its "brightest
glory." To our surprise we soon found that
the jewel was not so much missed; that as
for our material interests, they were rather
improved by the change—that we gained
more by good friends, than bad subjects.

We now look on the issue of the conflict
with satisfaction. But England then, un-
like America now, had a few wise and mod-
erate men who saw the impossibility of con-
quering the rebellious colonies, and coura-
geously opposed the popular clamor, fore-
seeing the inevitable end.

Lord Chatham called on the House of
Lords "to instruct the throne in the lan-
guage of truth" to which a people might
now listen with advantage. It was at one
of the worst periods of the war; our Popes
and our McClellans had failed. The army
was in a desperate condition. "That army,"
said Chatham, can achieve anything but im-
possibility. You cannot, you cannot con-
quer America! What is your present situ-
ation there? We do not know the worst;
but we do know that in three campaigns we
have done nothing and suffered much.

Words that exactly describe the condition of
the North at the present moment. Our
King, Government and people, had to yield
to the force of circumstances. These say
most distinctly to Unionists, "You cannot
conquer the South." And the Americans
will have to obey their stern monitor, as we
did before them.

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fore between fifty and sixty years of age.
His father was the distinguished General
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possessions in the county of New Kent,
among which was the famous and recently
destroyed White House, on the Pamunkey
river, in which Washington and his family
had passed many days of his life. The young
man possessed a high order of ability, gradu-
ated with honor at West Point in the year
1829, standing second in his class, of forty-
six members, among whom we find the names
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The present General Lee married the daugh-
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During the Mexican war he was entrusted
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