The Family.

Who Loves me Best.

Who loves me best?—my mother sweet,
Whose every look with love's replete;
Who held me, an infant, on her knee,—
Who hath ever watched me tenderly:
And yet I have heard my mother say,
That she sometime must pass away;
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill?
Some one must love me better still.

Who loves me best? my father dear,
Who loveth to have me always near;
He whom I fly each eve to meet,
When passed away is the noontide heat;
Who from the bank where the sunbeam lies,
Brings me the wild wood strawberries.
O he is as dear as my mother to me—
But he will perish, even as she.

Who loves me best?—the gentle dove,
That I have tamed with my childish love;
That every one, save myself, doth fear,
Whose soft coo soundeth when I come near;
Yet perhaps it but loves me because I bring
To its cage the drops from the clearest spring,
And hang green branches around the door;
Something, surely must love me more.

Who loves me best?—my sister fair,
With her laughing eyes and clustering hair;
Who flowers around my head doth twine,
Who presses her rosy lips to mine,
Who singeth me songs in her artless glee—
Can any one love me better than she?
Yet when I asked, that sister confessed
Of all she did not love me the best.

Who loves me best?—my brother young
With his healthy cheek and lisping tongue;
Who delighted to lead me in merry play
Far down the green woods bushy way,
Who showeth me where the hazel nuts grow,
And where the fairest field-flowers blow;
Yet perhaps he loves me no more than the rest—
How shall I find who loves me best?

My mother loves me, but she may die;
My white dove loves me, but that may fly;
My father loves me—he may be changed;
I have heard of brothers and sisters estranged,
If they should forsake me, what should I do?
Where should I bear my sad heart to?
Some one, surely would be my stay—
Some one must love me better than they?

Yes, fair child, there is One above,
Who loves thee with an unchangeable love:
He who formed those frail, dear things,
To which thy young heart fondly clings—
Even though all should forsake thee, still
He would protect thee through every ill,
O is not such love worth all the rest?
Child, it is God who loves thee best!

Household Consecration.

It was our pleasure to form one of a happy group a few evenings since on the occasion of one of our worthy city Christian merchants entering with his family a newly-purchased suburban residence.

The day, the surroundings, the charming scenery, as well as the occasion, made it memorable to the numerous guests invited to share the hospitality and joy of the newly-occupied mansion.

To attempt a description of the scene would be to attempt a panorama of beauty such as few places beside the hill country skirting the Sound, in the neighborhood of Rye, can present.

But the principal feature of interest to us has the somewhat novel but truly Christian circumstance of the household consecration, which was made the chief event of the hour.

After the abundant repast, prepared by the elect lady, with her accustomed elegance and liberality, the guest were invited into the parlor, where the two pastors, representing the Church in the city to which the family are attached and the Church in the village whose services during the summer they expect to share, united in conducting formal household consecration services.

After singing an opening hymn, written specially for the occasion, select portions of Scripture were read, when the senior pastor delivered an address preparatory to the solemn offering of the house and invocation of the Lord. The junior pastor was then introduced to the family and engaged in further religious exercises, in which also several others united; when after an hour spent thus, the services were concluded under the sense of an unction from the Divine Presence that will long be remembered. Remembering the constant exodus from their city homes to their country places for the summer months of so many leading families in our churches, we could not but wish, as we enjoyed this pleasant occasion, that all were as careful to carry their colors with them as were these friends. Especially it seemed commendable that the young pastor of the village should be eagerly sought and introduced to the younger branches of the household, and that thus the excuse for easy negligence of attendance on a strange ministry might not exist; while the temptation also to seek for "more fashionable" churches would at once be broken by a such a committal of the family to a pastor of our own denomination. "The Lord will create upon every dwelling place of Mount Zion .... a cloud of smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night."
—*Christian Advocate.*

"I Ha'nt a Mother like the Rest."

The weather had been unusually mild for two or three days before Christmas, so that the face of the big pond was rather rotten; but daring Henry thought he could brave it; it would be a pity to spoil the fun now, and so many admiring eyes fixed upon him, too. He made a bold dash; his little figure, upright and graceful, was balancing upon the ice. Then there was a crash! the dangerous cake gave way; and with a loud cry, Harry fell amid the rush of ice and water.

The group at the window seemed for a moment paralyzed with horror. Then there was a scattering for the pond, and a screaming and crying from one and all, "He's under the water! father! father! Harry's going under the ice!" Every particle of color had gone from Farmer May's face; he trembled in every limb, and he threw up his hands wildly. His strength seemed to have ebbed away in the tide of grief.

"Oh, help me!" he cried. "My boy—my boy! and I can't swim!" "But I can," shouted a voice, brave and clear as an angel's, almost; "I can swim, and I'll save him!" and, dashing past weeping mother May, Joseph Craig plunged headlong into the freezing water, swimming for dear life. How they watched him, breathless and excited, their hearts hanging by a thread as it were. How they shuddered as they saw him grasp once, twice at a dark object under the water, and then rise, with his face gashed and bleeding from contact with the ugly ice corners. He was some way out now, and made a third dive; then there was a faint hurrah, and, breasting the ice, he just managed to swim to the land, with one arm holding up poor Harry.

"My child! my boy!—thank God!" cried the happy parent, folding him in his arms.

They bore him to the roaring fire in the sitting room, and rubbed him till he opened his eyes and smiled. Very soon he was able to sit up, and laugh and talk naturally. And where was Joseph all the time? sitting on the kitchen floor, squeezing his wet clothes, and rubbing the great ugly gashes in his arms and face, from which the blood was still streaming.

"Joseph!" he listened; it was Farmer May's voice, unusually soft and tender. The poor apprentice lad shook like a leaf; before he was aware a strong arm came round behind, lifting him from the floor. He found himself, as if by magic sitting beside Harry; and Harry'y bright head resting on his bosom with great tears rolling down the grateful boy's cheeks.

"If there is anything you wish for now, Joseph," said the farmer, huskily, "anything you'd like to have, just name it, my boy. You have saved us many an hour of sorrow, and given us cause to remember this Christmas before all others. Come, speak out, my boy." How could he speak when he felt so happy? Twice he tried to gulp down the sobs rising in his throat. Sobs of joy they were. "Only be kind to me, sir," he gasped out at length. "Only drop a kind word now and then, for I ha'nt a mother like the rest."

How was it now with farmer May? He felt at once what great lack there had been in his otherwise kindly heart. It quite broke him down, that appeal to his better nature; so he leaned on Mother May's shoulder and sobbed aloud. Joseph sat as if in a dream; his beautiful Christmas had come at last, no hunger and thirsting in spirit now. How the joyish red sparks of firelight ran up the white wall, the whole room shining! Harry squeezed him tightly with one arm, and Tiny, her cheeks flushed with crying, thrusting her pretty doll into his lap, whispering: there, there! keep it Joseph. I don't want it indeed, and double deed I don't; and then running away with her face to the wall, lest by looking back she might repeat the immense sacrifice.

Well, well, tears cannot always last, and very soon the May family were bright and shining again, Joseph the happiest of all. And when the Christmas dinner was set on, and all the friends were gathered around it, they made a place for Joe among the children; and Mother May could not heap his plate enough with good things; and the poor lad felt as if he was more ready to cry than to laugh at all the kindly words which every one had for him.

Oh what a blessing there is often in a few kind words.—*N. W. C. A.*

Keep the Boys at Home.

"Come, Bennie, take your dinner and be off to school," said Mrs. Malcomb, "I want to get you out of the way as soon as possible."

"But, mother, why can't I come home to dinner?" asked the boy. "I've staid two days this week already."

"Because, child, I shall have so much to do that I cannot stop to get dinner. The Ladies' Charitable Society meets here this afternoon, and I cannot have you at home turning everything upside down."

"But I want a better dinner than this," said Bennie, glancing contemptuously at the sweet cake his mother had given him.

"Then go to Berry's saloon and get it," said his mother. "Here is some money. Get what you want."

Bennie went to school, and spent the interval between sessions at Berry's saloon. Several boys of a larger growth were there. One gave him a glass of ale; another offered him a cigar, which he attempted to smoke, thus taking the first step in a bad course. These scenes were repeated several times each week, until Bennie Malcomb could drink, swear, and play cards with the lowest inebriate.

A few years passed, and one day Bennie was taken home in a state of beastly intoxication; and that mother, who had been so absorbed in other duties as to forget her obligations to the child God had given her, saw, for the first time, that her child was ruined.

Let parents be careful to know what places their children visit, and what influences are thrown around them, lest, when it is too late, they mourn over their lost and ruined manhood. Especially let mothers thrive to make home pleasant, never permitting other considerations to weaken their children's love of home, or send them elsewhere for enjoyment. Better leave more public charities to other hands, than suffer those dear ones already within the reach of our love to wander forth uncared for and unblessed.
—*Christian Banner.*

Who Should not be a Wife.

It is a common topic for the press to dwell upon the short comings of husbands who neglect their families, and who have not those peculiar qualifications to make themselves popular with those who attend to other people's affairs, much to the neglect of their own. Once in a while somebody more courageous than the rest, ventures to say a word as to the qualifications of wives. An exchange, the name of which has escaped us, puts questions in this wise. "Has that woman a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day? Has a woman a call to be a wife who calls for a cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt bosom? Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea and watery potates six days out of seven? Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves her frowns for the home fireside? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in curl papers, a soiled dressing gown and shoes out at the heels? Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs nought in the balance with her next door neighbor's damask curtains or velvet carpet? Has she a call to a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and have an eye, when at home, to the servants and children? Has she a call to be a wife to whom a good husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessing and house full of rosy children its best furnishing and prettiest ornament?"

All the Eggs in One Basket.

There is a famous maxim of the world against the putting of property into a single hazard.—A fortune, it is thought, should be scattered.—Since it is everywhere inevitably at risk, and the wisest management can throw around it no more than a precarious protection, "Bank it," says the maxim. Increase the number of your foundations of dependance. Multiply the sources of your hopes. Some will fail, but then some will be the more certain to be left you.—*Do not put all your eggs in one basket.*

The corresponding maxim of the gospel is very different, and affords a remarkable instance where the divine rule for a spiritual life appears to the carnal world to be foolishness. The Christian is forbidden to scatter, and commanded to concentrate. His treasures and his hope must all be gathered and entrusted to "one basket.' He is distinctly informed that every attempt to do otherwise wil be attended with extreme peril to all his immortal possessions. If the treasures which ought to have been deposited in the one appointed casket, and which would then have secured it and them for eternity, have been entrusted elsewhere, all, no matter how well-appearing, will be burned up in the last bonfire of earthly rubbish.

Here lies the test of regenerated wisdom and worldly folly. Whatever the soul is resting with confidence upon, or is straining to achieve, or shrinks terrified from the failure of, ALL these trusts and longings and fears must be embosomed and absorbed in the one great personal hope of a gospel salvation. "If any come to Me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be MY disciple,'—*Evangelist.*

Agriculture.

Who Owns the Corn-Field?

You saw the beautiful corn-field. Its tall stalks, like the rank and file of a noble army, had been nodding and waving their plumes in the sunshine all the summer through; and in autumn they were bending under the weight of the golden grain. How many batches of bread were hid there! How many hungry mouths will be fed from it!

Every day Farmer Jones looked over the stone wall, and talked and thought about "*my* corn,' as he called it. How much of it was yours, Farmer Jones? "*I* planted it," he would say; "hoed it; I—." But where did you get the first little kernel? God made it. In whose earth did you bury it? God's earth. *He* is the great landowner. Who cracked the hard kernel and brought out the living germ? God. Who fed it? God. Who watered it? God. Who watched it? God. Whose sunshine warmed it? God's. Who sprinkled it with nightly dews? God. Who pumped up its juices, and taught them to manufacture leaves in one place and cobs in another, and set the corn in the cob, and wove soft silk to wrap around the tender fruit, strong swaths to protect it from blighting frosts and scorching hearts? God. Who saved it from mildew, and rust, and worm? God. Who then is the rightful owner? God. He will indeed pay your wages; but how small a part is your *due.*

"And I have harvested and used it as *mine,*' said farmer Jones, "I never thanked God for it, or took it as from his hand. I never used it for his service. I never thought of his having anything to do with it. I have robbed God of his due." Farmer Jones never thought of himself in the light of a robber before. Had his neighbors called him so, how angry would he have been! He passed as an honest just man; but now he asked himself, "Am I not a robber?" and pricked in his conscience, he fell on his knees, confessed his sin, and prayed for forgiveness. The great landowner allowed him to keep what he had given him; but every day afterwards the farmer thanked *God* for his daily bread; and many a bushel was wheeled away to feed God's poor; and evermore as he looked over the stone wall, he saw God's hand at work in the cornfield, and his heart said humbly, "*Thine* not mine, O God."—*Child's Paper.*

To Obtain Eggs.

There is much in breeds, in egg-laying qualities; but most of all is in good treatment, making the hen feel herself at home. A crowded place will not do. Too many hens togetoer is bad. Why? Because it interferes with tranquility. The points of success are—warm quarters, roomy, clean, unmolested; plenty of food, a varity of feed, varied daily with animal food of some kind, it matters little what, water changed often, crushed bones, either burnt or otherwise, pulverized earth or spent ashes to wallow in, light, and as much cheerfulness as possible. Select good breeds. The Spanish are among the best of layers, and are almost everywhere to be be found. But remember the good treatment, or dispense with hens for profit.

Shoeing Horses that Overreach.

It is very annoying to ride or drive a horse that is constantly pounding his fore shoes with his hind ones. It is click, click all the time. We have had a number of horses with this fault but latterly have been able to cure them or greatly benefit them by a peculiarity of shoeing. Make high heel-caulks, standing a little under, and the shoe setting well backward. The fore foot thus managed will roll over and be sooner out of the way of the hind foot. On the hind foot make the heel-calk low and the toe-calk high, projecting forward. If these directions are followed the horse will travel clean, and the habit will soon be broken up.—*Rural World.*

Treat Animals Gently.

There is no doubt but that the value of any animal is greatly increased by being perfectly docile and not constantly in fear, whether of the owners or strangers. Horses that are in a state of nervous excitement while being handled are not only unpleasant to the general run of drivers, but are more or less dangerous, because they require a constant watch upon them, and there are few persons that are always upon their guard. In addition to this, more or less breakages occur, even with the best horsemen, because a frightened, nervous animal does not know what is wanted of him when any difficulty occurs. Many horses are quick to learn, and if kindly treated have a remarkable degree of intelligence, which one would not expect to see in the brute creation.—*Selected.*

Cows Losing their Cud.

A friend writes us that he has two cases where it was said the cows had "lost their cud." In both instances the animals were nearly doctored to death before the character of the disease was ascertained. The remedy then applied was to admister a "cud," composed as follows:—"Salt pork chopped fine, mixed with dough, a little chimney soot, and an egg." A ball as large as a goose egg was given for a dose. The cattle recovered. We do not believe "loss of cud" to be a disease of itself, but the result of disease or debility. The medicine adminstered in this case proved an alterative; and that together with cessation of "dosing," recovered the animals.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PATTERING CALVES.—A sensible, practical farmer told us the other day that he had often noticed that calves would thrive better on milk that was not rich in better, than on what was commonly called very rich milk. That is a fact in accordance with what we recently stated, that the nutritive element of milk reside chiefly in the caseine. If you have a cow that gives particularly rich milk, and one that gives a quality poorer in butter, it is better in every way to feed the calf on the milk of the latter. The calf will thrive better, and you'll get more butter from the milk of the first cow.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

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REV. EDW. A. WILSON'S Prepared Prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and all Lungs Affections, has now been in use over ten years with the Most marked success.

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ALL DISORDERS OF THE
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ONE TO SIX BOXES ARE
Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

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ARE COMPOSED OF VEGETABLE EXTRACTS PREPARED IN VACUO;
Superior to all Purgative, Cathartic, or Alterative Medicines in general use,
COATED WITH GUM,
Which renders them very convenient, and well adapted for children, and persons who have a dislike to take medicine, and especially pills. Another great superiority of Radway's Pills over all other pills in general use, is the fact of their wonderful medicinal strength, being highly concentrated. One to six of these pills will act more thoroughly, and cleanse the alimentary canal, without producing cramps, spasms, piles, tenesmus, etc., than any other Pills or Purgative Medicine in use.

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It is a well known fact that Physicians have long sought to discover a vegetable purgative as a substitute for Calomel, and that would cleanse the Alimentary Canal of all diseased and retained humors, as thoroughly as Lobelia will the stomach, without producing sickness at stomach, weakness, or irritation of the mucous membrane.

In Dr. Radway's Pills, this very important and essential principle is secured. A dose of two to six (according to the condition of the system) of Dr. Radway's Pills will produce all the positive alterative change—from a sluggish or torpid, to a healthy action of the Liver—as the physician hopes to obtain by a dose of Blue Pills, or Calomel; and will as thoroughly cleanse the Stomach, and purge from the bowels the diseased and retained humors the most approved cathartic, or cathartic [illegible] occasioning inconvenience or sickness [illegible]

Professor Reid.—College of Pharmacy.
THE GREAT PURGATIVE.

The celebrated Prof. Reid, of New York, Lecturer on Chemistry in the College of Pharmacy, styles Radway's Pills as "the Great Purgative," and the only Purgative Medicine safe to administer in cases of extreme Debility, and in Erysipelas, Small-Pox, Typhoid Fever, Bilious Fever, their action being soothing, healing, cleansing, purifying, instead of griping, irritating, debilitating, and nauseating. "After examining these Pills," writes the Professor, "I find them compounded of ingredients of GREAT PURITY, and are free from Mercury and other dangerous substances, and prepared with skill and care. Having long known Dr. Radway as a scientific gentleman of high attainments, I place every confidence in his remedies and statements. * * *
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Dr. Sydny Stevens' Treatment of Cure with Radway's Pills.
Inflammation of the Bowels—Bilious Fever—Dyspepsia—Costiveness—Scarlet Fever—Lead Cholic, &c.

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DR. RADWAY & CO.: I send you for publication the result of my treatment with your Pills in the following cases:

1st CASE.—Inflammation of the Bowels. John C. Chapman, aged thirty-four, was seized on the night of the 22nd of October with inflammation of the bowels; was called at 10 P.M., he had then been suffering over three hours; had not a passage for six days; I gave him six of your Pills and applied the Ready Relief to the abdomen; in a few minutes the pain ceased, he fell into a calm sleep; at 4 A.M. he had a free evacuation; at 9 A.M. eat his breakfast; at 11 A.M., gave him six more pills, and for five days gave him three pills per day; he is now well and hearty. In all cases of inflammation of the bowels, I succeed in removing all danger by a single dose of from six to eight in six hours. In lead cholic, I give the pills in large doses—six to eight, and a teaspoonful of Relief to a wineglass of water every three hours—it always cures.

2nd CASE.—David Bruce, aged twenty-six, called at 2 P.M. on Nov. 25th; found that he had been attacked with bilious fever for twenty-two hours. I gave him six of your pills every four hours, and gave him warm drinks of boneset tea. In twenty-four hours he was convalescent; is now at work and perfectly healthy.

3d CASE.—Sarah Burns, aged six years, seized with scarlet fever; gave her two pills every four hours for twenty-four hours; applied the Ready Relief to her throat, gave her lemonade with half a teaspoonful of Relief as a drink. In thirty-six hours she was playing with her brothers and sisters. I have prescribed your Pills in cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Sluggishness of the Liver, or Torpidity, and have witnessed the most astonishing cures. I believe this the only true purgative in use; they are invaluable in having a greater controlling influence in Liver and Spleen derangements than any other medicine. Your Pills are the only purgative that can be administered with safety in Erysipelas, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, and all Eruptive Fevers; their soothing, tonic, and mild aperient properties render them invaluable.

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