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## Religious Miscellany.

### He will not Forsake.

BY JOSEPHINE WHITE.  
How sweet, when the turmoil of life shall distress me,  
When heart-weary, soul-weary, friendless,  
When sorrow's dark waves compass round and oppress me,  
As weak with despair and affliction I've grown,  
And when the keen blasts of adversity chill me,  
When 'mid the wild tempest I tremble and quake,  
O then with what rapture the whisper shall thrill me,  
"Fear not, for thy Saviour will never forsake."  
Thought friends may prove false, and though foes may surround me,  
The tongue that now praises soon ceases and grows dumb,  
Though life's fiery trials may gather around me,  
Still, still I'll not shrink while that promise I claim.  
My spirit may droop, and my sad heart may quiver,  
When strongest temptations my pathway o'er-take,  
Still I know that bright angels are guarding me,  
I know there is One who will never forsake  
And when in death's twilight my life star is fading,  
When down to the chill river's brink I shall come,  
When the dark angel's pinions my dim eyes are shading,  
Ere I pass o'er that tide to my glorious home,  
Then, while the last ray of my spirit is gleaming,  
And angels await its last earth look to take,  
While I see in the distance the golden harp gleaming,  
O whisper once more, "I will never forsake."  
Yes, miss, he died that night; and when the minister bent over him and asked him if he was afraid to go, "Oh no, sir," he said, "God will show me the way." All the time he held my hand, "Harvey, won't you love God too?" and he looked so sad, I couldn't bear to see it, and I said, "Yes, Stevie, I will love God." Such a smile came over his white face, his eyes shone, his lips trembled, and he said, "I'll tell you, my dear, I'll never forsake you again."  
The tears were in his eyes. "And the men?" I asked.  
"You shall see some of 'em miss."  
At the same time we heard the tinkle of a bell. Mr. Harvey led the way into an inner room, large, airy, but without ornament. Here, on the walls, were about a dozen collected for evening worship. Learning that one of our party was a clergyman, Mr. Harvey begged him so earnestly to take his seat at the table, that much as we all wished to be listeners, refusal was impossible.  
"Never have I seen more earnest, attentive hearers. When the speaker held up the cross, and spoke of the great love and exceeding tenderness of Christ, tears rained down their bronzed faces, and suppressed sobs echoed through the room."  
Not long after that a church was organized there, with a regular pastor placed over it. Mr. Harvey was one of its officers. God had shown him the way.  
"And a little child shall lead them."—*American Messenger.*

### God will Show You How.

Travelling through a portion of Texas some years since, we stopped for the night at a "rancho," or cattle-farm. The owner proved himself such a skillful questioner, that we asked him at once if he was from the East. "My mother was from Maine," he answered; "I was but a baby when she followed my father into these parts." After tea, as we sat on the broad veranda looking out into the night, Mr. Harvey interested us with some incidents in his own life.  
A few of our party had wandered out into the moonlight, and one of them stood leaning against a tall gray stone that had caught my eye; and in my turn I took the liberty to ask Mr. Harvey what he was doing there.  
"That was put up for Stevie, poor boy; it hasn't served the same place since he died," he said, and he pointed his hand across his eyes.  
"Tell us about him," I said, feeling a sudden interest in what he said.  
"Well, miss, if you'll like to hear, Stevie was the son of a Methodist minister that used to preach in these parts. It was a pretty ticklish job for ministers in those days. We were just about as bad as we could be; drinking, dancing, pitching, swearing and cards made up our amusements, and Sunday was the worst of all, for we were hardly ever sober. Mr. Early, Stevie's father, commonly preached some five miles from here, and my wife always wanted to go; and just to gratify her I helped her off, right glad to have her out of sight, for then we were sure to have a good time, for somehow I could never bear to play cards on Sunday unless she was off at Church."  
"Well, in this way the minister and his wife got to coming here; and Stevie was such a pretty little fellow—black eyes and short crisp curls, while his cheeks were red as roses. There wasn't a man on the place but loved Stevie."  
"One day in the spring Mr. Early went out to preach. Leaving over in his saddle, and kissing Stevie as he rode in my arms, 'Stevie, be a good boy; pull me in here, yet, her hands were iron.' It seemed as if the wind would blow her away, and yet she moved with the strength of an elephant."  
"Why, sir, said she, 'you seem to stare at me as though you have seen me a thousand times before.'"  
"That may be madam; but I never saw you so loaded down with all sorts of things. I'm curious to know about them. Would it be rude if I were to ask you a few questions?"  
"Not at all, ask away."  
"Well, what are you going to do with those small, thin, ladies shoes?"  
"Why, make the ladies wear them, to be sure."  
"Not in this cold, wet season? Why I can hardly keep my feet warm in these thick, double-soled boots. I must have over-shoes. How can they wear such thin cold catching shoes?"  
"O air, I have only to bring them to them, and the dear creature put them on, and never hesitated a moment. They know me."  
"And those little half dresses, hanging on your arm?"  
"They are to be put on little children in cold weather, or to walk out in—naked as the naked at the neck, and hardly covering half the body. You can't think how eager parents are for these dresses."  
"What have you in this little box?"  
"Lace, miss, sir; trousseau, heart-burn candy—these things that always go with those and thin dresses. And this bright, red box, sir, contains what is called 'conscience salt,' which I always keep on hand to rub on the conscience when any one feels that he has done wrong in obeying me. It is in great demand, sir, and a certain cure."  
"What have you in that bundle, madam?"  
"This? Why a few knick-knacks, which I sometimes distribute in Sabbath schools, in the shape of dialogues, speeches—things to make people laugh, and to prevent the school from feeling too serious, or thinking too much about religion. You must understand sir, that I continually have to attend church to regulate things there, and see that the bonnets are right, the things bright, and dresses complete; yet religion itself, I hate as poison. And here is a box of the finest—what shall I call it? It is a sort of wit and smartness, which I deal out to preachers, with which they spice their sermons, and they come popular. I sell them by the gross. They

make me angry, as it used to when his father spoke to me.  
"God made everything," says he; "God is here just now."  
"I tried to lead him away and make him talk about something else; but no, he wouldn't be satisfied till I told him I didn't see any God in the garden. I told him flowers and trees and birds."  
"God will show you how. If you only try to see him, he'll come to you."  
"I don't know how it is, but I couldn't swear and drink and play cards after that. I seemed to hear it all the time, 'God will show you how.' Not that I left off everything. No, miss, I didn't know the way then. I didn't feel like little Stevie. I didn't feel sure that God would show me; but he did."  
"One day, a few weeks after that, Stevie hid his head down on my lap, and said, he was dry and his head ached. I carried him in and put him on my wife's bed, and he never, miss, got up from it again. Every day he grew weaker and worse, and I tell you it was the hardest thing that I ever did to see him so still and white, just like his mother."  
"One night, as I took him in my arms and tried to rock him as his mother used to, he asked me if I would not send for the minister that talked so kindly to us. I didn't want to do it, but if Stevie wanted him, he should come. Not long after that, he died. And so beautifully he talked to Stevie, I somehow felt different towards him, and so did all the men."  
"He talked and prayed, and told us of the blessed Jesus: that he loved us, and that, had as we were, he was waiting to receive us, holding out his arms, and saying all the while, 'Come unto me.' I don't know it was, but it seemed so plain, just what my old mother had said, while Stevie looked round and smiled so sweetly."  
"One more the broken hand was passed over the eye-lids, while the bearded lip quivered, and over his great broad face there swept an expression of tenderness. 'Did he die then?'" was compelled to ask.  
"Yes, miss, he died that night; and when the minister bent over him and asked him if he was afraid to go, 'Oh no, sir,' he said, 'God will show me the way.' All the time he held my hand: 'Harvey, won't you love God too?' and he looked so sad, I couldn't bear to see it, and I said, 'Yes, Stevie, I will love God.' Such a smile came over his white face, his eyes shone, his lips trembled, and he said, 'I'll tell you, my dear, I'll never forsake you again.'"  
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### Deacon M's Prayer.

A young lady was taking a pleasant walk one summer day in a deeply shaded woodland, and weary, sat down to rest on a secluded mossy bank near the summit of a hill. Presently she heard a voice, as of one engaged in earnest conversation, and on advancing a step or two, she saw good Deacon M. coming leisurely up the hill, his reins hanging loosely over his horse's neck.  
"What can he be talking about so earnestly to himself?" she thought; but directly she heard the voice of prayer, and the words which God's providence caused to be especially impressed upon her mind were these:  
"O Lord, have mercy on the dear youth of this place." The good old man rode on, but the voice of prayer was heard after he had disappeared from her view in the leafy depths of the forest.  
The young lady was struck with the thought, "In this way Christians go about the town and mingle with the world? Do they pray thus for our souls? I have hardly ever prayed for myself." From that day and hour she began to pray, and became herself the first fruits of a glorious revival. The good deacon's prayer was answered even while it was being offered.—*S. Times.*

are growing in demand, and they are a real saving of conscience and heart-ache. Warranted to keep in any climate—a kind of sensation powder."  
"Pray, madam, what are those screws for?"  
"Why to pinch the feet, and make them look small, without regard to corns and bunions. They can't wear those little, dear little shoes, except you have these pinchers to go with them."  
"And that great heap of books in your arms?"  
"These? They are the latest, most exciting, and the weakest, most silly novels. But I hand them out, and shake my head with a smile, and crowds read them."  
"Well, madam, I'm very inquisitive, I know, but I do want to know what you have in that great bag thrown over your shoulder?"  
"A great variety of valuables—such things as 'late suppers'—in great demand, which send people to the grave early, and thus make room for more. Then there are 'late hours,' and 'late rising,' and all manner of hair dressing, and expensive dressing—things that ladies must have, even if their husbands fall. Here are diamonds pins and rings—just the thing to stir up envy and create extravagance. Here are gold watches, cigars, mercurial pipes, gold headed canes, eye-glasses, and all manner of things to suit all manner of people. And I laugh and coax, and flatter, and command, till I get them to wear and use them, and do just what I please. Now, I have stopped to tell you a few moments; don't you see what a crowd have gathered round me—low necks, thin shoes, muslin dresses, tight boots; some on crutches, some coughing, some breathing short, all crowding to get near me, and when I move you will see how they all run, and rush, and crowd after me. O, sir, I am the great power of the world. I rule kings and queens, beggars and philosophers. Don't you see?"  
"Truly, madam, truly. And now may I ask your name?"  
"Name? FASHION, sir; my name is Mrs. PRAISEFUL FASHION! I thought everybody knew me!"—*Chicago Sunday School Teacher.*

### The Bible at Family Prayers in the Social Circle.

"Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace  
Our path when we tread  
Stones of our journey's grace:  
Brook by the traveller's way!"  
The Bible—by no means read, it brother, before you pray in your family, night and morning—'Let God speak first, and you will pray the better for it, a great deal—more energetically, lifegiving, soul-saving. The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword; giving life, animation, kindles a spirit of true devotion. The Psalms and other portions of the sacred volume are full of petitions, intercessions, and giving of thanks. Besides the devotional, soul-kindling influence, the reading of God's word in your family has upon your own mind and heart, consider the happy effect produced also on the members of your family, and especially on the children. The Bible is a most valuable, formal picture without opening up the Book of books, turning our heart in praise, is not the profitable way of conducting family worship, or any social meeting for prayer and praise.  
A prayer-meeting without the Bible is not a prayer-meeting as God would have it. Family prayer is not family prayer—as God would have it—without the Bible. This excluding the Bible from our regular seasons of social or family worship is an error—the policy of the Evil One. You offer immense loss by doing this. The Bible is the watchword, the motto, the text-book, the guide, the safe-guard, the soul, the life, the power, the foundation for prayer, the prayer of faith.  
Friends, read the Bible, read it in your meetings for prayer and praise; social in your families, while you gather around the family altar. Read it attentively, reverentially, prayerfully, with self-examination. Read it, meditate upon it, digest it, bring it home to every heart. The influence of this sacred volume on the minds and hearts of the believers is salutary—no doubt. The Bible is a most valuable, formal picture without opening up the Book of books, turning our heart in praise, is not the profitable way of conducting family worship, or any social meeting for prayer and praise.  
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The Family

The Value of a Little. Do thy little, do it well; Do what right and reason tell; Do what wrong and accord claim; Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be Dreariness and drudgery; They whom Christ spouseth made; Gathered fragments when he bade.

Do thy little; never mind Though thy brethren be unkind; Though the men who ought to smile, Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little; never fear While thy Saviour standeth near; Let the world its javelins throw, On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little; God hath made Millions leaves for forest shade; Smallest stars their glory bring, God employeth everything.

Do thy little, and when thou Feolest on thy pallid brow, Ere has fed the vital breath, Cold and damp the sweat of death.

Then the little thou hast done, Little brethren thou hast won, Little masters thou hast made, Little wasters thou hast made, Little wants with care relieved, Little wrongs at once expressed, Little favours kindly done, Little toils thou didst not shun, Little graces meekly won, Little slights with patience borne.

These shall crown the piloted head, Holy light upon the shad; There are treasures that shall rise Far beyond the smiling skies.

Three Blasts of the Horn. Betty Fletcher lived on a farm in Vermont. It was before the land was much cleared. Farmer Fletcher's farm was on the edge of the woods, and there was a little path through the forest to grandma Fletcher's. Instead of going a long way round the road, the family often went and came by this path in the woods. There was not much danger of bears and cats, for the hunters had killed or driven them away. It was cool and shady in the summer, and the squirrels and birds made it lively and pleasant.

One summer's morning little Betty Fletcher went to carry some skeins of yarn to her grandmother. She was to spend the day there and see the new chickens. At night father was to go and fetch her home on horseback. She put on her cape-bonnet, kissed mother and baby brother in the cradle, and set off. Mother was making butter, and watched her darling Betty out of the diary-window till the little form was lost in the woods.

"Father," said mother, after milking, "now go for Betty." The afternoon was making long shadows on the road when Mr. Fletcher jumped upon White-face and rode away. Mother strained her milk pail to the door, and sat down in the door to catch the first sound of White-face's hoofs bringing home her little daughter.

After a while she heard the old horse coming on the gallop. Looking up she saw her husband but no Betty. Before she had time to ask, "Betty is not there," said the farmer, riding up and looking very pale, "nor has grandmother seen her all day."

"Betty is lost," cried her mother; "my child is lost!" They ran to the woods and called. Nothing but echoes answered. Father hurried over the path shouting, "Betty, Betty!" but no Betty answered. It was now quite dark.

Mr. Fletcher went to the neighbours. "My Betty is lost in the woods," he cried; "my child is lost!" Men, women, children and dogs, all turned out. The poor mother, who was in great distress, "My child is torn to pieces by the wolves," she cried; "something dreadful has happened to her. My Betty is lost, my Betty is lost!" It was little the neighbours could do but weep with her.

The men with torches and horses searched the woods. One and another came back with no tidings of the lost child, then started back on a fresh scout. It was a long and gloomy night to the poor Fletchers and their kind neighbours. The sun streaked the eastern sky with morning light, and still no news of the lost little one.

It was just at sunrise, that three short, quick blasts of a distant horn were heard. "Hark," cried the mother, listening, "hark!"

"Found, found!" cried a neighbour, clasping her hands. "That's the signal for finding her which the men agreed on." "Found, found!" cried a man at the well. "Can it be?"

Yes, the lost child. A man on the search spied little footprints on some wet moss; following on, he found a skein of yarn. Here is the clue to her, he thought, carefully and eagerly looking round; and a little farther he caught sight of Betty, fast asleep on the soft brown leaves, beside an old tree which fell long ago. Her cheeks were wet with tears.

"Betty, Betty Fletcher," cried the man, catching her up in his strong arms. The poor child opened her eyes with a frightened and bewildered look. "Did God tell you?" asked Betty, in a little weak voice, as soon as she could speak.

"Tell me what, Betty, dear?" said the man, almost choked with joy. "You are all in a tremble."

"I prayed God to take care of me, and tell my father where I was; I did not know I couldn't find my grandma."

Then the man blew his horn three short, loud, glad blasts, he told the good news far and near. Tongue cannot tell what gratitude filled the hearts of those who heard it. The women cried for joy. Men who were still in the search left off, and quickly turned their steps toward the Fletcher cottage.

Mrs. Fletcher, at the first blast of the horn, ran in the direction whence it came. And who can describe the mother's feelings when she clasped her darling child once more to her bosom? She would only sob, and say, "Thank God! thank God!"

How came Betty to lose her way, the children would not know. She ran into the woods after a squirrel, and could not find the path again. Were they not a happy family that morning, father, mother, and all the neighbours? Never was there such rejoicing; never did they forget to praise God.

This will help us understand how happy our heavenly Father is when we are found. Found? As we find the Bible says so. When we are away from the right way we are lost. Jesus searches for us. He came on purpose to seek and to save the lost. He came to find us, and to bring us back to our heavenly Father; and he cries, "Come, come unto me." With sorry and penitent hearts let us turn from our

Preparation for the Worst

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Anti-Cholera Compound. In the present age of humbug it is hard for a genuine preparation, however good it may be, to escape the open or covert sneer and the muttered condemnation word.

Langley's Cordial Rhubarb. This preparation thoroughly deserves an account of its other worthlessness.

A Reliable Medicine. It does not propose to cure a dozen different diseases, but to oppose a specific disease, with a dose of one particular class of the Stomach and Bowels. This Cordial is therefore good for

DIARRHEA, DYSBENTERY & CHOLERA. It has been used with great success in the EAST INDIES, and having been introduced there by officers at one time stationed in this Garrison, it has found its way to the Coast of America, and is there fast becoming esteemed for its curative powers as a specific for Asiatic Cholera.

Each bottle has secured a copy of the "Recommendations of the Royal College of Physicians on the subject of Cholera." Price 60 cts per bottle. A liberal discount to dealers.

Prepared by G. B. JOHNSON, 148 Hollis Street, Halifax, N.S. And sold by all Druggists.

NOTICE. The business at the City Drug Store, will in future be conducted by B. Woodill under the same name and style.

WOODILL BROS. Card. A. H. WOODILL, M.D. GRADUATE OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, NEW YORK.

OFFICE: 138 HOLLIS STREET, (OVER THE CITY DRUG STORE) April 11

Are your Boys Learning to Smoke? I believe to be what some mildly call "fantastic" this morning. Tobacco, I confess, is my favorite aversion. In making a little attack upon the enemy, permit me to initiate the strategy of our military commanders and throw out first a skirmish line of objections. The poison of the pipe is offensive to others. Many people dislike the smoke; and yet the smoker poisons the air around him, and carries an ill odor into every place where he goes. His very garments testify against him; nor can he silence their accusing voices, unless he revives the Levitical dispensation, and is content, after each indulgence, to "wash his clothes, and be unclean until the even."

The horrors of chewing, as usually practiced, are too great to make description either needful or agreeable. Why can we not have cars on our city railroads, and elsewhere, set apart for the chewers of tobacco? We are daily informed, or at least we used to be informed, of the many cases where "coloured people" were "allowed." Why not give us a hint of the place where the spitting of tobacco juice is to be tolerated? We sometimes sit within saliva-bath of men, whose puddles and disgorge masses of tobacco are nauseous in the eyes of every one but themselves. Why not appropriate a car to their use, as in the case of the African?

The expense, too, in these days of taxes and high prices, may not be altogether unworthy of attention. If a smoker uses but four cigars a day, and pays only ten cents each for them, he will probably boast of economy as one of his chief virtues. Yet if any one will consult Jay Cooke's advertisements, he will find that two thousand dollars, invested in United States Bonds, will just suffice to meet the expense of this fumigation. Consequently a young man who has inherited or accumulated two thousand dollars, and who smokes at the rate specified, must consider his tobacco liabilities equal to his assets, and deem himself financially just where he would be were he to lose all his money and escape from his evil habit. The man who yet forms, does that which is equivalent to the addition of 1700 thousand dollars to his capital. The man who has the habit, without any capital at all, ought to consider his daily earnings mortgaged in the sum named, for an installment of the interest of which his appetite does him every day. Perhaps the reformer will reply carelessly, "Oh, well, I can afford it." Can any follower of Christ "afford" to use his Lord's money thus?

But my main objection to the use of tobacco is, that it is a powerful drug, which lays boys and soul under its spell. Few of the smokers themselves dream of the strength of the spell. Tobacco is a chemical agent, and its principal effect is to lessen nervous excitability and the force of the circulation. It takes right hold of the heart and there makes itself felt. Let a man sit down quietly to smoke, and in few minutes his pulse will show the power of the drug; the heart beating with less force, but greater frequency. A clerical friend, who good naturedly suffered me to feel his wrist from time to time, as he sat puffing his cigar after dinner, was startled when I told him that while his heart was beating with less force than before, the pulse had risen from 74 to 88 in the space of fifteen minutes. I am happy to be able to add that the convictions then implanted resulted in his entire reform. Another clerical friend's pulse rose more than 20 in half an hour, under the influence of a clay pipe charged with smoking tobacco. These things I know to be facts; and it seems to me, that to users of the drug, they are appalling facts.

On Christmas day, 1738, John Wesley set down to write some advice and rules for those who sought his counsel concerning the way of life, and among the general warnings, "Carefully abstain from doing evil," he advises them to avoid spirituous liquors, snuff, and tobacco. For more than half a century the book of discipline repeated the warning against tobacco, and then it was expunged. Would that all who love the name of John Wesley could be brought to see what he saw a century ago!

Alcoholic Medication. Dr. W. T. Gardner, Professor in the University of Glasgow, thus speaks of his observation in detail over 110 cases of typhus: "One stipulation I must make with those who desire to follow out the inquiry with the view of testing the normal mode of crisis in typhus fever. It is that as many cases as possible should be left to their natural course, unaffected by either drugs or stimulants. The habitual exhibition of drugs and stimulants has a great tendency to mask the disease, to disturb or retard the crisis, and to increase the mortality. This is an opinion formed after a most careful observation of particular cases in detail over many years. I venture to put it forward as a law, that in larger proportion of cases, typhus fever, left to its natural course, and treated with abundant milk diet, and without drugs or stimulants, will have its natural crisis before the twelfth day. Milk or butter-milk is with me the staple food in typhus; I know no other food that can be depended on.

To give wine, whiskey, and beef tea, while withholding milk, is, in my opinion, to do what destroys your patient; and the more wine or whiskey you give, while withholding milk the more sure you will be to destroy your patient soon, because you are thereby superseding the natural appetite—or what remains of it—for a nourishing and wholesome diet—if it can be so called—which poisons the blood and checks the

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