







Our Children's Corner.

(Adapted from the German for The Methodist.)

A Mother's Kiss.

A child whose infancy was joy,
A little boy of seven years old,
New toiling pally many a toy,

Now romping through the garden green—
His parents' blue-eyed little pet,
He tripped one morn'g, and down he fell:

His mother cried, "Come, Willie, let
Me kiss the spot and make it well.
A mother's kiss hath power to cure;

Her gentle smile, her words so pure;
Can heal the bruise and make it sound;
And if there comes a bruised heart,

And bitter tears arise and dwell,
A mother's love still soothes the smart,
A mother's kiss will make it well.

My mother's hair is gray, and mine
Is slightly touched with silver streaks;
I am a full grown man—but Time

Has deeply marked my mother's cheeks;
Yet still, her thrilling kiss is warm
Upon my brow imprinted well;
Through all its life it hath a charm,

My mother's kiss! to make me well.
From infancy until to-day,
In sickness, sorrow, and mistrust,

Her gentle words drove care away,
And life my joy from the dust.
She tells me that the angels call,

That she must go with God to dwell;
My broken heart! it will befall,
No mother's kiss will make thee well.

The Thistles in the Rose-Garden.

Out on the suburbs of a certain city you will find many beautiful gardens and great marble houses. But along the broad winding avenues

are seen scores of ragged little children gnawing away at the crusts and bones that they hold in their hands. Poor things! The most of them

had no fathers or mothers, and it is no wonder that they had no home of their own in this world.

Not far from one of these wretched dens was a very high wall. It was very old, too, and seemed ready at any moment to tumble to the ground.

But that old wall was alive! When the fresh rain came pattering down upon it, and the bright sun shone upon its hundreds of beautiful flowers,

they turned up their smiling faces and seemed to say, "Rain and sun, we thank you for your kindness."

Right on the top of the wall there grew a large thistle, which spread out its roots and branches as proudly as if the whole city belonged to it.

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very kind you are in coming just at this time! Take some of my good seeds and bear them over to the rose-garden. By doing so you will not only accommodate me, but all the aristocracy of the world.

Instead of making any reply the wind blew a great deal harder. It shook the thistle with all its might, and in a moment it was wafting a whole flock of seeds over into the garden. They fell right down into the best rose-bed there.

When the wind calmed down the heavy rain came, and soon the thistle-seeds were in the ground.

"How kind is the rain!" said their mother, "it has come at the right time because it loves my children."

Wind and rain and sun did all they could for the thistle-seeds. One day their mother said to her neighbours—"Be patient, friends, and it will not long be before my dear children will outgrow every rose in the garden."

So thought the thistle, but the old sparrow whispered to his little son—"You hear that, pride always comes before a fall."

Autumn came, and all the birds except the old sparrow took their departure for a warmer home. The gardener spent a whole day in the garden, and by sunset he had wrapped all the roses up in straw to keep them comfortably through the winter.

All the plants on the wall began to weep because they were on their death-bed. I mean except the thistle, for when it lay down to take its winter rest, it said, "I shall sleep quietly, for I know that my children will be cared for. Oh how happy I shall be when I wake up from my long winter sleep!"

Winter came and went away again. The snow melted, the wind blew softly, and all the trees and bushes were putting forth their buds. The old thistle on the wall had his share of blessings, for it was covered with bright new leaves.

It looked curiously around to see if the world was the same that it was last autumn. What was the thistle's astonishment to find some of his own children growing on the top of the wall!

Instead of being glad, he was very angry, and said—"Things have come to a great pass! I can't depend upon anybody. I believed that the wind would take all my children over into the rose-garden, but to my horror I find some of them growing here."

"Never mind, mother," said one of the children. "The sun shines very warm and bright up here. Besides, we are all as happy here as we would be anywhere in the world."

"Foolish child!" answered the old thistle, "you will never come to much. But your brothers and sisters over in the rose-garden will be the pride of my heart. How the world will admire them!"

"So thought mother thistle, but the old gardener was of a very different opinion. One morning, as the sun was rising above the mountain-tops, he said to his assistant—"Come, Hans, get your spade and hoe. Fine day for working in the garden! It is high time we had taken the straw from the roses."

They passed down the winding paths until they reached the end of the garden where the large rose-bed was.

"See here," said Hans, as soon as he had taken down his spade and hoe from his shoulder, "what kind of plants are these?"

"What plants?" said the old gardener. "They have no business here if they are not roses. Let me see. Thistles—miserable thistles!"

He no sooner uttered these words than he stretched forth his rough hand and said—"Away with you! you don't belong in a rose-garden!"

So he pulled them up by the roots without any mercy, and as he threw them away the wind took them up and carried them to the top of the old wall, and laid them down at their mother's feet.

When the old thistle saw his children so suddenly destroyed, his heart was almost broken.

"Now," said the sparrow, "I think you can see that I was right. He who will not hear must be made to feel. You ought to be thankful that some of your children are still living."

The next day the sparrow published notices of a lecture which he intended to deliver that evening at the top of the old willow-tree. His subject was, the thistles in the rose-garden. All the birds came to hear him, for he was a very celebrated speaker. He shall never forget the closing words of his lecture—"Alas! there are too many people in this world who are just like the mother thistle. They are always trying to make their children wealthy and honorable, little thinking that the rose-garden is a dangerous place, and I would there were more little people like the young thistles on the wall, contented with their lot and making the best of every sorrow."

What are these thistles doing in the rose-garden? But I, who am so tall and handsome, I deserve a better place for a house than this old wall.

"Well, well," rejoined the wall-dweller, "we won't get angry on the subject. But I have heard of many plants who live in worse places than we do. The old sparrow who visits us sometimes has often told me about them. He says they grow down in dark valleys, in the old stumps and on the banks of filthy ponds where the ducks swim. He is a great traveller, you know, and he gave me a piece of his experience the other day, in which he said that on one occasion when he very foolishly flew through an open window into a rich man's dining hall, he saw a number of plants which are always shut out from the fresh shower, the bright sun and the bracing air."

"What are these ridiculous flowers compared with me? I am of noble parentage, and they are all obscure creatures. No, I deserve to live in the rose-garden. I know that I am getting old, but if I am too old to begin life again, I shall take good care that my children shall have a better home than I have. The next time the old sparrow comes this way, I will get him to take some of my ripe seeds and plant them where they can bloom among the roses, and thus enjoy good society as long as they live."

So spoke the thistle. But the sparrow, who was sitting up at the top of the great old willow, heard every word he said. And when he listened as long as he could, he shouted down—"You thick-headed fool, don't you suppose that you and your children would be destroyed if you were found in the rose-garden? I am afraid you will never be able to get through an open window into a rich man's dining hall, and so you will take some of my ripe seeds and sow them along the country road. You need not be afraid that the school-children will injure them there."

"Old talker, when I want your advice I will ask you for it. Will you, or will you not, do what I wish you?"

"No," answered the sparrow, "and you will someday find out that I am right."

after year, with little or no relief, or rational enjoyment, and the farmer should not follow his work too doggedly. We would not have him dream so hard that he can not enjoy the society of his family every day. He ought to be the leader and benefactor of his household in his social intercourse. His conversation at the table, and around the evening lamp, should be instructive and elevating to sons and daughters. His genial hospitality should attract neighbors and friends to visit him often and enliven and converse at the fire-side. And he, with his family, should systematically keep up acquaintance with other good families, far and near.

The Farmers' Clubs, which are established in many districts, exert a good social influence so far as they go, but they are not enough; in the intercourse of families should be superadded, as this contributes very much to the enjoyment and respectability of agricultural life. It lightens the burden of daily toil, relieves its solitariness, awakens thought, and promotes general improvement. Where this is done, farmers' children, both sons and daughters, will be less inclined to long after the excitements and gaieties of town life, and more of them will be content with the calling in which they were born—American Agriculturist.

What is more fearful than a breaking down of the nervous system? To be excitable or nervous in a small degree is not distressing, for where can a remedy be found? There is one—drink but no coffee, beer, or spirits, or far better, none; take fresh air you can; take three or four Pills every day; eat plenty of solids, avoiding the sea food, or the food of the sea; and always, if you will be happy in mind and strong in body, and forget you have any nerves.

Mothers and Daughters. If you are soiling more than another for which these Pills are so famous it is their purifying properties, especially their power of cleansing the blood from all impurities, and removing dangerous and suspended secretions. In cases of some of the most common and most distressing diseases, such as the great round worm for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always give relief. In cases of some of the most distressing diseases, such as the great round worm for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always give relief.

Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite. These feelings which soadden us, most frequently arise from impurities or poisons, from obstructed bowels, from indigestion, from the accumulation of acids in the stomach, from the liver and stomach. These organs must be regulated if you wish to be taken in the morning with some of the pills, and you will quickly restore a healthy action to both liver and stomach, whence follow as a natural consequence a good appetite and a clear head. In the East and West Indies, where the climate is so hot, and the food is so unwholesome, and other medicines are ever used for a cure.

Disorders of the Kidneys. In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they secrete it with some gravel, or with acids and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken in the morning, and the quantity of the secretions should be regulated in the same manner. In cases of some of the most common and most distressing diseases, such as the great round worm for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always give relief.

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Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases: Ague, Dropsy, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Colic, Erysipelas, Lumbago, Piles, Female Irregularities, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, FEVERS of all kinds, Retention of Urine, Stomachic Disorders, Stiffness of the Neck, King's Evil, Scalding of the Throat, Secondary Syphilis, Consumption, Inflammation, Debility, Jaundice, Symptoms of the Venereal Disease, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c. &c.

Where now the vital energy that moved. While the summer was, the pure and noble lymph through the impervious membrane of the skin, and the leaf and flower; it sleeps; and the icy touch of unpropitious Winter has impressed. A cold stagnation on the intestine life. But let the months go round, a few short months, and all shall be restored. These dainty shoots, barren as lances, among which the wind makes wintry music, sighing as it goes, shall put their graceful foliage on again, and, more aspiring, and with ampler spread, shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.

BEETS FOR POULTRY.—An English farmer says, "I have used the root of the garden-beet (red) as food for poultry for several years; some times in raw state, a root being thrown down in the poultry-yard; but generally in the cooked state, mixed with the scraps of meals, or meat, potato, bread, etc., and in this case the best is invariably picked out by my poultry with the greatest avidity. I find it has increased the health of the fowls in every instance. I may also say it conduces to an increase in eggs, as also to an improvement in their color."

MAPLE SUGAR.—The maple sugar season is just upon us. Always important as it is, this year it is more so than ever. The high price of cane-sugar makes it a costly luxury, to be indulged in sparingly. Moreover, it will do us no harm to be thrown a little more upon our own resources. With the maple trees and the sorghum plant, we shall get along quite comfortably.

APPLE JUICE FOR DYING.—According to English journals, the discovery has been made by Manchester dyers and calico printers, that apple juice is just what had long been wanted for making fast colors of some descriptions of printed cottons. Numbers of them have been through the adjacent counties trying up the apple crop, which has hitherto been used for cider, at advanced prices, and a scarcity of the latter article is apprehended. Our own enterprising dyers and calico printers have already made the application, and it is used as a substitute for argols and cream tartar in various processes. The state in which cider is of most value is hardly yet definitely ascertained—whether as new cider, hard cider, or vinegar.

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Health and its Pleasures. Or Disease with its Agonies. CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM.

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AYER'S SASSAPARILLA.

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What is more fearful than a breaking down of the nervous system? To be excitable or nervous in a small degree is not distressing, for where can a remedy be found? There is one—drink but no coffee, beer, or spirits, or far better, none; take fresh air you can; take three or four Pills every day; eat plenty of solids, avoiding the sea food, or the food of the sea; and always, if you will be happy in mind and strong in body, and forget you have any nerves.

Mothers and Daughters. If you are soiling more than another for which these Pills are so famous it is their purifying properties, especially their power of cleansing the blood from all impurities, and removing dangerous and suspended secretions. In cases of some of the most common and most distressing diseases, such as the great round worm for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always give relief.

Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite. These feelings which soadden us, most frequently arise from impurities or poisons, from obstructed bowels, from indigestion, from the accumulation of acids in the stomach, from the liver and stomach. These organs must be regulated if you wish to be taken in the morning with some of the pills, and you will quickly restore a healthy action to both liver and stomach, whence follow as a natural consequence a good appetite and a clear head. In the East and West Indies, where the climate is so hot, and the food is so unwholesome, and other medicines are ever used for a cure.

Disorders of the Kidneys. In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they secrete it with some gravel, or with acids and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken in the morning, and the quantity of the secretions should be regulated in the same manner. In cases of some of the most common and most distressing diseases, such as the great round worm for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always give relief.

The Stomach out of order. No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these Pills; they remove all acidity, occasioned either by intemperance or impure food. They restore the natural heat and activity of the stomach; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasms in which the nerves are affected, and in cases of some of the most common and most distressing diseases, such as the great round worm for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always give relief.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases: Ague, Dropsy, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Colic, Erysipelas, Lumbago, Piles, Female Irregularities, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, FEVERS of all kinds, Retention of Urine, Stomachic Disorders, Stiffness of the Neck, King's Evil, Scalding of the Throat, Secondary Syphilis, Consumption, Inflammation, Debility, Jaundice, Symptoms of the Venereal Disease, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c. &c.

Where now the vital energy that moved. While the summer was, the pure and noble lymph through the impervious membrane of the skin, and the leaf and flower; it sleeps; and the icy touch of unpropitious Winter has impressed. A cold stagnation on the intestine life. But let the months go round, a few short months, and all shall be restored. These dainty shoots, barren as lances, among which the wind makes wintry music, sighing as it goes, shall put their graceful foliage on again, and, more aspiring, and with ampler spread, shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.

BEETS FOR POULTRY.—An English farmer says, "I have used the root of the garden-beet (red) as food for poultry for several years; some times in raw state, a root being thrown down in the poultry-yard; but generally in the cooked state, mixed with the scraps of meals, or meat, potato, bread, etc., and in this case the best is invariably picked out by my poultry with the greatest avidity. I find it has increased the health of the fowls in every instance. I may also say it conduces to an increase in eggs, as also to an improvement in their color."

MAPLE SUGAR.—The maple sugar season is just upon us