Poetry.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

The honor that cometh from the world
I crave not, I ask not for its pleasures, wealth or power.
It grieves me not that God has cast my lot
In lowly place on earth.
(If wealth and beauty, pride had also
Fallen to my share. Away with pride; 'tis base:
It robs us of all good,—leaves in its place
A hardened heart, seared conscience, and hate
To God and man.)
If the proud worldling turn his eye away,
When passing me, I heed it not.
But, brother! sister! for our Master's sake,
Give me your hand; a smile
Of recognition give.
The homely granite you admire,
When chiselled by the skilful artist's hand,
Not for its own inherent worth, but to reflect
Honor on him who did his work so well.
So Jesus has begun the work of grace
In me. So rough, from nature's quarry,
Mis-shapen and unhewn, tak'n by his hand.
His work, when once commenced, he carries on,
Nor leaves it till 'tis perfect and complete.
Completes it, not at once, but in his own
Good time, wisely and well.
The Master-builder knows my frame;
Remembers I am dust.
But when in heaven I arrive, no spot
Or stain in me shall ther be found.
His work complete, admire the sculptor's hand,
And join with me in endless songs of praise.
But while we journey on our pilgrim road,
If I offend (I know I often err),
Tell it not to my neighbour, nor to my
Brother in the Lord.
Tell it to me alone. So shall our hearts
Be mutually enriched.
Yours by a kindness done unto a friend,
And mine by finding out my fault,
I did not know before.
'Tis thus that Jesus teaches us to do.
Such was his teaching, and his practice such.
With joy, then, let us follow in his steps,
And for his sake, be honest, just and kind.

Ryegate, Vt. L. E. S.

Miscellaneous.

MRS. WATKINS'S WAY OF GOVERNING HER CHILDREN.

WHAT IS A MOTHER'S TRUE EMPIRE?

(Concluded.)

The tempest had expended itself somewhat when her little girl made her appearance from school.

"Where have *you* been till this time of day?" was the greeting she received. "Loitering again on your way home, I'll warrant."

"I'm sure I haven't," replied the child, by no means respectfully. "I couldn't have come quicker, unless I had run all the way."

"You'd better not give me any of your pert answers, or I'll make you remember it in quick time. Come here and fold these clothes, you saucy jade."

The girl moved sullenly towards her appointed task, murmuring, "I'm not saucy, nor a jade either."

"What do you say? You let me hear your voice again if you dare, and your ears will tingle for it. I'll stand none of your impudence, not a bit. Now be smart, I tell you."

The child did not speak any more; but, as soon as her mother's back was turned towards her, she made a face at her hideous to behold, considering it was the expression of a daughter's feeling towards a mother. The folding went briskly on; for Maria was afraid to dally; and by the time it was done dinner was ready, but neither father nor Charley had made their appearance.

A quarter of an hour passed; still they did not come. Mrs. Watkins grew more and more restless and impatient.

"Put on your hat, and go and see if you can see *that man*. Taking the child out just as dinner's ready, throwing everything behindhand. I shan't fetch up to-day."

Maria made no reply, but took her hat as desired. She was at no loss to know who was meant by "that man."

She was absent perhaps ten minutes, fearing to return until she had looked up and down the street thoroughly. But to her excited parent it seemed much longer.

"What on earth have you been doing all this time? I didn't send you out to gape at the shop windows. There, take that." The ringing slap told that Mrs. Watkins was skilful in administering such discipline.

The child burst into an indignant and passionate fit of crying, sobbing out, "I haven't been gaping at the shop windows, and I haven't been away ten minutes by the clock."

"It's a lie—you naughty, good-for-nothing huzzy. You answer me again if you think fit."

Poor thing! She did not dare. She only went away to cry quietly, smarting beneath the sense of wrong, and feeling as if every affection of her young heart was alienated from her mother more and more. How could it be otherwise? It was the old story ever more repeated.

"Come here, if you want your dinner to-day!" the voice of Mrs. Watkins was, ere long, heard calling; and she came from her hiding-place, to have a piece of bread and cold meat thrown at her, with the harsh command to eat it sharp, and be off back to school; which she was glad to do, and get out of her mother's presence. A few more times Mrs. Watkins looked at the clock, each one with more anger depicted in her countenance; then, as though her mind was made up, she hastily swept away all traces of the dinner, not having tasted it herself. Until tea-time, her husband did not make his appearance; and then she had cooled down a little. She had never known him do such a thing before; and she felt rather at fault, as reflection forced itself upon her. Appeased, however, she certainly was not; the prevailing feeling being one of longing to make him repent of it, without going too far."

"So you've turned up at last," she said, in a taunting manner, but with a somewhat guarded voice. "Where have you kept that child all this afternoon? I only hope he hasn't caught his death of cold."

He did not speak, but put down his little son, who seemed to have forgotten his trouble and looked as blithe as a lark.

Mrs. Watkins went on, "Ten to one but I shall have him to nurse. Come here, Charley."

With a rather changed expression, the boy went to his mother, and put up his mouth for a kiss, as his father had instructed him to do.

"I haven't got any kisses for boys that stay away from mother all the afternoon. I don't love such boys."

He was a tender-hearted, fine-natured little fellow; and the tears came, as he said, "Daddy took Charley to shop."

"I thought as much; a very pretty place to take him to. Much good he'll learn there amongst such a lot of vagabonds."

"My fellow workmen are not vagabonds, Janet. There is not, I am thankful to say, a vagabond among them. Such language is very unbecoming to my child concerning those with whom his father has daily to labour."

Consistently, she said, "Pshaw! a baby like that! what can he understand? They are a nasty, low lot, at any rate; and you've no business to take him there."

"I've business to take him anywhere that I please; and I shall take him anywhere that I please, when his mother makes his home no longer a fit place for him."

"What do you mean by that? I've borne more to-day than I'll bear many times more, I warn you."

Mr. Watkins had learned experience by the things which he had suffered. He put a strong force on himself, as he said, "Now, don't begin again, I entreat, if you value my peace or your own."

"My peace! *my* peace, indeed," she said mockingly; "as though *you* could disturb that. If you don't want your own disturbed, however, don't interfere again between me and the children."

"I never should interfere, if you managed them properly. I'm the last man to do so needlessly. But when I see you do as you have done to-day—I won't repeat the thing—I should have less than a father's heart, if I did not interfere."

She was about to utter some angry reply; but something in his countenance warned her to desist; and the unexpected entrance of a neighbour effectually prevented the subject from being then renewed. After the children were gone to bed, Mr. Watkins said, very seriously, "Will you listen to me patiently for a few moments, wife?"

Silence gave consent, or was supposed to do so; and he proceeded—"How I do wish you would try to rule your temper. I do not speak for myself so much as for the poor children. I feel sure that, without intending it, you will do them real and lasting injury, if you dont; and not only weaken, but, in the end, destroy all your influence over them."

"Go on. What next?"

"Now *do* hear me with candour, I implore, and reflect on what I say. Your violence so often hurries you into injustice, that the children will soon dislike as much as fear you; and their own tempers cannot but, ere long, seriously suffer. It is a terrible thing for a mother to lose the love and confidence of her children."

"You are talking Greek. I can't understand what you are driving at. Children must be made to mind. It's every mother's duty to make them; and I shall make mine mind me, in spite of all the preaching in the world."

"Against children being made to mind I have nothing to say, if it is done in a proper manner. But if you go on as you have been doing lately, you'll ruin them. The best tempers and dispositions in the world couldn't stand against it. Instead of minding, before long they will rebel, and deceive you whenever a fault has been committed, instead of speaking the truth."

"Oh, I dare say. Much you know about the management of children. You had better hold your tongue, and talk about things you do understand."

A gleam of fierce anger lit the face of her husband for a moment. But it quickly gave place to an expression of real sorrow and concern.

"Mark well what I say, Janet," he said solemnly. "If you will not be warned, and try to adopt a kinder method with your children, you will live to repent it from your soul, perhaps to rue the day you ever gave them birth. Don't interrupt me, but weigh my words. However wrong they may go in the future, and they *will* go wrong, if you persist in your present course, their sin and their misery *will lie at your door; it may be their destruction body and soul.* My heart aches about this matter; for I feel how powerless I am. Away all day to earn their bread and yours, with you the responsibility of their training must chiefly rest; and had I more time to give to them, how could I hope to undo the evil of their mother's perpetual influence? Oh, let me implore you, pause and consider, ere it be too late." He lit his candle as he spoke the last words; and she felt, for the moment, too much subdued to reply; nor, when she did follow him to bed, was there another word spoken between them.

For a day or two, a slight change was visible in her deportment to her children. But alas! it was "as the morning cloud." There was only one source of help that could have made it lasting; and that she failed to seek. She lived to find her husband's words come true, every one. Her children quickly learned to dislike as much as to fear her. This led to rebellion and deceit. Even before their childhood had passed, her influence, for any good purpose, was lost, utterly and irremediably. They *did* go wrong, ultimately, both of them; and it is not saying too much to say that, ere she died, she repented, in anguish of spirit, ever having given them birth. Her husband was taken from her suddenly in about three years after the events we have related; and so the only home influence for good was withdrawn for ever. In loneliness and destitution in after life, with no child to minister to her necessities, she recalled his words in bitterness of heart—but, alas! too late.

How many Mrs. Watkinses will read these pages! Dear reader, she is only a type of a class, one in a thousand. It is sad to say it, but, alas, true. The heart of the writer is well nigh moved to its depths, as she thinks of the miseries and wrongs of childhood, inflicted by such mothers as Mrs. Watkins was. The foibles of mere infancy treated with a harshness that ought never to be adopted even in maturer age; the natural promptings of that period to activity and amusement, however harmless, if it occasions the smallest inconvenience, dealt with as a misdemeanour, and repressed with an unreasonableness and severity little short of cruelty, until it ends in alienation and dislike, and almost invariably proves disastrous to all concerned.

FOUNDER IN HORSES.—B. W. Wood writes as follows: Many years ago I learned a cure for founder in horses which is so simple, and has proved so successful in my hands that I send it to you, thinking that it may be of service to some of your readers. Clean out the bottom of the foot thoroughly, hold up firmly in a horizontal position, and pour in say a tablespoon of spirits turpentine, if the cavity will hold that much; if not, pour in what it will hold without running over; touch the turpentine with a red hot iron (this will set it on fire); hold the hoof firmly in this position till it burns out. Care must be taken that none runs on the hair of the hoof, lest the skin be burned. If all the feet are affected burn turpentine in all of them. Relief will speedily follow, and the animal will be ready for service in a short time.

I once applied this remedy to a horse that had been foundered twenty-four hours before I saw him, and he was promptly relieved. In another case, where the animal could hardly be induced to move, his suffering was so great, he was treated in the same manner as soon as his trouble was discovered, and less than an hour afterwards he was hitched to a buggy, and driven twenty-five miles the same day, all lameness disappearing after he had traveled a few miles.—*Exchange*

JUST RECEIVED—3000 lbs. Dry Sheathing Paper, at
dec 22 W. H. THORNE'S.

PERFUMERY.—We can give our customers a choice from Fifty Varieties, in Lubin's Perfumery, which we will warrant as Genuine. HANINGTON BROS.,
dec 29 Foster's Corner.

CHEESE, ORANGES, LEMONS.—Just received from Montreal—25 boxes Choice Factory Cheese. In Stock—12 boxes Lemons; 2 cases Oranges.
dec 29 J. S. TURNER.

NEW DRY GOODS.—Received per Steamship City of Cork, via Halifax—Irish Poplins, Roman Stripe Shawls, Berlin Wool Sofa Cushions, Shetland and Welsh Yarns, Twelve Thread Fleecy Wool, White and Colored Filoselle, Angora Tassels, Black Silk Laces, White Cotton Laces, Ladies' Merino Underwear, Book Muslin Frillings, Railway Canvas, Cushion Tasssels, Ladies' and Misses' Merino Hosiery, Machine Silks, Elastics, &c.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,
dec 22 Market Square.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his Farm. It is situated about eight miles below Woodstock, on the East side of the River St. John. It comprises

THREE HUNDRED ACRES,

Twenty acres of which are the best quality of interval. On the high land is a good comfortable DWELLING HOUSE, with frost-proof cellar. The barns and outhouses are suitable to the premises. Water is good and under cover.

TERMS.—Half the purchase money down; the remainder to be paid in any reasonable time.

For further particulars apply to the subscriber, on the premises.
GEORGE TRAFTON.
Lower Woodstock, C. Co., Dec. 23—3m

CHOICE LABRADOR HERRING and MACKEREL.—Daily expected, ex Juliet—296 brls. Choice Labrador Herrings; 10 half-brls. No. 1 Fat Mackerel. For sale by dec 16 G. BENT.

CODFISH.—125 quintals, for sale by G. BENT,
June 10 5 and 6 South Wharf, and 4 Ward St.

LABRADOR HERRINGS.—300 brls. Large Canso Herrings; 50 brls. Large Fat Labrador Herrings.
nov. 25 G. BENT.

CHOICE LABRADOR HERRINGS and MACKEREL. Now landing ex Juliet—208 brls. Choice Labrador Herrings; 10 half-brls. No. 1 Fat Mackerel. For sale by dec 30 G. BENT.

VIENNA CLOCKS.—Received per Steamer City of Limerick—3 Cases, containing AN ASSORTMENT OF VIENNA CLOCKS. PAGE BROTHERS,
Dec 2 41 King street.

NEW GOODS.—We have received by Steamer City of Cork, an assortment of Fine Gold Chains and Fashionable Jewelry. Also, an assortment of Real Jet Goods.
PAGE BROTHERS,
dec 23 41 King Street.

FALL AND WINTER, 1870 AND 1871.
LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE.

JUST at hand, the largest and finest assortment of Goods ever before seen in this City, contained in our Store, opposite the Telegraph Office, and in the Stores in Hogg's Corner, a few doors above Messrs. Geo. Hall & Sons. 56 Sofas and Lounges, finished in Walnut and Mahogany; 7 Walnut and Chestnut Extension Tables; 14 Card Tables, very cheap; 42 Leaf Tables, in Pine, Butternut, Chestnut, Cherry, Walnut and Mahogany; 55 Bureaus and Sinks, some very cheap, in great variety of styles; 115 Bedsteads, various sizes; 365 Looking Glasses, various sizes and kinds; 9 Hat Racks and Hall Stands; 21 beautifully finished Chamber Setts, in variety; 625 Sitting and Dining Room Chairs, Cane and Wood Seat; 12 Parlor Suits, finished in Green and Red, Terry, Hair Cloth, &c., the best ever shown in Fredericton for sale; 78 Washstands and Toilet