

It cannot be the rule that "ignorance is bliss;" for if it were so, the brute creation would enjoy more happiness than man. Were we to despise knowledge, and give up the arts and sciences as foolishness, we should soon usher in a millenium of stupidity and vice. Knowledge is the greatest power a man can exercise. Science teaches man how to apply physical strength, and render all things subservient to his use. Yet, after all, it is not mere knowledge, but wisdom, which is the principal thing—that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation—that knowledge which restores fallen man to his Maker's face; this is superior far to all earthly knowledge, and without it the most profound ideas, the most extensive learning, is as nothing.

Robert Hall, speaking on religion, says, "Religion is the final centre of repose, the goal to which all things tend, apart from which man is a shadow—his very existence a riddle." True religion is not, as many suppose, incompatible with great learning. No; many are the living examples which prove that moral excellence and Christ-like character is quite compatible with mental refinement and scientific research.

"There is to him who reads the sacred page  
With knowledge, faith, humility, and love,  
A sweet and balmy influence in creation."

It becomes the duty of all to possess this excellence—to be truly good and great. Let your life be one of purpose; live for something. Many, to all appearances, live without any object in view; they live, and move, and pass out of existence, and what have they done? They have raised no poor wanderer from degradation; they have sought to reclaim no poor outcast to the path of rectitude; none can point to them and say, "He led me back to the fold of Heaven; their light went out in darkness; their history is a blank page. Live not thus, O man immortal! Thy life here is one of probation; thou art here to do that which eternity can never undo. Do it well; do it with thy might; let your light shine; let your influence be felt; do good, and when your spirit shall have struck into a new and sublimer orbit, you will still shine, and you will leave behind you a monument which time will fail to destroy—a remembrance that will last forever.—*Christian's Penny Magazine.*

#### Reform should begin at Home.

"This is pleasant," exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat easily in the rocking chair as the things were removed. The fire glowing in the grate, revealing a pretty neatly furnished sitting-room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife Esther took her work, and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he again said, taking a satisfactory survey of his little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present comforts.

"Now, if we had only a piano," exclaimed the wife.

"Give me the music of your own sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he declared complacently, besides a certain secret disappointment, that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well, but we want one for friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come and see us, and not to hear a piano," exclaimed the husband.

"But, George, everybody has a piano now—a-days—we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I don't know what we want one for—you will have no time to play one, and I don't want to hear it."

"Why they are so fashionable—I think our room looks nearly naked without one."

"I think it looks just right," said Esther, emphatically.

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

Your lamp smokes, my dear," said he, after a long pause.

"When are you going to get an astral lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we needed one," said Esther, pettishly.

"Those are very pretty lamps—I never can see by an astral lamp," said her husband. "Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw—they were bought in Boston."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without an astral lamp," said Esther, sharply. "They are so fashionable! Why, the Morgans and Millers, and many others I might mention, all have them; I am sure we ought to."

"We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason in that."

The husband moved uneasily in his chair. "We want to live as well as others," said Esther.

"We want to live within our means, Esther," exclaimed George.

"I am sure we can afford it as well as the Morgans, and Millers, and Thorns—we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean! I am not mean!" he cried angrily.

"Then we do not wish to appear so," said the wife. "To complete this room, and make it look like other people's, we want a piano and an astral lamp."

"We want—we want!" muttered the husband, "there's no satisfying woman's wants do what you may," and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma? How many houses and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions? How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities? Could the real cause of many failures be known it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and, "what will people think?"

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift and prudence, and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion, "by useless extravagance and repining when I was doing well."

What a world does this open to the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young house-keepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skilfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit the homes of the poor and suffering, behold dark cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, and then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil and self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears lest his family expenditures may encroach upon public payments. Be independent; a young house-keeper never needed greater moral courage than she does now to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford; then decide, with a strict integrity, according to your means. Let not the censure or the approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you hardly think you can afford. It matters but little what people think provided you are true to yourself and family.

#### Crime in Papal and Protestant Countries.

A distinguished English gentleman, who has spent many years as a resident or in travelling in various Papal countries in Europe, in a recent speech in London, has presented some deeply interesting facts concerning vice and crime in Papal and Protestant countries. He possessed himself of the Government returns of every Romanist Government on the Continent. We have condensed and will state its results.

In England four persons for a million, on the average, are committed for murder per year. In Ireland, there are nineteen to the million. In Belgium, a Papal country, there are eighteen murders to the million. In France, there are thirty-one. Passing into

Austria we find thirty-six. In Bavaria, also Papal, sixty-eight to the million; or if homicides are struck out there will be thirty. Going into Italy, where Papal influence is the strongest of any country on earth, and taking first the kingdom of Sardinia, we find twenty murders to the million. Venetian and Milanese provinces there is the enormous result of forty-five to the million. In Tuscany forty-two; though that land is claimed as a kind of earthly paradise; and, in the Papal States, not less than one hundred murders for the million people. There are ninety in Sicily; and in Naples the result is more appalling still, where public documents show there are two hundred murders per year to the million of people?

The above facts are all drawn from the civil and criminal records of the respective countries named. Now, taking the whole of these countries together, we have seventy-five cases of murder for every million of people. In Protestant countries—England for example—we have but four for every million. We think the above facts in regard to vice and crime in the two great departments of Christendom, worthy the most serious pondering of every friend of human life, of morality and virtue.—*Boston Traveller.*

A SITUATION VACANT.—Some years ago a black man called on a clergyman in Western New York, avowed himself a fugitive slave, and asked for food and shelter, which was freely accorded. Two or three persons being cognizant of the fact, called in to see the "runaway nigger," when the following dialogue ensued:

"Suppose you had pretty hard times down South—lickings a plenty?"

"No—I never was whipped."

"Wasn't—well, you had to work awful hard?"

"My work was very light."

"Guess your clothes wasn't very nice?"

"I was always well clothed—I was a good servant."

"Reckon your victuals wasn't uncommon fine?"

"As good as I desired."

"Well! I should give it as my opinion that you was a mighty big fool for running away from such a place as this, just for the sake of shirking for yourself."

"Gentlemen! my place down South is vacant. Any of you can have it by applying for it."

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND—not to fall into the ditch, however. One of our missionaries noticed a woman who seemed quite blind, standing near the entrance of the place of worship in advance of the time for commencing the service, and inquired of her how she got there at all, and why so early. She explained that she was not totally blind, though she seemed so; her very imperfect vision had led her to start too early, had it not been for the habit of trying to make herself useful. "And pray, what have you busied yourself here?" "Oh," said she, "I have invited several passers-by to stop and enter the house of prayer!" Very well, said the missionary aside, if a blind woman can do so much for the cause of God, shame on those who have eyes, and yet do nothing!—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

GOD OF MY MOTHER.—Rev. Charles Morgan, of East Troy, Wisconsin, in giving an account of a religious revival in that place, says:

An infidel of talent and respectability, under the power of truth bowed upon his knees and cried in agony:

"God of my mother, have mercy on me!"

His mother is a devoted Christian in the State of New York.

"God of my mother!" How much is revealed in that simple exclamation; how conclusively it proves that this man had a mother whose faithfulness left its impression on his soul too deep to be obliterated by time and sin.

TO INSURE HEALTH FOR CHILDREN.—Give them plenty of milk, plenty of flannel, plenty of air, and let them have plenty of sleep; and they will seldom if ever ail anything. That is—milk is their best diet; they must be warmly clothed, must be much out of doors, and must be always allowed to sleep on until they awaken of their own accord.

It's no my view of human life, that a man sent into the world just to save his soul, and creep out again.—*Alton Locke.*

## The Road to Health.



## Holloway's PILLS.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, Prescott Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver, and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation so severe, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three Boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think, speaks much in favor of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER, IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Copy of a Letter inserted in the Hobart-Town Courier, of the 1st March, 1851, by Major J. Walsh.

Margaret M'Connigan, nineteen years of age, residing at New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs; during this period she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Hobart Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she consented to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected perfect cure.

WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS IN CASES OF DROPSY.

Persons suffering from Dropsy, either about the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this direful complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE CHEST AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 84 YEARS OF AGE.

From Messrs. Thew & Son, Proprietors of the Lynn Advertiser, who can vouch for the following statement.—August 2nd, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the stomach which was also accompanied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me from walking about. I am 84 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered, by their means comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before. (Signed) HENRY COE.

North Street, Lynn, Norfolk.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GRAVEL AND A MOST DANGEROUS FEVER COMPLAINT.

Copy of a Letter addressed to J. K. Heyden, Esq., Sydney, New South Wales, dated Feb. 25th, 1851.

SIR.—A Mr. Thomas Clark, a Settler at Lake George was for a considerable time seriously afflicted with a Complaint of the Liver, together with the Gravel. His medical attendants, after trying all their skill, candidly told him that his case was hopeless, and any further efforts useless. In this situation, and when expecting every day would terminate his existence, a friend recommended him to try Holloway's Pills, and as a forlorn hope he did so, the first gave him considerable relief, he therefore persevered in taking them according to the directions, and is now restored to health. He will feel great pleasure in confirming this statement, or even make an affidavit to the same effect, should it be required. (Signed) WILLIAM JONES, Proprietor of the Goulburn Herald, New South Wales.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowel Complaints, Colics, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Head-ache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King's Evil, Sore Throats, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic Douloureux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c. &c.

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY, Provincial Agent, No. 15, King Street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Bellefleur. In Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 6d., and 3d. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each Box.

BEER BOTTLES.—2 Casks Ginger Beer BOTTLES will be sold at a bargain! August 18th, 1851. W. W. TURNBULL.