

dropped his hand, and it lay carelessly, but O how thin, over the edge of the bed.

The doctor shook his head mournfully at my mother, and she, springing forward, dropped my hand and placed her fingers upon the forehead of my brother, and passed her hand over her mouth.

"Is he asleep, doctor?" said she, in a tone which only a mother could understand.

"Be calm, madam." The doctor himself was very calm.

"I am calm," said my mother, though I did not think it, as I saw her trembling.

"Dear madam, he will never awaken in this world!" There was no cry—only a bowing down of my mother's head upon the body of poor, dead Willie, and only when I saw her form shake and quiver with the deep, smothered sobs, did my weeping burst forth loud and strong.

The doctor, leading me close up to the bedside, showed me the pale head, the eyes of blue all sunken, the flaxen hair gone, and the white lips all pinched and hard! Never, never will I forget that first terrible sight of death!

I went again to my silent chamber.—Thoughts, I never can tell you, reader, what thoughts passed through my wild brain.—Willie, once my brother, was gone, forever gone.

I tossed in my bed, thinking of that strange thing—death—and how soon, perhaps, his icy-cold hand would stop the current of my heart. Life's early hours, too, came hurrying by in memory's glass. I thought of the time when Willie and myself first took our stroll to the woods and fields. I thought of the hour when, hand in hand, we trudged to school. I thought of the hour when, stung by passion, I struck the little fellow in the face, and how the big round tears and the quivering lips made my wicked heart ache.—His sobs, then, too, I never can forget!—Would that he were alive and could say, "My poor brother, I forgive you all!"

Yes, long years have flown since Willie and I were boys together. Still a wanderer in this world, beset with temptation and trial, I travel on; but he

"Is fled,

An angel, to the azure overhead."

Content to bear what of vicissitudes my Father above sees fit for my good, shall I spend the days of my sojourning on earth. Willie is gone. "He cannot come again to me, but I shall go to him!"—*Ladies' Repository.*

Beginning Family Prayer.

The commencement of this sacred and delightful duty must be attended by difficulties, where the head of the family has for years neglected it. A middle aged man of great respectability says:—"I have never done anything since I became a Christian which required so much self-denial, and which was so truly a bearing of the cross, as beginning family worship.—I felt that it was a duty, from the time I devoted myself to the service of Christ; but I shrunk from its performance so painfully, that day after day, and week after week passed away without my attempting it. At length conscience remonstrated so loudly, and my conviction that it was a sin to neglect it was so strong. I determined to make the effort to perform it the next morning, cost what it would. It occasioned me a wakeful night; again and again I implored strength from on high. I was constitutionally timid, and when the morning came was much agitated."

"Before breakfast I said to my wife, 'I feel, O——, as if we ought to have prayer in the family. We have all souls to be saved, and need God's blessing. I am sure you will not object to it.'—'No,' she replied; but the tone in which she said it was not encouraging. When we arose from the breakfast table, it seemed to me the children had never been so noisy before, and it required an effort to request them to keep silence and be seated. They did so, but I felt that their eyes were fixed wonderingly upon me. I took the large Bible from the shelf and sat down. I wished to preface the service with some remarks, but I could not trust my voice, and I opened the book and read the first chapter that presented itself. I then knelt, and with faltering voice began to address the Creator. But my hesitation soon passed off. I knew not why it was, but during the performance of this service my soul was filled with thoughts of God's great goodness in permitting me to approach him, and to place myself and those dear to me under the shelter of his protecting love,

that I forgot the presence of others, and poured out my heart in supplications for his blessing with as much freedom and fervor as I had ever done in secret. When I arose, I perceived my wife's eyes were moistened with tears.

"The conflict was over—the duty was entered on—and the peace which follows the consciousness of having done right, came into my heart. Prayer with my beloved one was no longer a burden, but a delightful privilege; and ere long I had the satisfaction of knowing that the heart of my companion ascended in full unison with my own to the throne of grace. I can now speak freely in my family of the value and sweetness of this service; and to many of them, I believe, the hour of prayer has become one of the most highly prized of all the day brings us."—*Messenger.*

Disobedience to Parents.

Young man, is that your father? How could you make use of language so disrespectful? You don't care? You will talk as you please, no matter who hears you? If we were in want of a clerk, and there was not another young man within ten hundred miles that we could engage we would not consent to take you. We should be afraid to trust a boy who is so disobedient to his parents—who shows so little respect for his father. A youth who was saucy to his parents, we never knew to turn out well. He respects nobody. If your father is in the wrong, and you are certain of it, there is no excuse for such language. No one will respect you for it. Everybody will condemn you. A parent should be treated with respect by his children; no matter how poor he may be, or how large his family may have grown.

There is too little respect paid to parental authority at the present day. It is grievous to go into many families and hear the language daily used by the children: "I will," "I won't," "don't care," "it's none of your business, I am old enough to know what is right," and the like expressions are painfully common. Large boys and grown up girls even, do not hesitate to give their mother the lie and break away from their express commands. They will do as they please, and go where they have a mind. We wish such children could only see how they appear in the eyes of their acquaintances, and if they have any shame it must flush their cheeks. There is truth as well as rhyme in a couplet of Randolph:

Whoever makes his parents heart to bleed
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

Of one thing we are certain—an undutiful son and a disobedient daughter cannot long prosper. For a season they may appear well to the eyes of a stranger, but their self-will and stubbornness are soon discovered, and they are despised. A child who disobeys his parents will not hesitate to abuse anybody. Neither age nor talents receive respect from him.

A Word to Boys.

Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well, who is honest, diligent, and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father, and to obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respects age, and never gets into difficulties and quarrels with his companions.—It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day, who is busy and active in endeavoring to do good acts towards others. Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who is diligent, who has respect for age, who always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others; and, if he is not respected and beloved by every body, then there is no such thing as truth in this world. Remember this, little boys, and you will be respected by others and grow up and become useful men.

Ourselves and the Universe.

The Chinese, whatever may be their knowledge in other points, have indefinite ideas on the subject of geography. "A map of the world recently published among them, the size of which is about two feet wide by three feet high, and containing as it is said the latest improvements and discoveries, is almost entirely crowded with the empire of China! On the left near the top, is an ocean, three inches in a diameter in which are situated as small islands, Europe, Holland, France and Africa of a medium size." We are ready enough to smile at this mingled vanity and ignorance of the inha-

bitants of the celestial Empire, but it is very possible that if some generous fairy

"Would the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

We might find ourselves faulty in the same way.—Possibly we may assign to our own globe as undue an importance in the vast scheme of the universe as the Chinese bestow upon their own empire compared to the rest of the world. Despite our knowledge that there are many worlds very far superior to our own in point of size, perhaps inhabited by beings superior to ourselves, we are in the habit of regarding ourselves as the especial care of the Supreme Being, and practically to ignore the existence of any other dependents upon His bounty.

When we think of the heavenly bodies, it is not so much in the character which they sustain to the rest of the universe, as in their direct influence upon our comfort. Viewed in this light, the sun becomes a body very commodiously adapted to keep off the cold and supply of light—a cheap substitute for a lamp or a stove—while the moon and stars are thought to serve a useful purpose in supplying in a measure the absence of the sun.

After all it is but natural that we should overrate our own importance and undervalue that of which we know but little. All our ideas and all our opinions are not a little modified by this principle of self-love. We see it assuming various shapes, in some cases adopting different names. On a large scale it is sometimes dignified by the name of patriotism. When carried to excess it becomes vanity or egotism, or degenerates into selfishness. The Chinese are not alone in their mistake.—*True Flag.*

Want of Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them making the first effort—and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon a publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but, at present, a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of his life, at which man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.—*Sydney Smith.*

CORK.—Cork is nothing more nor less than the bark of an evergreen oak, growing principally in Spain and in other countries bordering on the Mediterranean; in English gardens it is only a curiosity. When the cork tree is about fifteen years old the bark has attained a thickness and quality suitable for manufacturing purposes; after stripping, a further growth of eight years, to the extent of even ten or twelve crops. The bark is stripped from the tree, in pieces of two or three inches in thickness, of considerable length, and of such width as to retain the curved form of the trunk whence it has been stripped. The bark peeler, or cutter, makes a slit in the bark with a knife, perpendicularly from the top of the trunk to the bottom; he makes another incision parallel to, and at some distance from the former; and two shorter horizontal cuts at the top and bottom. For stripping off the piece thus insolated, he uses a kind of knife with two handles and a curved blade. Sometimes, after the cuts have been made, he leaves the tree to throw off the bark by the spontaneous action of the vegetation within the trunk. The detached pieces are soaked in water, and are placed over a fire when nearly dry; they are in fact scorched a little on both sides, and acquire a somewhat more compact texture by this scorching. In order to get rid of the curvature, and to bring them flat, they are pressed down with weights while yet hot.

A Spanish Gentleman.

Observe yonder stately gentleman, rolling by in a well-appointed carriage with coronet panels. He is still a young man, and, but a few years ago, was an unknown clerk in a private office, poor, and not of very good repute. Gifted with audacity, and with that slippery, unscrupulous, sleight-of-hand cleverness which in Spain is often a passport to power, although in other countries it would lead a man at most to that sort of distinction attained by Barrington, the pickpocket, or Robin, the conjurer, he has ascended in the social scale by huge leaps, passing over the heads of hundreds of better men than himself. He is now titled and a millionaire, his breast is covered with stars and decorations, and he is councillor nearest to his sovereign. It is certainly not out of a Spanish minister's salary that he has economised during the short time that he has received

it, the princely fortune he is well known to possess. Your Simplicity will excite unbounded astonishment in any Spaniard of whom you inquire how this fortunate adventurer accumulated his wealth. If ministers of state are not to make their fortunes who, in the names of Mercury and Plutus, are so to do? It seems considered here that a statesman's paramount and first duty (to himself), when he is so lucky as to attain office, is to get rich. And it may truly be said that it is a duty to which few are here remiss.

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 set in so severely, 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. Welch.

Margaret M. Connigan, nineteen years of age, residing a 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.

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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 34 YEARS OF AGE.

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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 34 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 incoherency or pain, which I could not do before.

(Signed)

HENRY COE.

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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.

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