

speech," he often used "great swelling words," and lofty rounded periods. His prayers were not edifying. *He was too big to pray.*

How many thousands there are around us, who have been elevated to high places in our land, who would not dare to be seen upon their knees, supplicating the Majesty of Heaven. *They are too big to pray.*—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

KILLING THE DEVIL.

Two men, who were members of the same church, had disagreed in regard to a matter of comparatively trifling importance. This led to an alienation of feeling, which increased and widened with time, until they refused to speak to each other. They nursed their evil passions by indulgence. Of course they were unhappy; at times they felt condemned. Their variance was a source of pain to others; efforts were made to reconcile them; yet they held out, neither being willing to make any concessions, or even take the first step towards a settlement. One of them, a deacon in the church, finally became impressively sensible that they were both wrong, dishonoring themselves and their Savior. He resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity to speak kindly to his brother, and thus open the way for the restoration of good feelings. It so happened that in the course of a day or two, both were invited to the raising of a barn; and now came the time for the deacon to put his good resolution into practice. Seeing his brother and approaching him, he extended his hand and cheerfully greeted him with the inquiry "How do you do?" "Deacon," said the other, "Oh! deacon, you have killed the devil—yes, you have killed the devil; and I am heartily glad of it." This settled the whole affair, they made mutual concessions, and ever afterwards were friends.

There can hardly be any cheaper or readier method of killing the devil, than this. How many alienations exist in neighborhoods, sometimes in families, alas, sometimes in churches, to the discomfort and disgrace of all parties, that might be cured by this simple method. When two persons are at variance, either they must remain so, becoming more and more exasperated in their feelings, or one or the other must take the first step towards reconciliation. This step must be an expression of good feeling, and show a desire and willingness to be at peace. And here generally is the difficulty; it consists in inducing either party to take the first step. Neither is willing to yield until the other does; and hence they fail to come together. Often they brood over the alienation, till it becomes fixed, and perhaps almost incurable. But let either take the first step; let either first kill the devil in his own heart, and he will be almost sure to kill him in the heart of his neighbor. "That first step—ah!" says one, "I will wait for my neighbor to approach me kindly; and then I will meet him kindly. Let him yield first; let him ground his arms, and take the first step, and I shall not be wanting." It often so happens, however, that the neighbor reasons in the same way; and thus neither finds it convenient to take the first step. Now the magnanimity, the nobleness, the sound Christian principle, always lies with the man who is willing to take the first step. He first kills the devil in his own mind, by conquering his evil passions; and is then prepared for a similar victory in the bosom of his offending neighbor.

Try this prescription, ye contending and unhappy families, churches, neighborhoods, and individuals. Take the first step, and see what it will do for you. We predict that you will feel much better; and that very speedily your difficulties will come to an end. Lay aside your passions; make as much effort for harmony and union as you have for discord and strife; let the law of kindness rule your spirit; and be sure, that you will find this of more efficacy than hard words or violent actions. It kills the devil. Do you wish to live in peace? Then be willing to conform to its conditions. Do you wish for a restored harmony? Then adopt the suitable measures to gain this result. There never was, and there never can be, an alienation between men that could not be cured, that ought not to be cured, and that would not be cured, by an application of Christian principle.

A HAPPY HOME.

In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, over-bearing spirit; there will be no peevishness or fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be found on the tongue. Oh, the tears, the sighs, the wast-

ing of life, and health, and strength, and time—of all that is to be most desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words! The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarks to this effect, namely, that fretting and scolding seem like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this sin, than we have to curse and swear and steal.

In a perfect happy home all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleased not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but will seek to please each other.

Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweet smile emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to render a home happy! How attracting, how soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother! How do the parent and the child, the brother and sister, the mistress and the servant, dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from the eye, and burst from the inmost soul of those who are near and dear? How it hastens the return of a father, lightens the cares of a mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation; and, drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with loving hearts, to return to the parental roof!

Oh, that parents would lay this subject to heart; that by untiring effort they would so far render home more happy, that their children and domestics shall not seek for happiness in forbidden paths!

A death-bed Revelation.

A large wine-dealer, residing in London, recently, on his death-bed, being in great distress of mind, acknowledged to his friends that his agony was occasioned by the nature of the business he had followed for years. He stated that it had been his habit to purchase all the sour wines he could, and, by making use of sugar of lead, and other deleterious substance, to restore the wine to a palatable taste. He said he did not doubt he had been the means of destroying hundreds of lives, as he had from time to time noticed the injurious effects of his mixtures on those who drank them. He had seen instances of this kind where the unconscious victims of his cupidity, after wasting and declining for years, despite the best medical advice, went to their graves, *poisoned by the adulterated wines he had sold them.*

This man died rich; but, alas! what a legacy did he leave his children! Wealth, gotten by deceit, and that not of a harmless, but fatal nature.

Present dealers in intoxicating poisons! you have got to die, too. Do you see how the wine fabricator, whose confession is recorded above, on his death-bed felt the deepest remorse for what he had done? Fly then from a traffic so horrible! You all know your drinks are shamefully adulterated by the most fatal drugs. You know they are poisoning and demoralizing to all who drink them. Law makers, is it not time you should put your strong seal of condemnation on a traffic so wicked? If you do not, but permit this crying sin to go on, are you not parties in the terrible guilt incurred?

QUITE UNANIMOUS.—A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very unpopular man, put the usual question—

"Are you willing to go, my friend?"

"Oh yes," said the sick man.

"I am glad of that," said the deacon, "for all the neighbors are willing."

EVIDENCE OF REACHING HEAVEN.—The best evidence that we shall reach heaven is, that we love heaven, and the best evidence that we love heaven is, that we love it here below, and love to sit in lovely places in Christ.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY HOME.—Six things are requisite, says Hamilton, to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholster. It must be warmed by affection, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

In the city of Brooklyn, in 1853, 610 persons were licensed to sell liquor, of whom only 30 were Americans.

A Mother's Love.

"Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea, And counted the sands that under it lie, Hast thou measured the height of Heaven above, Then, may'st thou mete out a mother's love."

DEER is the fountain of a mother's love. Its purity is like the purity of the "sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets." The teardrop speaks not half its tenderness. There is language in a mother's smile, but it betrays not all her nature. I have sometimes thought, while gazing upon her countenance, its dignity slightly changed by the intelligent accents of her young child, as it repeated in obedience some endearing word, that the sanctuary of a mother's heart is fraught with untold virtues. So fondly, so devotedly she listens to its accents, it would seem she catches from their a spirit that strengthens the bonds of her affection. I have seen the mother in almost every condition of life—but her love seems everywhere the same.

I have heard her bid, from her bed of straw, her darling child come and receive the impress of her lips; and as her feeble voice mingled in the air, there was loveliness in them, like the loveliness of an angel's melody. I have seen the mother at her fireside deal out her last morsel to her little ones so pleasantly, that her own cravings seemed appeased by the pleasure she enjoyed. But who that is not a mother can feel as she feels? We may gaze upon her as she sings her lullaby to her infant, and in her eye read the index to her heart's affections—we may study the demure cast of her countenance, and mark the tenderness with which she presses her darling to her bosom, but we cannot feel the many influences that operate upon her nature. Did you ever mark the care with which she watches the cradle where sleeps her infant? How quick she catches the low sound of coming footsteps! with what fearful earnestness she gazes at her little charge as the sound intrudes! Does it move? Does it slumbers break? How sweet the voice that quiets it!

Surely, it seems as if the blood of but one heart sustains the existence of both mother and child. Did you ever behold the mother, as she watched the receding light of her young babe's life—as the Death angel met its icy finger, touched its little heart-string? It is a scene for the pencil. What words can portray the tenderness that lingers upon her countenance? When the last spark has gone out, what emotions agitate her? When hope has expired, what unspeakable grief overwhelms her! I remember to have seen a lovely boy borne to his mother with an eye closed forever. He had strayed silently away at noon-day, and ere night-fall Death had clasped him in his embrace.

The lifeless tenement of that dear boy, as it burst upon the mother's sight, conveyed an arrow to her heart—gone, gone, could it be? the bright, the beautiful day-star of her life so suddenly veiled in the night of Death! She laid her hand upon his breast, but there was no answering heart-beat. She placed her soft fingers upon his brow, but it was cold. She uttered aloud his name—she listened—but the echoing of that name elicited no responding voice.

Then came the whispering that her child was dead. She kissed his bloodless lips in wildest agony, and her tears mingled with the clammy moisture on his brow. The silence that followed that scene was like the silence of the tomb; it seemed too holy to disturb. There was a charm in it—it was a charm hallowed by the unrestrained gushes of a mother's love. Did you ever awaken, while on a bed of sickness, and find a mother's hand pressed closely on your forehead? It is pleasant thus to break from a dream, even when affliction is on you. You know at least that you have one friend, and that friend is a true one. You know, that if you never again go forth into the world, one there will be, who will strew with sweetest flowers your pathway to the grave, and over its green sod pour forth the tears of a mother's holiest love.

A mother's love is unceasing. Her children, as they advance in years, go out one by one, into the world—to toil and struggle for fame or fortune. Though rivers may separate them from her, they cannot separate the bonds of her affection. Time and distance but increases her anxieties. She knows not the strength of her attachment till the dread hour of parting comes, till the word "farewell" is spoken; then burst forth the sealed fountains of her love—then she feels the influences of her love—she feels the full weight of the many treasures of affection she has unconsciously imbibed.

Who can look coldly upon a mother? Who, after the unspeakable tenderness and care with which she has fostered him through infancy, guided him through childhood, and deliberated with him through the perplexities of opening manhood, can speak irreverently of a mother? Her claims to his affections are founded on nature, and of adamant must be the heart that can deny or resist them.

Over the grave of a friend, of a brother, of a sister, let the primrose blossom, for it is emblematical of youth; but over that of a mother, let the tall grass wave unmolested; for there is something in the simple covering which nature spreads upon the grave, that well becomes the abiding place of decaying age.—*Waverley Magazine.*

A NEW ARTICLE FOR BEDS.—The leaves of the beech tree, collected in Autumn, in dry weather it is said, form an admirable article for beds. The smell is grateful and wholesome; they do not harbor vermin; are very elastic; and may be replenished annually, without cost.

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 LIVER, 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.

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 64 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 64 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, Blisters 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, Belleisle. In Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

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

HAMS.—Just received per Steamer Eastern City from Boston—2 Casks superior Sugar cured HAMS—For sale by

G. M. BURNS, South Market Wharf.

August 4.