

Family Circle.

SPEAK GENTLY TO LITTLE ONES.

"Gently, mother, gently,
Chide thy little one;
Tis a toilsome journey
It hath just begun;
Many a vale of sorrow,
Many a rugged steep,
Lies in its pathway—
And full oft 'twill weep.
Oh! then, gently—gently.

"Kindly, mother, kindly,
Speak in tender tone;
That dear child, remember,
Echoes back thine own;
Teach in gentle accents,
Teach in words of love;
Let the softest breeze
Lift young heart-strings move—
Kindly—mother—kindly.

"Wouldst thou have the setting
Of a gem most fair,
In a crown of beauty
It were time to wear!
Mother! train with caution
That dear little one;
Guide, reprove, and ever
Let the work be done
Gently—mother—kindly.

SCATTER BLESSINGS.

A TRUE STORY.

Mr. Gillette said in his sermon last evening, we must scatter blessings, and Amy Woodford went home thoughtful. She was the wife of a year—a happy, beloved wife; her home a perfect gem, everything new and nice about it, a strong Scotch brogue to do the hard work, and to put in order, and an occasional choice dish to prepare for her husband, to look after things a little, and then she read and sang, and dallied over her sewing as she pleased. A quiet, happy life led; but through it crept a shadow of dissatisfaction, for she was doing so little to promote any good, and just keeping her own enjoyment.

The sermon had set her thinking. Perhaps the work she might do went straying through her dreams, for she had not forgotten, when Monday morning dawned, the good resolutions of the night before; and after Mr. Woodford had gone to his office, she stood by the parlor window, idly scraping the frost from the pane with her slender fingers, and then she walked to the fire and held the small, soft palm of her chilled hands to catch the refreshing warmth. "We must scatter blessings," Well, and what can I do, in my humble sphere? There are no prisons into which I can carry the cheering light of human kindness, and with the finger of faith point the poor, doomed criminal to that world, where, through the mercies of a loving Saviour, he may one day be free; no hospitals, where I can soothe and cheer the poor suffering ones; no cases of real, abject poverty which I can relieve, for I know every one in this quiet village; so what can I do?

Amy sat down almost discouraged, for the want of something to present itself there by her own fireside; but it seemed in noways likely to come; so she went about her morning work a little less cheerful than usual.

It was a cold winter morning; the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the tread of the few passers-by sounded off sharply from the crisp, hard walks. Amy went to the kitchen on some simple errand, and found Macdown, the housemaid, washing the breakfast dishes, with one foot upon the chair, the tears running down her plump red cheeks, and the usually neat apartment in a sad state of confusion. "Why, Macdown, what is the matter?" was Amy's involuntary exclamation, in a kind but surprised voice.

"Oh, Miss Amy, but I have had the dreadful fall! I was going down the icy steps to hang out my last basket of clothes, and down I went, with my poor back turned right in, and it does pain me bad. I shall have to take the work easy to-day, ma'am; I'll get through it in time."

"Indeed, you will not do anything more, Macdown? Why did you not come directly to me?"

"And what good would it do to worry you, dear child?"

You felt at once the kind-hearted housemaid loved the young housekeeper, and that she deserved it.

"Now wipe your hands immediately, Macdown, and let me wheel the sofa before the dining-room fire, and you come at once and lie down. Let me help you, poor thing! how cruel for you to try to work in such pain!" Amy put her arm about the girl, and almost lifted her along, Macdown in too much pain to offer any resistance. She bathed the swollen limb, adjusted the cushions under her head, covered her with a warm blanket, and telling her never once to think of the work, went out to her task in the kitchen. It was quite a formidable one, unused as she was to hard labor, but she knew how it should be done, and an hour brought order out of confusion, and she went back to tell Macdown how everything was complete, the dinner all ready to put on in its proper time, and that she felt better for the exercise. But Macdown was crying bitterly. Amy pulled a footstool to her side, and sat down, laying her hand upon the hot forehead. "Poor Macdown! I'm sorry you suffer so," she said kindly.

"It isn't the pain, ma'am; I believe it is all gone; at least, I am so happy I cannot feel it. I have been thinking how good God is to give me such a home—me, a poor orphan girl, that hasn't anybody in the whole of this big world to care anything about her, and there was such a great tender feeling come over me I could not help crying. You dear soul! God will bless you."

It was pleasant to hear those words, even from the first time of the girl's coming. Amy thought for that had been in a measure given to her keeping, and learned with surprise that the poor servant-girl was far in advance of her in the christian graces of faith and love, and that it was this that always made her labor so faithfully and cheerfully. Then Amy went to answer the door-bell. It was a boy who had followed a load of coal which Mr. Woodford had ordered, and he stood twisting his chilled fingers awkwardly as he asked: "Please, ma'am, can I put in the coal?" He looked into her face very wishfully, as if his life almost depended upon her answer.

"Certainly, if you wish to," Amy replied, with a light laugh, for to her the putting in a ton of coal was a light matter, and she had never before been troubled with such errands. The little fellow sprang quickly away, and caught up the shovel. Amy half closed the door, and then upon a sudden impulse opened it, and asked the child if he was not cold.

"A little; but I will soon get warm at work!" She went in and sat down to the piano, and running her fingers over the keys in a lively prelude, commenced singing a pretty Scotch ballad she knew particularly delighted Macdown, and she had left the door leading to the dining-room open. She glanced up at the window as she concluded, and the brightest, happiest face she ever remembered having seen was pressed close to the pane; but as soon as the child perceived he was discovered he crept back to his work. Amy watched him till the last piece of coal was in, saw how carefully he closed the door and left everything safe, and then she went and called him to her. It was almost a miracle to see a child of his years so thoughtful and industrious. "You are a good boy," she said softly, "and here is a shilling for you."

"Oh, it is only sixpence for one load, ma'am."

"Never mind; you may keep it all." The child turned the coin over and over in his hand, rubbed it affectionately, and looked up with his eyes brimful of astonishment and joy. "I do not believe I ever had so much money in all my life before. It will help us along so much."

"Is your mother very poor, little boy?" "Oh, not dreadful. We are pretty comfortable when father has work; but lately there isn't much doing, and some weeks he does not hardly get anything, and then we have to live on potatoes and salt, and a little bread, and I thought if I could just get a little butter with my shilling it would be so nice."

"And where do you live?" "Father has a bit of land and the small frame house just on the Monmouth road, and mother says we mustn't get in debt, 'cause it is so hard to get out, so we just 'economize.'"

"What were you doing at the window a little while ago?" Amy asked, with a twinkle of fun in her eyes.

The child hung his head. "Oh, I couldn't help listening; it was such a pretty noise," he faltered, in affright.

I am not going to scold you, my boy; but do you want me to play some more for you?

The bright eyes grew still brighter, and fairly sparkled with delight when she struck into the quick variations of a popular air, which the child recognized at once. Then she sang a few simple songs, and finally raised the lid of the strange instrument, and explained its mysterious workings to the wondering mind, and was rewarded by a genuine heart-felt: "Thank you; I think when I get to be a man I will make one of them, and if yours is worn out by that time, I will make you one too."

She set out a simple meal upon the dining-room table, and went to the kitchen to add some coal to the wasted fire, and as she could watch her by the window, she saw the child sitting at the table, and she was watching the happy child with pleasure, and exclaiming: "Oh, but isn't she a beauty though! She is the prettiest of anybody I ever did see!" And Macdown thought the child quite right.

Now, no one thought of calling Amy Woodford a beauty, or even pretty, for her figure was very slight, her face thin, and her features irregular, her eyes and hair too light to be beautiful; but there was always a sweet expression about the small mouth that made every one love the plain face after all, and her husband firmly declared she was charming; but Amy kept at her work without thinking or even caring whether she was beautiful or not, so long as she was beloved.

A big basket found its way down to the small brown house that morning, and there was, besides two tempting rolls of butter, sufficient to keep the small family in luxuries for a week, and the boy went dancing home with it upon his arm, the happiest child in the whole village.

Mr. Woodford came home late to dinner that day. Somehow, everything had gone wrong with him, and Amy sat at once there was a cloud upon his brow. She did not question him, however, and though he was unusually moody and taciturn, she did not chide; and when he spoke almost sharply to Macdown for her carelessness, she did not reprove him, though the words trembled on her lips, but went on telling him how much she had accomplished that morning, how light-hearted she felt, for all she was a little weary, and at length the cloud began to uplift itself, and by-and-by vanished altogether; and his husband kissed her, and called her his little sunshine.

He produced a pile of papers that must be filled that afternoon, said his clerk had gone off to the city, his partner was sick, and he had no argument in his brain that he believed would help him to gain a case, if he only had time to note it down before he lost the thread, and Amy begged that she might do the writing. Her husband justly told her that it would not be fair to make a lawyer of her, but seemed in nowise reluctant to accept of her proffered assistance; and after taking down names and boundaries upon slips of paper, left her to her task. Her penmanship was very fine, and she had a great deal of ingenuity, though little knowledge of deeds and mortgages; but when her husband returned in the evening, it was all done, and well done, and he praised her. She had not been free from interruptions, however. Once a pedlar had come into the hall, and she felt like turning him away in anger; but he looked cold and weary, so she had given him a seat by the kitchen-fire, and made a trifling purchase.

At another time an Irish woman had come to the door, inquiring if she knew where she could get work, and Amy had spoken kindly, and recommended her to an acquaintance who was in want of a girl; and the poor woman had gone away with a blessing, telling her the sight of her pleasant face had done her good.

Amy felt that evening that she had not scattered her blessings very widely, but her heart was light and joyous, and a glad, happy star stole into her eyes, as the last verse of the evening lesson fell from her husband's lips:

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in nowise lose his reward."

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They are an antidote to change of water and diet. They overcome the effects of dyspepsia and late hours. They strengthen the system and enliven the mind. They prevent indigestion and intermittent fevers. They purify the blood and acidity of the stomach.

They cure Diarrhoea, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus. They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache. They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are exhausted nature a great restorer.

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Letter of Rev. E. F. Crane, Chaplain of the 107th New York Regiment: Near Aquia Creek, March 4, 1862.

Owing to the great exposure and terrible decomposition after the battle of Antietam, I was utterly prostrated and very sick. My stomach would not receive anything. An article called Plantation Bitters, prepared by Dr. Drake, of New York, was prescribed to give me strength and an appetite. To my great surprise they gave me immediate relief. They cured my dyspepsia and constipation.

"I have since seen them used in many cases, and am free to say, for hospital or private purposes I know of nothing like them."

Rev. E. F. Crane, Chaplain.

Letter from the Rev. N. E. Gilles, St. Clairsville, Pa.: I have given your Plantation Bitters to hundreds of our noble soldiers who stop here, more or less disabled from various causes, and the effect is marvellous and gratifying. Such a preparation as this is a great relief to every family, in every hospital, and at hand on every battle field.

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NEW GOODS! Commercial Palace, April 20th, 1865. RECEIVED per steamships Britannia, Asia and Europa, and ship New Lampoon—a large portion of our NEW STOCK.

Consisting of Black and Coloured Coburgs, Lustres, Alpaca, Bartheles, Paramattas, Henrietta Cloths, New Fancies, Alpaca, Poplinettes, Barages and Crapes, Printed Deans, many other new things.

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