

The Family and the Farm.

The Baby.

"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure." So says Tupper, and, for once, we think Tupper was right. Who that has a human heart within his or her bosom could ever tire of looking on a new, dimpled-cheeked darling, lying in its mother's arms or toddling about the floor, hither and thither, peering everywhere, with artless grace and cunning prattle, winning as irresistibly to love and admiration?

We always feel better after playing with an infant, for its innocence, its freely given, unbought love and sweet caresses refresh our heart after contact with the world's hollowness and corruption, and awaken new and purer desires and emotions. And we heartily thank Ralph Waldo Emerson for the following happy recognition of "the baby" by his gifted pen:

"Welcome to the parents is the puny little stranger, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the officers, his lips touched with persuasion, which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small despot asks to be attended to, and the reason is on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sobs more bewitching than all virtue. All day between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house spouter, and spurs, and puts on faces of importance, and when he fasts, the little pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of blocks, thread-socks, cards and checkers, he will build his pyramid with all the gravity of Palædo. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistaking the crenning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no security of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandfathers, grandmothers, all fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him, all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laured heads.

(From the American Messenger.)

Be Tender to the Little Ones.

"I see you accustom your children to talk with you as freely on religious subjects as any other." My friend had been as was he mightily habit, making the open door of his little one's bed, as through the open door of my room, which adjoined the nursery. I had caught snatches of softly spoken words between mother and child, which told me that the subject of their conversation was the loving care which their good-night Father had over them, and the duty and privilege, which was theirs, of becoming truly his children by a saving faith in Jesus.

The young mother colored modestly, but answered at once: "Yes, I want them to feel free always to come and pour out their little hearts trustfully to me about everything, and especially about the one great matter, which is of the highest importance, and which yet a child is naturally shy of speaking of. I suffered so much myself when a child from keeping my earliest religious feelings hidden within my own breast, that I shall make every effort to save my little ones from it."

"But why did you keep your feelings thus confined?" from shyness only?" I asked.

"From shyness first, from timidity and shame afterwards," replied my friend. "I was always an over-sensitive child, very much afraid of ridicule, and unfortunately sarcastic and in many ways a favorite weapon in our home government. My father was a grave, stern man, and held in high esteem because of his unbending integrity and his zealous adherence to the cause of religion. But his seemed rather the religion of the law than of the gospel; we learned from his teachings rather to fear God than to love Christ; and so strict was he in his family discipline, that his children rather feared than loved him. We never dared go to him with our little joys or sorrows, least of all with trembling, doubting, hopes and fears about our soul's salvation. And yet he was a good man, according to his light, with a single eye to the glory of God, and a sincere desire to see his children Christians."

"My mother was quite different. She was a member of the church, but it was not her custom to talk with us at all on the subject of religion. She was a brilliant woman in society, with great powers of wit, a keen eye for the ludicrous, and a detestation of any thing like affectation."

"When I was about ten years old, I began to think of my soul, and to feel concerned about its future state. I remember well the keen dart of conviction which suddenly pierced my heart when, as I was studying my Sabbath-school lesson one Saturday afternoon, I came across the text, 'The chaff shall be burnt with the fire, unquenchable.' I had often seen it before, without noticing it specially, but it seemed now to be sent home to my heart as an awful warning by God himself. I sunk upon my knees, and prayed as the doomed criminal prayed for life, and lay wrestling with God for the salvation of my soul. The tea-bell started me from my knees, and I dreamed being discovered by any one in this posture. I went down stairs, and tried to appear as usual, and no one noticed any thing peculiar about me. After supper, I sat alone on the doorstep, and almost unconsciously began to sing: 'The dear old hymn,'

"Alas, and my lips, and floated off on my childish notes. I was suddenly shocked by my mother saying, in the tone which she always used to rebuke affectation, 'Emma, if you can't sing without those absurd quavers, you had better be silent. You know how much I dislike airs and graces of any kind.' It was not meant unkindly, but her words tell like drops of ice upon my heart, chilling the impulse I had had to go to her, tell her of all my fear and sorrow, and beg her to pray with me and help me."

"The tremor of my voice had been occasioned by the excitement which shook my childish heart, and to be accused of affectation just then, was more than I could bear. I felt hardened and thrown back upon myself; and after that I fear I closed my heart against the sweet influence of the Spirit. At last it ceased, for the time, to strive with me; and for long years after I was a cold, careless sinner, in danger of hardening into a confirmed skeptic."

"Thank God, I was not left to myself. The death of a beloved brother startled me from my dangerous torpor, and as I was old enough then to have outgrown my sensitive dread of ridicule, I was not again shamed out of my convictions; but, by God's mercy, was brought, I trust, to a saving knowledge of him, and a desire to live only in him hereafter."

"But the memory has served to make me very careful with my own children. I don't think they will ever dread, as I did, to approach their parents on the subject of religion; and I only wish every parent would in such matters take care to be tender to the little ones."

take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.—*Thackeray*

A soul without prayer is like a solitary sheep without a shepherd. The tempter sees it and lures it away into his snare. But the soul, in social converse with God, is emptied of every thing, is alone with God in the spirit and in silence, giving place to God and things divine, from which alone result truth and strength and life and salvation. How precious are such times! how sweet the hour of prayer!

KEEPS APART.—Mr. Fell, of Ulster county, the celebrated exporter of apples to Europe, recommends that apples, after having been carefully handpicked in baskets, should be laid on the floor by hand, without pouring them from the baskets, until they are 12 or 18 inches deep, and be left to dry and season three weeks, when again equally carefully picked in clean dry barrels, they may be kept without rotting any reasonable length of time, and safely sent to any part of Europe or the West Indies.

MARKETS.

Revised every Wednesday, for the Visitor.

COUNTRY MARKET.	
Butter, in firkins, 100 lbs.	\$0.20 to \$0.24
Roll, 100 lbs.	\$0.23 to \$0.25
Beef, 100 lbs.	\$0.12 to \$0.15
Back-shoulder, 100 lbs.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Calf, 100 lbs.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Cheese, 100 lbs.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Chickens, per pair.	\$0.40 to \$0.60
Corn, 100 bushels.	\$0.40 to \$0.50
Geese, 100 lbs.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Hams and shoulders.	\$0.12 to \$0.14
Hides, 100 lbs.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Hay, 100 tons at Hay Market.	\$12.00 to \$14.00
Mutton, 100 lbs.	\$0.05 to \$0.06
Lamb, per lb.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Veal, 100 lbs.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Oats per bushel, new.	\$0.60 to \$0.65
Potatoes, per bushel.	\$0.50 to \$0.60
Round, 100 lbs.	\$0.07 to \$0.08
Turnips, per bushel.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Turnips, per lb.	\$0.12 to \$0.14
Turnips, per bushel.	\$0.25 to \$0.30
Veal, 100 lbs.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Wool.	\$0.25 to \$0.35

MARKET SUPPLY.	
Apples, per bushel.	\$3.00 to \$4.50
Potatoes, per bushel.	\$0.50 to \$0.60
Barley, do.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Butter, 100 lbs.	\$0.19 to \$0.23
Eggs, per dozen.	\$0.18 to \$0.22
Chickens, 100 lbs.	\$0.40 to \$0.50
Pooleck, do.	\$0.15 to \$0.20
Flour, 100 lbs.	\$0.40 to \$0.50
Flour, 100 lbs.	\$0.40 to \$0.50
Oatmeal, 100 lbs.	\$0.65 to \$0.70
Sugar, 100 lbs.	\$0.40 to \$0.50
Salt, 100 lbs.	\$0.10 to \$0.12
Molasses, 100 lbs.	\$0.25 to \$0.30

HORSE AND WROUGHT NAILS, SPIKES, &c.—Per Steamship Pantheon, C. G. BERRYMAN, Barlow's Corner, 5 King Street.

FALL PAINTS.—MAGEE BROTHERS have just received per Steamship Pantheon, Pioneer and Acadia: 100 cases English and Foreign Colors, consisting of Silks, Varnishes, Putty, Colors, Paints, Stains, Glazes, and all the latest and most improved colors, in all the shades of the rainbow. Dress Material, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Stays, Hats, Flowers, Feathers, Morocco Bags, Rings, Umbrellas, Berlin Wool Goods, in all the shades of the rainbow, and all the latest and most improved goods, in all the shades of the rainbow. Sold in this city by ROBINSON BROTHERS, 45 Prince William Street.

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SWEDISH LECHEES.—We have just received 200 Swedish Lichees, in prime order, which we will sell to the trade at a very low figure.

JOHN ARMSTRONG & CO.—45 Prince William Street.

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CLARK'S REELS.—Ex City of Washington. Just received, 5 cases Clark's Reels, 100, 250 and 500 yards, assorted.

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HONEY SOAP, GLYCERINE SOAP.—Three Sizes of each, Black, Copper and Stopped Crystal Cream; Taper's Pomade; Castor Oil Pomade; Reine Pomade; Perfumes in all the following assortment:—Jockey Club, New Mow Hair, Persian, Forget Me Not, Cupid's Tears, Alexandra Bequest, King of Kings, Prince of Wales, Essence of Ylang-ylang, Oil of the Valley; also, Improved and Perfumed Brown Windsor Soap; Half-Pound and Pound Bars Assorted Fancy Soap; Black Cosmétique in flat sticks; Sandera's Bloom of Nino.

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