

The Family and the Farm.

OUT OF THE FIRE.

BY SARAH P. BRIGGAM.

"A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And thus unsinful stride."

"My childhood's days were very quiet and peaceful, and rich in the broad sunlight of home love and happiness. I can distinctly recall, through the long vista of years, our little vine covered cottage, nestling snugly up among the New Hampshire hills, with dark gigantic oaks above it, the green elastic sward in front; flowers and aromatic herbs, and rows of apple trees running all the way from the pasture down to the murmuring transient brook. But, childhood's joys are like the gay flowers of summer, bright and transient; and just as I was emerging into maidenhood, my father was induced, by unusual flattering business prospects, to remove to the city. Our departure from the village, and separation from my youthful friends, was my first bitter sorrow. My cousin, Joseph Parker, became the purchaser of our much loved home, and for several years my early attachments were revived and strengthened by repeated visits to the place.

It was during one of these short sojourns under the hospitable roof of my cousin and his wife, that I again met and renewed my acquaintance with Philip Ward. He was an old school fellow, and the valued companion of many sports and rambles—a lad of splendid capabilities, rare energy and perseverance, robust, dark eyed and handsome, and full of fun and daring. He was just of my own age, had been in all my classes, and our mutual friendship was strong. I had scarcely seen him, however, since we left the village, and a long separation, and new and engrossing duties and joys had caused my interest in him to very perceptibly decline. Strange and unlooked for circumstances, however, brought him speedily again to my remembrance. I was sitting by the open window one balmy July morning, when the air was full of fragrance and quivering bird songs, and I heard a quick, nervous knock, and saw Cousin Joseph go to the door. An unsteady but familiar voice said—
"Mr. Parker, I understand that you are in want of an apprentice; I am very anxious to get work; I'm strong, active, and willing to do the hardest. Don't you think I could suit you?"

I glanced up from my sewing through the partially open door, to ascertain who these earnest, hesitating tones belonged to, and, to my amazement, beheld the tall, athletic figure of Philip Ward; but he was too completely absorbed in his own affairs to notice me; and oh! how completely changed was his face since we last met! It was intelligent and handsome as formerly, but I could not fathom it. There was an indefinable harsh, defiant expression altogether new to me. He stood in anxious, nervous embarrassment, waiting Cousin Joseph's answer, and I scanned him closely.

"No, I do not think you would," was the reply to his pleading question. "You had better look for employment elsewhere."
Philip turned and walked rapidly away. My eyes followed him till an angle in the road concealed him from my view, and somehow the certain conviction was forced upon me that time and the world had dealt hardly with him, and that many disappointed hopes and sorrows were ranking in his heart. A few moments after, Mr. Parker entered the parlor.

"I was surprised to hear you refuse Philip Ward employment, when you are so much in need of help just now," I remarked. "I should think he would be just the one to meet your wants."

He shook his head decidedly.
"No, indeed Julia, I wouldn't have that villainous fellow on my premises, if he'd give me his work. He's a genuine black sheep," was the answer.

"Villainous!" I ejaculated, in amazement, "with his warm, generous, frank, nature, impossible! Why he used to be one of the best of boys—somewhat adventurous and daring, but all right at heart, always."

"Well, he's on the broad road to ruin now, as fast as he can go; that's certain," in a most emphatic tone.

"But what's he done?" I questioned.

"Well, I can't tell exactly, only the universal voice is against him. All condemn and distrust him. It will be next to impossible for him to secure a week's work in the village."

"But sometimes," I rejoined with energy, "where there is great smoke there is little fire. People may talk as they choose, but it will take a great deal of strong testimony to convince me that there is much wrong about Philip Ward."

In fact, I most ardently wished for another opportunity of meeting him. It was soon given me.

It was the afternoon of that same day that I was returning from a long ramble in the woods. My spirits were buoyant, and hands full of wild flowers. Just as I was coming round a clump of pines I accidentally encountered him. He was sitting on a big flat rock, his face buried in his hands, right beside the path. He sprang up hastily, and I could easily discover traces of recent tears.

"How do you do, Julia?" Philip said, in a hurried, nervous tone.

"Very well, thank you. I'm very glad to see you again. See what a superb bunch of flowers I've gathered. It reminds me of the many times you and Lizzie Jones and myself used to hunt so delightfully for flowers and berries. Those were golden days, Philip."

Then followed some ten minutes' brisk conversation, during which his embarrassment completely vanished, and he seemed partially to forget his sorrows.

"You've changed so much that I scarcely recognized you this morning, and I suppose I've changed too," I remarked, during our walk.

"Why, where did you see me this morning?" he hastily asked. "O, I remember now, you saw me at your cousin Parker's."

"Yes," and then followed a long, uncomfortable silence.

"Well, if he spoke of me he was highly complimentary, no doubt."

I made no response, for I was entirely at a loss for words.

"Julia," exclaimed Philip fiercely, "this is a terrible world; I've neither home, parents, nor friends—I hate everybody and everybody hates me."

"Oh, no, Philip I don't talk so."

"Don't you know," he interrupted, impatiently, "if a person happens to be unfortunate—if he is in the least degree—if adverse circumstances beyond his control surround him—that he is condemned, hated like a deer, till he is driven into prison, or the grave, or—"

"Stop, Philip," I cried, "listen to me."

"But it is the bare shameful truth, and you can't dispute it. Oh, Julia, you don't know what I've suffered; such foul injustice and wrong; you don't know how I've been talked about."

"And how much is true, and how much is false?" I questioned. "We are old friends, you know," throwing sympathy and courage in my words.

"Just one part out of ten is true, and the rest is false; all lies." I did wrong, I freely admitted, and his face grew the deepest crimson as he confessed it. I gained a few dollars by a trick. It wasn't positively honest, neither could it be called really dishonest. I would take my life before I would do it again; but it was not half so bad as cheating, or slandering, or not paying debts, and many high places do that, with

no conscientious scruples whatever. But these styled the best, throw the hardest stones. The better the saints, the more they hate the sinner," he said bitterly.

"You are certainly wrong, Philip," I ventured mildly to assert; "the nearer people live to God, the more they strive to follow Christ and win heaven; the more of charity, love, and goodness they possess."

"But that class of humane individuals I've yet to see," and Philip stood with eyes fixed sorrowfully on the ground.

"And if this is all you have done, surely you can, with your strong will, live it down," I said at last. A long pause.

"No, not all," and Philip's tone grew melting and husky. "I'll not conceal, Julia, the sorrowful truth—you have probably heard, well, several times I've been partially intoxicated, and last fourth of July I did and said what I never should if I had been sober. Now I've told the whole. I should never have mentioned it, only I knew you must have heard a great deal worse, and I can't bear to have you think so very meanly of me. Oh, how much malice some people do have in their hearts, and what a fearful amount of gossip and slander is in their mouths. I can bear a reasonable amount, but to have my name linked with the worst deeds, it is too much."

"Now, Philip, heed me. You have ever been a highly-valued friend, and I want to see you happier. Try and do right, and you'll overcome all obstacles. You've good qualities and a strong will. You'll come out of this struggle victorious. I know. Don't get discouraged, brighter days will soon come," and with a hearty shake of the hand I left him.

One purpose alone thrilled my soul. Philip Ward, my old valued friend, stood upon the brink of a yawning precipice. He should be saved. All my trust, feelings and deepest emotions were inflamed and incited to action. I determined if possible to extricate him from the depths of despair and wretchedness in which he was plunged. A plan was rapidly conceived, and immediately carried into execution. I had an uncle in the city. He resided near us, and I had learned to reverence and love him. He was an eminent Christian, a man of the broadest philanthropy. Many a weary earth pilgrim had been led into light and prosperity by his ever-ready, helping hand, and to him I appealed.

[Continued in next number.]

WIDOW WELCH'S PILLS.—These Pills are highly approved of by people in England, and are for sale at 50¢ per box, by

S. HAD.—25 half brls. No. 1 Shad. For sale by C. M. BOSTWICK, 2 Water Street.

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

WAGAMATCOOK GOLD DISTRICT, Victoria County, Cape Breton.

THE "NEW BRUNSWICK AND CAPE BRETON GOLD MINING ASSOCIATION" offer for sale Twenty Thousand Shares of their Stock, at Fifty Cents per Share—free from calls or assessment—proceeds to be applied solely to building buildings and crushing machinery in progress of construction, and in perfecting arrangements deemed necessary for profitably developing the riches of One Hundred and Fifty Acres of about 130 ft. each, held by them, ascertained to consist of Alluvial Gold Washings and Gold-bearing Quartz.

Specimens of the Gold Washings and Quartz, Official Reports of the Locality, Plans and Licences, can be seen at the office of the subscriber, who has been appointed sole Agent and Broker to the Association.

Ever information will be afforded to intending purchasers of the Stock, to enable them to arrive at an estimate of the advantages held out, and of the prospective yield of Gold.

WM. MACKAY, AGENT AND BROKER, St. John, N. B., June 14, 1869—3m. [June 17.]

PARASOLS.

D. BALANCE OF PARASOLS AND SUN SHADES, at BLOW, PEKIN, Graduated Handle; Flat top; BLACK, Graduated Handle; Flat top; COLORS, in all the New Shades and Fancies; BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED.

The above mentioned Goods will be cleared out at half price.

W. G. LAWTON, Cor. King and Canterbury Streets.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP.

To Mr. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Manufacturing Chemist, Saint John, N. B.

We, the undersigned, have much pleasure in recommending your Compound Syrup. After a fair and protracted trial of the same, we consider your preparation a very valuable nervous tonic, far surpassing many others of consideration in strength and well worthy the confidence of the profession generally.

We beg to remain, yours, very truly, A. H. CHANDLER, M.D., H. J. COBBS, M.D.

Moncton, N. B., November 9, 1867.

Mr. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Manufacturing Chemist.

Sir—For several months past I have used your Compound Syrup in the treatment of Insipient Phthisis, Chronic, Bronchitis, and other affections of the Chest, and I have no hesitation in stating that it has produced the most beneficial results in these diseases. Being an excellent nervous tonic, it exerts a direct influence on the nervous system, and through it invigorates the body.

It affords me pleasure to recommend a remedy which is really good in cases for which it is intended, when so many advertised are worse than useless.

I am, Sir, yours truly, S. E. EARLE, JR., M.D., St. John, N. B., January 1868.

Mr. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

Dear Sir—Having used your Compound Syrup for some time, my present condition is such as to induce me to recommend it to my patients who are suffering from general debility, or any disease of the lungs, knowing that even in cases utterly hopeless it affords relief.

I am, Sir, yours truly, H. G. ADLY, M.D., St. John, N. B., January 1868.

Mr. JAMES I. FELLOWS, St. John, N. B.

Sir—Having, while at your Establishment, carefully examined your prescription, and the method of preparing your Compound Syrup, I am anxious to give it a fair trial in my practice. For the last twelve months I have had a case, and I find that in Insipient Consumption, and other diseases of the chest and lungs, it has done wonders. In restoring persons suffering from the effects of Dyspepsia and the cough following Typhoid Fever prevalent in this region, it is the best remedial agent I have ever used. But for persons suffering from exhausted strength, and nervous system, from long continued study or teaching, or those cases of exhaustion from which so many young men suffer, I know of no better medicine for restoration to health than your Compound Syrup.

If you think this letter of any service you are at liberty to use it as you see fit.

I remain, yours, truly, EDWIN CLAY, M.D., Pugwash, N. S., January 14, 1868.

For the effects produced by Fellows' Compound Syrup, the inventor is permitted to refer to the Medical Gentlemen in St. John, N. B., whose signatures are attached hereto:

WILLIAM BAYARD, M.D., EDWIN BAYARD, M.D., THOMAS WALKER, M.D., JOHN BERRYMAN, M.D., Dr. JOHNSTONE, L.R.C.S., Dr. GEORGE KEATOR, M.R.C.S., Dr. J. H. BAXTER, M.D., GEO. A. HAMILTON, M.D., T. D. WHITE, M.D., J. W. CARPENT, M.D.

I, Aaron Alward, Mayor of the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, having examined the letters of Drs. Earle, Adly, Clay, Chandler, and others, and also the signatures attached to the foregoing certificate of reference, hereby certify that I believe them all genuine.

I can also testify to the high therapeutic value of Fellows' Compound Syrup, and consider it deserving of attention by the profession.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my Great Seal and affixed my seal of Mayoralty at the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, this 14th day of February, 1868.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight.

AARON ALWARD, M.D., Mayor of the City of St. John.

Prepared only by JAMES I. FELLOWS, Manufacturing Chemist, St. John, N. B.

PIC-NIC.

STAPLES, SPENCER & HAMPSON, 45 Prince William Street, will have a Great West's Sale of Street Goods, in Hats and Bonnets, when the Most Extraordinary Bargains will be offered! Thousands still to choose from. To gentlemen—500 Hats will be cleared at 20¢ to 30¢; and the very finest at 40¢ regular city prices from \$1 to \$1.60. Samples to be seen in the windows.

STAPLES, SPENCER & HAMPSON, 45 Prince William Street.

PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPH for August, ROBINSON BROTHERS, 48 Prince Wm. Street.

OLIVE OIL—Olive Oil, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, at low prices. Wholesale and Retail. HANINGTON BROS., Foster's Corner.

ALBUMEN PAPER—4 reams Anthony's Albumen Paper. Wholesale and Retail at lowest rates. ROBINSON BROTHERS, 48 Prince Wm. Street.

TO WHOLESALE BUYERS OF Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c. ROBINSON BROS. intend transferring their business to the spacious premises at Barclay Street, Corner, supplied by Miss Cooke, on the 7th September next. Previous to that day offer special inducements to the wholesale purchasers.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—13 brls. Apples; 1 brl. Skin Onions; 1 brl. Corn Balls; 1 brl. Cucumbers; 1 brl. Cabbage; 1 box Peaches; 8 boxes Tomatoes. For sale by JOSHUA S. TURNER, 24 Water Street.

FLORENCE OIL—15 cases best Florence Oil—whole sale and retail at lowest rates. ROBINSON BROTHERS, 45 Prince Wm. Street.

HAYING TOOLS—40 dozen Snaiths, cut and patent; 5 dozen Snaiths, iron; 100 dozen Rakes, assorted; 25 dozen Hay Forks, assorted; 50 boxes Stones, assorted. [July 8.] WHITE BROS.

NEW MUSIC BOOKS.

To do to others is a world that they ought to do to, I will have no better, and good, as children should be, I know I should not steal nor use the smallest thing I see.

With a character of the new No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20, No. 21, No. 22, No. 23, No. 24, No. 25, No. 26, No. 27, No. 28, No. 29, No. 30, No. 31, No. 32, No. 33, No. 34, No. 35, No. 36, No. 37, No. 38, No. 39, No. 40, No. 41, No. 42, No. 43, No. 44, No. 45, No. 46, No. 47, No. 48, No. 49, No. 50, No. 51, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54, No. 55, No. 56, No. 57, No. 58, No. 59, No. 60, No. 61, No. 62, No. 63, No. 64, No. 65, No. 66, No. 67, No. 68, No. 69, No. 70, No. 71, No. 72, No. 73, No. 74, No. 75, No. 76, No. 77, No. 78, No. 79, No. 80, No. 81, No. 82, No. 83, No. 84, No. 85, No. 86, No. 87, No. 88, No. 89, No. 90, No. 91, No. 92, No. 93, No. 94, No. 95, No. 96, No. 97, No. 98, No. 99, No. 100, No. 101, No. 102, No. 103, No. 104, No. 105, No. 106, No. 107, No. 108, No. 109, No. 110, No. 111, No. 112, No. 113, No. 114, No. 115, No. 116, No. 117, No. 118, No. 119, No. 120, No. 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