

## The Family and the Farm.

## AN INNOCENT AMUSEMENT.

"Do your children play cards, Mrs. Courtney?" said her friend, Mrs. Wilson, one day.

"No; I do not approve of the practice; neither does my husband," was the quiet reply.

"Do not approve of it? Not at all! at one time, and being a member of the church, I at first objected to my children learning the game; but their father said they were becoming too prosy; they must have amusements, and he desired they should learn; so he brought home a pack of cards in the fall, and we enjoy them very much these long winter evenings."

"I infer, then," said Mrs. Courtney, "that you participate in the game, as you say, 'we enjoy it'?"

"Oh! yes, occasionally I take a hand myself, at the urgent solicitation of the children. Mr. Wilson says they will learn to play, and it is better to teach them at home than to learn from evil companions. It is a very innocent amusement, when nothing is staked; though, indeed, we sometimes stake small articles, such as handkerchiefs, pocket knives, and other little things; but, of course, they are always returned to their owners, and we are careful to instruct the children that it is wrong to play for money."

Mrs. Courtney felt that it would be useless to argue the question with Mrs. Wilson; so she merely replied: "I think you are doing very wrong; you are placing a great temptation in the way of your children; but I sincerely hope no evil may come of it."

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Courtney had each a noble, intelligent boy, of which they were fondly proud, and around whom centered their most cherished hopes. Alas! that either of them should be taught the ruinous amusement of card playing by his mother.

"Mother, may I go and spend the evening with Harry Wilson?" It is Friday, and I will have all day to-morrow to study my lessons. He says they have such nice times at his house, and has asked me to come several times. Mother, may I go?" asked Bernard Courtney.

The mother hesitated. She knew her boy would be subjected to temptation; but she had endeavored to instill right principles into his young heart, and she thought perhaps it might benefit him to put these principles to the test. So she said, "Yes, my son, you may go; but be sure you do nothing which your mother disapproves, and do not stay out late."

"No, mother, I will not," promised Bernard, and, kissing his mother tenderly, he bounded down the street, and was soon in Mrs. Wilson's pleasant sitting room.

"Oh! I am so glad! Here is Bernard Courtney!" exclaimed a dozen merry little voices.

"Now we shall have such fine fun. Come Bernard, take a hand with us."

"A hand at what?" said Bernard.

"Why, cards! Don't you know how to play cards?"

"No, and I do not wish to learn."

"There is no harm in it. Father and mother play with us, and they are members of the church. Come, take a hand," said Harry.

"No; I do not think my mother would like me to play. I know she would not; and I would not displease my mother for all the fun in the world."

At last, however, there were more Bernard Courtneys! That is the way to speak and act. Never be ashamed to confess that you would not disobey your mother. Even consent to be laughed at, and to have it said, "You are tied to your mother's apron strings," but say, "No," and adhere to it, when any one would persuade you to disregard the gentle tones of your mother.

Finding that they could not persuade Bernard to engage in a game of cards, they were compelled to seek some other amusement; but a group of merry children, intent on "fun," will not be long in finding something to make it for them. What merry times they had, playing "Blind Man's Buff," "Puss in the Corner," "Present and advise," and all those little innocent games which bring no train of evils with them, but rather rosy cheeks, bright eyes and happy hearts.

Bernard remained until nine o'clock, and then, although the children tried to persuade him to stay longer, saying that they were permitted to sit up until ten, every evening, he thanked them, and replied that he promised his mother not to stay late, bade them good-night and ran home.

His mother had not retired, but was sitting before a bright fire, at work, when Bernard walked into the room.

"My son, I am glad to see you kept your promise. I feared you might be so engaged as to forget how time passed. Did you spend a pleasant evening?"

"Yes, mother, I spent a very pleasant evening; but I promised you I would not stay out late, and I knew you would be uneasy if I did. They begged me to stay later; but I thought it was time to come home."

"You did right, my son. I am very glad you remembered your promise."

Bernard was thoughtful for some moments. Presently, he looked up, and said, "Mother, I kept my other promise also."

"What was that, Bernard?"

"I promised not to do anything that you would not like," said Bernard.

"Perhaps you were not tempted?"

"Yes, mother, I was. Harry and his sisters tried to persuade me to play cards; but I thought you would not wish me to do it, and I refused."

"God will bless you, my noble boy," said his mother, while tears of joy coursed down her cheeks. "The blessing of God and man will follow him who honoreth his parents."

Oh! how happy Bernard felt, and how glad he was that he had been enabled to resist the temptation! In his heart, he felt that all the "fun" in the world could not have been as pleasant as those words of commendation from the lips of his mother.

Harry Wilson became so fond of playing cards, that he took them to school with him, and persuaded many boys to join him in the game, whose parents would have wept could they have read the destinies of those sons. Bernard Courtney was urged to play, and often laughed at, called "coward," a little boy, afraid of his mother; and by many harsher and more disrespectful terms; but he steadily adhered to his resolution, and neither persuasion nor threats could induce him to displease his mother.

Harry Wilson and Bernard Courtney were naturally bright, but Bernard's, and hence always ranked above him in class, until he learned to play cards. The evenings he had formerly devoted to study were now spent in playing cards, and every spare moment at school, when he could escape the watchful eye of his preceptor, he devoted to this ruinous amusement. At length, he was compelled to leave the classes with Bernard and enter the next grade. His parents were greatly mortified, and forbade his playing, except occasionally, with their permission; but Harry had acquired a love for it, which led him even to disregard the commands of his parents.

Finally, his father took him from school and placed him in business; but he was induced by evil associates to deceive his employer, and was discharged from his service. This, of course, was yet more painful to his parents than his disgrace at school had been. Restraints and exhortations proving futile, they resorted to threats. Harry promised again and again to reform; but he could not break the iron chains by which he was bound.

Need I trace every step of this sad history? From the card table at his father's fireside, he

went to the gambling saloon; from staking "knives, handkerchiefs, and other little articles," to betting and losing his pocket money and every little valuable he possessed. He then borrowed money hoping to win again, drank deeply of the intoxicating bowl, pressed to his lips by wicked companions, and finally forged his father's name.

Here his father lost all patience with his erring son, and forbade him ever to enter his threshold again. Through the solicitation of one of Harry's lovely sisters, and to save the family from disgrace, his father paid the money, but refused to forgive him until he should give genuine evidence of reform.

For some time, it seemed that Harry had really given up his evil habits and associations. For the sake of that sister who had saved him from final disgrace, and the love he bore her, he vowed never to look upon the wine cup again, nor touch a card. Did he keep his vows?

Bernard Courtney had chosen as his profession the glorious work of proclaiming the gospel to fallen man. He was now the pastor of a large and prosperous church in a neighboring city, honored and beloved by all who knew him, and the sole support of his widowed mother in her declining years. He had watched the downward career of his friend, Harry Wilson, and had done all in his power to save him, but in vain.

After Harry had made his solemn promises to his sister, he wrote to Bernard and told him of his purposes, asking him to use his influence to procure him a situation, promising to be faithful to the trust.

Bernard soon procured him a pleasant position as clerk in the house of one of the members of his church, with a comfortable salary; gave him a home in his own house, and procured for him the position in society to which his birth and education entitled him, but for his evil habits. For two years Harry remained true. Bernard's heart rejoiced to believe that his companion was reclaimed, and that he had borne a small share in his reformation.

Harry was attending a large party given by his employer to his only daughter, the dashing belle of the city. Wine was being drunk by both ladies and gentlemen. Harry alone refused the sparkling goblet.

Mr. Wilson, take a glass of wine," urged the dashing belle.

"Excuse me, if you please; I do not wish any," said Harry.

Still she pleaded, "Just one sip; only one, to my health."

Harry looked at his fair temptress. How could he resist?

Again she urged. He took the glass with trembling hand, touched it to his lips, and replaced it. In an instant the old flames were rekindled; he seized the glass eagerly, and swallowed the last drop. Soon he took another, and yet another glass, until the demon awoke again within his bosom, and his passions were all aroused.

Again he mingled with the wicked and dissipated, again sought the gaming table to obtain means with which to quench his insatiable thirst, for his salary would not meet the demands, and this time his ruin was final and complete.

He drank until he was seized with delirium tremens. The monsters that haunted him were not alone creeping serpents and crawling reptiles, but ever rising from their midst was the form of a beautiful woman; anon toying with these deadly animals, from which he endeavored in vain to rescue her, and pursuing him with them; then smilingly presenting to him beautiful flowers, beneath whose fragrance and in whose leaves slept legions of demons for every petal on their stems.

His mother, his idolized mother, stood by his couch and whispered his name, only to have him shriek, and recoil from her touch.

That sister who had once saved him from disgrace, whose love had for a time restrained him, now approached and breathed words of love, only to be repulsed by the incoherent mutterings, "Go! go! fair enchantress; you have enthroned this demon within me! You bade me sip the honey from those flowers; that honey which has destroyed my life-blood and consumed my vitals."

"No, no, brother, this is your sister, your loving sister, who endeavored to show you the poison in those flowers."

It was all in vain.

With each fevered breath the wretched man invoked bitterest curses on the first hour he ever took a card in his hand, and on the woman who had kindled the slumbering coals into flame, when they were well nigh extinguished. The spirit did not long remain in its tenement of clay, but, while bitter curses lingered on his lips, it fled to God who gave it.

Of his wretched parents I need not speak; their feelings cannot be pictured, but their grief was sorely poignant, because their own hands had aided to ruin their son.

The moral of my story is plain. The picture is true.

"Children obey your parents." Parents, beware how you teach your children amusements which may lead to their destruction.

Young men, shun the wine cup and the gaming table.

Young women, take heed that your fingers hold not the wine cup to the lips of young men.

## MARKETS.

Revised every Wednesday, for the Visitor.

## COUNTRY MARKET.

Butter, in firkins, 10 lbs. \$0.24 to 0.25

"Roll, 10 lbs. 0.28 to 0.29

Beef, 10 lbs. 0.04 to 0.07

Buckwheat, 10 lbs. 0.10 to 0.12

Calif. Skins, per lb. 0.11 to 0.12

Chickens, 10 lbs. 0.40 to 0.50

Eggs, 10 dozen 0.22 to 0.24

Game and Snappers 0.10 to 0.12

Hams and Shoulders 0.12 to 0.13

Ilides, per lb. 0.08 to 0.09

Hay, 10 tons at the Hay Market 14.00 to 0.00

Potatoes, per bush. 0.50 to 0.60

Lamb, per lb. 0.50 to 0.60

Lamb Skins, 0.45 to 0.60

Onion, per bush. 0.50 to 0.60

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SMITH, HAMILTON & CO., St. Andrews,

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G. H. WHITE, St. John,

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W. R. WATSON, Charlottetown.

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as their Sole Agents for these places. They have taken

care to give all needed instructions, and have confidence

in the ability of their agents to meet the requirements of

all customers. An opportunity will be thus afforded to

procure, at all times,

Spectacles Unequalled by any for their

Strengthening and Preserving Qualities.

Too much cannot be said as to their SUPERIORITY

over the ordinary glass worn. There is no

wavering of the sight, dizziness, or other unpleasant

sensation, but on the contrary, from the peculiar construction

of the Lenses, they are soothing and pleasant, causing a

feeling of relief to the wearer, and PRODUCING A CLEAR

and DISTINCT VISION, as in the natural healthy sight.

They are the only spectacles that

Preserve as well as Assist the Sight!

And are the CHEAPEST because the BEST, always

lasting MANY YEARS without change being necessary.

Dec. 17.—17

NEW YEAR'S GOODS.

WE have just received direct from Paris, an assort-

ment of PERFUMES, Fancy Soaps, &c., all

new for New Year's Presents, as follows:—Ylang-

Ylang, the King of Perfumes, unequalled for the exquisite delicacy

of its fragrance; the Manila Bouquet, Marché de Jockey

Club, Essence Roquet, Spring Flowers, Frangipani,

Mousseline, Rigaud's Toiletine, an exquisite Toilet Fluid; Rigaud's

Donnerose, a Dandruff Elixer of unequalled virtues; Rig-

aud's Miranda Pomade; Rigaud's Miranda Oil; Rigaud's

Miranda Soap, having for its base the Juice of Lilies and

Lettuce.

Dec. 31. Chemists & Druggists, 45 Prince Wm. St.

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filled by us to return the morning after receipt.

HANINGTON BROS.

CRUSHED and Powdered Sugars.—15 lbs.

Crushed Sugar; 4 lbs. Powdered Sugar. For sale

cheap.

JOSHUA S. TURNER,

24 Water Street.

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PRESENTS!

RECEIVED per "Nestorian," via Portland—Fancy

Goods, in Ivory, Pearl, Blue Oxidized, &c., consist-

ing of Beads, Brooches, Ear Rings, and Necklets; Fancy

Needle Cases, (assorted); Seal Skin MUFF BAGS and

PURSES, quite new; Chenille Cords—soft; Banner Screen

Monograms and Trimmings; Fancy Handkerchiefs and

Glove Boxes; FANS in great variety; Ladies' Satin

and Parasols; Cigar Cases; Full Set of GOLF CLUBS;

Studs; Lace and Embroidered Handkerchiefs; Lace

Collars, Lappets, Collifures, in new styles.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,

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HAIR RENEVERS.—HALLS SCILLIAN, Barrett's

Universal, King's Ambrosia, Ayer's Vigor, Knight's

Orignal, Seale's Life, Capilina, Church's Christiana,

Chevalier Life, McLeod's Tonic.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

HANINGTON BROS.,

Foster's Corner.

SYRUP.—Pure Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry and

other Syrups.

HANINGTON BROS.,

Foster's Corner.

LONDON HOUSE, 3 and 4 MARKET SQUARE.

RECEIVED this day per R. M. S. "Nestorian"—240

pieces Grey Cottons; 150 pieces Cotton Canvas; 60

pieces Beated Silesias; 120 pieces Beated Linings; 40

pieces Colored Coburgs; 30 pieces Black Coburgs;

30 pieces Black Lanes; 30 pieces Colored; 40

pieces Colored Coburgs; 30 pieces Black Coburgs;

30 pieces Black Lanes; 30 pieces Colored; 40

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