

The Family.

EDITED BY MRS. MARKS.

The Little Uncle.

"I always say unto you, 'Do anything you like with me, my son, go after water, and do all your errands.'

The troubled eyes of the master were filled with tears. It was a bad that stood before the cage door, standing with a kindly smiling woman, who still seemed to hold the reality of his good intentions.

The cage sat by itself on a black stone, or what in Scotland would have been called such.

It was near the latter part of November, and the frosty wind through the bushes of the two walled trees near the house, and fled with a sharp snap into the narrow doorway, as it rattled at the blinding fire window.

Now and then a snow-flake landed, with silent fall, the cloak of the winter, or whatever the angry nature of the poor boy's humbled home.

The woman was evidently knowing in the chisel's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depth far beyond his years.

But her own heart could not resist the sorrow of those large gray eyes, or apparently heartless ones.

She was in tears, till the good man came home; there, all known by the fire, you look paradise-like, and she drew up a rude chair to the warmest corner, then suspiciously glancing at the child, said, "There, wee, here, and comforted him."

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to go to school again; so the kind people concluded, after due consideration, that as now he was deuced sick and weak so heavily, they would

one day, in the middle of winter, a peddler, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and readily disposed of his goods as if he had been a king.

"You have a boy out here splitting wood, I see; he has been working in the yard significantly."

"There seem many," replied the peddler evasively.

"And where—who is he?"

A jail-bait! said the peddler swinging his pack over his shoulder: "that boy, young as he looks, I saw in church, and heard his sentence—'tis a scoundrel. He's a hard one. You'd do well to look closely at him."

On that there was something so horrible in the word jail, the poor woman trembled as she sat in misery upon his function as if the word was branded into the whole frame-splintering, as if a burden of execrated guilt had rolled off: "I may as well go to prison at once—here we are trying to do better—everybody here despises me—nobody cares about me—I was well go to ruin at once!"

After much consultation it was thought advisable (as there had been several failures to start a meeting of this sort, in the bounds of the Big Hatchet Association) that we now organize a Ministers and Deacons' Meeting, at Covington, Tennessee.

According to previous appointment, only a few ministers and deacons met, owing to the inclemency of the weather, on Saturday before the fifth Lord's day in November, 1850.

After mutual consultation it was thought advisable (as there had been several failures to start a meeting of this sort, in the bounds of the Big Hatchet Association) that we now organize a Ministers and Deacons' Meeting, at Covington, Tennessee.

"Our Father" is—truly living and true God!

The Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the adopt Ed Father of all believers in Christ. Then, so long as we see "the Lord's prayer" in our Holy Book, and the prayer of Christ, our older brother, and His address, "O my Father"—so long, I say, as this soul-reviving language stands on holy record, I shall believe that this saint is not dead, but liveth; yea, ever liveth!

In the second place, we would remark, that it is not only our duty as well as our privilege to say "our Father"; but it is also our duty and privilege to turn our faces and minds heavenward. We should anticipate him, in his imperial habitation, "who art in heaven."—The glorious world, stiled the heaven of heavens, the highest heaven, the third heaven, paradise, most holy place, the sublimes part of the divine dominions!

"Our Father" is every where, yet heaven is his holy habitation, and he is more glorious than elsewhere. The brightest communications of his perfections and glory are displayed there. His richest displays of goodness, with the sweetest enjoyments and pleasures, for mortals are there. Bless the Lord, O my soul, praise him for evermore, that we have the high and holy privilege, and are directed to address "our Father, who art in heaven," when we pray to him!

Dear brethren and sisters, approach me with holy awe, with reverence, with humility—yea, with confidence and expectation, with heavenly desires and love. "His eyes are ever on their prayers."

J. D. Wilson.

Bethel, Mo.—November.

The leaves fall fast as flakes of snow;

Alas! we mourn them gone;

They sigh beneath our very tread,

In woods and byways by;

Clouds—wings of death, of heaven,

The will of winds is deeper;

The harvest of the year has come,

November, dear month of all,

To human hearts comes cheer,

And sometimes reproach more than leaves

In taking what is dearest.

Catherine M. Shattock.

The Boy of Thanks.

He had no soul, and out of temper with Ben;

"That I really must—

King in revenge?" required his cousin.

"Cover my head with thanks!"

He had no soul, and out of temper with Ben;

King in revenge?" required his cousin.

"I wonder how many they are? I find a great

deal of good making them down. I do not

think them as I might do, if I only trusted to my

own sense, or out of temper, I am

good-humored again, if I only look over

things you put me down."

He was asked me to spend the whole day at

the school, and made very happy indeed.

He always got me fine stallions."

Walter Page, asked after me every day

to go to his father and mother's; the top

of the world I liked Leslie.

They were in such kindness that I can-

not tell what their names are, to

know them, but I know all

that I can tell them.

I take pleasure in saying to the citizens generally of Memphis, at particular, of North Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee, that the money for erecting a large and well planned College Building has been secured, that the work is progressing rapidly, and that the same will be ready for use by June next.

Spring Creek is a village of most excellent man-

a healthy location, easy of access, and in the

best of taste.

It is a new work lately from the hands of

the best architect in the country.

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