| THE CORNER. <br> I DON'T LOVE YOU NOW MOTHER. |  |
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| A great many years ago, I knew a laby who had been sick for two years, as you have seen many a one, had one child, a lit- |  |
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| tle boy. One afternoon I was sitting by her bedside, for dearly lloved her, watch ng her with an aching heart for it seemed |  |
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| of this bed, his blue eyes so like hers, filling with tears to see ber suffer $\mathbf{~ B o}$. ByHenry and by the terrible cough ceasec. Homer's |  |
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| oame and put his arms aromind ohs mothersbosom, and said "Mother Ido love you 1 mish you wasn"t sick." An hour later the same loving boy canie in all aglow atamping the snow off his feet. "Oh |  |
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| Ed and Charlie are going." "Henry," feebly said the mother, "the ice is not hard enough yet." "But mother," very pret |  |
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| enshly said the boy, "you are sick all the titres, how do you know ?" "My child youl' thexist obey me," gently said the mother. "It is too bad," angrily sobbed the boy |  |
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| who an hour ago soloved his mother. "I would like to have my little boy go," said his mother looking sadly at the little boy's |  |
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| face all covered with frowns; "you said you loved me-be good;" "No, I don't love you now, mother," said the boy, golhg out and slamming the door. Again |  |
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| the dreadful coughiug came upon her, and we thought no more of he boy alter fillcough commenced. Inticed tears falling thick upon her pillow but she sank from exhaustion into a light sleep. In a |  |
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| little while the steps of men'sfeet were heard coming into the house as though carrying something; and they were carrying the almost lifeless body of Hen- |  |
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| Agrily lidd he left his mother, and to skate-disobeyed her, and then broken through the thin ice-sank under |  |
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| the water, and now saved by a great effort was brought home barely alive to his sick mother, I closed the doors, feelingmore |  |
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| sick mother, I closed the doors, feelingmore danger for her life than the child's, and coming softly in $_{*}$ drew back the curtains from the bed, "I heard them" she said, "it |  |
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| Hut she never seemed to hear the answer 1 gave, telling her "Oh, no." She com- |  |
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| ngled to death. "The poor mother boy's disobedience had killed her. Af- |  |
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| ter a couple of hours, I sought the boy's room. "Oh I wish I had not told mother I did not love her. To-morrow r'll tellher 1 do," said the child sobbing painfully. My heart achied; to-morrow I knew we must tell him slie was dead. "Mother I |  |
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| do fore you now," all the day long he sobbed and cried. "O mother, mother. forgive me." Then "he would not leave his mother. \$p ak to me mother," but she could never speak again, and thelastwords |  |
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| don't love you now." <br> The boy's whole life was changed, sober and sad he was ever after. He is now |  |
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| a gray-headed old man, with ne sorrow ever, this one act of disobedience: obie |  |
| wrong word embittered all his life with those words ever ringing in his ears, "mother I don't love you now." Will the |  |
|  |  |
| "mother I don't love you now." Will the little ones who read this remember, it they disobey their mother, if they are cross and |  |
| naughty they say every time they do so to a tender mother's heart by their actions, If not in the words of Henry, the very <br>  er." |  |
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| MORN YOULL KEEP. |  |
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| Some years ago a painter very :gruff and little deaf was engared to |  |
| paint the Ten Commendments on some tablets in achurch not five miles |  |
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| at it and at thie end of the second day the paster of the church ciane to see hew tho work progressed. Thio old $\operatorname{man}_{\text {as stood be the smoking a short pipeserend }}^{\text {gentlemen rail his }}$ |  |
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| eyes over the tablets. <br> "Eh !" said the pastor, as his famil |  |
| iar eye detected something wrong in the working of the precepts; "why you careless old person, you have left |  |
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| a part of one of the commandinents entirly out, don't you see?" <br> "No; 20 such thing," suid the old |  |
|  |  |
| man, putting on liis sppétitadeés; "rio; nothing lelt out-where? tor, "look at them persisted the pas. tor, yook at them in the Bible; you |  |
|  |  |
| "Well, what if I hare"" said old Obstinacy, as he ran his eye complaoently over his work; "what if I hive? There's more there now than you'll |  |
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| scep! <br> Another and a more correct artist was employed the next day. <br> The Consus of 1860 . |  |
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| They will IIEM, FELL, STTTOH, RUN nad BIND in the most saporitor mannier, and aro tho only raachinct in <br>  <br>  chine whem our pei maclices will scw better, more expeditusly, anachan IN ORDER THAN IT IS MORE SIMPLE AND MORE EASILY KEPT IN ORDER THAN OTHER MACHINES. |
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