

a child of God!" filled me with horror, and the idea of an entrance into the eternal world without preparation came over me with all its dreadful reality. My whole life passed in review before me. Alas what a scene of black rebellion! In vain did I search for one act with which I might hope to appease the great God. They alone fled from me, and I seemed forced to view my sins, which now, for the first time, struck me with their enormity. I hated myself. It seemed just in God to punish me thus severely. All his kind, watchful care came to my view in a new light. Why had I never seen it before—and now too late! How could I hope for pardon for a lifetime of sin? Oh no; I must despair—I could not merit heaven—I could never do anything to show my love and gratitude: and then in connection with these thoughts, came my mother's teachings, my prayers lisped at her knee, and I repeated "Our Father" with a sort of tremulous earnestness I had never known before. But still I despaired; I seemed the blackest thing alive and I then understood how devils would acknowledge the justice of God in their condemnation.

As these and a multitude of other thoughts passed through my mind I heard the door opened, and my mother stood beside me. I heard her subdued moan of agony; again the soft hand smoothed my brow, and she said,

"My boy! my poor Willie! can it be? Oh! my God, thou alone canst comfort me under this most grievous chastisement. Oh, let me not murmur; let me but see the end to be worked out. Oh, if he had but given me one word to show that he rested in a Saviour, trusted in him, I could have given him up at thy call without one selfish feeling; but now—oh, no hope! no hope! my child! my child!" and shrieking forth her anguish, they tore her from me.

Dear mother, when did you ever come near me without imparting comfort? Even now she spoke of a Saviour, upon which I might rest, in whom I might trust, even sinful as I was, and I prayed earnestly to be led in the right path. I had never before prayed from my heart, but now it seemed wrung out.

Again I was interrupted by the opening of the door, and felt my length and breadth measured, with the remark, in a strange voice, that he was a "stout crop, to be sure. What could ha' been the matter with the poor gentleman to ha' took him off so sudden?" ending with an inquiry as to who the property would go to now.

"To the young lady, I specs," said James "she is just like old master's daughter."

"I suppose," said the stranger, "they wants satin lining, silver plate—everything done up in the fust style."

"Never mind expense," said James; "every thing must be done in the very most genteel style."

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, what my feelings must have been at hearing myself discussed in this way. The mention of the "young lady" brought Lily before me. She alone had stood aloof from the body of her old friend; she did not care enough for her former playmate to induce her to look upon him once again. I pictured her to myself as the fond wife—I thought of her husband rejoicing in my death, because by it Lily would come to him a richly endowed bride. These thoughts brought fresh grief and I tried to banish them. I knew that I had given to her the idolatry of my heart, which ought to have been given to my God.

Through that long many came to look upon me. My poor father spent many hours beside me, moaning over the death of his brightest hopes. At last I felt it grow darker—I knew that the sun was going down. I must pass another long night, darkness around and within me. I remember that I was trying to pray for submission and support, when I felt the sheet lifted from my face, and then I heard the broken hearted wail which had so chained my attention in the morning.

My feelings throbbed with pleasure—it was Lily! She had come alone, and such a sound could only come from a loving, breaking heart.

"Oh Willie! dear Willie! if you could but speak to me—but look at me—but tell me that you died loving, forgiving me; if you could hear me now telling how I loved you as I can never love any one else—how from my very heart I have longed for your return. If I only had someone to talk to; but no one loves me now. Dear mamma even shudders when I come near her, and papa does not notice me. I must weep alone. Oh, I am so desolate, so lonely and miserable!"

I felt the slight pressure of her finger on the bed. Her deep sobs went to my heart. I longed to clasp her to my breast; but my arms were stiff and cold and refused their aid. I thought that my feelings must make my heart beat, but no; still all was quiet—my hands still crossed upon my breast—I must go down to my grave with my only ungratified wish within my grasp. I had only to move to possess it, and I could not. —"Oh Lily?" I said, or rather thought, "why did you come to torment me with vain hopes—why withdraw my thoughts from eternity?" and I made an effort to be happy in the prospect of heaven; but my thoughts would not soar above the breaking heart beside me. I wanted to comfort her—I wanted to tell her to leave me, to pray for consolation—I wanted to tell her how, in my hour of darkness, I found light—how, in my writhing agony, I had found rest in my Saviour, but I could not. At last the door opened, and I felt the light from a candle. It was my mother's voice I heard saying,

"You here, my child?" and I knew that her arm was around the mourner. I heard from Lily's bursting heart the exclamation,

"Oh, had he but loved me!"

I heard them talk together of me. I heard my mother tell of my long devotion to her, and then the sobs came quicker and more softly. Then my mother pointed her to the light beyond this darkness—the dark cloud brightly edged. She told of her own agony in the morning; and how in the stillness of her closet, she had been assured that the child of so many prayers could not be lost—she was comforted by the unchanging God.—Every now and then she would hush the quick sobs as if she were dealing with a little child.

"There now, my own child, my little Lily, don't cry any more! We will meet our Willie in heaven. We must not murmur at our father's chastisement. He had to take our idol, in order to draw our rebellious hearts to himself." Not one word of reproach was uttered—nothing which could wound; and presently the sobs ceased, and gently putting her arms around her, my mother led her from the room.

Then came the servants bringing candles—the watchers, who were old companions of my own; and between their visits and my own reflections the long night passed not unhappily.

My funeral was to take place the next day. I took the most intense interest in all that concerned it. I knew the time was drawing near. I heard them set some thing down upon the bed—it was my coffin! I felt myself lifted and laid in it. I remember that my arms had to be pressed close in order that I might be within its too narrow limits. I remember the painfully cramped feeling this gave me. I was then carried into the parlor. I heard the thick, deep sobs through the two rooms. I heard the tremulous hymn, sometimes ceasing from emotion and then taken up again. I heard the solemn voice of the Minister say, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." I heard my own funeral sermon, and then the solemn, eloquent supplication to a throne of grace for the bereaved; and then the words, "The services will be concluded at the grave." I felt the sheet lifted from my face and knew that there were many loving eyes fixed upon me; more than one kindly tear fell upon my face. I made a desperate effort to open my eyes—and, reader, I succeeded! I have an indistinct recollection of shrieks, and the mingling of many voices, and I sank into a state of insensibility. When I awoke I was in my own room, and the pale, anxious faces of my mother, my father, and Lily were bending over me. They looked wearied and worn, and I knew what they had suffered. Those weeks I spent in bed were the happiest of my life; my gratitude, my love to God were unbounded, and I felt that a lifetime of service would but feebly testify my change of purpose and feeling. I was at last able to sit up, and day after day was my Lily's sweet face beside me. Oh! so well do I remember one day, when left alone with her, I called the blush to her cheek by an allusion to the scene in that very room; and asked her if she would indeed be my little Lily. There was no answer at first, but soon the little Bible beside her was opened, and the shining needle painted me to what I read: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

This was our betrothal: our marriage was soon after; and we have trodden the path of life side by side. Nor is the little, neat-looking old lady, with well-creased cap and loving eye, less lovely and beloved to me than the Lily that bloomed in youthful beauty so many years ago.

To keep up with the times, a school master down east has just invented a machine for licking scholars. By means of a crank, a boy is put through his discipline in one quarter of the time the rattan used to consume. We rejoice at this—for who even shortens a rod is a benefactor to his country.

We pardon as long as we love.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

#### ENIGMA No. 7.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 12, 20, 14, 15, was a celebrated Greek Poet.

My 16, 2, 9, 4, 22, was one of the wise men of Greece.

My 18, 5, 8, 5, 9, 5, 16, was an Athenian orator.

My 20, 4, 16, 10, 16, was a celebrated legislator and orator among the Jews.

My 8, 12, 9, 5, 16, was a King of Cimbr.

My 21, 3, 16, 14, 6, was a Roman poet.

My 3, 2, 22, 5, 16, was a Greek physician.

My 20, 7, 13, 12, was a Carthaginian general.

My 2, 9, 14, 22, was a Greek poet.

My 20, 10, 3, 18, 9, 7, 5, 16, was a King of Sparta.

My 9, 7, 6, 12, was a Latin poet.

My whole is the name of a gentleman who signed the Declaration of Independence of the United States.

M. A. E.

Answer next week.

Answer to Enigma No. 6.—AMEROTYPE AND DAGUERRETYPE. J. M. I. and J. S.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

#### CHARADE.

My first and fourth have the same sound,

My second and fifth alike are found,

My third and sixth are both the same.

And a foreigner my whole doth name.

M. A. E.

Answer next week.

#### FACETIE.

"I'll bet a sheep," said an old Meredith to his other half, that our boy Otho is going crazy—for he is grinning at the barn, and he is grinning at the table, and is grinning to himself wherever he goes.

"Poh," replied the old woman, "don't you know he got a love letter this morning."

THE NERVOUS BRIDEGROOM.—A bridegroom, who had thrice bolted from the altar, was recently induced to make a third attempt, but predicted that his timidity would tempt him to run away again, and begged that some expedient might be adopted to animate his nerves. A little music, he thought, might give him courage. The bride, profiting by the hint, retained the organist, who played a vehement voluntary during the operation, and galvanized the poor fellow into matrimony.

"Sal," said hisping Bill, "if you love me thy tho; and if you love me and don't like to thy so; squeeth my handth."

Mother, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean; what makes the ocean get angry? "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

A lady on a visit to Dublin, having a great penchant for pound cakes, sent an Irish servant out to get her a pound cake; the man went on his mission, but was absent a most unaccountable time; at last he returned in a great heat, carrying a large cake in his arms, apologizing in rich Irish for his long absence, stating he had searched all over Dublin for a pound cake, but could only get an eighteen shilling cake, which he hoped would suit her ladyship as well.

They make sandwiches in Australia by putting a piece of leather between two shingles. The price depends upon the supply of old boots.

GENUINE IRISH REPORT.—At the Criminal Court a few days since, a learned gentleman, dissatisfied at his success with an Irish witness, complained to the Court. Paddy exclaimed, "I'm no lawyer, yer honor, and he wants to puzzle me." Counsel—"Come, now, do you swear you are no lawyer?" Witness—"Faith, an' I do; and you may swear the same about yourself, without fear of being liable for perjury."

THE TRINITY.—The following anecdote of the late Daniel Webster, says the Rev. E. N. Kirk, I am authorized from his own lips, to say is authentic. Being asked by a Unitarian gentleman, whether he believed that three and one were the same thing, he replied in a manner perfectly characteristic, as it disposes of the real difficulty of the Trinity, "Sir, I believe you and I do not understand the arithmetic of heaven."

"I engaged," says a traveller, "a chaise at Galway to conduct me some few miles in the country, and had not proceeded far when it pulled up at the foot of a hill, and the driver coming to the door, opened it. 'What are you at, man; this isn't where I ordered you to stop,' said I. 'Whist, your honor, whist!' ejaculated Paddy, 'I'm only desaving the baste. I'll bang the door, he'll think you're out, and cut up the hill like a devil.'"

One day at the table of the late Dr. Posso, (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers.—"We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised!" The effect was irresistible.

A stranger, dining with a party at a hotel, had helped himself to the first dish of meat that stood near him, and being hungry, and making no calculation as to the choicer dishes which were to follow began to eat his slices of the plain dish with great gusto and voracity. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed a more experienced glutton; "surely you are not going to throw away that beautiful appetite upon a leg of mutton!"

Why are fowls the most economical things farmers keep? Because for every grain they give a peck.

When is charity like a top? When it begins to hum.

### Special Notices.

#### WORLD'S BLESSING!

DR. J. B. N. GOULD,

Rheumatic, Neuralgia and Spinal Balm.

Cures from 12 to 48 hours, removes Rheumatic and Neuralgia Pains in fifteen minutes.

We would call the attention of our readers to the above wonderful preparation, used only as an external application. The following is sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical of its virtues:

Boston, April 9th, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—Ever since this session of the Legislature commenced, I have been severely afflicted with inflammatory Rheumatism. I expended much money without obtaining any relief, when one of our Representatives brought me a bottle of your "Rheumatic Balm," and from its first application the pain began to decrease, and I am now almost entirely free from the affliction. You are aware that I ordered six bottles more, which I distributed among suffering friends, and in every instance it has afforded immediate relief. I give you this testimony of the worth of your medicine, unsolicited, as a slight token of my appreciation of your endeavors to soothe the pain and anguish of your fellow men. Very respectfully,

W. E. P. HASKELL,

Clerk Mass. House of Reps.

Dr. J. B. N. Gould, East Abington, Mass.

Dr. J. B. N. GOULD: Dear Sir,—Feeling confident that there are thousands of persons in the world that suffer with Neuralgia, I feel it a duty I owe to you and to the public to make the following statement known. I have been suffering from Neuralgia in the face and head, once or twice a month, for fourteen years. It was so severe, I have been obliged to leave my business, and confine myself to my room, one or two days at a time, suffering all the time the most intense pain. I have tried for years all the remedies that were advertised, also all the prescriptions given by physicians, and had experienced no particular benefit; and had made up my mind there was not anything that would give relief, and supposed I must suffer for the remainder of my days with this unwelcome disease. I saw the advertisement, last spring, of your Rheumatic and Neuralgia Balm, and, as it was highly recommended, I concluded to try it; but I had no confidence in its virtues. I applied it according to the directions, and in a few hours was relieved. That was three months since, and I have not had the slightest attack; and I feel thankful to you, sir, for so great a blessing.

CHAS. T. BARRY,

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Boston.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856,

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Agent for Maine. And retailed throughout the United

States and British Provinces by Druggists generally. 7 y

MRS. VANDERBILT, No. 185 SUFFOLK

street, says of Dr. M'Lane's celebrated Liver Pills:—

Being unwell, and not knowing whether it proceeded from derangement of the liver or merely hysterics, I was

persuaded to purchase a box of Dr. M'Lane's celebrated Liver Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, and be-

fore I had used them all, was entirely relieved. I am

now enjoying perfect health, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills to all similarly afflicted.

New York, March 25, 1852.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for Dr.

M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, manufactured by

FLEMING BROS. of PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other

Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public.

Dr. M'Lane's genuine Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores.—

None genuine without the signature of

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS

are administered with uniform success in inflammatory rheu-

matism. Warm fomentations should first be applied to

the surface, in order to open the pores, and then the oint-

ment rubbed in as briskly as possible. The aperient ac-

tion of the Pills has the happiest effect in abating the fever,

and it may be confidently averred that any species

of external inflammation will yield to a persevering use

of these two great remedies. The cases of erysipelas, salt

rheum, sore leg, contusion, tumor, cancer, fistula, piles,

and external injury resulting from accident, that have

been cured by Holloway's Ointment, may be numbered by

tens of thousands.

A. B. C. Asthma! Bronchitis!! Consumption!!!

and all similar "ills that flesh is heir to" are

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Gardner's Indian Balsam of Liverwort and Hoarhound,

This wonderful medicine, revealed by the Great Spirit

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BITTERS.—In all liver complaints, bilious diseases, ac-

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Liquid Cathartic universally acknowledge that it surpasses

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duces no nausea at the stomach and leaves the bowels free

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IN STORE—100 Barrels Alex. Superfine FLOUR;

200 Barrels Philadelphia do. do.

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St. John, November 15, 1856.