

## Poetry.

## THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Old Year, farewell! It grieves my heart,  
To feel we now must part;  
Amid the changing scenes of earth,  
To have sorrow woe, or cheer at birth,  
Enjoy the hour, I've walked with thee,  
And shared thy blessed sympathy.  
At home, abroad, with friends now found,  
Or those to whom I've long been bound,  
I've travelled side by side with thee;  
And now to part, is grief to me.

For ever! Thou goest, to yield thy place  
To one who comes with smiling face,  
And many promises to be  
A better friend than thou to me,  
To bear me onward to the goal,  
With lighter step, and happier soul,  
All doth he promise; but to win  
A crown of life, and free from sin,  
The resting-place of saints secure,  
Ah, who but Christ can that make sure?

Then to His cross, becoming Year,  
Let every moment bear me near,  
And never still; thus wilt thou be  
The friend I need, and true to me.  
Farewell, Old Year; we never shall meet  
In market thronged, or crowded street;  
But we shall meet before the throne,  
Where all the deeds mankind have done,  
Proclaimed and judged, shall find award  
From Christ the omniscient living Lord.

## THE DEPARTING YEAR.

A few short hours, and thou, O year! art  
Where years have found a grave;  
A sparkling drop in Time's fast filling sea—  
A gem upon its way—  
One setting star among a countless host,  
A glancing meteor, seen but to be lost!

Like mortals, once this dying year was young,  
And winter saw its birth,  
Upon its path were sweetest spring-flowers hung,  
And summer longed for birth,  
For its decline we heard sad autumn sigh,  
And winter said it born and see it die.

Thy many hours have fled, O bygone year!  
And with the past thou art,  
And voice which I loved, no more are here  
To gladden my lonely heart;  
But memory rises to thy cheering ray,  
And hope gives promise of a brighter day.

Old year! we know full well what thou hast been,  
And now for thee we grieve;  
The younger year, as yet we have not seen,  
But may we not believe,  
That Heaven upon its dawning hours shall cast  
A halo brighter even than the last?

Farewell! farewell! thou'lt mid departing years  
Those soon forgot must be,  
And passing time shall bring new hopes and fears,  
To will our thoughts from thee;  
Thy hopes like angel voices oft shall come  
To chase our sadness and dispel our gloom.

We may not bid the coming year farewell,  
For Earth may have claimed her kindred dead ere  
While;  
And friends who wept the blossom when it fell  
Have dried their tears, and e'en begin to smile;  
Then Heavenly Father! may we gain the prize  
Of living faith, made perfect in the skies!

## Miscellany.

## THE YOUNG PEDDLER.

One rainy afternoon, in the earliest part of autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it found a peddler. Now peddlers are a great vexation to me; they leave the gate open, they never have anything I want, and I don't like the faces that belong to most of them, especially those of the strong men, who go about with little packages of coarse goods, and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself—lazy.

This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet, and looked so cold, I forgot he was a peddler, and asked him to come in by the fire. I thought that he appeared as though he expected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no such intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, and I told him to warm himself by the fire, and that I did not want to buy anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air which reproached me, and I detained him to inquire why he was out in the rain. He replied:

"I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain; besides most peddlers stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days."

"How much do you earn in a day?"

"Sometimes two shillings, sometimes one, and once in a while I get nothing all day, and then, ma'am, I'm very tired."

Here he gave a very quick, dry cough, which startled me.

"How long have you had that cough?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Does it hurt you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where does your mother live?"

"In heaven, ma'am," said he, unmoved.

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is with mother," he replied in the same tone.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I had a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago."

"What ailed her?"

"She wanted to see mother, and so do I; I guess that's why I cough so."

"Where do you live?"

"With Mrs. Brown, on N—street."

"Does she give you any medicine for that cough you have?"

"Not doctor's medicine—she is too poor; she makes something for me to take."

"Will you take something if I give it to you?"

"No, ma'am, I thank you; mother took medicine, and it didn't help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; would not stop my cough. Good day, ma'am."

"Wait a minute," I said, "I want to see what you carry."

He opened his box, and, for once, I found what I wanted. Indeed, I don't think it would have mattered what he had. I should have wanted it, for the little peddler had changed—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had I. How strange that peddlers had never seemed like people—human, soul-filled beings, before. How thankful he was, and how his great, sunken blue eyes looked into mine when I paid him.

"You don't ask me to take a cent less," said he, after hesitating a minute. "I think you must be very rich."

"Oh, no," I replied, "I am far from that; and these things are worth more to me now than I gave you for them. Will you come again?"

"Yes, ma'am, if I don't go to mother's soon."

"Are you hungry?"

"No, ma'am, I never get hungry now, I sometimes think mother feeds me when I sleep, though I don't remember when I am awake. I only know I don't want to eat now, since my sister died."

"Did you feel very sad?"

"I felt very big in my throat, and I thought I was choked, but I didn't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for a while; but I am glad she is up there now."

"Who told you you were going to die?"

"Nobody; but I know I am. Perhaps I'll go before Christmas."

"I could not bear that, and tried to make him stay, but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what good fortune he had met with. He bade me good day again cheerfully, and went out into the cold rain, while I could only say:

"God be with you, my child!"

He never came again, though I looked for him every day. At length, about New-Year's I went to the place called home. Mrs. Brown was there, but the little pilgrim! his weary feet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the door of those, who, like myself, forgot the stern want and necessity that often sent about these wanderers from house to house, that their employment might be far more unseemly to them than annoying us.

## The Awful Dream.

The Rev. G. Tennant, of New Jersey, North America, relates that a young man of his congregation, by trade a carpenter, from being of sober habits became an habitual drunkard. He dreamt one night that he returned home intoxicated, fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom, broke his neck, and opened his eyes in hell. Horrified at what he heard and saw, he entreated the governor to let him depart. "No, no," said the governor, "there is no discharge from this place; you see thousands coming in, but none going out. He, however, continued his entreaties, and he at last was allowed to leave, on one condition—that he would return to them that day twelfth month. In his efforts to flee, he awoke, and found it was a dream. He called on Mr. Tennant the next day, and, greatly alarmed, related his dream. Mr. Tennant told him it was a mercy he was out of hell, and that if he did not repent and seek for mercy through Christ, he would in reality reap the fruit of his doings through an eternity in hell. The young man forsook his former company, applied himself cheerfully to work, and became a reformed character. About six months after this he was met by some of his old profligate companions, who began to jeer him for his sober habits, and asked him to go with them and take a glass. He at first refused, but at last gave way. This led to his former drunken habits. He returned home one night intoxicated, fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom, broke his neck, and, without doubt, his guilty spirit must have been hurried to that place of woe where hope never comes. "No drunkard," says the Bible, "shall inherit the kingdom of God." From a memorandum made by Mr. Tennant at the time the man called on him, it appeared he was killed on the night twelfth month on which he had dreamt the fearful dream. His dream had been actually fulfilled.

Reader! are you an occasional or an habitual drunkard? Listen to one who sincerely and earnestly wishes you well. Repent of this and all sin, and seek for pardon through Christ Jesus. Pray to God to help you by His Holy Spirit. Lose no time. Sudden death may hurry your guilty soul, as it did the soul of the American drunkard, into that fearful place where are assembled adulterers, fornicators, liars, swearers, drunkards, and other sinners. Why perish? God has no pleasure in your ruin. He sets His crucified Son before you in the gospel as your Saviour, and gives you a free and gracious invitation to accept of Him. Therefore be persuaded to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Should this paper be read by a person who is not chargeable with the sin of drunkenness, yet remember you have been guilty of numerous other sins, and unless you repent and believe in Christ you will likewise perish.

"O hasten mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this evening's stage be run."

## A Melancholy End.

I knew a man who, when very young, thought the best thing he could do to secure happiness, would be to get money. He toiled, with all the energy of youth in his business, adding branch to branch, until he had secured the trade of the village. He amassed large sums of money, from which he built a noble house, on a rising ground in the outskirts of the parish, where from his youth he had resided. To that house, when about thirty years of age, he retired to spend his latter days. All seemed well with him for many years. He rode upon a noble horse, or, when he pleased, used his chaise. The choicest provisions were at his service, and his servants were ever ready to obey his commands. Yet he was not happy. Fears were about his path; he was a stranger to peace. When he was an old man and his life had been crowned by more than three score years and ten, he had not begun to live the life of a Christian. On one occasion, one who had felt the value of religion urged him to make his peace with God through Christ alone. He replied then, as he had often done before, "The religion of Christ will do for the ignorant and poor, but not for me."

One morning, in the month of November, 1845, sickness entered his house, and finding him at home bade him prepare to die. He was taken by surprise, and would have gladly put it off, but this was vain. His countenance told some of the sorrows of his heart. Very often did he tremble at the thoughts of judgement and eternity. He became more and more uneasy as the last hour drew on. Again he was spoken to about Christ; his answer was still the same, "Not for me!"

'Twas midnight; no star shone in the sky; the moon withdrew her playful beams; a dense fog hung over and around the village; a chilly dampness was in the atmosphere; no sound was heard, save the splashing of water from a fall at the old water-mill. All seemed gloomy and sad. I had been sitting over the expiring embers of a wood fire, and was in the act of retiring to rest, when I received a summons to visit my richer neighbor. I entered the spacious chamber where he was. Stretched out upon a bed of water, provided to give him ease, gasping for breath, lay this aged sinner. His son stood by his bed-side; servants cautiously moved about the room; all was still and quiet, save the chief object of interest. We tried to pray. The dying man looked fearfully around him; convulsively grasping the hand of his son, he raised himself in his bed, and pointing to a small picture of the crucifixion which hung in the room, he said in a tone of voice which seemed to come from the grave, "Son! I was mistaken—I was mistaken!" He fell backward on his bed—the supply of blood from the fountain of his heart failed—the pulse ceased to beat—his lips quivered. His spirit left the clay to appear before that Saviour whose divinity he had for many years denied. Near the chancel of the village church his remains were deposited. The charity of this minister pronounced over him the hope of a glorious resurrection unto everlasting life. I confess I had no such hope; for he who lives on earth without his God must live without him for ever. No heaven without Christ; no Christ without faith; no faith without submission to the way of God.—*Methodist Magazine.*

The Scoffer Silenced.

An unduly European was once trying to convince a convert in the East that his religion was of no use, and that he would never be any better for it. "What, after all," said the scoffer, "has your Jesus done for you?" "He has saved me!" said the native, with great animation—"He has saved me!" "And what is that?" said the European. "Step with me to the door," was the reply, "and I will show you." So saying, he took him outside the house, picked up a quantity of dry leaves and straws, of which there were plenty close at hand, and made a large ring or circle of them. He then sought for a worm, and having found one, he placed it in the centre of the ring. Forthwith he applied a lighted match to the dry material that surrounded it, the scoffer looking on all the time with no little astonishment. As the heat of the fire began to reach the poor worm, and it began to writhe and to show symptoms of distress, the convert darted his hand thro' the smoke, plucked the worm out of its dangerous position, and placed it in the breast of his flowing robe, near his heart. "There," said he, "that is what the blessed Jesus has done for me. I was exposed to the flames of hell; there was no possibility of escape. I was condemned, and ready to perish, and he rescued me, by dying for my sins; thus snatching me as a brand from the burning; and he has given me, a poor worm of the earth, a place near his heart."

We know not the effect of such a striking reply to the scoffs of this infidel, but it was surely an answer which would not soon be forgotten.

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Corner of Union and Sydney Streets,  
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DENTISTRY.  
DR. J. C. HATHAWAY'S Office, Prince-street, between Germain and Charlotte-street.  
Nov. 1.—3m. p.m.

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