

Poetry.

One by One.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are set thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow—
See how small each moment's pain!
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear,
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching Heaven; shall one by one,
Looked down, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

Miscellany.

The Golden Rule.

'But it is so cruel, so shamefully cruel, mamma, and so wicked, and so good-for-nothing,' cried little Harry Lester, panting with rage and stamping his foot between each passionate word. 'And I'll never love him again—never, never.'

'Oh yes, you will Harry.'

'No I shan't—I know I shan't. I shall hate him all my life, and I'll go up to the Hall and let his rabbits out directly, that I will.'

As the child said this, he raised his eyes from the long-eared pets which lay before him, to the countenance of his mother, which, full of pity and sorrow, looked down tenderly upon him. At any other time Harry's temper would have yielded at once to the influence of such a look, but now he only burst into tears, again exclaiming—

'It is cruel, mamma it is cruel, and it is too bad of you to take his part.'

'I do not take his part, Harry; I think he has been very negligent and very cruel; but that is no reason why you should be wicked.'

'It is enough to make anybody wicked, to be used so. My poor dear darling rabbits, that I love so very much; and to do such a horrid, horrid death, while I was happy away. I do hate him, mamma—I can't help it; and it would serve him just right if I were to go and let his rabbits loose now, this very moment.'

There was a silence; for even in the very heat of passion, Harry knew that he was saying and doing wrong; and although he spoke loud and naughty words, he was ashamed of them even as he did so. Quietly, therefore, he stood beside his mother, his eyes fixed upon his favourites, and his little heart swelling with sorrow, until at last, passion and pride gave way, tears of sorrow replaced those of rage, and laying his head suddenly upon Mrs. Lester's shoulder, he sobbed out—

'Don't be angry with me, mamma; I am very sorry for going into such a passion; indeed I am. I am glad to hear it, Harry, for you have grieved me sadly. I did not think that any temptation could have made you so unlike yourself, and so wicked.'

'But I was very unhappy, mamma, and I am sorry. Do, do forgive me.'

'Willingly, when you can tell me that from your heart you have forgiven Arthur, and have truly repented of your revengeful feelings towards him.'

Again there was a silence, for Harry was an honest boy, who would not, even to gain his mother's pardon, tell her a falsehood, and she had asked him a hard thing, harder than any task or lesson he had ever yet learned, and one which it seemed impossible for him to perform. Had it been anything that he had lost, or had any one else been to blame, the injury, he thought, would have been easier to forgive; but now that his very dearest, best-loved pets which had been killed, and by the faithfulness of his friend, forgiveness was too much to ask—he could not bestow it. His mother saw and understood the trial, and said, after a little pause—

'Can you repeat that verse which Fanny taught you last week, Harry?'

'Yes, I think so. Is this it:

'Be to others kind and true!
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do, nor say to men,
What you would not take again.'

'I'm sure, Arthur has done to me what he wouldn't like me to do him,' said Harry, moodily, when he had repeated the verse.

'Yes! but did you never do the same? When you broke little Fanny's tea-pot, would you have liked her to break your silk-worms' nest? And the other day, when you upset that glass of water over Miss Ryall's painting and spoiled it, what would you have thought if she had gone to the tray of beads you had been sorting for your sister's bag, and shaken all the colours together again? Would you have liked it?'

'No.'

'And yet that would have been doing to you as you had done to them.'

'But I did not hurt their things on purpose—they were accidents.'

'Yes, but very careless ones; the very least attention would have prevented them; and what people will not take the trouble to prevent, is almost as bad as what they do on purpose.'

'Oh, mamma!'

'It is true, Harry; and you can easily understand it, by what has happened to-day. Arthur has not beaten your rabbits and so willfully killed them, but he has not taken the trouble to prevent their dying, by feeding them properly, and therefore he is equally blameable. You are very unhappy about it, for besides that you were fond of the poor creatures, you know that they must have suffered a great deal of pain and misery before they died; and though you would not be so cruel as to make Arthur's pets suffer in the same way for his fault, you would like to punish him by taking them away from him and so making him suffer. In short, you would like to revenge yourself.'

'You are very hard, mamma. I don't want to revenge myself, but I do think he ought to be punished. He had no business to promise he would take care of the rabbits.'

'Certainly not. Your cousin has been very naughty, and if I were talking to him now instead of to you, I would tell him so, but I am not, and therefore it is of little consequence whether his conduct has been good or bad. God will not judge you according to Arthur's sin, but according to your own.'

'Yes, but—'

'But what, Harry,' asked Mrs. Lester after a while, seeing that her son did not proceed. 'You seem in a very uncomfortable state of mind. Tell me honestly what is the cause of it. It is because you cannot make up your mind whether you shall obey God, and deny yourself, or whether you shall obey Satan, and please yourself? If so, suppose I try to help you in your choice. You would like, of course, to choose that which would make you the happiest. Well, then, putting all the difficulties of duty aside, do you think you would be happier if you were to go to Arthur's hut and let his rabbits loose, so that he would never have them again?'

'He ought to be punished.'

'That is not the question. The question is, whether you would be happier by making him as unhappy as he has made you. Would his losing his rabbits make you forget losing yours, or would seeing him sorrowful make you joyous? I do not think that killing his pets would bring back life to yours; but that is of no consequence, if you can be made happy by seeing Arthur miserable, could you?'

'Mamma, how can you ask such a thing? you know I couldn't.'

'Then of what use would your revenge be to you? It wouldn't make you happy, would it do?'

'Nothing,' answered the boy in a low voice.

'Then you lose nothing by giving it up, because you would gain nothing by taking it. If I were to give you leave now to release Arthur's rabbits, you would not do it?'

'No.'

'And why, Harry?'

'Because it would not be right, and you would be angry.'

'What, if I gave you leave?'

'Yes, because you would not give the leave with all your heart. You would only say so to try if I'd be naughty.'

'But if I did give you leave with all my heart, would it make you happy to take it?'

'No, I don't think it would.'

'You may be sure, my child, that it would not. Sin can never make any one happy, and revenge is a great sin. Many men have died to obtain it, but I never heard of one who, having obtained it, was satisfied or happy with it. God has told us to forgive our enemies, and to do to all men as we wish them to do to us, and we may be all very certain that we do not, but disobey him, and follow our own will instead of his, we shall be miserable instead of happy.'

'Yes; I am glad now I did not open Arthur's hut; but it was very cruel, mamma, wasn't it?'

'And the tears came into Harry's eyes—he was but seven years old, remember, and so may be forgiven for crying so often over his poor little pets—and trickled slowly down his face.'

'Yes, Harry, very so: so cruel and so careless, that we will not judge Arthur until we have seen him, and heard what account he can give of the matter.'

'I have been so busy since you went, that I have seen no one from the Hall—and see, here he comes on his pony. Now, remember your verse, my boy.'

'With a powerful effort of self-control—for Harry was a child of strong affections, and far more to resent an injury to anything he loved than to himself—he went forward and held out his hand to his cousin, who stooped gaily from his pony, and shaking it heartily, cried—

'Well, so you're home first, Hal, after all. I thought I'd be, so I rode round this way from the station, instead of taking the near cut across the fields.'

'Why, where have you been? Have you been out too?'

'Ah, haven't I? Do you think you're to be the only traveller? No, I went to uncle Edward's with papa the day after you went to Hertford, and a jolly time we had, boating and fishing and—'

'—but hallo! what have you been doing with your rabbits, Harry?'

'Nothing. I found them so when I came back to-day. They have been starved to death—and the child turned away to hide his quivering lip.'

'Starved!' repeated Arthur, springing from his saddle, and snatching up one of the poor dead rabbits—'how?'

'I don't know; I left them to you.'

'Oh, Harry, cried the lad, going up warmly to his cousin, taking his passive hand, don't think hardly of me; don't blame me for this; for indeed, indeed it is not my fault. When I knew that I was to go with papa, and found that I had not time to come here and say so, I went to Jim, our gardener's son, and promised to pay him twopenny a week to attend to your hut and mine; and he was very glad, and promised faithfully to feed and clean them out regularly—so of course I trusted him. I did all I could, Harry, indeed I did; but I am very, very sorry; and if my rabbits are not dead yet, you shall have them all, which is but fair. Don't turn away, Harry; you must forgive me; though it's enough to make you very angry, I acknowledge.'

'Yes, but not with you. Oh, Arthur, I have been so naughty; I thought you had killed my rabbits, and I was so spiteful and wicked against you.'

'I killed the rabbits! Oh, Hal, how could you think so? And yet when you found them dead, after leaving them in my care, what else could you think? Well, never mind, only say you forgive me, and it will be all right. If Jim has not starved my hut empty too, you shall have the long ears.'

'No indeed—indeed I won't.'

'But you must, Harry. It is but fair; for if I did not kill yours, it was in trusting to me that they died. It was my deputy's fault if it was not mine.'

'No Arthur, said Mrs. Lester, who had been anxiously watching the changes upon her son's face during his cousin's speech, 'this appears to have been a most unfortunate combination of circumstances; but I do not think that any one has really been to blame. Harry trusted his pets to you, as the person in whom he had the greatest confidence, and you, leaving home suddenly, gave over your charge to a boy upon whom you had every reason to depend, and who, I have no doubt, would have fulfilled his duties faithfully if he had been able; but about ten days ago he was attacked with brain fever, and although much better now, has been far too ill to think of rabbits or anything else.'

'Poor Jim! This is bad news indeed, worse than the rabbits, Harry. But brain fever isn't infectious, aunt; mamma wouldn't mind my going to see Jim would she? And now she is out and papa, perhaps his mother won't like to send up to the Hall for things for the boy, unless she is told, and I know mamma would wish that Jim should be attended to. I may go, mayn't I?'

'Yes, Arthur, I think you may, but you had better not go into the cottage; Jim must be kept very quiet.'

'Very well, I'll take care. Good bye, Hal; get the hut ready, for I shall send down the bunnies soon, and if I can, I'll run over to-night and see how they look.'

'And saying so, the boy sprang on his pony and cantered off.'

'Now Harry, says Mrs. Lester, when her nephew was out of sight, 'are you not glad that you did not revenge yourself upon your cousin as you wished? If you had, you would have been very sorry now.' What Harry answered I do not know, though my little readers may easily guess, for I can assure them that never since, under any provocation, has been heard to utter a passionate or revengeful wish, or known to do to his companions differently to what he would like them to do to him.—*Band of Hope Review.*

PRAYER MEETINGS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—The following extract from a letter, written to a London contemporary, by a soldier in the ranks in the Crimea will be read with interest by all friends of missions.

'Camp before Sebastopol, June 1, 1855.—I will tell you a little matter which I think may interest you; and it being the first of the kind which I had witnessed, I was a good deal interested in it. I will take it for granted that you are, from the numerous sketches of the place becoming acquainted with our position, although they cannot know the caves, crags and corners of the ravines as well as myself. Well, to have a quiet meditation, a few Sundays ago I took my Testament in my pocket, and left the din and confusion of the camp, and went and placed myself among the rocks of the ravine which forms the Woronzoff road. I sat down, and had not been reading long, before a gentle breeze brought to my ear a sound of voices, it ceased, but the wind brought the sound again; my curiosity was excited; I got up and looked about; at first I could only discern a great many groups of men about, chiefly Frenchmen, washing their linen in the ravine, and a few Bat-men grazing their horses, but the song went on; I heard the voices more distinctly, and a good way off. On the opposite side of the ravine, I observed against a stone wall four soldiers in full dress, and a man in the costume of a servant; I watched them and in a few minutes the voices ceased, and I saw them all go down on their knees, in which position they remained ten minutes, when they arose and left in the direction of the Second Division. I felt thankful that there were a few worshippers even on that mountain, in the sight of French and English Bat-men, and in the sight of Him who looketh down on the children of men, to see if there be any that understandeth and that seeketh after God.'

A POOR BOY'S NOBLE RESOLUTION.

'I know I am poor; but I am not ragged, and I will try to be honest. I can go to the Sabbath-school, and there I can get my tract and pretty book; and my teacher says, if I get the knowledge of Christ, I shall be richer than many a man who owns a million of dollars. Yes, I am poor! But I am not poor enough to steal, or to beg, or to lie. And I am not poor enough to leave on Sabbath, or to go to grog shops.'

'What if I am poor? My teacher says the blessed Saviour was poor. He says the apostles were poor. And he says God loves the poor.'

'I will sing a little before I work:

'He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is poor need never be ashamed,
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide!'

Thank ye for that, good John Bunyan! they say you were a poor boy yourself once; no better than a tinker. Very well, you are rich enough now, I dare say.

'I don't see, after all, but that I can sing as gaily as if I had a thousand pounds. Money does not tempt me as it does other boys. There is square Jones; he is rich; but I never heard him sing a hymn in his life. His cheek is paler than mine, and his arms are thinner; and I am sure he can't sleep sounder than I do.'

'No, I am not so poor either. This fine spring morning I feel quite rich. The fields and flowers are mine. The red clouds yonder, where the sun is going to rise, are mine. All these robins, and thrushes, and larks, are mine. I never was sick in my life. I have bread and water. What could money buy me more than this?'

'I thought I was poor, but I am rich.'

The birds have no purse or pocket-book; neither have I. They have no pains or aches; neither have I. They have food and drink; so have I. They are cheerful; so am I. They are taken care of by the Lord; so am I.

NEWLY IMPROVED MODEL MELODEONS.

Sold at the Cabinet Ware-rooms of the Messrs. J. & G. Lowndes, at the end of King Street.—These instruments from their superior quality of tone have attracted the attention of the most distinguished Musicians throughout the Country. Prices vary from £16 to £48.

[From George Washbourne Morgan.]

Messrs. MARSH & HAMLIN, Agents, New York, June 17, 1854.

GENTS.—I have had the pleasure of trying one of your Melodeons this morning. I can strongly recommend them to parties wishing to study the Organ, and can assure you for my own use, I should select one of your make.

Most faithfully yours,

GEO. WASHBOURNE MORGAN, Late Organist of St. Clara's, Southwark, the Parish Church of South Hackney, and to the Harmonic Union, Exeter Hall, London.

St. John, N. B., March 27, 1855.

MR. STEVENS.—Dear Sir.—It is with pleasure I make known to you the opinion of myself and many others, of the MELODEON purchased from you a few months ago. This instrument manufactured by MARSH & HAMLIN, has given me the utmost satisfaction, both in Tone, Touch, and Power, and I freely, and cheerfully admit it is the best I have ever seen. Since its introduction into our instrument in our Choir Practice we find a great improvement, thereby sustaining the Voice, and procuring a perfect Tone to every Note.

I am dear Sir, yours truly,

R. D. McARTHUR, Conductor of St. Andrew's Church Choir.

HENRY HORTON, Importer of all kinds of Harness Mounting, Saddles, Bridles, Whip Thongs, &c.

Union Street, North of the Country Market, St. John, N. B.

Offers for sale HARNES MOUNTINGS in Silver, Brass and Japan; Cart, Wagon, and Team Harnes; Pad Plates; Saddle Trees; Spurs; Bits; Curry Combs; Collar Cuffs; Chain Traces; Breaching and Back Chains; Collar Cuffs; Chain Traces; Pad Leather, and Webs of all kinds; Riding and Driving Whips; Wool; Saddles; Bridles; Martingales; Flog Oil and Oil Blacking; and every other article now in use.

P. S.—All kinds of Harness, Saddles, and Bridles, made to order, and sold with the above cheap for cash or approved payment.

June 6.

NEW Brunswick Saddle, Harness, and Collar Market, opposite the New Brunswick Hotel.

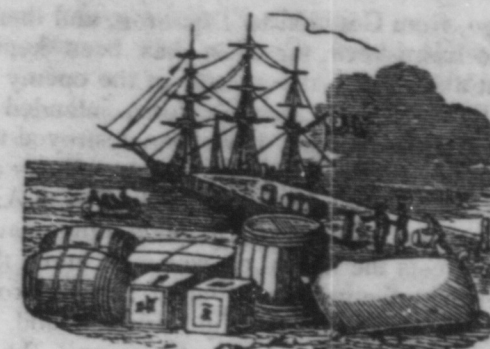
The Subscribers beg leave to return thanks to their friends who so liberally patronized them since their commencement in business, and would inform the public that they have selected, and engaged the services of the most competent men in the city, that they are now ready to execute all orders, which for neatness and durability cannot be surpassed in this city.

Also on hand—A lot of superior English and Domestic manufactured Saddles, Braces, Collars, and Whips, wholesale and retail. Terms Cash.

St. John, April 27, 1855. D. W. & J. R. ADAMS.

REMOVED.—Day's Printing Office has been removed to the Corner of Market and Germain streets, opposite D. & J. Leavitt's Grocery Store, where all orders will be punctually attended to.

May 11. GEORGE W. DAY.



HENRY ROBERTSON, Importer and Wholesale and Retail dealer in CHINA, GLASS, and Earthen Ware. No. 2, St. Stephen's Building, King's Square, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

June 29.

PORTO RICO.—50 casks and 9 tierces very Bright Molasses, "Perseverance" from Guaymal, Porto Rico. Also—by steamer "Adelphi" from Boston, a further supply of Newell's Patent Safety Lamps.

Jan. 15. HANNAH & UNDERHILL.

CARPETS AND RUGS.—Now open for sale at the Dutch Carpets, a splendid variety of 3-ply Super and the Dutch Carpets, with Rugs to match.

The balance of Stock of Patent Tapestry Carpets, we are now offering at 5s. 3d. per yard, very best qualities.

March 23. BEARD & YENNING.

GERMAN BAKING POWDERS.

FOR making Bread without yeast and in one fourth the time; also Puddings without eggs (with directions in making Puddings and Pastry, which it deprives of all their indigestible properties, and at the same time, if Dripping or Lard be used instead of Butter, it removes all unpleasant taste.—Manufactured by George Berwick London.

For sale by HANNAH & UNDERHILL, 46 King Street.

July 27.

HATS AND CAPS.—Spring and Summer style

mer style of Hats for 1855, as adopted by the Paris and New York Hatters of Trade. This is a beautiful style, crown 7 1/2 inches high; brim, 2 1/2 inches wide; no binding; feather edge; band 4 inch wide; curve of brim 1/2 inch.

We have on hand a very large stock of Cloth Caps, just manufactured for spring and summer wear, to which we call particular attention.

Our prices are exceedingly low, and as most of our goods are manufactured under our own immediate inspection, we trust that we shall be able to continue to meet with public approval.

Hats and Caps made to order.

June 1. C. D. EVERETT & SON, North side King street.

COUNTRY AGENCY.—The subscriber begs to inform any business whatever, in the City of St. John, that he now resides in Germain Street, immediately over the Religious Intelligence Office. Persons wishing to see him on business, may kind call on by calling at his residence.

Letters sent to him by private conveyance must henceforth be left at the above named office.

Letters sent by mail addressed C. E. Freeze, St. John, N. B. All of which will receive immediate attention.

May 25. E. C. FREEZE.

THOMAS HANFORD, Nelson Street.—A Gen

June 8, 1855. WILLARD'S PATENT CHURNS.

NEW STORE at Indiantown.—Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Findings. Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Groceries, &c., for sale at lowest prices, Wholesale and Retail.

Indiantown, June 1, 1855. STEVENSON & IRVIN, 2 months.

MARLBORO HOTEL, BOSTON.—JOHN A. PARKS

Washington Street, and is very pleasantly situated on the corner of the city, and is now the best temperance house in town. There is social worship morning and evening in parlors, where all who choose may be present. It is a house where the traveler will find a pleasant home.

Boston, Oct. 1, 1853.

SOAP and Candle Manufactory.—The Subscriber

constantly on hand, at his Manufactory, and keeps which has recently been fitted up expressly for the business, a large stock of Soap and Candles, of every description, and orders from the Establishment may rely on their parties being promptly filled, and to their entire satisfaction; the Proprietor being resolved to retain the confidence of his customers.

Persons wishing to purchase are respectfully invited to call and inspect his stock.

ISAAC L. MERRITT, Union Street, near Waterloo Street.

May 25.

W. WALTON'S Leather and Shoe Finding

store at the sign of the big Shoe Hammer, next to the Religious Intelligence Book store, Germain street, St. John, N. B.

The subscriber has just received his Spring stock of English and American Leather and Shoe Finding, of every description, comprising French Calf-skin, Patent Leather, Bindings, Linings, Rasps, Knives, Patent Peg Awns, Allen's sewing Awns, and Claming Awns, shoe Threads of every description, Laces, Crimps, and Boot Trees. Shoe kit of all kinds, together with every other article generally kept in the business. As the subscriber does business on the cash principle, parties requiring any of the above goods would be glad to see him before purchasing elsewhere, as the motto is "6d. saved is 6d. gained."

N. B.—Just received, 50 sides New York Sole-Leather, 56 sides from the celebrated Tannery of Charles Melick.

June 1. W. W.

S. LILLEY, No. 14, King Street, St. John, N. B.

Would call the attention of the public to his large and varied stock of Goods, received per ships Middleton, John Barbour, and Achilles from London and Liverpool, and steamers from the United States, viz:

Drugs and Chemicals of all kinds.

Patent Medicines.

Brushes and Combs of nearly every description.

Shaving and Fancy Soaps. Perfumery.

Fancy Articles. Spices of all kinds.

Dye stuffs—Logwood, Redwood, and Fustic, ground and in stick. Indigo, Alum, Copperas, Blue Vitriol, and Annatto.

Brandy, No. 1 White Lead, in 14lb., 28lb., 56lb., and 1 cwt. kegs. Red, Yellow, Black, Blue, and Green Paints.

Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil. Spirits Turpentine and Varnish.

Oil and Porpelle Oil.

Pure E. L. Castor Oil, in tins.

Good Leaf, Glazier's Diamond, Glass, Putty, Lamplack, Glue, &c.

Confectionery, in great variety, from the best Scotch and American manufacturers.

Seeds—Clover, Timothy, and Garden Seeds—warranted fresh.

For sale wholesale and retail at lowest market prices.

June 1.

GROCERIES.—The subscribers are receiving ex schr

Orlando, from Boston.

30 bags Java Coffee; 10 do. Cape do.

8 bris. and 10 boxes Soderstr.

300 bags Ground Rice Salt. 2 bales soft Shell Almonds.

6 boxes Thelard, do. 4 Packets Cloves.

10 bags Castana Nuts. 1 bbl. Mason's Blacking.

5 Bbls. Ground Logwood. 1 bale Glass.

Strong Souchong, Orange Pekoe and Oolong Tea. Rice, Tobacco, Castile Soap, Citron, Arrowroot, Spirit Candles, American Mustard, Saltpeper, Sulphur, &c. &c. &c.

In Store—50 sides, very Bright Porto Rico Sugar.

150 chests half chests Tea. 25 bris. crushed Sugar.

30 boxes Tobacco, various brands.

15 bags Filberts and Walnuts. 10 bbls. Matthews' Cider Vinegar.

Burning Fluid, Logwood and Redwood. Colman's Starch and Mustard. Newell's Patent Starch. Glenfield Patent Powder Starch. Preston & Merrell's Yeast Powder. and a general assortment of other Groceries, Fruit, &c. for sale Wholesale and Retail, by

HANNAH & UNDERHILL, 46 King Street.

June 1.

SAFETY Lamps and Cans.—We are now opening a

lot of Newell's Patent safety, solar hanging, side and Table Lamps, Ship's Cabin lamps, safety cans, &c., just received from the manufacturer.

Also—A large assortment of Fluid Lamps, suitable for light, shops, Public Rooms, &c. Also—Brass Taps, for Oil Lamps altered to burn Fluid.