

Poetry.

LIFE'S HARVEST.

Ho, reapers of Life's Harvest
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing—
Why sit ye, idle, dumb?
Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.

Thy Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?
Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below.
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat and cold;
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wreath of gold.

And mount the crumbling tower-towers,
And herald on the truth;
Preach out the golden precepts,
To wild and wayward youth.
Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge,
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord;
And then a glorious chaplet
Shall be thy rich reward.

'ONE GLASS MORE.'

Stay, mortal, stay! needst thou
Thy sure destruction seal?
Within that cup lurks a curse
Which all who drink shall feel.

Disease and death, for ever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of—'Give me one glass more.'

Go, view the prisoners' gloomy cells;
Their sin and misery see;
Gaze, gaze upon these earthly hells—
In drink their woes began.

Of yonder children, bathed in tears,
Ask, why is mother poor?
They'll whisper in thy startled ears,
'Twas father's—'One Glass more.'

Stay, mortal, stay! repent; return!
Reflect upon thy fate:
The poisonous draught for ever spun,
Spurn, spurn, it—ere too late!

Oh! by the herid grog-shop, then,
Nor linger at the door,
Lest thou perchance should'st slip again
The treacherous—'One glass more.'

Trust not to thy deceitful heart,
The Saviour's grace inspire;
Through him from every sin depart,
And touch that glass no more.

Miscellany.

THE YOUNG MARTYR.

A STORY OF QUEEN MARY'S REIGN.

On a bright summer evening, about three hundred years ago, two young men—scarcely to be called men; the one sixteen, the other a year or two older—walked down Cheapside, London, together.

Business was over—people, kept early hours then—the clumsy shutters were for the most part closed. Tradesmen lounged at their doors, pretty faces looked out of lattice windows, and apprentices played at clubs, quarter staff, or single-stick in the road, and woke up quiet people with their clatter.

While things were thus, the two young men named before—Mark Lorimer the younger, and Edward Dawmer the elder—walked down Cheapside together. They were talking very earnestly, and did not seem to heed the boys at play, or the loud laughter that rang through the Cheap, and made the rooks upon St. Mary Arculus come out of their homes to see what was the matter.

"I am sorry that it should be so," the elder lad observed; "and sorry that our lot should be cast in such troublous times."

"Would God," returned Mark, "we knew when they would end!"

"I understand," went on the other, "that there is to be another burning in Smithfield to-morrow, and that Queen Mary and her husband will be present."

"God pity them!" said Mark; "may they find more mercy in the last judgement than they have meted out upon the earth."

"Amen," said Mark, and his face flushed crimson, "I heard, and knew it for a truth, that they burned a child not many days old in the flames with his mother; they drove another frantic, and then slew it for its mad words. They are crowding the streets with orphans, and offering up in the fires that are daily kindled the best and bravest of the land."

"Hush, hush!" said Dawmer; "there are ears everywhere—be careful."

"I am not afraid," Mark answered, with all a boy's heroism, "I say again that these things ought not to be."

"Yes, yes, that is all very well," Dawmer returned; "but it is not a pleasant thing to be tied to a whipping-post, as more than a score of lads were, not many days ago, and lashed almost to death."

"I would not deny the truth," said Mark, "if the whips were scorpions, and the whipping-post the stake."

"But supposing now," Dawmer asked—O, so slyly and so softly—"they were to come to you and say, 'What do you think about the bread and wine in the Lord's supper?'"

"What do you think of it?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Bread and wine."

"But after the prayers of the priest?"

"Bread and wine."

"Why, don't you know," said Dawmer "that it would be flat heresy to say so?"

"Why?"

"After the priest has consecrated it it is bread and wine no longer."

"The young man laughed. "What is it, then?" he asked.

"The body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"That I deny," said the young man, "and all ways will deny."

"Well, you know it's better to be cautious," said Dawmer. "Nobody can tell what may happen in these troublous times; better, I should think, try some cunning way of getting out of it."

"What," said Mark, smiling again, "frame some pet verse, like poor Princess Elizabeth—God save her!"

"Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

Thus talking, the young men passed on, crossed the Stocks market, and shaped their course for London Bridge, where they parted.

Mark Lorimer lived with his father on this famous old bridge, for in those days it was covered with houses, and had the appearance of a regular street. It was evening, and the sun was setting, when Mark reached home. In a small room, which overhung the river, sat his old father; he was watching the stream as it flowed rapidly onward, gurgling and struggling against the piles of the bridge, as it dashed wildly under the narrow arches. The old man turned his head as Mark entered, and clasped his hands. They sat and talked together about the troubles of the period, about the cruelty of Queen Mary, and the dread that was on all those who held the reformed faith.

They talked of those whom they had known, with whom they had often worshipped, but who had suffered death by fire or sword for the faith they had held so dear. They sat and talked together till the sun had glided away, and the pale moon had arisen in the heavens, and cast its flood of mellow light on the picturesque old city. Then the old man summoned his servant—a godly woman, stricken in years; the cloth was spread, a frugal meal spread out, and they sat down to supper.

The old man asked God's blessing on their food, and as he ended there was a loud knock at the outer door. Margery withdrew to open it. A few moments more, and a tall, well-made man strode into the room. He lifted his cap as he did so with a courtly air, then, pointing to a paper which he held in his hand, said, "In Queen Mary's name."

They saw it all. The old man arose, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; Margery wept aloud; but the young man was gone. The few moments which had elapsed between the knock and the entrance had been sufficient to apprise the old man of his son's danger. The other knew and felt it, and at his sire's command had concealed himself in one of those secret closets with which old houses then abounded.

"Sir," said the officer, "I have come here, commanded to arrest your son. Let him come forth."

"Sir," returned the old man, "my son is but a child; yet do your errand if you list."

"Your son was seen to enter here—he is here now—surrender him at once!"

The old man refused. The officer called aloud to his men, who waited outside, and five or six stout fellows, in leather jerkins and half armor, came at his command. The searched, but search, ed in vain; and when every effort proved fruitless they turned fiercely on the old man, who watched their every movement.

"Old blood shall pay for young blood, if you conceal him longer," said the officer, "As I live, you shall taste the rack for this!"

"Spare the green and take the ripe," the old man answered; "and God be judge between us!"

What need it to repeat all that was said—how oaths were mingled with the holy name of Jesus, and how they roughly used the venerable man, and were about to test him, as they said, by holding his hand over a burning lamp. Just at that moment the secret door was opened, and the young man came forth.

He was thrown into prison that night, and the old man, with a heavy heart, was left in his home. The next day and the next he sought to see his son, but sought in vain; on the third day he was told that he was condemned—that he who had betrayed him had borne witness against him—conclusive evidence, they said, of guilt. This fellow was but a lad himself; no other than Edward Dawmer—Judas that he was!—he had sold his friend for the blood-money, and had left him now to die.

So there was another high holiday. Crowds thronged the way again from Newgate to Smithfield; thousands gathered in that open space; and city officers and soldiers kept guard about the stakes, which were ready for the victims.

Six or seven were to die that day, and huge bundles of fagots were being brought together for the burning. At the hour fixed, the prisoners were brought through the street—four men, two women; and the lad Mark Lorimer. They were exhorted by the priests to repent, but remained true to the gospel; were fastened by strong chains and iron rings to the stakes, the fagots piled about them, and at a given signal fired. So the black smoke curled up, and the fire leaped and danced, and some of the people wept. It was more than an hour before it was all over, and then the people went their way. So perished young Mark Lorimer—a victim to the persecution of Queen Mary's reign.

If you had entered the old house on the bridge, and gone with Margery to the little room that overlooked the Thames, you would have seen the old man kneeling down. If you had touched him, you would have found him dead!—*National Magazine.*

FAITH AND WORKS.

On the faith of Forth was an old ferryman, a man of much thought and observation, but of few words; a constant student of the Bible, and a firm believer in its truths. Among his patrons were two loquacious companions, whose business led them across the river once a week. One of them was, as he supposed, a high-toned Calvinist, while the other imagined himself to be equally well grounded in the tenets of Arminius. Their conversation always turned upon some doctrinal point. The ferryman was frequently annoyed by the repetition of faith on one side, and works on the other, because they were used in a sense so different from their real import, and so destructive of their scriptural harmony.

At length the patient old man felt obliged to interfere. He said nothing, but fell upon the following expedient. Upon one of his oars he painted the word *faith*; upon the other oars. It was not long before the zealous but friendly disputants applied for a passage over the Forth. Upon entering the deepest part of the river, where the swollen water rushed down with fearful violence, the ferryman took in "Faith," and pulled away upon "Works," with all his might. The boat went around and around, much to the annoyance and the terror of the two passengers.

"Put out the other oar," said one of them, in a loud and angry tone. "Very well," was the calm reply of the old man—at the same time taking in "Works," and relying on "Faith" alone. The experiment with this oar produced the same result and drove the witnesses of it to the conclusion that the ferryman was "out of his head."

The old man however continued his "practical demonstration" on the water, until the friends were prepared to see two things in connection. He then called their attention to the names of his oars: "I have tried your way," said he—"and yours; and you have seen the result. Now observe my way."

And giving a steady hand to each oar, the little boat soon acknowledged the power of their harmonious strokes, by the straight and rapid flight which she took for the landing.

"I AM TOO YOUNG TO BE A CHRISTIAN."

Just thought a boy whose thirteenth birthday had just passed. While reflecting upon himself, had looked in upon his own heart, conscience seemed to whisper that something was wanting. A neglected God and a neglected Bible rose up before him, and he was half persuaded to turn and live. But then he thought of his associates—of the happy faces that met him each day at school. They are not Christians, thought he, and why should I be? They are happy without religion, and why should I not be? "I am too young to be a Christian," was his final decision, as he rose from his seat to join his schoolmates at play.

Will any of our dear young readers let this dangerous excuse prevent their going to heaven? None of you have the promise of a single day longer to live. Then why will you put off repentance, and die? Christ is ever ready to receive the young when they turn unto him. He stretches out his hand and helps them in their feeble efforts to come. And he tenderly yearns over them, and calls them to him.

The Bible abounds with invitations and promises to the young.

"They that seek me early shall find me." Is not this a sure promise? Then why will you stay away?—*Well-Spring.*

A STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.—There once was a little boy, who heard one Sunday a clergyman preach. The text which the clergyman read was, "Verily, verily, I say unto you whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."

After reading the text, he stopped a minute, and asked his hearers to consider what it was they should like most, and then to ask for it in Jesus' name, trusting to his promise that it would be given to them. At the end of the service the little boy asked his aunt if she had asked for anything, then she asked him what he had asked God to give him, and he said, "I thought first of one thing I should like, and then another, but I did not know which would be the best; and so I said, Father thy will be done."

NEW FALL GOODS.—FRASER, ENNIS & Co., beg to announce the arrival of the greater portion of their Fall supplies per Packets John Banner and Joseph Taylor. The Stock—which has been carefully selected and is in the best of terms—will be, and worthy the attention of buyers, and comprises in part—

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in French Colours and Merinos, Regatta and Chobham Figures, South Plaid, French Tartans, Chambray, Crapes and Melbourne Cloth, Cinnamon and Thibet Robes, Laces, Parasuits, Lams and other textures.

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GLOVES—two halves Printed Woolen Druggets—which are offered wholesale at cost and charges.

Remainder of Stock expected per "Imperial" and "Liberty."

All Goods marked in plain figures. An inspection of the Stock is solicited.

King Street, opposite St. John Hotel. Oct.

WINTER, WINTER.—The Subscribers have on hand a large and varied assortment of English, American and Domestic Manufactured Hats & Caps, suitable for Fall or Winter wear.

In Hats, we have Satin, Fur, Kessiah, Cuban, Magyar, Jerry, Cassimere, Covered, Glazed, &c. In Caps, we have Fur of all description, Astracah, Seal, Silk, Flush, Cloth, Glazed, Gengary, Seantette, Storm, &c. &c.

As we always sell our Goods at a small profit we cannot advertise that we will sell at 15 or 20 per cent. below ordinary rates, but we do promise to sell at such prices as cannot fail to give every satisfaction to any reasonable person—Wholesale and Retail. C. D. EVERETT & SON.

Dec. 1. (usual papers.) North Side King-street.

VALUABLE RELIGIOUS LIBRARY.—The Works of the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., of London:

Lectures on the Apocalypse, 2 vols.
" Seven Churches;
" Miracles;
" Daniel;
Minor Works, 2 vols.;
Scripture Readings, Genesis, Exodus;
The Test and the Altar;
" Church before the Flood;
Benedictions to the Blessed Life;
Voices of the Day, Dead, Night;
For sale at Publishers Prices—Wholesale & Retail.
Dec. 29.—6in. J. & A. McMillan.

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The great advantages we offer are these, that while many advertise for a limited period CHEAP SALES, we are prepared at all times to supply our numerous customers with GOODS OF THE NEWEST STYLES, and warranted fabrics at LOWER PRICES than any other house advertising "Cheap Sales," "Great Reductions," &c.

ETP The Stock is replenished with every article kept in a first class Dry Goods Establishment.

Nov. 17.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! A new and valuable supply of Books have been received at the Religious Intelligence Office, for sale; and more are expected in a few days. The following Catalogue shows a part of the stock and prices:—

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NOTICE.—All persons having any demands against the late WILLIAM ALEXANDER, of the Parish of Blissette, County of Sanbury, are hereby requested to hand in their accounts duly attested within three months from this date; and all persons indebted to the Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers.

GEORGE HOYT, Executor.
ELIZABETH ALEXANDER, Executrix.
Blissette, Sanbury Co., Nov. 1st, 1854.—3u. pd.

NOTICE.—M'KIM & CLEAR, MARBLE CUTTERS, having lately dissolved Partnership, the Subscriber, late a member of that Firm, begs to intimate to his friends and the public generally, that he purposes in a few weeks, to open a new MARBLE CUTTING ESTABLISHMENT, and has engaged a superior Workman, to assist in conducting the business.

Monuments, Head Stones, Centre Tables, &c., executed in a workman like style. Ten per cent discount will be made for CASH.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. The work done in this Establishment will not be inferior to that of any other Establishment in this City.

Orders in the usual time will be received at the Subscriber's residence, "in Mr. Wm. Hewitt's House," Leicester Street, or at Mr. J. Kinneen's Store, Prince William Street, St. John, N. B., Dec. 22d, 1854. F. W. CLEAR.

NOTICE.—All persons having any demands against the Estate of William Urquhart, of Springfield, Kings County, deceased, are hereby requested to hand in their accounts duly attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber.

DANIEL URQUHART, Administrator.
Springfield, N. C., October 16, 1854. 3m.

14TH MARCH.—Just opened at Gilmore's Tailoring Establishment, FIRST SPRING IMPORTATION, in Black, Broad, Black Cassimere, and Fancy Dressings, &c. Call and Examine Remains of Spring Goods EXPECTED DAILY. March 17.

HANNAH & UNDERHILL, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Flour, Fruits, Baking Powder, Lard, &c., Taylor's Brick Building, South side King Street, Saint John, N. B.

FOR SALE.—By F. W. CLEAR, at his residence on Leicester Street, near Mr. James Reed, a MELODEON of superior tone and finish, suitable for Church or Parlour. Dec. 22, 1854.—6in.

BLANKETS AND FURS.—A large and well assorted stock of the above Goods is offered at reduced prices, in consequence of the late season.

FRASER, ENNIS & CO.,
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December 15th, 1854.



CHERRY PECTORAL.

For the rapid Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,
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CROUP, ASTHMA, AND
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TO CURE A COLD, WITH HEADACHE AND SORENESS OF THE THROAT.—Take the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, and wrap up warm, to sweat during the night. And the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble when they find it can be so readily cured. Persons afflicted with a sore throat, which breaks them off their rest at night, will find by taking the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, they may be sure of sound, unbroken sleep, and consequent refreshing rest. Great relief from suffering, and an ultimate cure, is offered to thousands who are thus afflicted, by this invaluable remedy.

From its agreeable effects in these cases, many find themselves unwilling to forego its use when the necessity for it has ceased.

TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS this remedy is invaluable, as by its action on the throat and lungs, when taken in small quantities, it removes all hoarseness in a few hours, and wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

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BRONCHITIS, or irritation of the throat and upper portion of the lungs, may be cured by taking Cherry Pectoral in small and frequent doses. The uncomfortable oppression is soon relieved.

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