

Poetry.

A FRAGMENT.

The vesper bells have tolled their sweetest chime,
And they have fled from earth and time;
The sun, with glory's radiant crest,
Now fades in slumber in your gorgeous West.

His last fond eyes have kiss'd the mountain height,
Where heaves now hush in twilight's hallowing light;
The stars o'er Heaven's expanse look glim'ring,
The shimmering brooklets mirror back each beam.

The gentle lake sleeps tranquil 'neath its bow,
Where when angels in its pure depths;
Co-vigil ophes sail on the moonlight beam,
Or hush in its pure placid stream.

No busy hum of industry is heard,
To staid the slumber of each summer bird;
Nor men disturb the sports of playful fish,
Nor man's strange joys trouble their "nightly fish."

But hark, strange in Moonbeams following light,
Gleams the dark armies of approaching night;
While each proud phalanx from its gleam dips,
Their sturdy banners in their radiant dip.

Thus as the day speeds on—and fades its light,
And e'er as drows the canopy of Night;
So man—this mortal from his mortal's womb—
Sinks in the dark pollution of the tomb.

But as the future hushes o'er his rest,
So angels greet the bright eternal dawn;
So man shall soar above the realms of night,
Chanting eternal hallel—the TRIMMERS OF LIGHT.

Then hark—yes hark!—that hymn: King of Death!
To these we give our loving, quivering breath;
The darkness shall soon to chaos driven—
Give up its gloom to halcyon groves of HEAVEN!

Warning to Sinners, to flee from the wrath to come.

With love and pity I look round
Upon my fellow sinner;
See men reject the gospel sound,
Good God! what shall I say?

O sinners, sinners, will you hear,
When in God's name I speak?
Can you persist to persevere,
Lest hell should be your doom.

Now is the time, 'tis accepted hour,
O sinners! come away;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.

Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withhold;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his will.

Then woe, poor sinners, will you be,
If I do come at last;
When two your injured Judge shall see,
And stand before his face.

Oh! could you shun that awful sight,
How would you wish to die;
To the black shades of endless night,
From that all-seeing eye.

But death and hell must all appear,
And sin among them stand;
Behold the great immortal bar,
Arrive at Christ's left hand.

No sinning sinner's plea then,
Will e'er avail my heart;
No, I shall surely say, Amen,
When Christ bids you depart.

Let not those warnings be in vain,
But lend a listening ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When woe is keen despair.

Miscellaneous.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE BIBLE.

A LECTURE TO CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. A. G. SMITH, D. D.

I am sure, my dear boys and girls, that if I were now to ask you which is the best book in the world, you would all cry out at once, "The Bible!" But if I were to ask again, "What makes it the best?" some of you might be puzzled for an answer; and if I then put the question, "Do you then, love it the best?" they would be ready to hang down their heads in shame, ashamed to say, "No;" but not able truly to say, "Yes." There was once a very clever and learned gentleman,* but an infidel—that is, one who did not believe the Scriptures—and he was travelling among the mountains and valleys of Wales. He came to a roadside cottage in a lonely, lovely spot, and as he was very tired and thirsty, stopped to ask for a cup of water. It was a little girl he spoke to, sitting at the cottage door with a book upon her knee. She instantly rose, and said, "Will you not have a cup of milk, sir? for you are hot, and the cold water would hurt you." He was very pleased with her kindness, and thought he would like a little chat with her. So when she came out with the milk, he said, "I see you are getting your lesson there, my dear." "No, sir," she answered; "I am only reading." "Why, what book?" "The Bible, sir." "What," said he, half smiling to himself, as he gave her back the cup, "do you like that book, then?" For a moment the little maiden did not answer for surprise; then, lifting her bright eyes to his face, she said, "Why, sir, I thought that everybody loved the Bible." And the gentleman had the child good bye, and slowly rode along. I do not know what he was thinking of then; but years after, when he had become a true and humble Christian, he used to tell of that little Welsh girl, and to say, "And I, too, now think I understand what the Bible is, an almost as ready to wonder at my question as she was; for every one who really knows it must surely love it too."

Many reasons may be given why the book of God should be so loved. Some have been mentioned in our Lectures. I will now speak of only two—in its **CLARITY**, and its **FITNESS**.

First.—The Bible is clear. A little girl once showed me a book she had had as a reward, beautifully bound, with gilt edges, and many pictures. "What a beautiful book!" I said. "Yes," she replied; "but I like this better;" and she took up a little brown volume lying by its side, and said, "and with scarcely one picture from the beginning to the end." And what makes you like this best?" "Because I can understand it," she said; "and the other is too hard for me." I do not remember what the books were, but I have often thought, my dear children, what a happy thing it is for us that God's book is one that we can understand—not "too hard" for any of us. Suppose the Bible were a very difficult book, that only a few very wise and learned people could make out, what would the poor people do who have to work for their daily bread? and what would become of the little children? The Roman Catholic tell us

the Bible is hard like this, and that little children and poor people must not read it; but we know better. I do not forget, my dear children, that there are a great many things in Scripture you cannot make out till you are older and wiser; and your kind teachers are here to help you to understand some of these; but you can tell me yourselves that there is much quite plain to you. And recollect this, what is most needful is the plainest. The way to heaven is all clear. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." You can understand that, can you not? Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." That is plain, is it not, my dear children? There is not an archangel in heaven who can altogether understand everything in God's book; but there is not a little one in this Sunday school who may not learn enough from it to become wise unto salvation.

You have often looked up to the sky on a bright winter's night, and have admired the stars there shining in their glory. And among the larger brighter ones you have seen others twinkling, faint and dim, like specks that you could scarcely see. Then, dimmer still, there has appeared a thin white mist along the dark blue heaven, as if a high cloud lay up there far beyond the stars. But another person takes his telescope, and looks at this misty brightness, until he finds in it the light of hundreds of stars that your eyes could never see. And another, with a larger telescope, finds out thousand more, farther, farther still. But with a third telescope you might look deeper into the sky, and see millions more, and still not reach the end of the firmament which God has made. So it is, dear children, with the truths of this blessed book. There are some great and glorious ones which, like the brightest stars, we can all see. And the longer we live—if, indeed, we wish and try to learn, and ask God's Spirit to teach us—the more we shall find out, as if we used one telescope after another, to look deep into these wondrous things—and still there will be more!

And what was the second reason for which we should love the Bible? Its **FITNESS**. Yes; and by that I mean that it is just such a book as we all want. I have spoken to you in this and the last Lecture a good deal about light. Did you ever think that one reason why the light is so pleasant and beautiful is that it is fit for all? It is a home everywhere. There comes one sunbeam, and it goes through the splendid windows of a palace, and lights up the halls where lords and ladies meet; and there goes another through the little cottage-cumbers, to shine upon the poor, happy faces round the poor man's table. And the grandest flowers in the garden, and the lowliest flowers of the field, the diamond in the Queen's crown, and the violet in the glass by the sick child's bedside, are all made beautiful by Light. Now the truths of the Bible are just like this. They are fitted for everybody; for Victoria upon her throne, and the beggar in the street; for Eve, with her angel face, and for poor Topsy in her ignorance and rage. In the next Lecture but one, I hope to tell you what makes the Bible so fitted for all; now I only want you to remember that it is this fitness which helps to make it the best of books. It reaches you just what you need to learn, my children, now you are young, and well, and happy; and when the time of sorrow comes you will find it, if you love its truths, most precious then. I could tell you of wise men, and rich men, and of poor men, and little children, who have indeed felt the value of the Scriptures in the day of sadness, or in the hour of death. A little girl who loved the Bible dearly became blind, and when she could no longer see to read it, she only loved it more. A kind friend gave her a New Testament, printed for the use of the blind, in raised letters, which she could feel with her fingers, and so make out. Never was a child more delighted than she. It was a touching thing to see her, every moment she could spare, passing her fingers slowly over the page, as her lips silently uttered the precious words. But her touch was not quick enough for her; her finger-ends—poor child!—were rough, and sometimes she had to stop a long time over a word. So one day she took a pen-knife, and lightly pared away the skin from just the tips of her fingers, hoping that so her feeling would be more tender, and she could get on faster. What was her distress in finding after a few days that her skin had grown again, but so hard that she could not feel the shape of a single letter! She tried, and tried, but all in vain; then, bursting into an agony of tears, she pressed the much-loved pages to her lips, to bid them, as she thought, a last farewell. But, as she did so, she suddenly found out that her lips had the feeling which her fingers had lost. The letters, the words, were quite plain. I cannot tell you her joy that she still could read. And hundred of times since the blessed book has been held to her lips, not in sorrow, for a farewell kiss, but in thankfulness and joy that even so she can read the words of everlasting life.

Think, then, of these two reasons. Dear children, the book of God is plain to you if you will seek to understand it. It is fit for you, and ever will be so, in health and sickness, in sorrow and in joy.

Let this blessed volume ever lie close to my heart and near my eye;
For life's best hours my thoughts engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

—Union Magazine.

THE RUMSELLER'S DREAM.

"Well, wife, this is too horrible! I cannot continue this business any longer."

"Why, dear, what's the matter now?"

"O, such a dream, such mauling of men's bones and such an army of starved mortals; so many murders, such cries, and shrieks, and yells, and such horrid gnashing of teeth, the glaring eyes, and such a blazing fire and such devils. Oh, I cannot endure it. My hair stands on end, and I am so filled with horror that I can scarcely speak. Oh! if ever I sell rum again!"

"My dear, you are frightened."

"Oh! don't talk to me. I am determined not to have anything more to do with rum, anyhow."

"Don't you think Tom Wilson came up to me with his throat cut from ear to ear, and such a horrible gash, and it was so hard for him to speak, and so

much blood; and says he, 'See here, Joe, the result of your rum-selling?' My blood chilled at the sight, and just then the house seemed to turn bottom up, and the earth opened, and a little imp took me by the hand, saying, 'Follow me.' As I went, grim devils held out to me cups of liquid fire, saying, 'Drink this.' I dared not refuse. Every draught set me in a rage. Serpents hissed upon each side, and from above reached down their heads and whispered, 'Rumseller!' On and on the imp led me, through the narrow pass. All at once he paused and said, 'Are you dry?' 'Yes,' I replied. Then he struck a trap-door with his foot, and down we went, the legions of fiery serpents followed us, whispering, 'Drink, drink, drink!' At length we stopped again, and the imp asked me as before, 'Are you dry?' 'Yes,' I replied. He then touched a spring; a door flew open; there were thousands of old worn-out rumsellers crying most piteously, 'Rum, rum! give me some rum!' When they saw me, they stopped a moment to see who I was. Then the imp cried out so as to make all shake again, 'Rumseller!' and he and I went in, shut the door. For a moment they fixed their furious eyes upon me, and uttered a united yell, 'Dunn him,' which filled me with such terror that I awoke. There, wife, dream or no dream, I will never sell another drop of the infernal stuff. I will not."

PROTESTANTISM IN TURKEY.

The Constantinople correspondent of the *Christian Times* states, that the spread of Bible truth in Turkey has been very great during the last twenty years. There are in the empire more than fifty towns and villages where protestant assemblies for divine worship are held every Lord's day, the largest of which numbers about 700 worshippers, while in the smallest there are not, perhaps, more than three or four. There are sixty-five protestant preachers, seven of whom are natives of the country; and in Constantinople, and its suburbs there are fourteen protestant schools. Amongst the Armenians there are known also to be thousands who are really Protestants in sentiment, though not yet sufficiently moved by religious truth to compel them to take an open stand for the gospel before the world.

THE PRINCE OF CRIMINALS.

I am a criminal if I introduce into my neighbourhood anything which impairs the health of my fellow-citizens.

Or if I do anything to corrupt the morals of society.

Or if I destroy the character or the life of a human being.

Or if I make my neighbour's property without returning an equivalent for it.

Or if I invade the family circle and destroy or weaken the relation of husband and wife, parent and child.

Or if I knowingly and wantonly expose my neighbour's house to the torch of an incendiary.

Or if I encourage licentiousness and debauchery.

Or if I nerve the arm of a highway robber.

Or if I sharpen the knife of an assassin.

Or if I am a liquor-seller I do all these things, and am therefore fairly entitled to the honorable appellation of the "Prince of Criminals."—*Organ of Temperance Reform.*

RULERS OF THE WORLD IN 1854.

The following table has recently appeared in a foreign journal. In case of a general war, how much might be changed! There are at present 83 empires, monarchies, republics, principalities, duchies, and electorates. There are 6 emperors, including his Sable Highness Faustin I. of Hayti; 16 kings, numbering among them Jumbo, king of all the Mosquitoes, and also those of Dahomey and the Sandwich Islands; 3 queens, including Bananah of Madagascar, and Pomona of the Society Islands; 18 presidents; 10 reigning princes; 7 grand dukes; 10 dukes; 1 pope; 2 sultans, of Borneo and Turkey; 2 governors, of Entreos and Comorates; 1 viceroy, of Egypt; 1 shah, of Persia; 1 imam, of Muscat; 1 amir, of Cabul; 1 bey, of Tunis; and lastly, 1 director, of Nicaragua.

And who rules over these rulers among men?—Only two mighty rulers, the Prince of Peace, and his enemy, the prince of darkness, who claims many nations as his own for a time. But Christ must reign over all, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

SIMPLE CURE FOR THE CROUP.

If a child is taken with the croup, instantly apply cold water, ice water if possible, suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge. The breath will instantly be relieved. So soon as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it can; then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety, and lead the heart in thankfulness to the Power which has given to the clear, gushing fountain such medical qualities.

We publish the above for the purpose of bearing witness to the efficacy of the remedy, "with a slight variation." We have repeatedly, in our family, arrested attacks of this terrible disease upon a child who is subject to a very violent and stubborn form of the disease, by the following simple method. At the first symptom of the disease, wet a sponge or towel, folded to about four inches in width, and wind around the neck of the patient, and then take about half a pound of clean dry cotton-bating and tie it over the neck so as to hold the animal heat. Give the patient plenty of cold water to drink, and cover it up warm in bed. The cough will cease—the patient will sleep all night, and awake well in the morning. Wash the neck in cold water, and dress as usual. There is no danger of taking cold, and the dreadful effect of emetics are all avoided. We have tested this remedy by at least twenty trials within the past few years, and it has never failed. It is equally efficacious in quincy, if taken when the disease first manifests itself—as it is also in any other inflammation of the throat.

In trying the experiment, don't make it into your head that funnel, or an old stocking, or some other substitute will answer in place of the cotton. Dry cotton wool and plenty of it, is a perfect non-conductor of animal heat, and hence it is the best article and only sure reliance.—*Inf. Express.*

Advertisements.

VALUABLE FARM BY AUCTION.

WILL be sold on SATURDAY, the 15th April, next, at 12 o'clock, noon, on the premises, a **Valuable Farm**, situated in Dunelm Valley, Queen's County, two miles from the Nymphs Road, and only twenty-five from the city of St. John. The Farm contains 250 acres of land, and 25 acres of hay ground. There are 25 acres of clover and 25 acres of pasture. There is a good chance for a crop next season. It is well fenced with cedar fencing. There is a Log House and good Farm House, with Sheds attached to it, all newly built.

The terms of payment are as follows—15 per cent. at the time of sale; 25 per cent. on the 1st of May, when possession is given; and the remainder in one, two and three years, secured by Bond and Mortgage on the property. For further particulars apply to CHARLES LATTESON, on the premises, or to W. F. BONNELL, Auctioneer, Douglas Valley, March 8, 1854. 3143

FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale about **Sixty Acres of Land**, with a Dwelling House, Farm House, and other buildings. Also, an Over Shot Water Mill and Out-Kill. Also, a new Canning Machine, with House attached, and Dun separate from the Mill. All are in good repair, and possession can be given the first of May next. There is a good chance for a Saw Mill on the same stream. Any person wishing to purchase will please apply to the subscriber on the premises. It will be sold by the 25th of April next, they will be offered at auction on the 25th of that month. They are situated about two miles from the School House on Karsland Mountain, (so called), in St. John's County. W. F. BONNELL, Auctioneer, St. John, N. B., March 8, 1854. 3143

MARBLE MANUFACTORY. Union Street, St. John, N. B.—M. KIM & C. LEAR, Manufacturers of Monuments, Tombstones, Grave Stones, Chimney Pieces, and Centre Tables.—Every description of Ornamental Work executed with neatness at their establishments, Union Street, 45th house east of Charlotte Street. Monuments, Head Stones, &c. of the best material, in the most improved styles, and fully as cheap and durable as any which can possibly be obtained on this continent. M. Kim & C. Lear have long experience in England and Scotland. M. Kim & C. Lear feel satisfied that they can execute work, equal in every respect to any thing in their line now manufactured in the city; and, while they are prepared to allow all honest competitors "a clear stage and no favor," they are confident that they can produce at all times and on all occasions, workmanship in every respect superior to that of those who advertise their wares at "twenty-five per cent. less than any shop in the city;" and who, unscrupulous and unscrupulous in their art, can only attract attention by presenting to the public the superior execution of their workmanship as being a discerning public.

For sale—a large quantity of Soap Stone, a superior article for fine writing.

"Diploma" and Prize were awarded to R. A. McKim, for excellence in carving, at the last New Brunswick Provincial Exhibition. St. John, Jan. 8, 1854.

BOTANIC MEDICINES.

MENES, B. O. & G. C. WILSON, Chemists, of the Proprietors of the following valuable Botanic Medicines. An agency for New Brunswick and vicinity has been appointed by them in St. John; and the articles can be had, wholesale and retail, at Boston prices, in the same office with the *Religious Intelligencer*, immediately over the Drug Store of J. C. Chipman, King Street.

Compound Sarsaparilla. Is designed for the cure of Acanthosis, Cancer, Chorea, Morbus, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Dysuria, Erysipelas, Female Complaints, Fevers, Gravel, Induration of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, Indigestion, Jaundice, Leucorrhoea, Rheumatism, Scrophulous Eruptions, Skin Diseases, Stomachic, Stricture, Syphilis, Venereal, Obstructions, Urinary, Prostration of the Nervous System, General Debility, &c.

Dysentery Syrup. An effective remedy for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, and Bowel complaints generally.

Wild Cherry Balsam. An invaluable remedy for Gonorrhoea, Pain in the Side, Bleeding at the Lungs, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Chest, Bronchitis, Haemoptoe, or Spitting in the Throat, with various irritation in attempting to speak, and all the other symptoms which indicate Gonorrhoea. These eruptions should be attended to without delay.

Wild Cherry Bitters. For Jaundice, Indigestion, Flatulency at the Stomach, Liver Complaints, Headache, Dizziness, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bilious, Pains of the Heart, &c. &c.

Neurotic Drops—or Superior "Pain Killer." An invaluable remedy for the cure of Ague in the Face, Tremor, Chills, Spasmodic, Hysteria, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Cholera, Cramps, and Spasmodic Affections, Cuts, Cough or Swelled Breasts, Headache, Rips, Colic, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nausea, Vomiting, Pain in the Side, Back, Stomach, and Bowels, Paralysis, Scalds and Burns, Sea Sickness, Shrinkage of the Limbs, Spinal Affections, Toothache, &c.

Dr. T. V. Claxton's Vegetable Peristaltic Pills. A highly agreeable domestic remedy, for the cure of a variety of diseases, such as Cholera, Convulsions, Cramps and Constipation, Biliousness, Flatulency at the Stomach, Pains of the Liver, Indigestion, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Dropsy, Gravel, Female Complaints, Induration of the Liver, Lungs, Kidneys and Bladder, Sore, and Ulcers, Erysipelas, Scrophulous Eruptions, Stricture, Prostration of the Nervous System, General Debility, &c.

Salve, or Pain Extractor. An invaluable remedy for Burns, Scalds, Sore Lips, Fresh Cuts or wounds, Gums, Fists, Salt Rheum, &c.

Composition Powders, Cayenne Pepper, &c. &c. can be had, at any Dispensary or Botanic Medicine, &c. &c. on application at the office of the St. John Agency, King Street, where catalogues of articles in their line can be had gratis.

W. F. Claxton & Co., 25, Water Street, and several other places throughout the country, are the agents on retail trade throughout the Province, and are supplied on advantageous terms. Address B. J. Underhill post paid.

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