

Poetry.

LAMENT OF A LOST SOUL.

"What shall I profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Robert Hall, impressed by the solemnity of these words, flowing from the lips of Him who speaks as never man spoke, asks with awful emphasis, "What would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul?" Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle, or could we reach the exultant in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be defiled equal to the occasion?—Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness—to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth; or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep or a cry too pining, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?

"A soul is lost! a soul is lost!"

"That terror in the soul!"
"What may it spread, in piteous moans—
"What may it spread in deepest groans—
The whole creation round."

"A soul is lost! a soul is lost!"
"In God's own image made;
"With passions and with powers sublime,
"To outlive earth to outlive time—
"See him in ruin laid."

"A soul is lost! a soul is lost!"
"That never can grow old;
"March on the dust, and still expand,
"When years more numerous than the sand,
"Shall all their rounds have told."

"A soul is lost! a soul is lost!"
"Immortal as her God;
"A soul for whom all nature's given,
"For whom her Lord came down from heaven,
"To ransom with his blood."

"A soul is lost! a soul is lost!"
"Who ever might have shone,
"Like diamonds of sparkling light,
"Like gems upon the brow of night,
"Fast by Jehovah's throne."

"A soul is lost! a soul is lost!"
"In sin's black death she lies—
"Served from peace, scourged by God,
"Plunged in despair beneath his rod—
"An outcast from the skies."

"On lake of fire! on lake of fire!"
"Shed's terrors for evermore;
"With hateful friends, borne on the swell
"Of lurid waves of wrathful hell,
"She'll never find a shore."

"Above the angry powers of God
"Upon her, helpless blaze,
"Like lightning, in their fiercest swoop—
"Like fires that very rocks burn up—
"Through all her endless days."

"A soul is lost! a soul is lost!"
"The death that a soul must die!
"Twice more to be deplored by far,
"Than the extinction of each star
"That decks night's canopy."

"A soul is lost! a soul is lost!"
"Ye hills and valleys weep;
"Ye mountains, tremble; and ye skies,
"Dress you in mourning—and with sighs,
"Sing out thy dirge, O deep."

"A soul is lost! a soul is lost!"
"White wounds and blood—mourn heaven and earth—
"Of mortal and immortal birth,
"All mourn—a lost soul."

"And wilt thou, sinner, close thy heart
"Against that pleading love,
"Which wars thee from the wrath to flee,
"The wrath that burneth against thee,
"Restless, from above?"

"Immortal soul, awake—arise—
"Shake off thy sensual chains;
"Believe—then sing with ecstasy,
"I'm saved through Christ; he'll I defy:
"I live, because He reigns."

Miscellany.

From the California Christian Advocate.

TOBY JR., ON TOBACCO.

Let all Classes Read—Strong Arguments in Favor of
Stopping the Use of it at once—When shall the Evil
be Abolished.

My old hobby, dear reader, throw away the Tobacco, is the subject of this appeal. I would choose some other subject—something new and pleasing—something strange and fascinating—but the fact is, I cannot. Not that I know nothing else; but that I have not witnessed thrilling incidents of which I might write; not that I have not gazed upon enough of glorious scenery, to write forever about other things—but this our movement—the anti-tobacco agitation—just now rises so high above other things, that look in what direction I may, I see more reason to write about this than any thing else.

If I look to the church and sit down to write for it, I see a poisonous quid in a thousand mouths of a thousand congregations, paralysing their crippled energies; and the thought rushes upon my mind—the use of Tobacco must be abolished.

I see Religion standing over her wasted fane and polluted shrines, and with scolding tears streaming down her face, lifting her eyes to Heaven, pointing her finger to the bloated purses of which she has been robbed by her friends, for the sake of inhaling the poisonous effluvia of this obnoxious weed, and with a voice faint but earnest, crying to Almighty God to stop this soul-killing evil.

If I look to my country, my own country—my own dear native land—I see the clouds from a million of pipes hanging gloomily over every altar of patriotism, over every State of the Union, over our glorious Capital; and by the help of the telescope of eternal truth I see the thunder-clouds of divine vengeance upon the tree of Liberty; and the thought, unbidden, comes back upon me and bids me pull down my old pen and do what little I can, and keep "a doing" that little as long as I can write, against this curse—health—body—conscience—soul-destroying monster—Tobacco!

If I turn my attention to literature, and think to write about the cheap scholarship offered in the Pacific University, or about our California Academies, and the sciences, &c., studied in them; memory begins to paint before me the monotonous gloom which the use of this weed, stinkiest of the stinking kind, has thrown over the bright young intellect; the wreck it has made of the health of ten thousand little boys, beautiful and good, who have gone out from their mother's to the University, and returned with cheeks and stained teeth; and I determine to lift up my voice and cry aloud, Strike down this emissary of hell in the name of God, at once and forever. Upon whatever quarter of the canopy I look, however bright may be the sunbeams which beautifully the deep blue arches upon which I gaze; whatever of melody, of fragrance, of loveliness may be there, there comes forever the gloomy shadows of the same black cloud, from millions of burning cigars, and tens of thousands of fuming pipes; and I determine and re-determine, and resolve and re-resolve to fight Tobacco to its death.

Next to the infernal demon, Rum—Tobacco is the greatest evil on the continent.

Reader, I have not the heart to amuse you with trifles, while this curse of curses finds a lodgment about your person, or its offensive odor pollutes the air which you breathe.

When I look upon the pale stars of night and turn away, I can easily see other objects around me; but when I gaze steadily upon the burning sun, its image

becomes so deeply impressed upon my eyes, that turn in whatever direction I may, I still behold the same fiery orb blazing before me.

I see sunken and sinking humanity around me, in its lowest depth of superstitious degradation; and I hear a thousand wails utterable from those creatures of God, made in the divine image; they lie at your doors and their ignorance, their desperation, their want of energy, are as ten thousand piercing cries to you for the bread of life, which would cost you less than you more than throw away for this pernicious narcotic.

THE STEAMER CITY OF GLASGOW.

The Jersey Blue has the following affecting story connected with the probable loss of this noble ship: During the latter part of our career in the Philadelphia post office, we became acquainted, among the mass of human beings whose faces appeared daily at the "general delivery window" where we were stationed, with an intelligent, happy-looking Englishman, of about forty-five years of age, who came frequently to inquire for letters from home. He was a man of pleasing manners, and evidently had been well educated and accustomed to the refinements and elegancies of really good society. Being a stranger on our shores, he was glad to avail himself of an opportunity of conversing with us and spoke freely of his past and of his hopes for the future. He had come over to Philadelphia, bringing with him a little son apparently about twelve years of age, to select a residence for the rest of his family which he had left in England, and to make all the arrangements necessary to their comfort when they should arrive. He had accomplished this—had taken and furnished a house in Philadelphia, and was expecting letters from his wife informing him of her sailing with their children in the steamer City of Manchester.

We handed him a letter—it spoke of her expectation to sail in that steamer, and he went away with such glad anticipations as might be supposed to fill the heart of a husband and father long absent from the wife and children whom he soon expected to meet and embrace again. A few days passed, and another foreign mail arrived, and with it a letter to our friend from his wife, saying that she had not been able to make her arrangements in time to sail in the Manchester, but that she should certainly sail in the Glasgow. Some time after this, letters came, which she had mailed at the time of embarking in this ship, and now he was unexpectedly happy with the almost certainty of seeing his wife and children in a very few days, for the New York mail steamers generally make the passage but a few days sooner than our screw steamers. Soon he with many others, commenced going down every day to Queen street wharf to look in the incoming steamer.

But who shall speak of the horrors to come? Day after day did he with many others on that sad walk, go down the wharf and strain his vision to descry among the numerous vessels down the river, the anxiously expected steamer. We saw him when the vessel had been some thirty days out, and were startled at his appearance. The plump, happy-seeming face of one month before, was haggard as the face of Death, the eyes that so shortly before we had seen dance in the light of inward joy, were bloodshot, wild and glaring upon us with a maniac expression. He walked no longer away, but his face haunted us still. A few days after this, a steamer arrived bringing the report that a vessel somewhat resembling the Glasgow had been seen off the Bahamas; this report brought him to us again. Oh, how that false hope had brightened his countenance! His eyes had gained their expression of intelligence, and he clung to this baseless hope, as a drowning man to a straw.

We left the Post Office a few days after this. Yesterday we enquired concerning this wretched man, and were told that he had been for some time in the Lunatic Asylum, a raving maniac. May God reward him in eternity!

SAVAGE WARFARE.

The Rev. George Turner, Missionary of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland to the Samoan Islands, has transmitted home the following narrative:

One morning about two months ago I was sitting quietly in Mr. Nisbet's parlour in Savaii, reading a work on Nineveh, waiting for the sea to smooth down a little so as to allow me to return home. I had been over attending a revision committee on the book of Proverbs. All on a sudden I heard a shout that Manono was burning—started up—looked across to the little island, and there the flames and smoke were rising and extending. The smart crack, crack, crackling of distant guns, too, was proof positive that a fearful struggle was going on, and that Atua and Aana had effected a landing on the little island. In an hour or two the smoke died away, and the firing of guns ceased, from which we were glad to conclude that for some reason this mad fighting and folly was again checked. In the afternoon four messengers arrived in a canoe from Manono, with the head of an Aana man, and to hasten them over to Manono, as Aana had effected a landing, and were raising a fort at that place which they had taken and burned. In this custom of cutting off the heads of the vanquished, and carrying them about in triumph, you see we have at this very day and hour a striking illustration of such passages as Judges vii. 25; 1 Sam. xvii. 51-54; and 1 Chron. x. 9.

Aana and Atua remained on Manono for eighteen hours, burned three villages, and then returned to the fort on this island. The place where they fought was close by Mrs. Murray's house. Mr. Murray is now absent at Sydney. His servants and a number of church members and teachers had taken the precaution to surround his house with a wall of loose stones, five or six feet high, and two thick. During the fight they all took refuge inside, and were unhurt. Their walls were bullet proof, and not one of the war party attempted to molest them. They looked to a higher source than these walls for protection, and they found it. All around them was burning, slaughter, and destruction; the only things spared were the mission premises and the chapel. Mr. Liu, who has the care of that district now, visited the spot on the following day; it was a revolting sight—charred posts, smouldering ruins, smashed canoes, trees cut down, pools of clotted blood, and the dead not half-buried; an arm for instance, sticking up out of the ground! Some twenty or thirty were killed, and three times that number, I suppose, wounded. On the following day Mr. Nisbet and I had a deal of unpleasant work to do, as canoe after canoe came across with the wounded and dying.

On these occasions, I often look back with gratitude to the little time which I spent in the dissecting room and anatomy class of the Andover Medical University. But for the little training I had there, I do not know how I could have looked at, much less handled, some of those wounds which we were brought to dress. In the battle that day there was a wicked fellow severely wounded in the face and throat. He has, for a long time, been a leader of a small heathen party near where Mr. Nisbet lives. He was boasting that his god had made him bullet proof, and during some previous engagements struts about on the beach unprotected, within reach of the Aana boat guns, boasting, to the no small amazement of many, that no bullet could penetrate his body. Poor man! he was taken across to Savaii in an awful state. He had got two musket shots right in the face and throat, and no one expected he would survive. I hear he is recovering, and hope he may yet be spared, and renounce his heathenism, no more to blaspheme or speak scornfully of the God of Heaven.

If we go to prayer without Christ in the arms of our faith, we fancy we are rich in ourselves, and God will surely send us empty away. LUKE 1: 26.

VISIT TO THE SHAKERS AT LEBANON SPRINGS.

A correspondent of the New York Daily Times writes:—"I left the Springs on Sunday morning about ten o'clock, in a stage, on a visit to the Shakers. The road is quite dusty, as the drought here has been very severe, no rain of consequence having fallen for several weeks. The meeting-house is a large yellow building, about eighty feet long by sixty feet wide, without a single pillar therein, and no galleries. The floor is perfectly clear, except near the door, where there are some seats raised as you go towards the door, for the accommodation of visitors. The service is somewhat as follows:—The females enter at one door and seat themselves on plain wood benches, without backs, and the men do the same on the other side of the house. They are all dressed alike—the men in blue pants and long-sleeved blue jackets, with white shirt sleeves, and the women in long white robes, with lace caps for the head, each having a large bordered tassel hanging over her arm. They often remain seated on these benches for over half an hour in perfect silence, with their hands crossed, and, I believe, are not allowed to whisper or speak to one another. At a given signal they all rise and remove the benches, placing them in the corners, and take their positions on the floor facing each other. Then the orator of the day comes forward and impresses upon the audience the solemnity of the occasion, and remarks that many come for the purpose of gratifying their curiosity, and to see something that will amuse them. In this, he says, they are mistaken. But this as it may be—Those that have often witnessed the ceremony are no doubt impressed with some feelings of solemnity; but to a first visitor I cannot think it often effects him, but more often gratifies his curiosity by its singularity. After this discourse they sing a song, to be sure without accompaniment, but several of the voices are quite powerful, and they sing in good time. They then dance backwards and forwards, and turn and march around the room—the men three by three one way, and the women three by three the other way—all of which is done to the music of the singers. After the first dance comes the sermon, which, I believe, is always extemporaneous; and then to conclude all, they have another dance, which is much more lively than the first, in which they clap their hands, and jump up and down, to the great delight of those who have never before witnessed them. The principal idea one is struck with on entering their village or houses, is an air of cleanliness, everything looking (as it is said) 'in apple-pie order.' They own an immense quantity of land, most of which is in a high state of cultivation, and their herb manufactures, and some of their barns, are well worthy of a careful inspection, which it might be necessary to add, they are willing every one should make. In all they are a most singular sect of people, and they are fast adding to their numbers, and their lands and houses are among the most valuable in the country."

LECTURE ON THE BIBLE.

On Tuesday evening, the Rev. Dr. Angus delivered a lecture on this subject in Revick-street Chapel, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The reputation of the rev. gentleman drew a very numerous auditory, including members of various denominations. At the onset, the lecturer gave a rapid but lucid sketch of the evidences establishing the authenticity of the sacred Scriptures: Four hundred years ago the art of printing was invented, the Bible was the first book printed, and the earliest printed Bible is substantially the same as that now used; no less than 2,000 biblical manuscripts are in existence, and the most careful investigation of scholars has proved their identity with the version now in our hands; from the first to the seventh centuries there were not less than 150 ecclesiastical writers or "Fathers," as they are called, and their works abound in quotations from the sacred writers that it has been alleged that a complete copy of the Bible might be taken out of them; the Bible had also from its very earliest days been translated in different languages, in Syria, America, Georgia, Russia, Italy, Egypt, and France, and many of these translations were still in existence, and were essentially the same; besides, Jews and Christians, however much they disagree on other points, accepted the same Old Testament, and Roman Catholics and Protestants, however diversified their views together, it was urged that they supplied a body of evidence as to the authenticity and integrity of the Scriptures which was irresistible. The doctor then went on to lay down rules for the intelligent and profitable perusal of the Bible; however faithful the text, it was still only a translation, and necessarily therefore sometimes imperfect or uncertain. Difficulties might frequently be removed by consulting a competent scholar or commentary. A knowledge of ancient customs and ancient history frequently explained and elucidated passages and incidents of doubtful or hidden meaning. The arrangement and division of the Scriptures are lucid, and consequently fairly; the placing of the books both in the Old and New Testament were unquestionably not in the order in which they were written, and the division into chapters and verses was of comparatively modern origin, having been done occasionally in a hasty and improper manner. His last rule was that the Bible should be read in a devout frame of mind and a sympathizing spirit.—English Paper.

Wonderful Preservation.—A writer in the Boston Recorder, as an illustration of Providential care, relates the following marvellous incident and vouches for it as authentic:—

"Elias Boudinot, the first President of the American Bible Society, was returning in his chaise to his home late in a dark night, from a court he had been attending many days. He did not know that a recent freshet had carried away all the planks from the long bridge that lay in his accustomed path. Therefore he drove right on as though there were a bridge there and reached home safely. His friends inquired by what road he came. 'The usual road,' he replied, 'Impossible,' said they, 'there are no planks on the bridges.' He persisted, and they, trembling for his veracity or his sanity, eagerly went with him next morning to survey. When they arrived they found the very tracks of the carriage at either end of the bridge and on the sleepers, and the foot prints of his horse on a central sleeper. There was no more to be said: sanity and veracity were both safe. Some power had presided over the instinct of that horse, had ordained the correspondence of those wheels with the sleepers over which they passed, and kept the man in ignorance of his danger. Was that power fate or chance?"

The Sailor's Bible.—The following transcript from the fly-leaf of a brave officer's Bible tells a simple tale of the dangers of a seaman's life, and the source of his confidence in the hour of the greatest trial, whether battling with the elements or his country's foe. It is as follows:—"This Bible was presented to me by Mr. Raikes at the town of Hertford, January 1781, as a reward for my punctual attendance at the Sunday-school and good behavior when there. And after being my companion fifty-three years, forty-one of which I spent in the sea-service, during which time I was in forty-

five engagements, received thirteen wounds, was three times shipwrecked, once burnt out, twice capsized in a boat, and had fives of different sorts fifteen times, this Bible was my consolation; and was newly bound for me by James Bishop, of Edinburgh, on the 26th of October, 1834, the day I completed the sixtieth year of my age, as witness my hand."—Deeds of Naval Daring.

Col. S.—is very wealthy, owning several houses and keeping a large dairy;—fifty cows on the homestead! He is also professedly pious, and a prominent member of the church. At a certain time his only son felt a desire to go to school.—After thinking it over, he ventured to ask his father if he might go to school "three months"! His father replied by asking which he preferred, "being rich and have 'no learning,' or poor and 'have learning'?" The boy was stumped. He thought the matter over, and concluded he would rather be like his father, and so did not go to school.

Worse than Heathen.—After Dr. Scudder's return from India, he was upon a steamboat with a son, when he heard a person using profane language. Accosting him, he said, "This boy was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry, but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man colored, apologized, and moved away ashamed.

Sublime and Beautiful.—Chateaufort Keeper of the Seals to Louis XIII., when a boy of only nine years of age, was asked many questions by a bishop and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the Bishop said, "I will give you an orange if you tell me where God is." "My Lord," replied the child, "I will give you two, if you tell me where He is not."

ALBION HOUSE.—Falls Imports.—September, 1854.—BEARD & VENTING, have received per ship "Europa," a portion of their FALL SUPPLY, consisting of—Plain, Plaid and Broadcloth; Silks; Velvets and Bonnets; Ribbons; Long and Square Wool Shavels; Do. do. Paisley, do.; Delaines, Cashmeres, &c.—Also per "John Banister,"—Pieces White and Printed Cottons; Britannia Cloths, Colours and Coloured Flannels; Scotch Sittings, Serges and Haines; Damasks, Fringes, and Carpets. Together with a large variety of Dress Materials and BEARD & VENTING, King Street.

NEW FALL GOODS.—FLASHER, ENNIS & Co., beg to announce the arrival of the greater portion of their Fall supplies per Packer John Bousman and Joseph Tarr. The Stock—which has been carefully selected and laid in on the best of terms—will be found worthy the attention of buyers, and comprises in part—

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS. in French Colours and Merinos, Regins and Chabbon Figures, Scotch Plaids, Real French Tartans, Chambrays, Crapes and Melbourn Cloths, Cressant and Thibet Robes, Lustras, Paramattas, Lains and other textures in port—

SHAWLS AND MANTLES in great variety—embracing every novelty, and at such prices as will ensure a sale. FURS, in French and British Sable, Stone Martin, Pitch, Squirrel and Musquash; Boas and Cuffs; Caps, in all the new shapes; Reading Jackets and Reversible Coats—all warranted new Fur.

HOUSE-FURNISHING. Carpeting, Druggists, Hearth Rugs, Door Mats, Hall Matting, Remp Crumb Cloths, Shawls, Colours, Crapes, Madras, &c.—

COITONS, LINENS, OSNABURGS, Tickings, Lancashire medium and real Welsh. RIBBONS, SILKS, LACERS, Gloves, Hosiery, Trimmings, Work Boxes, Walking Cloaks, Leading Glasses, Reticules, Cedar Chests, German Bags and Furnery.

ON CONSIGNMENT.—A few cases Fur Caps and Gloves—and two boxes Printed Woollen Druggists—which are offered wholesale at cost and charges.

All Goods marked in plain figures. An inspection of the Stock is solicited. King Street, opposite St. John Hotel. Oct. 6.

GENERAL LEATHER AND FINDING STORE.

The undersigned, thankful for past favors, begs to intimate to his numerous City and Country customers, that he has received from England, New York, and Boston, his usual stock of LEATHER and FINDING, of the very best descriptions, all of which will be sold at the lowest market prices.

26, North Side of King Street. Sign of the Side of Leather. J. J. CHRISTIE.

P. S.—All kinds of RUBBER for the Sides of Congress Boots; Buckskin for tender feet; Fancy Boot Legs, &c. J. J. C.

M. N. POWERS, Underwriter, &c., Four Doors

North of Trinity Church, Germantown, Pa. will attend to Fairs, and furnish every article in the line in a style superior to any Establishment in the Province, and at prices full twenty per cent less than those usually charged in the city.

N. B.—Furniture, Mattresses, Carpets, &c. made to order on reasonable terms.

LAND FOR SALE.—The Subscriber offers for sale, a parcel of Land containing 130 acres, situate in the Upper Settlement, Sussex, and adjoining the farm owned by Mr. Wm. Harmer. It will be disposed of at an early day, either by private sale or by auction. E. McLEOD.

St. John, June 23d, 1854.

TO ARRIVE.—In Lisbon and Barbara from London.—600 kegs Brandram's No. 1 White Lead—10 kegs Red, Yellow, Green, Black and Blue Paint; 15 kegs Chrome Yellow, Prussian Blue, Brunswick Green, India Red, Quaker Green, Van Dyke Brown, Raw and Burnt Umber; Raw and Burnt Terra Senna; Raw and Burnt Black and Vermilion; 4 tons Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil; 3 cases Indigo; 1 bid. Nubmags; 20 cwt. Carbonate Soda in 1 cwt. kegs; 1 ton Washing Soda; 13 tons Alum; 10 cwt. Cream of Tartar; 10 cwt. Blue Vitriol; 4 gross assorted Pickles; 600 lbs. Cloves; 600 cwt. Alexandria Senna; 8 cases Salad Oil; 2 cases Liquorice; 10 cwt. Glue; 10 kegs Coleman's Mustard; 1 case Spanish Annatto; 2 cases Hemp and Canary Seed; 1 case Gold Leaf.

April 23. (annual papers) S. L. TILLEY.

NEW BRUNSWICK HOTEL.—Charlotte Street, N.B. The Proprietor of the above Establishment, thankful for past favors, would respectfully inform the Travelling Public, that having erected a large addition in rear of the main Building, he is now prepared to furnish ample accommodation to 70 or 80 Boarders. The Proprietor is determined to leave no means untried to merit the patronage of the community. Travellers arriving late at night will find the House always open and ready to receive them.

The Sleeping Rooms are large and well ventilated, and the improvements and convenience which have been made render it emphatically the House of the stranger. It has always been a Temperance House, and the Proprietor is determined to adhere strictly to the Total Abstinence principle. This House is centrally located, and is well supplied with well furnished apartments, clean beds, good fare, the best attention, and reasonable charges, which should render it worthy the support of Travellers.

A Large STABLE has been erected on the premises, capable of accommodating 70 Horses. Good Horses are always in attendance. (June 15.) E. W. FLAGLER.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! Received at the Free Baptist Book Concern, per "Admiral" and "Eastern City," a further supply of valuable Books, among which are the following, with prices annexed:—

Clark's Commentary, a beautiful edition of 6 vols.	\$4 0 0
Scott's Commentary, do. do. do.	1 30 0
Josephus Works, with notes, 2 vols. bound in one	0 30 0
Cruden's Concordance largest and complete edition (Sheep)	0 17 6
Webster's Notes on the New Testament large edition	0 10 0
Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures	2 volumes, large, 1 0 0
Religious Encyclopedia	1 0 0
Kitt's Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature	2 25 0
Watson's Institutes, with Index and Analysis, by J. McClintock, 2 vols.	1 0 0
James' Church History	0 6 3
D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, 5 volumes in one	6 7 6
Wayland's Life of Johnson, 2 volumes	0 10 0
Barnes's Notes on Daniel	0 6 3
Kitt's Daily Bible Illustrations, 6 volumes, for sale separate, each	0 5 0
Caughey's Revival Miscellanies	0 5 0
Nov's Lectures on the Trinity of the Bible	0 5 0
Memories of David Marks	0 5 0
Richard Williams, the Patagonian Missionary, The Apostolic and Primitive Church	0 4 0
Plot's History of Liberty, 2 volumes,	0 12 6
Scott's Successful Merchant, 2 volumes	0 2 0
Pollock's Tales of the Covenanters,	0 3 9
Gunn's Domestic Medicine,	0 12 6
Dick's Complete Works, 11 vols. in 2	1 0 0
Webster's Royal Academy Dictionary,	0 17 6
Rollin's Ancient History, complete in 2 volumes,	12 0 0
Leyard's Nineveh and Babylon	0 12 6
Stephen's Book of the Farm	1 0 0
The Evangelical Family Library, 15 vols.	1 5 0
The Youth Library, 70 volumes	2 7 6
Repository Tracts, 8 volumes	0 7 6
Sabbath School Libraries, at \$10, \$5, \$3 and \$2.30	
A large ass't. of Watts' Hymns from Is. 1d. to 3d. 9d.	
Psalmody, Sacred Melodies and the Harp. A good assortment of cheaper Religious and useful books, from distant publishing houses in Philadelphia, New York and Boston—an additional supply expected daily from New York. Books prepared for copies of Mapleton or More Work for the Maine	
Law, price	0 5 0
Mystical Parchment,	0 3 9
For sale at the Religious Intelligencer Office, King Street, St. John.	
St. John. Parties wishing books, by sending us the money per Mail, will have them forwarded at the earliest chance.	April 26.

MARBLE MANUFACTORY, Charlotte St., St. John, N.B.—MCKIM & CLEAR, Manufacturers of Monuments, Tombstones, Grave Stones, Chimney Pieces, and Centre Tables.—Every description of Ornamental Work executed with neatness at their establishment, Green-street, 3d house north of Country Market.—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 in this continent.

After a long experience in England and Scotland, McKim & Clear feel satisfied they can execute work, equal in every respect to the best, and at a lower price than any other establishment in the city; and while they are prepared to allow all honest competitors "a clear stage and no favor," they feel convinced they can produce at all times and on all occasions, workmanship in every respect superior to that of those who advertise their wares at "one-fifth per cent less than any shop in the city." And who, unacquainted with the art, can only attract attention by prodding out the rather unenviable and unprofitable business of denouncing as "keepers of the petty shops that are springing up," those who have carefully given their undivided attention to the study of their business, and who fairly and honestly enter the arena of public competition, determined to stand or fall by the superior excellence of their workmanship as judged by a discerning public.

For sale—a large quantity of Soap Stone, a superior article for lining stoves.

A "Diploma" and Prize were awarded to R. A. McKim, for excellence in carving, at the last New Brunswick Provincial Exhibition. St. John, Jan. 5, 1854.

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS, 1854.—G. D. EVERETT & SON, 12 North Side of King Street, St. John, N.B., are engaged for the last month in making up, and are now prepared to furnish the public with Hats and Caps, of all qualities and prices, of the Spring and Summer styles for 1854. We believe that the Spring style of Hats will be much admired. We have a large assortment of hats and caps, very large and excellent assortment of Summer CAPS. Our prices are, as usual, low. Notwithstanding the large advance in prices of Goods generally throughout the community, we have not advanced one penny on any article of our manufacture.

The remainder of our Winter Stock of useful Robes, Fur Caps, &c., will be disposed of at extraordinary low prices. 12, North Side of King Street, C. D. EVERETT & SON.

March 21.

CARD.—The Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to the inhabitants of Grandis and vicinity for the very liberal support he has received since he has commenced business in this place, and further begs to inform them that he has now on hand an extensive and varied assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Ready Made Clothing, together with a large assortment of Boots and Shoes, the whole of which he now intends to dispose of at prices hitherto unknown here, which will be as low as can be purchased at retail either in Saint John or Fredericton. Customers desirous of making a saving of money, will do well to call and examine the Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Having procured the assistance of a person thoroughly acquainted with the business in all its branches, customers may depend upon having promptly and punctually attended to all orders. June 23d, 1854. (6m.p.d.) H. M. BOWDEN.

NOTICE.—All persons having any demands against the Estate of Nicholas Roche, of Sussex, King's County, deceased, are hereby requested to hand in their accounts duly attested within three months from this date. All persons indebted, are requested to make immediate payment to either of the Subscribers.

JAMES ROACH, THOMAS MCANUS, Executors. Sussex, Vale, E. C., July 27th 1854. 3m.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—The subscribers have this day entered into Partnership under the firm of D. W. & J. R. ADAMS, and will carry on the SADDLERY, HARNESSES and COLLAR MAKING BUSINESS, heretofore carried on by D. W. ADAMS, and respectfully request their friends and the public generally, that they intend keeping the best of workmen, and by strict attention to business will endeavor to give general satisfaction.

Just received per steamer Admiral, some splendid Gentlemen's and Ladies' SADDLES and BRIDLES; 1 Jockey do. Also—an assortment of WHIPS, of the very best quality. D. W. ADAMS, J. R. ADAMS.

April 17.

JUST RECEIVED, and for Sale, 25 Bushels Grass Seed; 1 Cask Clover do.; 5 boxes Oranges; 1 box Lemons; 10 barrels dried Apples; 20 boxes Cooking Raisins; 50 superior Hams. HANNAH & UNDERHILL.

April 21.

MARLBORO HOTEL, BOSTON.—JOHN A. PARKER, Proprietor.—This house is very pleasantly situated at Washington Street, and location very central. It has recently been refitted and furnished, 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.

IN STORE,—15 casks raw and boiled Lardseed Oil—1 300 lbs Hams 8 x 10; 10 12, 10 x 14, 11 x 15, 12 x 16, and 12 x 18 Window Glass; 500 Cans No. 1 White Lead; 2 tons Putty. April 28.

14TH MARCH.—Just opened at Gilmour's Tailoring Establishment, **FIRST SPRING IMPORTATION** in Blank Broad, French Cashmere, and Fancy Dressings. Call and Examine Remainder of Spring Goods. E. F. CRETCH DAILY. march 17

HANNAH & UNDERHILL, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Flour, Fruits, Burning Fluid, Lamps, &c., Tailor's Brick Building, South side King Street, Saint John, N. B.

BOOK, CARD, & JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 6, King Street.—The subscriber having procured of the LITHOGRAPHER and ENGRAVER of New Type, is prepared to execute all descriptions of Job Printing, such as Pamphlets, cards, Circulars, Handbills, &c. G. W. DAY.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER, Is published every FRIDAY, for the General Conference of Free C. Baptists of New Brunswick, at **ONE DOLLAR A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.** At their Office, (over Chipman's Drug Store,) No. 6, King Street, St. John, N. B. Communications, Orders, or Remittances for this paper must be directed, (post paid,) to E. McLURE, St. John, N. B.