

Poetry.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

(Job, chapter xxii., verse 21.)
 Acquaint thyself with Him,
 And peace shall be thine.
 Then dejected and sad,
 Who in secret dost pine,
 Thou shalt be bowed down,
 As thy trouble increases,
 Acquaint thyself with Him,
 And thou shalt have peace.

Creation before thee
 Is spread like a book,
 From the deep rolling sea
 To the murmuring brook,
 On each of his works
 His name it doth shine—
 Acquaint thyself with Him,
 And peace shall be thine.

He gave thee the flowers
 That the meadows adorn;
 The hills and the valleys
 He covers with corn.
 He gave thee thy fruits,
 Thy flocks, and thy fountains—
 Acquaint thyself with Him,
 And thou shalt have peace.

Consider the lilies
 That bloom but to die,
 And the fowls of the air—
 Who their wants do supply?
 And can he forget thee
 Whose soul is divine?
 Acquaint thyself with Him,
 And peace shall be thine.

Oh, ye who still doubt
 What to-morrow may prove,
 Read in His Word
 This great promise of love—
 That seed-time and harvest
 Are never to cease—
 Acquaint thyself with Him,
 And thou shalt have peace.

Ye seekers of pleasure
 Who wander from God;
 Ye mourners who grieve
 Under sin's heavy load,
 The way to your comfort
 Is many a mile—
 Acquaint thyself with Him,
 And peace shall be thine.

—T. A. W. Sher.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE'S LAMENT.

Hark, hark—'tis not the winds that moan
 No 'tis that mother's sigh,
 Day after day I'm left alone
 To hear my children cry.

With cold and hunger vainly plead
 Would that my days were o'er
 Now can they when they know my need
 Take all, ah yes, and more.

Degraded, lost, oh where is he?
 Must I his footsteps dread?
 Alas! how changed, still dead to me
 Although I leave for dead.

Could the Maine Law have lent its aid
 He might have rose to fame,
 But wretched has the vendor made
 Our home of want and shame.

They taught me as the drunkard's wife
 And at my lord's ones sneer;
 My husband threatens to my life
 And no kind friend is near.

His inflamed passions like the fire
 Break o'er his children's heads,
 In barns and sheds they have to hide
 And make of straw their beds.

When stupor spreads its mantle o'er
 His once proud manly form,
 And he lies stretched upon the floor
 I hate out in the storm.

To seek my scattered ones again
 And fold them to my breast,
 To screen them from the pattering rain
 And soothe their fears to rest.

I close mine eyes but cannot sleep
 For grief sits heavy now
 Upon my heart and I can weep
 Before the throne I bow.

Father in heav'n how my prayer
 If help must too late come,
 To other hearts this anguish spare;
 Remove the cause of rum.

Oh! see, he's staggering o'er the brink,
 For friends or pledge can save;
 With his companion he will sink,
 To find a drunkard's grave.

The future I cannot portray
 For language soon would fail,
 But leave it for the judgment day
 So here I'll draw the veil.

DIXON.

Miscellany.

TRUST IN GOD.

Two men were neighbors, and each of them had a wife and several little children; and their daily labor was all they had for their support. One of these men became anxious, thinking, "If I should die, or be taken ill, what will become of my wife and children?" The same thought came to the other man, but he did not feel the same anxiety about it; for said he, "God, who knows his creatures, and who watches over them, will also watch over me, my wife, and my children."

One day, the first of these men was working in the field, sad and dejected on account of his fears, he saw some birds fly into a wood, then come out, and soon after return. On going nearer he saw two nests placed side by side, and in each were some little birds just hatched, and not yet covered with feathers. When he returned to his work, he from time to time raised his eyes and looked at the birds, who went and came, carrying food to their little ones; but at the moment when one of the mothers returned with some food in her bill, a vulture seized her and carried her off, the poor mother vainly struggling in his talons, and uttering piercing cries. At this sight, the laborer became more anxious than before: for thought he, "The death of the parents is the death of the children. My children have no one to provide for them but myself. What then will become of them, if I fail them? All day he remained gloomy and sad, and could not sleep all night. The next day, on returning to the field, he said to himself, "I should like to see the little ones of that poor bird-mother; many of them are, doubtless, dead by this time." So saying, he directed his steps towards the wood; but what was his amazement, on looking into the nest, to see the little birds quite lively—not one starved among them. Struck with this sight, he hid himself to observe the cause. In a short time he heard a faint cry, and saw the remaining mother bringing in haste the food she had collected, and then distributing it impartially among all the little ones; there being sufficient for every one.

Thus the little orphans were not left helpless in their misery. And the father who had distrusted Providence, related in the evening what he had

seen to his neighbor, who said to him, "Why need you be anxious any more? God never abandons his people; his love has resources which we cannot fathom. Let us believe, hope, and love, and go on our way in peace. If I die before you, you will be a father to my children and if you die before me, I will be a father to yours. And if both of us die before they are old enough to provide for their wants, then their Father in heaven will protect and support them."—*Child's Paper.*

EFFECTS OF TEMPTATION.

I knew of a young man who went to college, and studied very successfully. Being of a bright and animated disposition, he was often invited to pleasure parties; and although he went to them he never could be prevailed upon to take a glass of wine.

He was engaged to be married to a young lady of the first rank, and all seemed to go well, and promise future happiness; but intemperance had to do its work. While at party, the young lady was told about the abstinence of her intended partner. She was told that nothing in the world could induce him to drink a glass of wine. "Don't say so," said she, "till I have tried him." She asked him to take a glass from her. He firmly refused. She threw her charms about him—she prevailed. He got intoxicated. The abstinence youth became a drunkard, and ran rapidly in the downward course. Her father, though in the habit of drinking himself, could not bear to see his daughter marry a drunkard, and he was ordered from the house. The father got into difficulties, and became a bankrupt. He went into the back settlements to recruit his fortune.

One night, about twelve years afterward, while there was noise, and dancing, and music, a strange wailing noise was heard outside the building. It became louder and louder. All was silent. The music ceased. The door opened, and the figure of a man entered and threw himself on the floor, crying, "O God, save me from the fiends! O God, save me from the fiends!" The young lady went up to him, and, as she approached, his upturned eye met hers. It was too much for her—she fainted away. He whom she had wronged thus, lay before her a poor maniac, and in two days more I had the melancholy duty of attending his funeral, and hearing the clods of the valley rumbling up to his coffin. She is now, if still living, in a lunatic asylum—her father and mother sleep in an untimely grave.—*PRESIDENT MAHAN.*

INFATUATION OF GAMING.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a Mr. Potter owned one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, in England. But he acquired such a passion for gaming, that, at a single hazard, he staked and lost his house and lands. After this was done, and as he was going out of the gaming-house, he turned about and insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance to recover his estate, or fight with him.—He proposed that his carriage, the trinkets and loose money he had in his pockets, his house in the city, with his plate and furniture, should be valued at a certain sum, and played for at a single stake. His friends tried to prevent his running the hazard; but he could not be persuaded. He lost the game. He then conducted the winner to the door, told his coachman that was his master, and marched forth, without house or home, or any means of support. He retired to an obscure lodging, in a cheap part of the town, and became a waiter at a billiard-table. In this miserable condition, exposed to the jeers and taunts of those whom he had once supported, an old friend met him and gave him ten guineas. Five of these he spent in decent clothing. With the remaining five he went to a common gaming-house and increased them to fifty. He then went among his old associates and won twenty thousand pounds. But he was not satisfied with thus recovering what he had lost—enough to make him rich as long as he lived. He returned the next day and lost it all. After living many years in abject poverty, he died a miserable beggar at a penny lodging house in St. Giles.

A writer in the Vermont Chronicle relates the following as a fact that he learned from good authority:

"I wish I was dead," said a little boy to his mother.

"Why?" asked his mother.

"Why, the boys pester me so about father, and I don't want to go again in the night to the store after him."

His mother talked to him, but thought he did not feel in earnest about it. But one day when she had returned from a visit, she inquired for the children and found all but this boy. She looked, and called, but no answer. She went to the barn as it was just growing dark. She opened the door, and there, in a corner, was her little sensitive boy. She burst into tears. "O my son, is it you?"

She felt his cold hands, he was dead.

"At the funeral his father promised to drink no more rum. 'I have done forever.' A long time he kept his promise. One day, however, Deacon P. was in the store, and Deacon P. was a good man, he drank but little. He asked for some brandy and he drank it; he saw that same man who had been a drunkard looking at him, and sat down. Again he would go to the door, as if going away. He was in silent thought. At length he went to the counter and asked for a little brandy; 'I may drink a little as well as Deacon P.' He did drink; and became a confirmed drunkard again.

THE QUEEN'S TABLE.

A British peer, when dining with the Queen, was challenged by a Royal Duchess to take wine with her. His lordship politely thanked her Grace, but declined the compliment, stating that he never took wine. The duchess immediately turned to the queen, and jocularly said, "Please your majesty, here is Lord —, who declines to take wine at your majesty's table." Every eye was turned to the queen, and not a little curiosity was evinced as to the manner in which the total abstainer would be dealt with by royalty. With a smiling and graceful expression her majesty replied, "There is no confusion at my table."—*Band of Hope Review.*

"I AM CHRIST'S: LET ME GO!"

BY JAMES W. HUGHES.

"On the same day two women, Margaret Macfarlan and Margaret Wilson—the former an aged widow the latter a maiden of eighteen—suffered death for their religion in Wigornshire. They were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the cause of the insurgent Covenanters, and attend the Episcopal worship. They refused, and were sentenced to be drowned. They were carried to a spot which the Solway overflows twice a day, and fastened to stakes fixed in the sand, between high and low-water mark. The elder sufferer was placed near to the advancing flood, in the hope that her last agonies would terrify the younger into submission. 'The sight was dreadful.' But the courage of the survivor was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She saw the sea draw nearer, but gave no sign of alarm. She prayed and sang verses of Psalms till the waves choked her voice. When she had tasted the bitterness of death, she was, by a cruel mercy, unbound and restored to life. When she came to herself, pitying friends and neighbors implored her to yield. 'Dear Margaret, only say, God save the King!'—The poor girl, true to her stern theology, gasped out, 'May God save him, if it be God's will!' Her friends crowded around the presiding officer, 'She has said it; indeed, sir, she has said it!' 'Will she take the abjuration?' he demanded. 'Never!' she exclaimed, 'I am Christ's; let me go!' And the waters closed over her for the last time."—*Macaulay's History of England, Vol. I. pp. 393-4.*

Where the destined stake is driven
 Ye may make your victim sure;
 He to whom my heart is given,
 Gives me courage to endure.

He has promised not to leave me
 When I through the rivers go,
 And the waters that receive me
 Shall not once my soul o'erflow.

Would you have me leave my Saviour?
 Would his cause who died for me?
 Barter Christ for mortal favor?
 Never! never can it be!

Think ye that the waves will fright me?
 Nearer and nearer though they swell,
 Soon and safely will they bear me,
 In a better land to dwell.

Cease to hold the world before me!
 Brighter visions greet my eyes;
 Guardian angels hover o'er me;
 Faith already grasps the prize!

Seek not to detain me longer
 In a world of sin and woe;
 Toss in heaven—dearer, stronger—
 Draw me thither—let me go!

A SIMPLE FACT.

God works by means; and he sometimes employs very feeble ones to promote his high ends. A fact of this kind was related not long since, the substance of which is as follows:—A little girl, some ten or eleven years of age, and her mind deeply impressed with the truth of God in the Sabbath-school. Upon retiring to rest one night, she was in trouble about her soul; and at the midnight hour, her anxiety had so increased, that it waked up the servant girl, who was sleeping in the same apartment. Upon interrogation as to the cause of her trouble, the little girl replied that she felt that she was a great sinner—that she could not help herself, and that unless she obtained help, she must go down to hell. She then requested the servant girl to pray for her. But she replied that she was not a Christian—she could not pray. The little girl then sent for her father. Upon entering the room, she asked him to pray for her. But he made the same reply that the servant girl had made; he was not a Christian, he could not pray. But sympathizing with his child's anxieties, he called her mother to the bedside. This good woman had often been to the throne of grace; but never on an occasion like this. She poured out her soul in prayer to God for her child. God heard and answered her. During the same night, in the same room, by witnessing the melting scene, the servant girl was hopefully converted, and in a few days the father became a Christian. But the work did not stop here. The little girl went from house to house, telling of what a precious Saviour she had found, and inviting others to seek him—and as a result of these labours, a glorious revival of religion, embracing the conversion of some forty souls, was attributable, under God, to her. Such facts speak for themselves, they need no comment.—*N. Y. Baptist Register.*

A CHILD'S FAITH.

An intelligent and sparkling boy of ten summers sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the young mind. His father, approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book.

"George, what have you there?"

"The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the author of his dangerous companion. The father gently remonstrated and pointed out to him the dangers of reading such books; and having some confidence in the effect of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light in an adjoining room, and on inquiring the cause, it was ascertained that the little fellow had consigned the pernicious book to the flames.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burned that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because, papa, I believed you knew better than I what was for good."

"But would it not have been better to save the leaves for other purposes, rather than destroy them?"

"Papa, might not others have read and been injured by them?"

Here is a threefold act of faith, a trust in his father's word, evincing love and obedience, and care for the good of others. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parent, how much more should we, like little children, exercise a simple, true-hearted, implicit faith in our heavenly Father, who has said, "He that believeth shall be saved."—*American Messenger.*

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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New Brunswick, Nov. 21st, 1854.—J. M.

CARD.—The Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to the inhabitants of Oromocto 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 a large and 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 the Retail either in Saint John or Fredericton. Customers desirous of making a saving of money, will find it to their advantage to call and examine the Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

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Oromocto, June 23rd 1854. (6m-pd.) R. M. BOWDEN

MARLBORO HOTEL, BOSTON.—JOHN A. PARKER, Proprietor.—This house is very pleasantly situated on 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 the parlors, where all who choose may be present. It is a house where the traveller will find a pleasant home.

Boston, Oct. 1, 1853.

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, K. C., October 16, 1854. 3m.

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