

Poetry.

For the Religious Inteligence,
LINES.

Composed on the death of Anna, wife of NICHOLAS COWELL, Esq., of Nova Scot., who departed this life Oct. 10, 1856, much esteemed and justly lamented, by her brother, SAMUEL SWAN.

My sister while I look on thee,
And think of days now past
I think how kind you've been to me,
In times of deep distress.

No more in sorrow can I look
For sympathy from you,
But God will bear my spirit up
And bring me safely through.

Farewell my sister—for you well—
On earth we'll meet no more—

But trust I shall for ever dwell
With you on Canaan's shore.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days, to sing God's praise
Than when we first began."

For the Intelligence.

A Resolve for the Future.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.
While musing, one night, on my bed as I lay
Recounting the blessing received through the day
I thought with the help of my Saviour I'd say,
I will serve my Lord more for the future!

And will the Almighty indeed command
To bless with his presence, protect, and defend :
And give me his grace to endure to the end,
And make me his child for the future ?

I know, I'm unworthy; but feel, through his
grace,

He speaks such words, " O seek thou my
face !

For why wilt thou die thy kind Saviour embrace,
And make me thy choice for the future."

Then, since he has promis'd his word cannot fail;
And his mercy's so much to us—be it so !

But, I know I must struggle, though feeble and
 frail,

To be happy with him for the future.

So I've counted the cost, and I've sio on the way,
And, I'll try, with the help of my Saviour, each
day

To strive, and to wende—to watch and to pray,
And he'll guide me right for the future.

Miscellany.

Mercantile Success.

Here comes out of the far eastern woods a young pug-nay, with open brow, and dark searching eye, and hairy siwens; His feet are bare upon the pavement. His walk is easy—a little like he tied up in a checkered handkerchief contains his sum total of worldly possessions. As he stands, all about him that is not himself might be less than a dollar at the auction block. He patiently goes in and out seeking honest labour. The shop-boys make no effort to conceal their mortified appreciation of the rural quality of his aspect; sometimes uttering something in his ear that shows their foregoings of the golden rule. Patient, he perseveres till in some great hove of mercantile industry he gets a chance to become a working bee. His master discovers that he is indefatigable, and honest, and shrewd, and never spends any thing. He trusts him, and does it safely. Year by year his salary increases, and his value in the establishment; junior partner, chief man,—sole manager, he successively becomes, as the years roll on, and others die. The shop-boys who laughed at him are now, some in the graves of libertines and drunkards, some in the last stages of commercial consumption—one is not ashamed to beg a daily subsistence at his counting-room door.

His yearly business amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars. He is trusted to find safe investments of his profits. Some in swift ships, some in those leviathan steamers that ferry the ocean in the great lines of travel, some in granite warehouses and stately mansions, some in huge factories, the din of whose spindles chimes tenor-like with the bass of the river, as it runs over its dam.

He is a white-haired man. His name is great on Change, and as he passes through State Street, all marks obsevance. The flood of wealth keeps pouring in, and he has his hands full to know what to do with it. The pile of title-deeds is too large for his deepest pigeon-hole, and his safe is crammed with bonds and mortgage notes. He begins seriously to consider what is to be done with all this accumulated affluence. He looks about him to see who shall receive it from him. Child he has none, for he never found time to marry. All those immediate relatives whom he once loved are under the sod of the graveyard, where he used to sit with curious moist in his bosom days, as he ate his Sunday dinner between services in the gay old church.

He sits down to plan a legal instrument that shall devise his estates to uses of public benefit. He will make inquiries concerning this and that. He lays by the half sheet, half covered, and taking another, proceeds to calculate how many millions the total is which is to be thus divided; and, with pardonable self-esteem, says to himself, " It is pretty well for a bare-faced boy."

The next day the coffee is growing cold on his breakfast table, and his housekeeper, nervous at this strange want of punctuality, goes up to knock unanswered at his door,—goes in to find him sleeping the long sleep of death upon his customary couch. A coroner's jury would say, " It is a violation of God's law, as if it had not been in the violation of God's law that had kept off death for thousands years and men."

They bury him with great honor, and the undertaker disbands expense. His next friends open his desk, to see who are to put into their graves that which he has raked together. They find the half sheet with the unfinished programme of possible charities, and smile on. But they find no will, and look blank and troubled. The law employs

all his pigeon-holes, and, swing bonds, and title-deeds, and notes, and mortgages, in its iron hand, it places them in the greedy, though astonished, clutch of distant heirs-at-law, whom it has hunted up in the back woods; and who dispense the same among grogshops and gamblers, until, having contrived to come out even, with their minuscule property, they sink into graves which are paid for by their last inherited cent.

That transaction is now square with the world. The bare-footed boy got up a heap of gold, and his twentieth cousins spent it, and all is as it was before; " as it was before," save that his soul will be likely to have some eternal modification in consequence of the gleaning, and theirs in consequence of the spending.

But his name is down on the list of honorable merchants, and fathers point their sons to his example as a proof of what can be done by trying,—as a splendid mercantile success.

Look once again at your merchant prince as he stands at the bar of God, and is asked for his reckoning of the ten pounds—the ten millions—which lent him while on earth. He denies the loan; says he was a bare-footed boy, and earned his money, and no thanks to anybody! Alas! who gave him those calm, dark eyes, and that cool patience? Who gave him the mother's guidance, the memory of which kept him from the quick-sunks of the city? Who sustained him honest and healthy, and opened all avenues in wealth before him, and blew his ship into safe and profitable harbours, and kept him sound and cautious, and brought him on without a single reverse, while others went on to the mounthouse, and the pothouse, and the tomb? He denies the loan? He has never thought of it in that light.

He will have leisure to understand it all! We hear a voice that once spoke on earth, saying, " Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Call you that a success or a failure in the light of eternity?—[Congregation lost.]

THE Little Fieje girls.—One morning, while sitting at breakfast, says Mrs. Cobbs, of Poole, in Africa, we heard a cluster of children's voices outside the house. Go on, going to learn the cause, I found a newly-arrived party of seven little girls, of the ages, perhaps, of between five and seven years, who had walked a distance of four miles from one of the country towns, each bearing her basket of breadfruit to buy a "First Reading Book." I soon brought the seven books; and, when getting the breadfruit counted, one merry little girl set five before me. Four was the price; so these I took, and gave her back the other. The last who came forward was a little, timid girl, who had only brought three breadfruits, and, indeed, they looked as much as she could carry; but the book could not be bought with these; they were to be sold for four. The girl who had one over stepped up again as quickly as before, and gave it to the little child who was in need. This settled the business, and off they went in high glee.

Now, the secret of their wish to obtain these books was this: these children who live far from the mission station and cannot attend school every day, form schools in their own towns, under the care of five teachers. A select number of these who are able to read well, come to us, one day in each week, to be further taught. The above-named little girls were not content with the teaching they got in their own schools, but wished to have books to read at home, that they might be sooner ready to come to me to use their own words— to get wise. Yet by year his salary increases, and his value in the establishment; junior partner,—chief man,—sole manager, he successively becomes, as the years roll on, and others die. The shop-boys who laughed at him are now, some in the graves of libertines and drunkards, some in the last stages of commercial consumption—one is not ashamed to beg a daily subsistence at his counting-room door.

Non-Setting a CREDITOR.—There was a lawyer in Cape Cod, a long time ago, a man well to do in the world, and, what was surprising, averse to litigation. One day a client came to him in a violent rage. " Look a here, Square," said he, " that shoemaker down in the Pigeon Grove, his gone and sent me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him." " Did the boots suit you?" " O yes." " Well, then, you owe him the money honest." " Course." " Well, why don't you pay him?" " Why? 'cause the snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of his money if I kin." " Well, it will cost you something." " I don't care for that. How much do you want to go on with?" " Oh, ten dollars will do." " Is that all?" " Well, here's a X to go ahead, and the client went off very well satisfied with the beginning. Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by instituting legal proceedings against M. " Why," said he, " I knew he was able to pay, and I was determined to make him." That's the long and short of it." " Well," said the lawyer, " he's always been a good customer to you; I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifler to pay on account of your proceedings, but I think you had better take these two dollars, and call it square." " Certain, Square, if you say so, and glad to get it," was the answer. So the lawyer forked over the V and kept the othe. In a few days his client came along, and asked him how he got on with his case. " Rapidly," cried the lawyer, " we're nuzzled up!" " He'll never trouble you." " Jerusalem! that's great! I'd rather give fifty dollars, than had him get the money for them both."

Helping the PREACHER.—Dr. Beecher once said to an old lady who had expressed her wonder at him that she was permitted to live, as she could not do any more good. " You are doing a great deal of good; you help me to preach every Sunday." She was greatly surprised, and inquired how it could be. " In the first place," said he, " you are always in your seat on the Sabbath, and that helps me; in the second place, you are always wide awake, and you look right up into my face, and that helps me; in the third place, I very often see the tears running down your face, and that helps me very much."

The Greatest Invention of the Age.—SILLIMAN, SEYMOUR & CO.'S Patent FULDING LMBRELLA.—The article is attracting universal attention, and is fast superseding every other style of English manufactured Umbrella. The invention consists in its being provided with joints and couplings, so that it can be folded up and packed in a small Carpet Bag or Gentleman's Case, rendering it an indispensable article to every gentleman. For sale by D. H. HALL, 10 King-st.

R. D. H. COOKE, Proprietor of the Patent Dye House, Portland Bridge, gives notice, that he has made the recent for manufacturing Wig-dyed and Coloured Cloth, for removing Paint, Pitch, Grease, &c., from Coats, Collars, Gloves, &c., and that she is now prepared to CLARIFY and DYE of required any description of garments at short notice.

Cleaning and Drying Establishment.—

A. E. COOKE, Proprietor of the Patent Dye House, Portland Bridge, gives notice, that he has made the recent for manufacturing Wig-dyed and Coloured Cloth, for removing Paint, Pitch, Grease, &c., from Coats, Collars, Gloves, &c., and that she is now prepared to CLARIFY and DYE of required any description of garments at short notice.

Clothes damaged by ants can be restored.

Portland, September 8, 1856.

Keep.

NOTE NEW GOODS.—At THE ALBION HOUSE BEARD & VENNING have just received from their ship Peter Gulliver, a cargo of various Goods, Quilts, Muslins, Calicoes and Dresses, Prints, &c.

For steamer Adelphi—2 cases BONNETS.

Aug. 8.

D. H. HALL, 10 King-st.

SHAD, SHAD.

In STORES—40 to 50 lbs. Camber and No. 1 SALT—A superior lot.

REAG & LUNT, 23 South Wharf.

BOY'S FELT HATS.—Plain and Fancy Trimmings.

BOY'S Felt, Silk and Beaver HATS, in various sizes.

D. B. HALL, Sept. 8.

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No. 79 KING STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE OLD SAINT JOHN HOTEL.

S. SIDNEY BURGE, Importer, United States, & 114 Market-street, Boston.

AGENTS for New Hampshire—WALNEW & HURT, King-street, St. John, and Queen-street, Fredericton, N.B.

J. WALKER & SON, Market-square, St. John.

P. B. RABBITT, 51 King-street.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

JACOB GUNTER wishes to inform the public that he has opened a Boarding House on Phoenix Square, near Market-street, Fredericton.

It is the neatest house to be found in the city.

It is prepared to accommodate permanent and transient Boarders at low rates.

Fredericton, September 8, 1856.

D. B. HALL, Sept. 8.

april 11.

C. J. EVERETT & SON, 15 King-street.

Religious Intelligence

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