

Poetry.

THE DRUNKARD'S WARNING.

The wretched soul just enough was lighted,
To show what can't be told, but not be left—
Around the bed the children, all affrighted,
Saw their pale form in the mother's quilt;
The youngest two could stand, the others knelt.

"Then bring since he—poor dying wretch—he had spoken;"

And all who gazed on him believed him gone;
But saw what many hours he'd broken—
Saw though his breathing still—but she alone—
And in her eyes a gleam of darkness shone.

She raised him at that much enduring bane—
O, woman's love, beyond expression strong!—

Now that she seemed almost about to lose him,
Fragrance by her was all else of wrong;

Her thoughts were back her trifled days among.

But now, as taper, one it leaves the socket,

One last expiring gleam up will cast—

He comes to life, to kindle hope, and mock it;

And spoke these words before his spirit went;

He thought them true; at least they were his last—

To who behind this all no late consolation
For deeds, had which had an angel over herself.

I were had deemed him of the pit's perdition—

A lie to the powers of darkness still.

And gives his warning a defense bold.

"Had I believed that—born of Christian parents—

The Sabbath regularly taught to keep—

Brought to that table where the Most Mercifulness

Of grace with God taught my soul and audience way,

And goodness in the blood of mystery steep!—

"Believed what angels, past telling of defense—

None,

Our having those advantages might sink,

How had I fed the sap in will command?

How turned my very eyes away from drink,

As one would from the deadliest serpent's sting!

"Ah! who, when pleasure's mimic eye is shining,
Believes the mimic that evades the cup?

Hold back! By at once from that swarming

Of temptation which may never stop!

O taste not—touch not!—look not on the step!

"Had my poor wife the power, a drunkard's death—

Would be a thing to save Christian hearts,

My children—by the misery that hath been—

Read us the lesson which my life imports;

She, as you'll瞧 down my death, the singer's note!

"Great God of mercy, let the days be numbered

Of —— —— Let thy willful curse!"—

The great the emotion!—With the dead he shrank.

His dying words of warning, shrill and hoarse,

Hear ye, with ears to hear, their thrilling tone.

Deathbed Part, Aye.—Nursery Shaw.

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR.

I am a little scholar, I daily go to school,
To learn my Master's lesson, that perfect holy rule.

The scholars they all love him, the school is good and free,

Come all ye careless sinners, and go to school with me.

I am a little Christian, the Lord has made me so,
A lonely little creature, what wonder he can do;

I love the things I have, I hate the things I have not;

My Master is preparing me, to reign with him above.

I am a little preacher, I preach the gospel free,
And what my master gives to me, I give it all away.

And when my heart is empty, I'll go to Master's ease,

And tell him all about it, and he smiles and gives me more.

I am a little workman, I stand on Master's walk,
And when the fire is burning, I give a certain call;

I'll blow the gospel trumpet, to let the people know,

That all who will take warning, may escape from every foe.

I am a little shepherd, I lead my Master's sheep,
It's on the hills of Zion, to them I love to keep.

The food my Master gives to me, with which I feed the flock,

It is the word of life divine, and honey from the rock.

Miscellany.

Two Kinds of Riches.

A little boy sat by his mother. He looked long in the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thought passed away, his eyes brightened and he spoke:

"Mother, I will be rich."

"Why do you wish to be rich, my son?" And the child said, "Every one praises the rich; every one looks after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village, disdained there is a boy who doesn't love to learn. He cannot well say his lessons. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the other children do not blame him, for they say he is a wealthy boy."

Then the mother saw that her child was in danger of thinking that wealth might take the place of goodness, and be an excuse for indifference, or cause them to be held in honor who led worthless lives. So she asked him:

"What is it to be rich?"

He answered: "I do not know. You tell me how to become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me."

"To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you become a man."

The boy looked surprised and said: "Is there not some other way of becoming rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered: "The gain of money is not the only nor true wealth. First may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds may sweep it away, the moth may eat it, the rust waste it, and the robber may make it his prey. Men are worried with the care of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince of the earth goes forth like that of the way-side beggar, without a garment. Those who possess it are always prided by men, but do they measure the grace of God?"

"Then," said the boy, "may I begin to gather this kind of riches, or must I wait till I am a man?"

The mother laid her hand upon his little hand and said: "To-day if you will hear his voice; for he hath promised that those who seek early shall find."

And the child said: "Teach me how I may become rich before God."

Then she looked tenderly on him and said: "Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that you may love the dear Saviour and trust in him; obey his word, and serve all the days of your life to be good to all; so, though you may be poor in the world, you shall be rich in faith, and an heir to the kingdom of heaven."

The Highland Widow.

Some years ago there lived a poor widow in one of the romantic villages in the Highlands of Scotland. Her lot in life was hard; her husband was recently dead, leaving her with an only child, a little girl almost as infant. With this charge she struggled amid deep poverty for some time, but at last unable through illness to pay her rent, her landlord threatened to dispossess her for it. She knew not to whom to look for help except a wealthy uncle who resided many miles off, and she concluded to go to him and ask his assistance. Setting off on her early one morning with her babe in her arms, she walked along the weary road with a heavy heavily laden; and bowed down by sorrow. The road led her first through another village, then along a valley by the side of a lake. Passing this she ascended a mountain, then went down a steep narrow glen, which was a rushing torrent. Next she passed through a narrow gorge between two mountains, which allowed only a small strip of sky to be seen overhead. All these passed, she half on her course for ten miles further, till she came to a bleak moor; when suddenly the sky became black and lowering, the wind rose, and a storm of snow burst upon her. Weary, cold, and almost blinded by the falling snow, she wandered on till she could hold out no longer, and creeping into a sheltered nook formed by the rocks she pressed her crying babe close to her bosom. Hour after hour passed and still the storm continued, and it became bitterly cold. Night approached, and her babe became sick with fear and anxiety for her babe; for it was but scarcely clad, and her own clothing was unfit for such a storm. But she wrapped her shawl around it, and laying in a crevice of the rock, she started off to look for help. Poor creature she walked till she could walk no longer, and sank on the snow. There alone, with no friendly hand to aid her, she perished! The next morning she was found quite dead. Inquiry was made, and it was said she had her babe with her. Diligent search was then made, and the child was found alive in the place where its poor mother had laid it. The child was taken to the nearest cottage, and warmed, and fed, and taken care of; but when the body of its poor mother was brought to the same place, it was found that she was so thinly clad that it was no wonder she soon perished from the cold, for she had not only wrapped the babe in her thick plaid shawl, but had taken of other parts of her own clothing to cover it with.

And this is another instance of a mother's love? What is there a mother will not do to save the life of her babe? Even her own life will ensure that she may it save.

I hope you, my young readers, will think of your own mothers, and ever love them; for though they may not have had to suffer for what this poor widow did, yet they have done more for you than you know or ever will know. For your sakes, when you are helpless infants, your mothers had to drag themselves of many misfortunes, and put themselves to great trouble, both day and night. And many an hour of anxiety and grief have they passed on your account. Endeavor to show them, by your loving conduct, that you prize their love to you; and remember that the first commandment which has a promise attached to it is, "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Want of affection for parents is one of the greatest sins you can commit. The Jews held it in such abhorrence that they stoned to death those male children who were disobedient to their parents.

And should not this little tale of a mother's love, remind every one of you of Him who loved us so much, that he came from heaven to lay down his life for us. The love of Jesus, but that only, exceeds a mother's love. The love of that mother was natural love, but the love of Jesus Christ was divine love. His love for us was far beyond what men or angels had ever heard of. See him bleeding and dying on the cross, and behold how he loved us!

And should not this little tale of a mother's love, remind every one of you of Him who loved us so much, that he came from heaven to lay down his life for us. The love of Jesus, but that only, exceeds a mother's love.

Be jealous on this point. Whether you live in town or country, resolve not to profane your Sabbath. Once give out caring for the Sabbath, and the world will be given over caring for your soul. The steps which lead to this are easy and regular. Begun with non-compliance with God's day, and you will not honor God's house: cease to honor God's house, and you will soon cease to honor God's book, and by and by you will give God no honor at all.

Let any one lay the foundation of the Sabbath, and I am never surprised if it finishes with the up-ruin of all God. It was a remarkable saying of Judge Hale that of all the persons accused of capital crimes while he was upon the bench, he found few who did not confess that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the Sabbath.

Resolve, by God's help, that you will always remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Honor it by a regular attendance at some place where the gospel is preached. Settle under a faithful minister, and enter settled, let your place in church never be empty.

FARM FOR SALE. And Immediate Possession Given.

Dear Friends—A fine farm property, situated in the Parish of Sudbury, N. E., containing over seventy acres, partly cleared, with a small old residence, and three open fields. A stream of water, well adapted for milling purposes, flows through the premises. Will be sold for cash, terms moderate. Apply at the office of Wm. H. WILDERSON, Esq., No. 16 Union Street, Boston, or to the subscriber, Wm. H. ANDERSON, June 4.

SPIRITS TURPENTINE. Just received 300 gallons Spirits Turpentine, for sale by JAMES GULDNER, Druggist, April 25, 1850, 55 King-street.

Collegiate Grammar School.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the above INSTITUTION, in connection with "VILLAGE COLLEGE," (Incorporated by Act of Assembly, a new open in the reception of pupils, until the College Buildings are erected, the business of the Collegiate Grammar School will be temporarily carried on in the spacious School Rooms under the Presbyterian Church, at the corner of George and Charlotte streets. The following Classes have been opened, viz—

GRADE—Tuition, Detrict, Grammar, Latin & Spanish, Mathematics, Debts, &c. Classes—Caroline Negro, Anterior Debts, &c. Debts.

PRINCIPAL.—Reiner's Conversations; Telegraphic, Hebrew and other classes will be progressively taught as required.

All the subjects of a thorough English and Mechanical Education will be completely taught.

TEACHERS.—Mr. James McClinton, in the Classics; Mr. John Tolson in English and Mathematics.

TEACH.—100 lbs. per Quarter.

By order of the President and Trustees, R. D. MCINTYRE, St. John, N. B., May 16, 1850.

P. S.—Board and Lodging will be furnished, in Pupils from the country, or reasonable terms, by May 17, 1850. SAM'L. D. MILLER, Principal.

REMOVED.

FLOOD'S PHOTOGRAPHIC AND ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIO. of Union Street, Boston.

Mr. FLOOD has removed his studio to 100 Cornhill, Boston.

He is now engaged in the preparation of his new studio.

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