

Poetry

(For the Religious Intelligencer.)

"Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works; through the greatness of thy power shall shine our eyes unto ourselves unto thee."—Psalms 55 & 3. What—God have smitten? can there be found, In the wide circuit of the universe, A being so depraved—so lost—so dead? To the holy sentiment sublime, As to assume an hostile attitude Against goodness and love unbound? alas, At least, the world is not all dead; Whatever other globes contain—this world The strange anomaly prents—of those Who, under Lucifer's y'le banner raged, Gainst goodness infinite lit up the heel. "Gainst thyself thy enemies are the Lord is good—Yea, goodness itself—Him tender men Are o' er all his works, He made them—gave them, Ridly, even blessing to enjoy—and— Still, still, they are foes. What makes them so? And the tr' d—man is all deluded."

Why did the first-born of our Adam's seed His brother hate, and hit the murderous club?

His own works evil were, his brother's good—

Evil and good can never coalesce.

Jehovah both declared his foul shall bow.

Sinner, are you prepared to meet his wrath?

Know you his power? Have you considered well

The dread encounter? Where is your defence

When God shall sound the charge—when he, who

spake

And ponderous globes, launched from his mighty hand,

Roll round the solar fire, swift as the shaft

From his hands, shot at thy guilty head?

His right-hand, that abhors his sin,

Look at a deluged world, and Sodom's plains;

And ground your arms, and to his seprin' bow.

Believe, thou hast been iniulic'd.

To God, by wicked works. When unregen'd,

Against thee God who bought the wits, his blood

Thou didst an unavailing war maintain.

And since by might grace thy neck was b'rd,

He w'ld not, thou rebelling against the Lord!

To do his will—thou givest—so strengthen the

And when thy waywardness hid thee from me,

How soon didst thou repine. O let thy heart

Be reconciled to God—thy will is

Then heaven peace shall fill thy immost soul.

Canning, Jan. 25, 1857 DAVID PALMER.

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

Once there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye,
A boy who always spoke the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
There goes the curly-headed boy,
They boy who never tells a lie.

And every body loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day as he grew up,
"Twas said, "There goes the honest youth!"

And when the people that stood near,
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this—
Because he never tells a lie.

Family Circle.

(For the Intelligencer.)

The fruit of Lying.

Boston, 1857.

The other day, I heard a gentleman tell the following story, which will relate for the benefit of little boys who sometimes tell things not strictly true.

A few years ago, in New Hampshire, there lived a family, and among its members, was a little flaxen-haired boy. He was no worse than other boys, and there was no apparent reason why he should not grow up to an intelligent and useful man. But he contracted a habit of telling lies, whenever he thought they would answer better than truth, which they never will, though I suppose he thought so. His parents did not take particular care to teach their little son the danger of this wicked habit, and in the course of time, he became a great liar. He grew up to be a man in stature, and his old habit stuck to him, and he added stealing, and other crimes to it, for one evil habit seldom goes far alone; it soon begots a kindred vice.

Time rolled on, and so did the evil habits of this young man, and he got in the House of Correction for some misdemeanor. A few years more, and we find him in the State Prison. Let us now take a glance at his character. Instead of the pleasant, light-hearted, kind, little boy, we see a sullen, malicious, and revengeful man. Evil is depicted on his countenance, which it gives one a feeling of dread to behold.

Yesterday, said the gentleman who related the story, I saw him again; and where was it, do you think? In a cold, gloomy, stone dungeon, with iron bands on his wrists, chained to the wall; and nothing but an old blanket and some straw to lie on. In an evil hour, he had killed one of the keepers of the prison, and now he will be hung for his dreadful crime.

His mother, where is she? She is crazy in the lunatic asylum.

Boys, take warning by the fate of this young man, and never tell a lie. He was no worse, at first, than you are perhaps; but he began by telling little untruths, and ended on the gallows; for though he is not hung yet, his sentence is passed and he must die.

We shudder for the fate of his immortal soul, when we remember what the Bible says of hells and murderers.

Children, if you want to be happy here and hereafter, never tell a lie.

Margaret Wilson.

It was during the bitter persecution of the Scotch Covenanters, in the year 1653 and 1655, when Baxter, Flavel, and about two thousand other clergymen, who shut out from their pulpits by the Act of Uniformity, under Charles II., that Margaret and Agnes Wilson, the daughters of a wealthy farmer in Winstonsire, were obliged to leave their father's house, and secretly wander from one poverty-stricken hovel to another, to avoid the fury of the watchful soldiery. They had early received a religious education, and as they grew toward womanhood they became ardently attached to the faith of the Dissenters, and could not be induced to attend the Established Church.

Though still so young—for Margaret was not eighteen, and Agnes scarcely twelve—they had attracted the attention of the Covenanters by their firm adherence to the cause of the Covenanters. For many weeks they were concealed in the caves and ravines of the mountains, spending long days and nights exposed to the piercing cold of a severe winter; while the ensuing summer found them suffering as intensely beneath the scorching heat, as they wandered homeless in the swamps and marshes, from which the

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fear of deadly sickness kept their persecutors. Yet, amid all trials they did not waver. "Out of weakness" they "were made strong" by faith, which "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

At length came a brief respite; the profigate and reckless Charles II., was called to his account, and for a short space the troubled land had rest. Taking advantage of this pause in the persecution, the trembling girls came forth from their hiding-places, to stay for a time with those who sympathized with them in their religious belief. And again, widow McLaughlin, a long-tried friend, who had herself been an earl for conscience sake, received them at her home, and by her wise counsels and motherly care greatly encouraged the weary and almost heart-sick wanderers.

While enjoying this season of peace, the sisters were discovered and betrayed by a base fellow named Patrick Stuart, and without the shadow of a trial, were thrown into a loathsome prison. Here they were soon joined by their friend, Mrs. McLaughlin, who was arrested by the same time. They were treated with the utmost rigor, not allowed sufficient food, deprived of fire, though the weather was severely cold, and at night stretched their aching limbs on the bare stone floor.

A document denying the peculiar doctrines of their faith was presented to them. Apostasy or death was the only alternative. Their father saved the life of Agnes, his youngest daughter, by the payment of one hundred pounds, her youth rendering her persecutors indifferent to her fate; and all the agonizing intercessions and brilliant offers of the afflicted parents could effect nothing for Margaret's release. The eleventh of May was appointed for her execution and that of the aged Mrs. McLaughlin. Two heavy stakes were driven into the sand on the Wigton beach, half way between high and low water mark. The shores, the rocks, and the country around, for a great distance, were thronged by the clamorous multitude, eager to witness the terrific scene. A band of soldiers surrounded the defenseless woman on their way to execution. The aged matron was bound to the post nearest the advancing tide, while the young maiden fastened to that nearest the shore, in such a position that she could not avoid seeing the death of her friend. Slowly, yet surely, the surging billows approached; each successive wave rose higher and higher; and soon all that was mortal of Margaret McLaughlin was buried beneath the water.

The shout of the rabble had died away, and now they gazed in mute horror on the raging flood. Undismayed, the young girl watched her fate; her persecutors brought her once more to the shore and offered her the "oath of abjuration," but she was strong even to the end. Again her slight form was bound to the stake, and in the dash on the beach, her clear, firm voice was heard distinctly above the roar of the sea, saying, "There is no room for condemnation to them which are in Jesus Christ, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" and still her tones grew stronger and more triumphant, until she reached the close of the glorious chapter: "Nay, in all things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord."

While the spell-bound multitude gazed, the water closed the fearful struggle. A small monument has been erected to the memory of these martyrs, in the church-yard of Wigton. They have long joined that goodly company, "which came out of great tribulations, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

OBITUARY.

MISS PRICILLA CHURCHILL.

The village graveyard on this little ocean Isle is not without its attractions, removed a little from the noise and bustle of the village; contiguous to the new chapel, both of which are surrounded by a beautiful grove of evergreens which seem to stand as so many guardians around the congregations of the dead. It matters little where the body shall sleep when its inhabitant is gone; the eye of God will never lose sight of it, and the blast of the Archangel's trumpet will not fail to reach it whether it be laid away on the shelf of a vault or in the vast Catacombs of Egypt, in the deep pot at Naples or in such a quiet resting place as this. Still there is a pleasure in the thought that the body so long familiar to us will be laid away not hastily nor rudely, but with solemn words, sols, and tears; not in a common grave pit, but by the side of the loved ones in the shade of the trees under which we walked and sat in life time, and where our friends will walk and talk of us as they bend over our graves. Thus sleeps our gentle sister Priscilla by the side of loved friends. Her father and also a sister but four short weeks before preceded her to this quiet resting place surrounded by relatives and friends, over whose graves stand those blocks of marble as so many sentinels to give warning to the survivors that this must be their ultimate resting place. O that they were wise and would consider.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and children. Mr. C. had for many years been engaged in mercantile pursuits and had gained a competency for himself and family. But alas! the insidious destroyer consumption entered the peaceful dwelling and removed the husband and father.

Again he entered and the partner in business and brother in law, our esteemed and lamented brother Bradford Locke of precious memory was called to his eternal reward. The destroyer entered again and removed another of the firm, Winslow in the 21st year of his age; and not quite a year since another son Edmund aged 18 was cut off with all the crew of the ill-fated brig *Winslow Locke*. And again within four weeks, two beloved sisters are called to lie side by side in that family cemetery. Priscilla while in early life was brought to God when the future of earth was full of golden promise. She then took the vanity so natural to her years to become a disciple of the Saviour, united with his people and continued a worthy member of the church till death. All she required on earth was hers, and in view of her eternal home, well may she have asked, "What, all

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now on hand, being undoubtedly superior to any in material and make hitherto offered in this city.

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LINUS SELBY.

PROPERTY IN GAGESTOWN.

BY AUCTION.

THAT pleasantly situated HOUSE in GAGESTOWN, was sold last June, will be sold at Public Auction on TUESDAY, the 3rd day of March next.

Possessors desirous of returning to the country cannot get a prettier situation and the house entirely new. Enquire of W. F. BONNELL.

REUBEN ABBETT, Gagestown, 12th January, 1857.

Mosher's Beach St. Martins, Jan. 1st. 2nd.

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Linus Selby, 1st January, 1857.