

Poetry.

A Missionary Hymn.

This toilsome world is not my home,  
I'm going for aye;  
My Saviour smiles and bids me come,  
To live in endless day.  
The ready ship is launched now,  
Her sails do widely swell,  
To her commander I will bow—  
My native land, farewell.

Chorus.

My native land, farewell, farewell,  
My native land, farewell;  
I can no longer on the shore;  
My native land, farewell.

The gallant ship is under way,  
That bears me out to sea,  
And yonder floats the star so gay,  
Which says they wait for me.  
The seamen dips his ready oar  
In every wave to tell  
I must no linger on the shore—  
My native land, farewell.

My native land, &c.  
I go, but not to plow the main—  
To ease a restless mind—  
Nor do I sigh on battle fields  
The victor's wreath to twine.

Is not for treasures that are hid  
In mountain or in dell;  
Is not for joys like these I bid  
My native land farewell.

My native land, &c.  
I go to break the fowler's snare,  
To shake the tyrant's throne;  
I go to break the tyrant's throne;  
I go to break the tyrant's throne.

Where Satan reigns alone,  
And when my pilgrim feet shall stand  
Where death and danger dwell,  
Dear land of rest, my heart shall sigh—  
My native land, farewell.

My native land, &c.  
I go, an erring child of dust,  
Ten thousand snares around,  
But He whose arms are all my trust,  
Can make the feeble strong.

My sun and shield forever nigh,  
All darkness to dispel,  
His grace can cheer when I sigh—  
My native land, farewell.

My native land, &c.  
I go because my Master calls,  
And makes my duty plain;  
No danger can the heart assail  
When Jesus comes to reign.

And now the vessel moves along,  
Her sails her bosom swell,  
New beauties in the darkest shade—  
My native land, farewell.

My native land, &c.  
I go devoted to His cause,  
And to His will resigned;  
His promise can supply the loss  
Of all I leave behind.

His promise cheers my sinking heart  
And lights the darkest cell;  
To exult pilgrims grace impart—  
My native land, farewell.

My native land, &c.  
And when my pilgrim foot shall end,  
And all my toil is o'er,  
Then shall my pilgrim soul ascend,  
And gain the blissful shore.

Then to the world I bid adieu,  
In it no longer dwell;  
I can no longer dwell with you—  
My native land, farewell.

My native land, &c.  
THE DIAMOND BREAST-PIN.  
It will cost two hundred dollars, Anna!

Mr. President, I have a confession to make  
which may surprise some of my old friends  
who have known me in my youth, and which  
I have not told them before. I have a confession  
to make which may surprise some of my old friends  
who have known me in my youth, and which  
I have not told them before.

My husband's voice was like a trumpet  
calling me to him. I have a confession to make  
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do for him to hold back in the matter of pay-  
ment, for the jeweller was an acquaintance  
of more than one of the directors of the bank,  
and questions might be asked, and inferences  
drawn prejudicial to his standing. In an evil  
hour, under distress of mind and strong  
temptation, the young man made a false  
entry, which enabled him to abstract two  
hundred dollars from the funds of the bank.

This was only the beginning of a series of  
defalcations, which ran through many years,  
before the exposure came which always fol-  
lows such a course of crime. It was easier  
now to supply the extravagant demands of his  
wife, whose annual wardrobe, and bills for  
jewelry, for which she had that passion which  
is characteristic of weak minds, almost reach-  
ed the full amount of his salary.

But the end came at last. One evening  
seven years from the date of the marriage,  
Mr. and Mrs. Blakely were about leaving for  
the opera, when their bell was rung violently.  
Mr. Blakely started and turned pale with a  
sudden presentiment of evil.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife,  
who saw the singular change in his counte-  
nance.  
Mr. Blakely did not answer, but stood list-  
less towards the door. Men's voices were  
now heard, and the tread of heavy feet along  
the passage. There was a start and a hurried  
movement by Blakely; then he stood still, as  
if riveted to the spot.

"Who are they? What is the meaning  
of this?" asked Mrs. Blakely in alarm. At  
the same moment two men entered the room.  
"You are arrested," said one of them, "on  
a charge of defalcation."  
Mrs. Blakely shrieked, but her husband  
stood still and statue-like, his face an ashen  
hue.

"George! George! This is false!" ex-  
claimed Mrs. Blakely, recovering herself.—  
"You could not stoop to crime!"  
"It is true," he answered, in a low, sad,  
despairing voice.

The words of her husband had stunned Mrs.  
Blakely. She recovered herself as he was  
gone. She never saw him afterwards. That  
night he passed to his account before a higher  
tribunal than an earthly one, and she was left  
in poverty and disgrace.

The story is one of every day life. George  
Blakely is the representative of his class.—  
Not all of them rob banks, or defraud their  
employers. But all of them, to support idle,  
extravagant wives in costly establishments—  
costly in comparison with their means—  
spend more than their earnings or profits, and  
fall in the end to pay their just obligations.

A modern young lady, fashionably edu-  
cated, and with modern notions of style, fashion,  
and domestic equipments, is altogether too  
costly an article for a young man of small  
means or a moderate salary. Diamond pins,  
rich silks and laces, rosewood furniture, six,  
seven, eight or nine hundred dollar houses,  
operas, balls, fashionable parties, Saratoga  
and Newport, and success in business, are  
all together out of the question. If young men  
would unite the latter and matrimony, they  
must look into another circle for wives. A  
girl who is independent enough to earn her  
living as a teacher or with the needle, is a  
wife worth a score of such but riles of fashion  
and a rising man, who has only his in-  
dustry to rest upon in life, is a fool to marry  
any other. Useful industry is always honor-  
able, and difference of sex makes no differ-  
ence in this particular.—T. S. Arthur.

STORY OF THE BOY.  
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which may surprise some of my old friends  
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ing, and preaching is preaching. One is  
one thing, the other thing is the other thing.  
Well, brother, which will you do? Preach?  
Obey God? you read, and obey man?—  
When you preach, you preach well, your  
heart, every moving muscle. There is life,  
soul, power, in your words. Your very con-  
tour is a sermon; in there is meaning to it; God  
gives it. Your heart, your soul, your life is  
in it. But when you read, you read, plod on  
in the old beaten track, comparatively cold,  
formal, lifeless, soulless, powerless. Your  
soul has no play of faith, new light, new  
thought, new energy. The flint, the fire, the  
hammer are wanting. Your people see it,  
feel it, mourn over it, sleep under it, save  
under it. Beloved, what says God? "Go  
preach my Gospel." Well, not why obey him?

You read your sermons from the desk, your  
soul is cramped. Wherefore read? Be-  
cause it is popular, fashionable? Some min-  
isters tell us, by a way of excuse, they can't  
preach, never could preach. They were  
taught to read, pore over their dusty man-  
uscripts, gesticulate tread-mill and wind-mill  
fashion, and henceforth they must do it.—  
Awful state! But, even this time apology  
is not yours. God has opened your lips, given  
you special fluency in extemporizing.—  
Words flow apace when you will. And still  
you put this light under a bushel, cramp your  
own soul, starve your people! "A bird that  
can sing and will not sing, should be made to  
sing."—Golden Rule.

The Cross and the Treasure.  
If any of my little readers should travel in  
Spain or Italy, they would meet very often  
with a cross, made of wood or iron, standing  
by the roadside. Whenever a Roman Catho-  
lic approaches one of these, he kneels, or  
crosses himself and offers a short prayer.  
In olden times, as a pious traveller was jour-  
neying on alone, he saw before him a cross  
laying upon a broad stone. Not satisfied  
with merely kneeling before it, he caught it  
up in his arms, and pressed it to his bosom;  
—a holy what should be discovered but a  
large treasure coffered beneath the cross?  
The way-worn pilgrim wept for joy, gratefully  
received the "God-sent" bounty, and travel-  
led on, more than ever determined never to  
forget the cross. And now my little bright-  
eyed friends, let me show you what a trea-  
sure you may find by taking up the cross.

Henry Hudson was a Sabbath-school schol-  
ar; a good boy, though naturally of a bold  
and quick temper. One afternoon he was  
returning home from school with several of  
his mates, swinging his satchel upon his  
arm, and singing merrily, when a rough, un-  
mannerly boy came behind him, very rudely  
knocking his hat into the street, and aggra-  
vating the insult by laughing heartily at his  
imprudence. Poor Henry! It was a bitter  
moment for him; a more severe struggle he  
never had.

"You are a coward if you do not knock  
him down, Henry," cried the other boys.  
"He should not do that to me without re-  
ceiving as good as he gave." For a moment  
his eye flashed—his hand almost  
involuntarily clenched—but it was  
only for a moment. He recollected the  
Saviour's command, "Bless them that curse  
you." It was a heavy cross, yet he took it  
up manfully. His countenance became calm  
—the little hand opened, and he offered it to  
his rude assailant: "You have injured me,"  
said he, "but I will not fight; but I freely for-  
give you, and if I ever can do you a kindness,  
don't fear to ask me." Almost thunder-  
struck, the boy at first hung his head for  
shame, then his heart melted, and with tears  
in his eyes he took the hand of Henry, and  
heartily confessed his fault. The cross was  
indeed heavy, but what a treasure Henry  
found under it, in an approving conscience,  
the devoted attachment of this reformed boy,  
and the genuine respect of all his school-  
mates.

Little readers, never forget the cross, there  
is always a treasure under it.—Forrester's  
Boy's and Girl's Magazine.

Jesus your Best Friend.  
Beware, then, that your best friend does  
not become a lost friend. Your present  
course of guilt is tending to alienate him  
forever from you. His patience has been ex-  
hausted, but you are rapidly exhausting it.  
It should startle you to think that you know not  
the boundary of his forbearance, and know  
not, of course, how near that limit you may  
at this moment be. A few more repetitions of  
infinite love perhaps, but one, may send this  
gentle question, causing his mercy to be elu-  
sive no longer.

Our anguish at the loss of a friend is in  
proportion to the clearness of our views of the  
value of his friendship. Look, then, at the  
value of Christ's friendship in the light of  
his infinite attributes, and the blessing he is  
able to bestow. The loss is great to be ac-  
cused and a stranger to such a friend, in the  
present life. What brightness his friendship  
can throw over the dark scenes of adversity!  
What cheerless midday it is to be alone  
enjoying none of the beams of the Sun of Right-  
eousness! How gloomy, without him, the  
valley of the shadow of death!

And what an opportunity ETERNITY will  
furnish for estimating the loss of such a friend  
There will be no dimness of the moral eye  
No worldly cares or pleasures will pre-  
vent intensity of thought upon that dreadful  
theme. With that terrible vividness will all  
the expressions of the lost friend's kindness,  
recur to the mind! His power and willing-  
ness to save, his tender sympathy, his humili-  
ation on his sufferings, and his patience, his  
invitations and his promises; what topics of  
thought, as life's unfolded map receives the  
terrible brightness of the beams of truth as  
they shine in eternity! Beware, that you do  
not encounter in eternity the dreadful fact,  
that your friend is a lost friend.—Chris-  
tian Mirror.

RECEIVED and ready for inspection at the VIG-  
TORIA HOUSE, per R. M. Steamer Aralia,  
via Halifax and Windsor—One Case  
BONNET RIBBONS,  
BISHOP'S LAWN,  
SWISS MUSLINS, &c., &c.  
Which will be sold at such prices as to make it an ob-  
ject to intending purchasers.  
July 9, 1888.

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July 9, 1888.

D. H. HALL,  
—IMPORTER OF—  
Fine soft felt hats:  
And dealer in every description of STRAW  
GOODS, CAPS, Satin and Kossuth HATS,  
Wholesale and Retail.  
July 23 41 King street.

A. A. B. SMITH,  
Importer, Manufacturer, and  
DEALER IN  
GENTS' BLACK SATIN HATS,  
ENGLISH and American Style, &c. Kossuth,  
and soft felt hats, do. Panama, Leghorn,  
Straw HATS.  
—ALSO—  
CLOTH and GLAZED CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.  
Wholesale and Retail.  
July 30 24, King Street.

GUILFORD S. REED,  
APOTHECARY AND DRUGGIST,  
FELLOWS BUILDING, 8 GERRAIN STREET.  
Physician and Family Prescriptions personally pre-  
pared.  
Every article warranted. Country orders prompt-  
ly executed. Price in cash. Price in advance.  
HAMILTON & UNDERHILL,  
REMOVED  
NOS. 8 & 4,  
SOUTH MARKET WHARF.  
aug6

WHITE & BROTHERS,  
Commission Merchants and General Agents,  
No. 28, South Market Wharf, St. John, N.B.  
W. H. WHITE & CO., Springfield, N.C.  
W. H. WHITE & CO., Springfield, N.C.  
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
Provisions, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.  
W. H. WHITE, JAS. & WHITE, HIRSH & WHITE,  
may7

JOHN J. WRIGHT,  
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
AND  
FLOUR DEALER,  
No. 24, SOUTH MARKET WHARF,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
July 23 41 King street.

GILBERT & SKINNER,  
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law,  
Barristers, Conveyancers, &c.  
Office—No. 11, Second Flat,  
JUDGE RITCHIE'S BUILDING,  
Saint John, N. B.  
GEORGE G. GILBERT, JUN. CHARLES N. SKINNER,  
june25-40m

HENRY ROBERTSON,  
Importer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE,  
No. 3, St. Stephen's Building,  
King Square, St. John N. B.  
NEW DRUG STORE,  
Corner Market & Gerrain Streets.  
The undersigned has opened an APOTHECARY  
and DRUG SHOP on the corner of Gerrain and  
Market Streets, in the Store formerly occupied by  
Mr. J. H. CHAPMAN.  
He will keep on hand a Stock of the best  
English and Foreign DRUGS, MEDICINES, ES-  
SENTIAL OILS, and all the requisites for the  
Trade as well as private families, and individuals,  
and at the cheapest rate for CASH.  
Having served for a number of years in one of the  
oldest and best establishments in the city, Physicians  
and families may depend upon their Receipts being  
prepared in a proper manner and of the best materials.  
June 1 F. M. ROBERTSON.

Watchmaker and Jeweler, &c.  
Apprentice of the late Mr. D. West.  
Solicits the patronage of the Public, and begs  
to state that he has received the instruction of  
JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c.  
JEWELRY REPAIRING done in the best manner.  
50, King-street, next door to Davies & Marshall.  
may7

SPRING FASHIONS,  
1888.  
A. & T. GILFLOUR,  
IMPORTERS,  
10, King Street, Saint John, New Brunswick,  
Are now opening their new importation of  
SPRING GOODS,  
FOR MEN'S WEAR.  
Fancy Dressing, English, French and German Coat  
ings; Extra Price Black Satin; Bro. d. Cloth and  
Casimires of all celebrated makes. ap23

A CARD.  
The Subscriber has, in connection with his BAK-  
ERY ESTABLISHMENT, commenced the manufac-  
ture of COOKIES, and is now offering for sale the  
service of a superior workman from Scotland, and  
being determined to use none but the very best ma-  
terials, he will at all times be prepared to supply the  
Trade as well as private families, and individuals,  
with the various articles in this line, of the choicest  
description and quality; and flatter himself that  
his Goods will give satisfaction to all who will  
call at his establishment, and the public, &c., before  
purchasing elsewhere. JOHN C. MCINTOSH,  
April 30, 1888.  
P. S.—Biscuits, Fine Biscuits, &c. do. do.  
Fancy Cakes on hand, as usual. Goods purchased at  
this establishment, will be delivered anywhere in the  
City and vicinity, free of charge. J. C. McI.

M. N. POWERS, UNDERTAKER.  
Respectfully announces that he has received the  
service of a superior workman from Scotland, and  
being determined to use none but the very best ma-  
terials, he will at all times be prepared to supply the  
Trade as well as private families, and individuals,  
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CONVOYTES!! CONVOYTES!!  
Invented and Patented by the Subscriber.  
The Convoys are a picture taken on Leather;  
and while it gives a true and accurate repre-  
sentation of the subject, it is so constructed that  
it will not fade, and is so durable that it will  
last for years. The Subscriber has fitted up his  
rooms, now prepared to take likenesses on Leather,  
Glass, and in the most perfect manner. He has  
been supplied with the patronage of His Excellency  
Lieutenant Governor and many other dignitaries,  
and he assures all who may favor him with their patronage  
that he will give them a picture which will last for  
ages. Call and examine specimens.  
JOHN A. MACE,  
Convoys Artist,  
King street, Carlton  
Granite Hall.

JONES CLOTHING STORE,  
No. 3 DOCK STREET.  
The largest Stock of CLOTHING to be found in  
this City, comprising every description worn  
from the cheapest to the very best.  
Clothes, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Suits, &c., &c., which will be made to measure in a  
superior manner, at low prices.  
If strangers visit the City, and all others will  
find that they can be suited in everything required for  
a complete outfit, with goods that can be warranted,  
and at such prices as will cause a READY SALE.  
may12 THOS. R. JONES.

ON A CARD.  
1100 L. 50 doz. North Weyn SCYTHS, very  
much approved by purchasers, for the past 3 years.  
—ALSO—  
4 Bils. COOL OIL, 50 Bils. CORN MEAL,  
100 Bags fine SALT, 200 doz. Course do.  
30 doz. Cheats Souchong TEA, just arrived,  
10 Boxes TOBACCO, do. do.  
10 doz. and 20 doz. SALT, do. do.  
10 Firkins and 20 tubs New Valley BUTTER, very  
superior. The above goods will be sold low for  
cash.  
P. S.—Milk can be supplied at all times with any  
quantity or quality of German Boiling Cloths or  
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