

Poetry.

THE OLD MAN'S MEDITATIONS.

BY C. C. COFFIN.

The Old Man walked with weary feet,
And gazed with clouded eye;
Slowly with the waves of life,
He thought perhaps the winding sheet
Would soon o'er him its folds meet,
That soon he was to die.

He thought of childhood's happy hours,
And knew that they were fled;
He played once more amid the flowers,
He built again the airy towers,
And set within the shady bowers,
With friends who now were dead.

He thought upon the distant land,
Which he had travelled o'er;
He asked—“Where is that happy band
Which started with me hand in hand,
Who left their foot prints in the sand,
And then were seen no more?”

He thought how fast the time had sped,
He saw the setting sun;
Where was the wife which he had wed,
Who stood by him his dying bed,
And pillow up his aching head,
When life's last scene had run?

Where was the mother, who had prayed
To God to bless her child;
Who soothed his sorrows when afraid,
And then in joy him had played,
And called him back when he had strayed,
And looked on him and smiled?

Where was the father, whose kind hand
Had over him been cast;
Who in his arms his child had held,
Who taught him his evening prayer,
Who rocked him in his little chair,
And loved him to the last?

He looked upon the sea of years
Over which he long had sailed;
The new-born hopes and pregnant fears,
The sudden joys and scolding tears,
And tales of love again he hears,
For memory has not failed.

He sees the wrecks upon the shore,
And every thing is drear;
The rolling waves around him roar,
The angry clouds their torrents pour,
His friends are gone for evermore,
And he alone is here.

Yet through the long and gloomy night
The Old Man saw a star;
It is a happy cheerful light
That gleams upon his misty sight;
It nearer comes, and shines more bright—
Heaven's light house from afar.

The Two Homes.

Two men on their way home met at a
street-crossing, and then walked on together,
They were neighbors and friends.

“This has been a very hard day,” said
Mr. Freeman, in gloomy voice. And as they
walked homeward they discouraged each
other, and made darker the clouds that
obscured their whole horizon.

“Good evening,” was at last said hur-
riedly; and the two men passed into their
homes.

Mr. Walcott entered the room where his
wife and children were gathered, without
speaking to any one, seated himself in a chair
and leaning his head back, closed his eyes.
His countenance wore a sad, weary, ex-
hausted look. He had been seated thus only
a few minutes, when his wife said in a
fearful voice:

“More trouble again,”
“What is the matter now?” asked Mr.
Walcott, almost starting.
“John has been sent home from school.”
“What?” Mr. Walcott partly rose from his
chair.

“He has been suspended for bad conduct.”
“Oh dear!” groaned Mr. Walcott, “where
is he?”

“Up in his room; I sent him there as
soon as he came home. You'll have to do
something with him. He'll be ruined if he
goes on in this way. I'm out of all heart
with him.”

Mr. Walcott, excited as much by the man-
ner in which his wife conveyed unpleasant
information as by the information itself,
started up, under the blind impulse of the
moment, and going to the room where John
had been sent on coming home from school,
punished the boy severely and without
listening to the explanation which the poor
child tried to make him hear.

“Father,” said the boy, with forced cal-
mness, after the stripes had ceased. “I wasn't
to blame, and if you will go with me to the
teacher, I can prove myself innocent.”

Mr. Walcott had never known his son to
tell an untruth, and the words fell with a re-
buke upon his heart.

“Very well, we will see about that,” he
answered, with forced sternness; and leaving
the room he went down stairs, feeling much
more uncomfortable than when he went up.
Again he seated himself in his large chair,
and again leaned back his weary head and
closed his heavy eyelids.

As he sat thus, his eldest
daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and
stood by him. She had a paper in her
hand.

“Father,” he opened his eyes; “here's
my quarter's bill. Can't I have the money
to take to school with me in the morning?”
“I am afraid not,” answered Mr. Walcott,
half in despair.

“Nearly all the girls will bring their
money to-morrow, and it mortifies me to be
behind the others.” The daughter spoke
travelling. Mr. Walcott waved her aside with
his hand, and she went off muttering and
pouting.

“It is mortifying,” said Mrs. Walcott, a
little sharply; “and I don't wonder that
Helen feels annoyed about it. The bill has
to be paid, and I don't see why it may not be
done as well as last.”

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer.—
The words but added another pressure to the
heavy burden under which he was already
suffering. After a silence of some mo-
ments, Mrs. Walcott said:

“The girls are all gone.”
“Impossible!” Mr. Walcott raised his
head and looked incredulous. “I laid in six-
teen tons.”

“I can't help it, if there were sixty tons
instead of sixteen; they are all gone. The
girls had laid work to-day to scrape up
enough to keep the fire in.”

“There has been a shameful waste some-
where,” said Mr. Walcott, with strong em-
phasis, starting up and moving about the
room with a very disturbed manner.

“So you always say when anything runs
out,” answered Mrs. Walcott, rather tartly.
“The barrel of flour is gone also; but I sup-
pose you have done your part, with the rest
in using it up.”

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and
again seated himself, leaned back his head
and closed his eyes as at first. How sad
and weary and hopeless he felt. The bur-
den of the day had seemed almost too heavy
for him; but he had borne up bravely. To
gather strength for a renewed struggle with
adverse circumstances, he had come home.
Alas! that the process of exhaustion should
still go on—that where only strength could
be looked for on earth, no strength was
given.

When the ten bell was rung, Mr. Walcott
made no movement to answer the summons.
“Come to supper,” said his wife coldly.
But he did not stir.

“Are you coming to supper?” she called
to him, as she was leaving the room.
“I don't wish for anything this evening.
My head aches very much,” he answered.

“In the dumps again,” muttered Mrs.
Walcott to herself. “It's as much as one's
life is worth to ask for money, or to say any-
thing is wanted.” And she kept on her way
to the dining room. When she returned her
husband was still sitting where she had left
him.

“Shall I bring you a cup of tea?” She
asked.
“No, I don't wish for anything.”
“What's the matter Mr. Walcott? What
do you look so troubled about, as if you hadn't
a friend in the world? What have I done to
you?”

There was no answer, for there was not a
shade of real sympathy in the voice that made
the queries, but rather of querulous dissatis-
faction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood
behind her husband, but as he did not seem
inclined to answer questions, she turned away
from him, and resumed the employment
which had been interrupted by the ringing of
the tea bell.

The whole evening passed without the oc-
currence of a single incident that gave a
healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr.
Walcott. No thoughtful kindness was man-
ifested by his wife or the family; but on the
contrary, a narrow regard for self, and a
looking to him only that he might supply the
means of self gratification.

No wonder, from the pressure that was on
him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly discour-
aged. He retired early, and sought to find
relief from mental disquietude, in sleep,
which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom
of his family. But the whole night passed in
broken slumber and disturbing dreams. From
the cheerless morning meal, at which he was
reminded of the quarter's bill that must be
paid, of the coals and flour that were out,
and of the necessity of supplying Mrs. Walcott's
empty purse, he went forth to meet the dif-
ficulties of another day, faint at heart, and
almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit,
sustained by home affections, would have
carried him through; but unsupported as he
was, the burden was too heavy for him, and
he sank under it. The day that opened so
unpropitiously closed upon him a ruined man!

Let us look in for a few moments upon
Mr. Freeman, a friend and neighbor of Mr.
Walcott. He also had come home weary
dispirited, and almost sick. The trials of the
day had been unusually severe, and when he
looked anxiously forward to scan the future,
not even a gleam of light was seen along the
black horizon.

As he stepped across the threshold of his
dwelling, a pang shot through his heart, for
the thought came, “How slight the present
hold upon his comforts.” Not for him-
self, but for his wife and children was the
pain.

“Father's come!” cried a glad little voice
on the stairs, the moment his footfall sounded
in the passage; then quick, patting feet
were heard—and then a tiny form was
springing into his arms. Before reaching the
sitting room above, Alice the eldest daugh-
ter, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly
round his neck, and her loving eyes lifted to his
face.

“Are you not late, dear?” It was the
gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.
Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to
answer. He was too deeply troubled in
spirit to assume at the moment a cheerful
tone, and he had no wish to sadden the hearts
that loved him, by letting the depression from
which he was suffering become too clearly ap-
parent. But the eyes of Mrs. Freeman saw
quickly before the surface.

“Are you not well, Robert?” she enquired
tenderly, as she drew his large arm-chair to
the centre of the room.
“A slight headache,” he answered, with a
slight evasion.

Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated ere a
pair of hands was busy with each foot, re-
moving gaiter and shoes, and supplying their
place with a soft slipper. There was not one
in the household who did not feel happier for
his return, nor one who did not seek to render
some kind office.

It was impossible, under such a burst of
heart-sunshine, for the spirit of Mr. Freeman
long to remain shrouded. Almost impercepti-
bly to himself gloomy thoughts gave place to
more cheerful ones, and by the time tea
was ready, he had half forgotten the fears
which had so haunted him through the day.
But they could not be held back altogeth-
er, and their existence was marked during the
evening by an unusual silence and abstrac-
tion of mind. This was observed by
Mrs. Freeman, who, more than half suspect-
ing the cause, kept back from her husband
the knowledge of certain matters about which
she had intended to speak to him, for she
feared they would add to his mental disqui-
tude. During the evening she gleaned from
something he said the real cause of his changed
aspect. At once her thoughts commenced
running in a new channel. By a few lead-
ing remarks she drew her husband into con-
versation on the subject of home expenses,
and the propriety of restriction in various
points. Many things were mutually pronoun-
ced superfluous and easily to be dispensed
with, and before sleep fell soothingly on the
heavy eyelids of Mr. Freeman that night, an
entire change in their style of living had been
determined upon—a change that would re-
duce their expenses at least one-half.

“I see light ahead,” was the hopeful
words of Mr. Freeman, as he resigned him-
self to slumber.

With renewed strength of mind and body,
and a confident spirit, he went forth the next
day—a day that he had looked forward to
with fear and trembling. And it was only
through this renewed strength and confident
spirit that he was able to overcome the dif-
ficulties that loomed up, mountain high, before
him. Weak despondency would have ruin-
ed all. Home had proved his tower of strength
—his waited city. Strengthened for the con-
flict, he had gone forth again into the world,
and conquered in the struggle.

“I see light ahead,” gave place to “the
morning breaketh!” (Orange Blossoms.)

The Religious Intelligencer

A SUPERIOR AND GENUINE
VEGETABLE COUGH CANDY
H. Y. MACER'S Vegetable COUGH CANDY
is for curing Coughs, Colds, Croup, Irritation of
the Throat, Asthma, and is particularly useful in relieving
the Whooping Cough, and all other Coughs, Croup, and
Chest Affections.

It is particularly recommended to the attention of Public
Speakers, Singers, and all persons who use the voice freely.
There has been so much practice under the pressure of
the public, that many of the medicines that are in the
market of a Cough Candy, only have that each one
should try for himself, how well it does.

Good Medicines
should be made public. Even those who possess some
virtue are held at such exorbitant prices that they do not
come within reach of the poor; while they, above all, are
the most liable to suffer from the consequence of neglect and
exposure.

Do not the poor suffer daily? Is it true they do, for the
want of a medicine which is so easy to use, and so
effective? The proprietor of the Vegetable Cough Candy has obtained
the authority by inventing a medicine compounded of
twenty-nine different ingredients, extracted from the Vege-
table Kingdom, and at a price which will place it within
the reach of all. It is well known that many ingredients
which are highly efficacious, when combined
with others are highly salutary.

Macer's Vegetable Cough Candy
contains the most powerful ingredients, while other
Cough Candies are composed, with several additional
kinds, of the combined power of which is sufficient to heal, in
every malady to which the human system is liable
(which does not require the aid of a surgeon) if attended to
in season.

The numerous ingredients composing this Candy have
been recommended by many physicians, and while other
Cough Candies are composed, with several additional
kinds, of the combined power of which is sufficient to heal, in
every malady to which the human system is liable
(which does not require the aid of a surgeon) if attended to
in season.

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Irritation of
the Throat, Asthma, and is particularly useful in relieving
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HAMILTON & UNDERHILL

REMOVED
NOS. 2 & 4,
SOUTH MARKET WHARF.

W. M. VENNING,
WATCHMAN AND DEALER IN
IMPORTER, JEWELLERY,
AND SILVER WARE,
No. 60, King St., St. John, N. B.
ON HAND, “Ladies” and Gentle-
man's Gold and Silver English Lever
Watches, a superior article. Gold
Chains, Rich Wedding Rings; Silver
Spoons, Water-pots, &c.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.
N. B. The highest price paid for old Silver.
November 9th 1858.

NEW DRUG STORE,
Corner Market & German Streets.
The undersigned has opened an APOTHECARY
and DRUG SHOP on the corner of German and
Market Streets, in the Store formerly occupied by
Mr. J. H. CHIPMAN.

He will keep always on hand a Stock of the best
English and Foreign DRUGS, MEDICINES, PA-
TENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, PAINTS,
OILS, DYE-STUFFS, Brushes, &c., which he will
sell at the cheapest rates 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.
Every article warranted. Country orders prompt-
ly executed.

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.
41 King street.

A. A. B. SMITH,
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER, AND
DEALER IN
GENUINE BLACK SATIN HATS,
English and American Styles, do. KOSKUTH,
and Soft Felt HATS, do. Panama, Leghorn,
Stove HATS, &c.

WHITE & BROTHERS,
Commission Merchants and General Agents,
No. 28, South Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.
W. H. WHITE & CO., Springfield, K. C.
J. E. WHITE & CO., Sussex, K. C.
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Provisions, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.
W. H. WHITE, JAS. A. WHITE, HIRSHMAN WHITE,
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JOHN WRIGHT,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
FLOUR DEALER,
No. 24, SOUTH MARKET WHARF,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Choice Family FLOUR always on hand. Con-
signments respectfully solicited.

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 S. SKINNER,
June 20—46m

HENRY ROBERTSON
Importer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE,
No. 3, St. Stephens Building,
King Square, St. John N. B.

A CARD.
THE Subscriber has, in connection with his BAK-
ING ESTABLISHMENT, commenced the manufac-
ture of CONFECTIONARY, and having secured the ser-
vices of a superior workman from Scotland, and be-
ing determined to use none but the very best mate-
rials, 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 he respectfully solicits
his Goods will give satisfaction, he respectfully solicits
from his friends, and the public, a call, before
making elsewhere.

JOHN C. McLEOD,
45 Dock street,
April 30, 1858.

F. S. Ship Bread, Fine Biscuit, and all sorts of
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. McLEOD.

R. PAGE,
Watchmaker and Jeweler, &c.
Apprentice of the late Mr. D. West,
SOLICITS the patronage of the Public, and begs
to call attention to his Stock of Fashionable
JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c.
JEWELRY REPAIRING done in the best manner.
50 King-street, next door to Davies & Marshall
may 7

NOTICE.
ALL Persons having legal demands against the Es-
tate of the late JAMES L. SLIP, deceased, late of
Blissville, Sanbury County, are hereby requested to pre-
sent the same duly attested within three months from this
date, and all persons indebted to said estate, are re-
quested to make immediate payment to
JAMES WANNAMAKE, Executor,
JAMES STARR,
Norton, Dec 17—3up

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
ALL persons having any legal demands against
the Estate of JAMES L. SLIP, deceased, late of
Blissville, Sanbury County, are hereby notified to
hand in the same, duly attested to, within three
months from this date, and all persons who are in-
debted to the said estate, are hereby notified to make
immediate payment to
THOS. W. CARPENTER, Executor,
THOMAS HART,
Blissville, S. C. 17th Dec, 1858 3mpd.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
ALL persons having any legal demands against the
Estate of SAMUEL K. SLIP, deceased, late of
Blissville, Sanbury County, are hereby notified to
hand in the same, duly attested to, within three
months from this date, and all persons who are in-
debted to the said estate, are hereby notified to make
immediate payment to
GEO. H. VAN WARE,
Sole Executor,
Queensbury, Y. C. Dec 3, 1858, 3mi

NOTICE.
ALL Persons having any demands against the
Estate of the late James Roach of Sudbourn,
K. C., are hereby notified to present the same,
duly attested to, to either of the undersigned
persons, within Three Months from this date, and
all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to
make immediate payment to
WM. ROACH,
THOS. ROACH,
624 All the Free Baptist Ministers in New Brun-
swick are particularly requested to act as Agents.

NOVA SCOTIA.
Rev. Charles Knowles, Rev. E. Sullivan,
Rev. J. A. O'Brien, Rev. D. H. Norton,
Rev. C. W. Bennett, Rev. Charles Unwin,
Rev. W. G. Weston,
Rev. John Kinsman, Rev. Canning,
Rev. S. Whitmer, Rev. Hall's Harbour,
Rev. J. Purdy, Rev. Westchester,
Rev. C. M. Chubb, Rev. Harmony,
Rev. E. M. Cox, Rev. Horton,
Rev. Charles Layton, Rev. Hampton,
Rev. Thomas B. Smith, Rev. Canterbury,
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