

Poetry.

For the Religious Intelligencer
Dedicated to Smiler Section, No. 1
C. O. T.

BY GRANVILLE FOSTER.

Come brother, pledged in heart and hand
Come drive the demon from the land,
He, with us, long enough has staid,
And many victims he has made.

The high, the low, the rich, the poor
Have in their turn all felt his power;
Each thing he puffs on with his breath
Becomes corruption—ah, 'tis death.

Come brothers then, and work away,
Oh work for temperance while 'tis day!
The night may come and death appear,
To stop your work and make you fear.

Protect the youth from this great foe,
Before they're old when they'll say no;
Train up a child in virtue's way,
And he will keep them all his days.

We have an Order for the youth,
To keep them in ways of truth;
'Tis Smiler Section, Number One,
'Tis a year since it's begun.

We meet, 'tis only once a week,
And knowledge, virtue we do seek,
And this we're always sure to find,
Imparted to our youthful mind.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

She is sitting alone by the window,
In the early morning's dawn,
And thinking with saddened spirit
Of the happy seasons gone.

Her eye is dim with weeping,
And many a line of care
Has the hand of sorrow written
On the forehead once so fair.

All nature is teeming with beauty,
But she heeds not the landscape gay,
She feels not earth's balmy sweetness,
Her thoughts are far away.

Far away to a dear old homestead,
Where, in all her childhood's glee,
She roamed mid the woods and meadows
With footsteps light and free.

She thinks of her gentle mother,
Of her noble, much-loved sire,
With locks of silvery whiteness,
And his beaming eye of fire.

Their sun went down in beauty,
They sweetly passed away,
Like the first gray beam of morning,
Before the opening day.

O would she were lying beside them,
That her weary heart were at peace,
Then would this dull, ceaseless aching
Of her burning temples cease.

But, no! there are childish voices
That bid her longer stay;
Not for her is the home of the weary;
She must not haste away.

She must live for her bright household,
For the little helpless band,
Who follow her weary footsteps,
And cling to her trembling hand.

For them she must ply the needle,
From dawn to the midnight hour,
While darkness gathers round her,
And clouds of sorrow lower.

She toils;—while in bitter mockery,
Bright, thronging memories come
Of the time when, a fair-haired maiden,
She wandered in her olden home.

When, in all her girlhood's beauty,
With him in her manhood's pride
She stood, while he joyfully claimed her
As his own loved, happy bride.

Where is he now, that loved one?
Alas! in her sunken eye,
In these pallid, care-worn features,
In that heaving, bitter sigh.

We read a tale of the tempter's power—
It tells that the loved has fallen,
In an unguarded hour.

Mourn, mourn for the lost, the fallen!
Weep, weep, o'er the blighted soul
O'er the poor degraded being
Who quaffs the flowing bowl.

And ever seek by kindness
Her lonely lot to cheer,
Who wanders broken hearted,
And life's pathway drear.

—Morning Star.

The Years of Childhood.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

Who can analyze and separate the years
Of his childhood? From birth until one is
four or five, the unripe brain receives few
impressions that last. It is all blank. As in
printed book, at either end, are bound up
many blank leaves without print or writing
on them, so in human life, at either end,
begin and end with blank years, preserving
no record—leaving no mark!

But, then come the youthful days—full of
romp, of hunger, of growth, of childish
exclamation! How do they seem to you? Are
they separable? Can you thread them, and
paint them by memory? Only one or two
things peculiarly significant remain. The
days are heaped together. The very years
are heaped in mass, and you think back upon
twenty years as if they were but a hand
breadth!

It is as with landscape to a traveller. Having
journeyed all the day, at evening, reaching
some high hill, he sits down to trace his
path. The firrass at his feet is plain enough,
and ants that run express up and down every
stock have brisk distinctness. The near
bushes and the trees are so plain that the
boughs, and separate leaves stand out in their
individual forms. But as the view recedes
gradually he loses all these; and a little
farther off, leaves lie upon leaves, grass is
matted upon grass, and no longer form,
but only color. Yet farther, and trees begin
to fade; tree stands upon tree, and at length
whole forests are to his eye but faint clouds
with not one distinct line, and hills are rubbed
out, and all the inequalities of the way, which
the complaining foot felt in travelling, the
eye no longer discerns, and only now and
then a single peak or mountain remains
clear and individual against the all-abounding
sky!

Thus it is in life. Our nearer hours report
themselves; a little farther, and days only,
not hours, are discerned; then days lapse,
and weeks or months are like long aerial
distances, in one line, whose continuity is
measured by no prominent object. At length,
years only can be seen and not even these
finally. For, as sailors leaving the harbor
carry with them for a long time the sight of
the shore, but sailing still, lose first the low
water-lines but cling by the eye to the high

ce masses which, in time, as ever sailing,
fade and sink, leaving nothing but some height
lifered far up like Teneriffe, which, after the
night is passed, is all gone, hidden by the
bead of the earth's surface! So even high
topped years at length are shut down from
our memory by the bead of the vast cycles
of time.

How wonderfully true it is that we spend
our lives as a tale that is told!
Come, go back with me.

Who are the members of your father's
family? Besides your brothers and sisters
who dwell there? Who visited? Who came
and went? Who were the neighbors? These
things were vivid realities to you when a
child. What are they now? Mere marks.
As a landscape artist paints in the foreground
figures with limbs and features clear, but in
the far-off distance, where he would paint a
figure, takes his brush and spots down a mere
dash—a formless color mark! But a million
are forgotten where one remains.

Who went with you to the village school?
Call the roll! Who were the successive
teachers?—'twas of the ferule!

Who were the girls? Who were the boys?
Then, when the uproarious school broke
forth in tumult at dismissal, if I had asked
you, you could have given every name. Now
call them up! These were important things
then. Who was whipped? and who was
never struck? These to you, were more
important than the roar of European revo-
lution, the burning of Moscow, the battle
of Waterloo, but what do you remember of
them? Some memories are more tenacious
than others. A few will reproduce much;
more, some; most, but little, if any!

How much can you recall from the church?
Who went with you? Who sat about you?
—Who were the old men? Who were in
their prime? And who, like yourself, were
young? And if these living and throbbing
realities are faded-out, it will be useless for
me to ask you after the sermons. They were
gone before they were finished. They fell
upon your dissolving ear as flakes of snow
upon water, and were gone in the very act
of touching.

How much do you recall from the green
graveyard? What memories come thence,
from that populous city without a magistrate,
without a law where all who quarrel on earth
are now peaceable dust, keeping excellent
neighborhood!

Dead Heads.

We find them in the church as well as on
the railroad. They are becoming a nume-
rous class, and greatly impede our progress.
They claim the privilege of riding in the
car of salvation, while they contribute
nothing to keep it in motion. They depend
on the impulse which others give it. They add
no fuel to the locomotive, no oil to the wheels.
If all should adopt their policy, the whole
train would come to a stand-still; or, rather,
since we are moving up an inclined plane,
the whole would rush backward to speedy
ruin. Their prayers, their labors, their con-
tributions add nothing to its heavenward
momentum.

By what authority do they claim the right
to depend on others to get to heaven?
They have a pass, indeed, on which they
rely, but it is spurious, either forged by them-
selves, or imposed upon them at some bogus
office.—It may deceive some inexperienced
conductors on the way; but as they approach
the final station, the fraud will be detected.

The superintendent, who is himself the
proprietor of the road, has already decided
that he will tolerate no dead heads, and has
accordingly issued instructions to all his sub-
ordinates to exclude them. If any refuse to
pay, they can't go.

One of this class, a man well to do in the
world, once boasted that he had been in the
car (the church) for twenty-five years, and
it had not cost him twenty-five cents; and
he expected to go through at the same rate.
Upon all such dead heads the gate at the
last station will be shut, and to no entreaties
of theirs will the porter be persuaded to open
it to them.

Reader, are you contributing of your prayers,
your personal efforts, your influence,
your money, to help on the heavenlyward
movement? Or do you expect to be borne on
by the appliances which others furnish? Are
you a praying professor, or do you claim the
privilege of a dead head?

If you have a ticket, be sure it is genuine
—that it has the sign manual of the superin-
tendent. Be sure also that it is a through-
ticket. Many are ticketed only to some way
station near at hand, where they leave the
train and are seen no more.

The genuine through-tickets have for a
vignette, Faith leaning on the arms of Charity
and led on by Hope. The motto is: "Al-
ways abounding in the work of the Lord."—
(Exchange.)

Little Mary

A wholesale merchant in New Haven
used often, in going to his place of business,
to pass through a narrow alley inhabited
by miserably poor foreigners. Very early
one morning, as he drew near one of the
most wretched tenements, he heard a sweet
childish voice singing, "There is a happy
land," and looking up, saw peering through
the rag stuffed panes a little girl of six or
seven. The hour, the song, the dreadful
surroundings, led him to inquire into their
history. He found that a few benevolent
ladies had formed a Sabbath school in that
district, and little Mary had attended till a
wicked priest had made her parents take her
away.—She had learned some of the "Songs
for a Little One at Home," and she used
to sing these early to sing and say when
no one should hear, lest she might forget
them. Her little book was taken away, but
she begged another, and hid it under the
back steps at night, all day long carrying it
in her bosom.—Children of Christian parents
think of little Mary when you feel tempted
to neglect the Bible and your Sabbath
school.

Life's trials.

"Submission," said my father, "is a very
different thing from insensibility; it is never
intended, Grace, that trials should be
unfelt, for then their end would be unattained.
No trial for the present seemeth joyous, but
grievous; and pain, sickness, poverty, are
in themselves evils. Yet, if we are walking

in the way of God's commandments, we
need fear nothing that shall meet us, not
even the passing pain; for with it God may
give such views of the 'rest that remaineth,'
that all intervening labor and weariness shall
seem but as a sweet preparation."

"One must have strong faith for that,"
said Mrs. Howard, with a half sigh. "Yes,
and strong love. Do you remember the
account given of a lady, who, when she was
about to submit to a dreadful operation, gave
to one of the physicians the last letter which
had come from her husband, asking him to
hold it before her? And with her eyes fixed
upon the page and love-traced characters, she
sat unmurmuring, unfainting, through the
whole." "So let a man keep eye and heart
fixed upon the words of Christ. 'As my
Father hath loved me, so have I loved you,'
and, 'Lo, I am with you always, even until
the end of the world'; and they will give
even the deepest sorrow—how much more
such trifles as beset us."—Miss Wetherell.

The Pious Cracker Baker.

He had but small business, and made fre-
quent tours into the country to sell the pro-
ducts of his labors. He was thus led to stop
at a public house, where he was waited on
at table by a young girl. When opportunity
offered he asked the girl if she loved the Sa-
vior. She answered that she did not. He
then in earnestness and simplicity unfolded to
her the way of salvation, and urged her to ac-
cept Christ as her Savior. The words were
but few, and he returned home. Some time
afterward, he found himself again at the
same public house, but now an older woman
served the table. She recognized him, and
asked him if he remembered the former visit
he had made.

"Do you remember the girl that served
you?"

"I do."

"She is my daughter, and O, how can I
thank you for the few words you said to her
on the subject of religion? They were the
means of her conversion; and O, dear sir,"
bursting into tears, "they prepared her for a
sick and dying bed, to which she was suddenly
brought. She often referred to the inter-
view, and she passed away in triumph. I
cannot doubt she is with the Savior you
made known to her."

In this way all have something to do, and
all can do something for Christ.—Evangeli-
st.

Hides, Leather, Oil.

ALWAYS wanting, and ready to pay the highest
market price for Country HIDES, and SKINS,
containing to manufacture a good article of Leather—
having a fresh lot of Good Oil, will sell low for
Cash, at Tannery 136, Union Street.

TOILET—The pleasantly situated HOUSE,
No. 41 Elliott Row, with Flower Garden
in front, and water led in, suitable for a
small family.

Possession given immediately, if required. Enquire
on the premises, or to P. R. INCHES,
Feb. 3, Corner Market and Germain streets.

TOBACCO.
Ex A. SMITH:
15 BOXES various brands TOBACCO, direct
from the Manufacturers, and for sale on
very advantageous terms by
HAMILTON & UNDERHILL.

Blue and White Cotton Warps.
55 KING STREET.

ENNIS & GARDNER announce an additional ar-
rival of Blue and White Cotton WARPS per
Barque "Kingston," from Liverpool, this day
Feb. 4.

Notice.
THE Subscriber offers for sale an ENTIRE HOUSE,
wishing to purchase will please make application
to the Executors of the Late Leonard Ship.
JAMES SLIP, Executor.
MARY A. SLIP, Executrix.

HAUPSTED, C. C., Feb. 4, 1859. 6wp

GREAT REDUCTION!
HATS AND CAPS VERY CHEAP!
In order to sell the entire stock of HATS and
CAPS now on hand, the Subscriber has determi-
ned such reduction in prices as will defy compe-
tition.

Former price. Present price.
Gents' Black Silk Hats, 4.00 3.50
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