

Poetry.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

FRIENDS IP.

Friendship!
O who can speak its worth?
Who tell the mighty power
That little word can wield?
It lifts on high amid the light of hope,
The soul engulfed in darkness
And despair.

It dries the lonely orphan's tears,
It makes the mourning widow's heart
To sing aloud for joy.
But alas!
That cheering word of times forms
The cloak for treachery and deceit.
When those we think our friends,
Would ever meet us with a smile,
And whisper in our listening ears
Sweet words of confidence and love,
But in our absence breathe forth
Scandal on our guilty heads;
And laugh in secret
At our lost respectability.
To this they give the name of friendship.

Sad mockery!
Like Judas they betray confiding friends
With that sweet emblem of truth and love—
A kiss!

But O! when soul flows into soul,
Hearts beat with heart, and thought
Throbs before 'tis uttered,
When absent not forgotten,
And when absent not forgotten,
Thus, this is pure unsullied friendship,
Oh that the world but knew
And understood the full meaning
Of that little word.

Then would the babbling of the hypocrite
Be still; and falsehood be unknown;
Peace, love, and unity would reign,
And make our world a paradise.
But O my God! this will not be
Until thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven.

Blest millennium!
When Satan shall be bound, and sin
Shall reign and triumph over man no more.

O happy period!
When man shall love and honor God,
And dwell with all his fellow men
In peace and friendship.

Kingclever, 1859

LIZZIE.

Children in Heaven.

There stands a vacant chair in my house,
—Three long and weary years have gone by
Since little Henry used to sit in it by my side.
The marks of his feet are on its sill. Well
do I remember, how, sometimes, when he
had climbed into it for his wonted meal, he
would stoop, and with a voice sweeter than a
bird's, break forth into that dear song of child-
hood:

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
And crown upon my forehead,
And harp within my hand.

How often I paused and started as I
seemed to hear that gentle voice, then have
turned aside to weep as I remembered that
he was gone. But peace came again to the
heart, when I think that his wish is accom-
plished, and although we are sorrowing over
his loss, he is in the midst of a glorious com-
pany that are worshipping God without weariness
or imperfection.

On one of the shelves of my library, stand
his playthings and a riddle picture which he
tried to paint. A stranger might smile to
see them, but they are very dear to me, far
more precious than the most costly adorn-
ments of art. I sit in my study, and think
as I look upon them, of the dear boy that
once called them his own, and who, tired of
using them, would climb upon my lap
and fall asleep in my arms. But those
days are gone. There is a stone amid the
quiet scenes of Greenwood that bears his
name, and that of his brother, who passed
away before him. One simple but blessed
sentence is inscribed beneath their names—
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And when I recall these words, which he
uttered, who laid down his life that we might
not perish; when I think of the rich pro-
visions of grace and mercy which he has
made, I cannot doubt that a great multitude
of those who now surround his throne and
sing his praise, are little children, and that
among them are two whom I once called
mine, and who will never know sin or sorrow
more. I have tried sometimes to think how
they appear, and what are their employments.

But when I read the wondrous descrip-
tions of heaven which the Spirit has left on
record, the mind becomes lost in the theme,
and imagination fails to comprehend the glo-
ries of those scenes with which they have be-
come familiar. I only know they are infinitely
happy and perfectly holy.

Children in Heaven. O, how few who
read these lines, but can recall some dear
one, who once made music for their hearts,
and who passed away in the first blossoming
of childhood! How few but think with bitter
grief of some little grave over which the chill
winds of winter are now blowing, and where
sun shines and the storm beats, and flowers
blossom and die.

Yet methinks God sends upon us such
sorrow in love and mercy, to draw our souls
away from earth, and to attract us heaven-
ward.

Children in Heaven. Voices are there
which once rang through our dwellings, but
are now joining in the loud choruses of the
redeemed. Hearts are there which once
beat against our own. Loved ones, over
whose graves we are yet weeping, are with
angels and glorified spirits, and never know
sorrow.

"And shall never, never weep again,"
They are safe from all harm, and beyond
the reach of sin or suffering. We need not
weep for them; but we may permit the
thought that they are with Jesus to be a stim-
ulus to our faith and affections, and to draw
them out after him. We may use our affec-
tions as a blessed means of helping us on-
ward toward the rest that remains for the
people of God.

Children in Heaven. They are not dead,
—The graves over which our tears have
fallen hold but the broken caskets of jewels
which now shine in heaven. We saw them
dressed for their last resting-place; they
looked as if they had lain down to sleep,
tired of play, with their tiny hands folded
upon their breasts, and a sweet smile still
glowing upon their lips. We laid them down
gently into their silent graves, and know that
they will awake again, and that we shall meet
them in the morning.

They are not dead, but have gone before
us to that "happy land," where all is peace
and joy.

"Around the throne of God, in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band."

There, amid the angels of God; there, in
the presence of Christ; with many
whom we have known and loved, they are
joining in the worship of the upper and better
sanctuary. It was the hand of a kind Father
that removed them from us; he hath done
what he would with his own; and who can
say to him, "Why doest thou so?" He
gave, and he hath taken away. They are
gone from us, and from those blessed regions
of light and joy they are beckoning us home-
ward. O, for grace to break the fetters of
earth and sin, and to fit us for the service
of God here, and his presence hereafter. Be
with us, O blessed Saviour, in the temptation
and sorrow, in hours of darkness and gloom
when the scenes of life are fading into the
realities of eternity, be our rod and staff,
and reunited to the loved and lost of earth,
live in the eternal sunshine of thine own pres-
ence, where no shadows shall darken our
souls nor sorrow press its burden upon our
hearts.—New York Observer.

"In Thee do I put my Trust."

"Mother, what did the Psalmist mean
when he said, 'Preserve me, O God; for in
thee do I put my trust?'"

"Do you remember the little girl we saw
walking with her father in the woods, last
week?"

"O yes, mother; wasn't she beautiful!"

"She was a gentle, loving little thing, and
her father was very kind to her. Do you re-
member what she said when they came to the
narrow bridge over the brook?"

"I do not like to think of that bridge,
mother; it makes me giddy. Do you be-
lieve it is safe—just those two planks laid
across, and no railing? If she had stopped
a little to one side, she would have fallen
into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?"

"Yes, she stopped a minute, as if she did
not like to go over, and then looked up at
her father's face, and asked him to take hold
of her hand, and said, 'You will take care
of me, dear father; I don't feel afraid when
you take hold of my hand.' And her father
looked so lovingly upon her, and took tight
hold of her hand, as if she were very pre-
cious to him."

"I think David felt like that little girl
when he wrote the words which you have
just read."

"Was David going over a bridge, moth-
er?"

"Not such a bridge as the one in the
woods; but he had come to some place of
difficulty in his life, and whenever he was
troubled, he looked up to God, just as the
little girl did to her father, and said, 'Pre-
serve me, O God.' It is the same as if he
had said, 'Please take care of me, my kind
heavenly Father; I do not feel afraid when
you take hold of my hand.'"

"O mother, how beautiful! But God did
not really take hold of David's hand, and
lead him through the trouble?"

"No; but God loves his children who trust
him—who feel safe in his care—just as the
father did his little daughter; and though he
does not take hold of their hands, he
knows how to make them feel as peaceful
and easy as if he did."

"Mother, can I be one of God's child-
ren?"

"Yes, my dear. If you love him, and
trust him, and try to please him, he will
call you his own and lead all your life, and
make you very happy."

"Will there be any bridges in my life?"

"I mean, shall I have troubles? Now, I have
not any, have I? I have not to look up to
God and ask him to take care of me."

"You must not think that troubles are
the only ones we have to meet with. You
will have many small troubles, and will need
to look to your heavenly Father to take care
of you through them."

"What troubles do you think I shall have,
mother?"

"You had one this morning. Sarah was
unkind to you, and you were sadly grieved."

"Could I go to God with such troubles?"

"Yes, my dear; you can tell him just as
you would all your unhappiness, and ask him
to comfort you."

"Mother, I am very glad we read that
psalm this morning. I think I love God bet-
ter already, and I hope I shall always trust
him."

"I hope you will; and if you begin when
you are a little girl, you will learn better
and better about him, and be far happier
than those who have no such friend to go to
in trouble."

"Why cannot everybody go to God with
their wants?"

"Certainly, if they will; but a great
many people never tell him their troubles—
never ask him to forgive them, nor to take
care of them. They did not begin in their
childhood, and it is difficult to learn this truth
when we are old."

"O, I hope I shall learn it now, while
you can help me, mother."

"God alone can help you, my child; ask
him to teach you to trust him."—Young
Reaper.

Dialogue Between Two Mice.

A young mouse having been born and raised
in one of the up-town churches of our
city, and being now pretty well grown up,
resolved to travel for the sake of learning
more of the world. He sped on his way
eastward and crossed the canal, entered one
of the churches in that part of the city, where
he made the acquaintance of an old mouse,
who had long been the occupant of a snug
corner under the pulpit. After the usual
compliments the following conversation passed
between them:

Traveling Mouse. I am on an exploring
tour, and I thought I would step in and see
how you are situated and inquire how you
get along.

Mouse at home. Well, we get along as
church mice generally do; we have nothing
to boast of; and were it not for the crumbs
and pieces of cakes the children drop during
their church meetings we could not live without
going out of the house. The young ladies
and gentlemen are very careful not to drop
any nuts, you know, and the shells which
they leave afford very little nourishment.

Traveler. So! these people bring their
children to church, do they? O, I wish
that were the custom in our church; but you
know that it is not the case, and we cannot
expect anything from that source. But how
do you manage to build nests, as I see there
are no cushioned seats here! We can make
glorious bedding from the curled
hair and cotton which we get out of the
cushions in our church.

Home mouse. Well, I make shift to get
along with what I can get from the rugs and
carpets; and you know that when mice are
well fed they care not much for so good bed-
ding; besides the people in our church are
getting out of the notion of having free
seats, and there are already a number of the
front seats regularly occupied, and I suppose
owned by families and parties. Some have
already fixed footstools in theirs; and I have
no doubt they will soon have the seats cus-
hioned, also.

Traveler. Then, I should say, your pros-
pects are quite flattering, provided they will
continue to bring the children along; but you
know, when people become fashionable they
are apt to leave these responsibilities at home
when they go to church. But what I want
to ask is this: Are you not greatly annoyed
by the shouting and jumping of these people?
Mother told me they often get very happy,
and then they are dreadfully annoying.

Home mouse. (Smiling)—O, your mother
is mistaken. It used to be quite a common
thing I believe, to have a season of shouting
at every meeting, and it may yet occur some-
times at some place in the country. I just
remember when I was yet quite young we
children were several times nearly scared
out of our wits on such occasions; but I as-
sure you that we have not been disturbed
on that account for a good long time past;
and my children have never heard anything
of the kind.

Traveler. Indeed! But then you must be
disturbed a good deal by the preacher, as my
mother says they are generally very boisterous.

Home mouse. Very seldom, only once in
a while one will preach who acts in that way,
but then our people don't sanction such a
course, and our regular ministers know it,
and aim to imitate you as near as possible,
so that you can scarcely perceive any differ-
ence.

Traveler. You astonish me. I will go
home and tell mother all this, and we will
come and live with you. There is plenty of
room for all of us under this pulpit, I judge.

Home mouse. No, my dear friend, I wish
to be excused. My family is quite large,
and since the colored people have been
shifted off to a church by themselves, we
don't find anything but tobacco juice in the
back seats; and often have to venture down
in the Sunday School room for provisions at
the risk of our lives.

Traveler. Good morning.
Home mouse. Good morning.
Religious Telescope.

Cold,
Cough,
Asthma,
Catarrh,
Influenza,
Bronchitis,
Hoarseness,
Sore Throat,
Whooping Cough,
Incipient Consumption,
Brown's Bronchial Troches.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1857,
by J. C. BROWN & SONS, Chemists, Boston, in the
Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Mass.

It cures the great and sudden changes of our
climate, are fruitful sources of Pulmonary and
Bronchial affections. Experience has proved that
simple remedies often act speedily and certainly
taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should
be had to the "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or
Lozenges, which are so easily and so safely pre-
pared, as to be used with perfect safety, and a
more effective remedy.

From Rev. Henry H. Beecher, who has used
the Troches five years. "I have never changed my
mind respecting them from the first, except to think
yet better of them. I began in thinking well of
them, and in all my lectures on 'Troches' into my
carpet bag as regularly as I do my 'Lectures' into my
pocket. I do not hesitate to say that in so far as I have had an
opportunity of comparison, your Troches are pre-
sented the best, and the first, of the great Lozenge
School."

From Mr. E. C. Chapman, D. D., New York.
"I consider your Lozenges an excellent article for
their purposes, and recommend their use to Public
Speakers."

From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Rutger's
Female Institute, New York.
"I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and
found your Lozenges to be a most valuable remedy."

For Children laboring from Cough, Whooping
Cough, or Hoarseness, are particularly adapted, on
account of their soothing and emollient properties.
Asisting expectoration, and preventing an accumu-
lation of phlegm.

Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having now associated with
him as a partner, Mr. CHAS. R. RAY, the busi-
ness hitherto carried on in his own name, will
in future, be under the firm of
FRASER & RAY

When a continuance of the liberal patronage pre-
viously extended, is respectfully solicited.

JOHN FRASER.

Victoria House, 4th January, 1859.

Subscribers beg leave respectfully to intimate,
that they shall use their best endeavours to make
the

VICTORIA HOUSE

As desirable a place of call to purchasers of
FANCY and STAPLE DRY GOODS as can be
found in the City, both as regards attention,
quality and price of Goods.

The stock, a large portion of which has been
received by very recent steamers from Europe,
will find it to their advantage to call at the VIC-
TORIA HOUSE. This is not a puff, but plain
straight forward facts.

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"TOILET" The pleasantly flavoured HOUSE,
in front, and water led in, suitable for a
small family.

Possession given immediately, if required. Enquire
on the premises, or to
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Superior Market and German streets.

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Direct from the Manufacturer.

A. & T. GILMOUR'S,

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ENGLISHMAN'S COUGH MIXTURE.

This Remedy for COUGHS has been used
with success in hundreds of cases after other
medicines had failed. Prepared and sold by
S. L. TILLEY.

St. John, Dec. 18, 1859.

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