

Poetry.

"NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."

BY EMMA W. B.

There bloomed around our cottage door
A bed of choicest richest flowers;
And in that little garden spot
Were spent my childhood's happy hours.

Among those lovely flowers there grew
A lily, frail, but very fair;
'Twas purer than the driven snow,
That lily was my tenderest care.

I gazed not on the roses bright,
Or sought the lovely violets' bed;
If my sweet flower could bloom for aye,
I cared not though the rest were dead.

But ah! it was not left me long—
There came a cruel blast one day;
It passed the cruel unheeded by,
But took my favorite flower away.

I mourned my loss with childish grief,
Nor loved that little garden more;
But always wandered from the flowers
That bloomed around the cottage-door.

I had a little sister once—
The idol of our family;
As fair and lovely as my flower,
Too pure for earth she seemed to be.

When shadows flitted o'er our sky,
She kissed the starting tear away,
And lit our faces with her smile.

Death looked into our cottage-door,
And singled out this shining prey;
And ere we knew that he was there,
He bore her in his arms away.

And when our darling Carrie died,
And passed from out this world of sin,
The gates of Heaven flew open wide,
"To let the little stranger in."

Her soft earth-pilgrimage is done—
She rests on Jordan's other shore;
And now we think of her as one
"Not lost, but only gone before."

Montreal, August 17, 1859.

The Babe in Prison.

"Under sentence for murder!"
The whispered words made me tremble,
I could hardly gather courage to look within
—but on turning my head unceasingly, my gaze
was arrested by the sight of a white face that
in all the features but the eyes seemed dead.
Those two lights set in the livid face, burned
and glowed as if a fire, deep and intense,
blazed behind them.

"Under sentence for murder!"

I looked at the white hands—at the beautiful
organization, so undulating and graceful
in every outline—and then the blood-red
form of murder stalked before me. Had this
fair being been in league with such as he?
Had those gory-fingers, from which the life
of many a heart fell in thick, heavy drops to
the ground, fondled the white hands of the
woman? Yes, it was too true. Tempted,
and yielding to the temptation, she had sent
the soul of a man unprepared to meet God.
Awful thought! A temple of God's own
workmanship destroyed by the hand of a woman!

Thus I thought, with those eyes haunting me,
I longed to tear away the coverings of
that poor, weak creature, to see what emotions
were doing battle there to just then. Whether
the woman hated me for intruding upon her
misery—whether defiant thoughts of man's
mercy or dread of God's judgments were
uppermost, whether before her mental vision,
stamped on the walls of the chambers within,
whichever way she looked, her crime met
and appalled her—or if the conscience were
iron and the heart adamant.

But one eye only could pierce those depths
—nothing could be told from her manner—
only that she hoped no longer—perhaps had
done fearing.

Just as I was leaving, the jailer passed by,
and the woman, her face changing from his
apathy, sprang forward. Her eye burned
fiercely—and I never can forget the
voice with which she cried, "Have you
brought my child?"

The man shook his head.
"Will you bring my child?" she cried, in
the same fearfully low tones.

"I believe they are bringing her" was the
reply.

Another change came over the woman—
A fierce, wild joy, lighted up her face, while
every fibre in her body seemed quivering.
Her teeth were locked in her lips—then
she would press her folded arms to her bosom
and look round so helplessly! so imploringly!

Suddenly there was a sound of footsteps.
The woman seemed to dilate in all her frame
—her arms flew forward convulsively, then
catching her breath, she held against the
side of her cell.

A sweet, innocent face came along those
gloomy walks—an angel-face, pure as the
dew-drop, with silken tresses curling over
the sweet cheeks, and lips reddened with
the sweet breath of infancy.

Then came a cry I never heard such a
sound before—I hope never to hear such
another. Now—the pale cheeks of the woman
were dashed with red. It seemed as if
all the blood in her heart had leaped up
to them. Her arms outstretched shook
with delicious eagerness—her lips quivered
like aspen leaves, and down from those eyes
no longer defiant, rained the tears of mingled
love and despair. She clutched at the bars
as if her single strength could wrench them
from her sockets, and when the door was
open she flew towards the child with inarticulate
and passionate moanings, and held it
frantically to her breast. O, what mild, mad
kisses she pressed upon the child!—on its
eyes, its silken curls, its lips, its little hands;
it was enough to melt the stoniest heart to
tears.

And then the thought!

As that babe now is, lying in that woman's
guilty arms, so was the murderer, once smiling
and nestling against her mother's bosom.
Just so beautiful! Just so loving and
angelic—with soft eyes like doves, and rosy
lips that had breathed gentle words and a
babe's unconsciousness of vice. And now—
perhaps the rope is twisted that will ensnare
the throat once glittering with gems, and by
which she will be launched into eternity.

The thought is too terrible to pursue. O
that these little lips had power, though they
spoke no word to win that woman's soul from

evil! Yet she who could deliberately take
the life of another, while within sight, or even
under the same roof, while the sweet smiles
of a babe were breaking through cradle
dreams, surely no less than the Divine atone-
ment could redeem and save.—*Mother's
Journal.*

Fourteen Happy Days.

Many years ago, in the city of Cordova,
in Spain, a splendid chariot, drawn by four
horses, attracted all eyes as it whirled through
the streets and over the stone bridge towards
the palace of the kings. In it sat a man of
lofty looks, whose garments shone with gold
and silver, and on either side stood two black
slaves, splendidly dressed, holding a canopy
over his head.

It was the King, whose magnificence was
greater than anything the world can show at
this day in all its places. The rich strove
to gain a look of favour as he passed, and the
poor sighed with envy. "Only behold!"
murmured an old man, bending under the
weight of a cask of water, "how happy are
the rich! Here am I, who never had, who
while young single man can command all
the horses in Spain, if it be his pleasure!"

A crowd of shouting children playing near
a fountain stopped short, and held their breath
in admiration as the chariot passed.

"Ah," said they, "is he not great and
happy?"

As they swept on towards the palace, they
passed a company of peasants, busy at work,
in the vine yards. These paused in their
work, their hands filled with the purple fruit,
and gazed at the King with admiration.

And while all were envying him, what
were his thoughts, who sat thus lifted above
all about him? A hundred faces of those
he passed were gayer than his. "Oh, happy
poor!" he exclaimed in his heart, as he looked
on the staring crowds; "what are your
cares or troubles? Surely you pass your
lives in happy dream. The earth brings
forth your food and nothing disturbs your
peaceful sleep? Would that I were as one
of you. The weight of this crown and this
purple robe crushed all the pleasure out of
my life. For fifty years have I reigned in
yonder beautiful palace, whose walls are
covered with gold and with pearls, and whose
marble halls sparkle with fountains, yet since
the day I picked flowers on the banks of the
Xenil, I have seen, alas! but *fourteen happy
days!* How gladly would I exchange with
some of you, who think as you look at me,
that I possess the sum of happiness!"

And so the poor envied the great man,
and the great man envied the poor.

How often do we hear children say, "If
I were as rich as such an one, I should be
happy; and, 'If I only had this or that, I
know I should be happy.'" Your notion of
happiness is in having. But this is the one
grand mistake of life. It is from this false
notion that the proverb has sprung, "As
happy as a king." But here was a great
king who could have every wish of his heart;
the master of one of the richest countries of
the earth; and he could tell all the days of
his life that he had ever spent on the days of
his fingers in less than a minute. Learn in
childhood, if you can, that happiness is not
outside but inside. A good heart and a clear
conscience bring happiness; no riches, and no
circumstances alone ever do. Alexander
conquered all the world, and then, far from
being happy, he wept because there were no
more worlds to conquer.

The Martyred Blind Boy.

In the reign of "Bloody Mary," of Eng-
land, when the good Bishop Hooper was
about to be burned to death, a blind boy,
much importunity, prevailed on the guard to
bring him to the bishop. This boy had lately
suffered imprisonment in Gloucester for
confessing the truth. After the bishop had
examined him concerning his faith and the
cause of his imprisonment, he looked on him
steadfastly, tears standing in his eyes, and
said, "Ah, poor boy, God hath taken from
thee thy outward sight, for what reason he
best knoweth; but he hath endowed thy soul
with the eye of knowledge and faith. God
give thee grace continually to pray unto him,
that thou lose not that sight, for thou shouldst
then be blind in body and soul."

The boy's name was Thomas Dewry. How
often or how long he had endured imprison-
ment for the truth's sake is not known; but
on his final examination he was brought be-
fore Dr. Williams, Chancellor of Gloucester,
sitting judicial with the register of the diocese
in the consistory, near the south door of the
cathedral church, who administered the usual
articles, chiefly urging that on transubstantiation
and saying:—

"Dost thou not believe that after the
words of consecration, spoken by the priest,
there remaineth the very real body of Christ
in the sacrament of the altar?"

"No," answered the blind boy; "that I do
not."

"Then," said the chancellor, "thou art
an heretic, and shalt be burned. But who
taught you this heresy?"

Girls be cautious.

The following paragraph, like many others,
we find floating around without credit. It
matters little, though, who the author may
be, for it contains some very excellent advice
which we commend to all our young lady
readers—especially those who contemplate
matrimony:—

"Girls, beware of transient young men—
never suffer the address of stranger; recollect
one good steady farmer's boy or industri-
ous mechanic is worth more than all the
floating trash in the world. The allurements
of a dandy jock, with a gold chain about his
neck, a walking stick in his paw, some honest
tailor's coat upon his back, and a brainless
though fancy skull, can never make up for
the loss of a kind father's home, a good
mother's counsel, and the society of brothers
and sisters; their affection lasses, while that
of such a man is lost at the wane of the
honeymoon. Girls beware; take heed lest you
should fall into the snare of the fowler."

Too many have already been taken from a
kind father's home and a good mother's counsel,
and made victims of poverty and crime,
brought to shame and disgrace, and then
thrown upon their own resources, to spend
their few remaining days in grief and sorrow,
while the brainless skull is making its
circuit around the world, bringing to its igno-

ble will all that may be allured by his de-
ceitful snares, and many a fair one to the
shame of his artful villainy."

Chewing Gum.

Trifling as the subject may appear, yet in
reality it is of importance. If it be of im-
portance to have sound teeth in middle life and
old age, proper precaution must be used in
childhood. The habit of chewing gum is like
applying small air pumps to the bases of the
teeth. When the gum is separated from the
tooth, it forms a vacuum between itself and
the tooth, and the consequence is a violent
strain on the dental nerves. The bad result
may not show themselves immediately, but
the boy or girl who indulges in the habit, may
calculate on having rotten teeth when in the
prime of life. Nor is this all—the habit, like
tobacco-chewing, induces an unnatural flow
of the humors towards the mouth, where it
must be ejected as saliva. This is bad enough
when it can be so ejected, but when from
sickness or other cause, the habit must be
discontinued, the result may be, and no doubt
has been fatal. Let young persons and their
parents take heed.—*Brunswick Telegraph.*

Thus is Life.—If we die to-day, the sun
will shine as brightly and the birds sing as
sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be
suspended a moment, and the great mass
will not bestow a thought upon our memories.
Is he dead? will be the solemn inquiry of
the few as they pass to their work. But no
one will miss us except our immediate con-
nections, and in a short time they will forget
us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat be-
side them. Thus shall we all, now active in
life, pass away. Our children crowd close
behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a
few years not a living being can say "I re-
member him!" We lived in another age,
and did business with those who slumber in
the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it
passes!—*Arion.*

Rev. Mr. A—went to B—to preach.
The people were famous for sleeping
during preaching, and Mr. A—knew it.
He began thus: "I am not much of a speaker,
but I am not very sensitive either. I have
no special objection to a man's sleeping
while I talk, provided he does not make a
horrible face. There are some people who,
when they sleep, make such horrible faces
that they ought never to go to sleep except
when alone and in a room with the door locked."
The reproof was understood, and the
B—people took no naps that morning in
preaching hours.

God's Voice in the Ballroom.

If all the sorrows occasioned by a recent
western railroad disaster were written down,
they would constitute one of the saddest chap-
ters ever recorded.
Some of the incidents of that calamity
have been published far and wide. Some of
them have been mentioned only in private.
Respect for the wounded feelings of those
who are yet in bitterness by reason of their
irreparable loss, has doubtless suggested the
suppression of the facts about to be stated.—
Should these lines meet the eyes of any whose
wounds may be made to bleed afresh by this
publication, let them remember that we are
responsible to God for the improvement of
this painful dispensation of his providence.
He has permitted these scenes to pass before
our eyes. It is our duty to make a practical
application.

The place of my residence is most inti-
mately connected with the railroad on which
the calamity occurred. On the morning af-
ter the fatal night, business called me into
the vicinity of the telegraph-office. I then
heard the brief but awful import of the mes-
sage received. It stated that upwards of thirty
were killed, and among these was a cer-
tain young man known to almost every one
in our city. He was loved by all who knew
him. The news of his sudden death cast a
gloom over the business men of our place,
and it was hard to realize that he who, only
a few hours before, had passed along those
streets, was now in eternity.

The news of the disaster reached us on
Tuesday morning. The next evening had
been designated as the time for opening a
magnificent hotel just completed. Guests
from a distance in great numbers had been
invited. Extensive preparations had been
made. It was resolved that the festival and
ball should be the greatest that had ever
been witnessed in this part of our land. The
proprietors, in their princely liberality, had
spared no pains or expense to carry out this
great design. The citizens all felt deeply
interested in the opening of such a splendid
and popular establishment. Many of them
were making extensive and costly prepara-
tions for the ball.

On Tuesday morning, at the very time that
the sad message reached our city, a young
married woman, the mother of two lovely
children, was busily engaged in making cer-
tain purchases to complete her equipment for
the following evening. Her doting husband
had given her special directions to procure
these articles. He had left the city only a
short time before, and she expected to meet
him at the depot that very morning. While
yet engaged in one of the stores, the message
came. It brought the news that the young
man mentioned above, her husband, was
among the killed. It was on his return to
attend that ball.

That night his mangled remains were
brought home. So completely was that noble
form disfigured, that his most intimate
friends could identify it only by certain ar-
ticles found upon it. That stricken wife and
those orphan children never again looked
upon the face of their beloved. The mutilated
fragments were placed in a metallic coffin.
On Wednesday morning, I saw those re-
mains, under the care of the Masonic fra-
ternity, passing along the streets. Knowing
as I did the facts just stated, it was to me
the saddest procession I ever saw.—*American
Messenger.*

LADIES FURS.—Bonn, Muffs, Capes, and Cuffs,
newest Style in Royal Empire, French Sable
Canadian Sable, Stone Marten, Mink, Mountain Mar-
tin, Musquash, Squirrel, &c., &c., made on the pre-
mises by a first workman and every article warranted
and sold at reasonable prices.
Purs Cleaned and Repaired.
Cash and the highest prices paid Shipping Furs.
A. MAGEE,
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MESS PORK.—Ex Eastern City—20 bbls. Heavy
Mess Pork. For sale by
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BY Railway, Steam, and Packet-Ship, the Sub-
scriptions for Boots and Shoes. The Stock is very large
and varied, and will be sold Cheap for ready pay.
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THE BOSTON REMEDY
REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.
Vegetable Ointment.

It is perfectly free from any mercurial matter or inju-
rious particles, and in no case will its application
interfere with the remedies that may be prescribed by
a regular physician. It is an indispensable article for
household necessity, being used alike by rich and
poor; and has proved itself the best and surest reme-
dy for all those numerous bodily afflictions viz:
Bumps, Scabs, Pimples, Itch, Sore Throat, Sore
Eyes, Sore Lips, Sore Ears, Sore Nipples, Sore
Corns, Warts, Cancors, Ulcers, Whitlows,
Furuncles, Blisters, Burns, Scalds, Sore Feet,
Sore Hands, Sore Arms, Sore Legs, Sore
Rash, Salt Rheum, Mischio,
Bites, Spider Stings,
Piles, Eruptions,
Ingrowing Nails,
Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Blisters, and
all other skin diseases and eruptions generally.

It is put up in Metal boxes, three
size, at 25 cents 50 cents and \$1. The largest size
contains the quantity of six of the smallest boxes and
warranted to retain its virtue in any climate.
REDDING & CO., Proprietors, Boston Mass.
Sold by S. Reed, G. F. Everett, & Co., J. Chal-
mer, S. L. Hill, and all respectable dealers through-
out the province.

Ladies' Furs & Gents' Fur Coats and Caps.
The subscriber would respectfully inform his
friends and the public that he has received a large
assortment of Ladies' Furs of every description,
including the quantity of six of the smallest boxes and
warranted to retain its virtue in any climate.
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Received by Eastern City.
10 BONS. 2200 lbs. Barrels Bermuda
Peppers; 10 boxes fine table Salt; 2 casks Cayenne
Peppers; 5 casks Tomato Catsup; 2 boxes Lime Juice;
2 casks Almonds; 1 bbl. of Filberts; 1 Do English
Walnuts; 1 Do Pine Apples. A general assortment
of Groceries, Spices, Pickles, Sauces, Flour, Corn
Meal, &c. For sale very low for Cash by
Jas T. HALL, 42 King-street.

Headwork! Headwork!
This splendid lot of Headwork, as follows:—Moccas-
ins, Belts, Bracelets, Mata, Spec Cases, Work Bags,
Moccasins, Turbans, Gloves, Caps, Miniature Snow Shoes,
Cane Cases, &c. &c. A general assortment
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THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, Mass., has
discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a re-
medy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR, from the
worst scurvy down to a common pimple. He has tried
it on three hundred of the worst cases of scurvy, and
two cases both of scurvy and hemorrhoids. He has now in his pos-
session over two hundred certificates of its virtue, all
within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore
throat, and three bottles will cure the worst scurvy
in the face.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst scurvy
in the mouth and throat.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst
case of erysipelas.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the
eye.
Two bottles are warranted to cure itching in the ears and
blotches around the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and run-
ning ulcers.
One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst
case of rheumatism.

Three to four bottles are warranted to cure the most
desperate case of rheumatism.
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By Deputy WATKINS, at the Gov. Engraving Office,
100 acres, lot 42, block 2, south of St. Andrew's Road, J.
Farms.

By Deputy CURRAN, at Saint Stephen.
100 acres, lot 42, block 2, south of St. Andrew's Road, J.
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By Deputy CURRAN, at Saint Stephen.
100 acres, lot 42, block 2, south of St. Andrew's Road, J.
Farms.

By Deputy WATKINS, at the Gov. Engraving Office,
100 acres, lot 42, block 2, south of St. Andrew's Road, J.
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THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, Mass., has
discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a re-
medy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR, from the
worst scurvy down to a common pimple. He has tried
it on three hundred of the worst cases of scurvy, and
two cases both of scurvy and hemorrhoids. He has now in his pos-
session over two hundred certificates of its virtue, all
within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore
throat, and three bottles will cure the worst scurvy
in the face.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst scurvy
in the mouth and throat.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst
case of erysipelas.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the
eye.
Two bottles are warranted to cure itching in the ears and
blotches around the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and run-
ning ulcers.
One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst
case of rheumatism.

Three to four bottles are warranted to cure the most
desperate case of rheumatism.
Three to four bottles are warranted to cure the most
desperate case of rheumatism.
Three to four bottles are warranted to cure the