

Poetry.

"FREELY GIVE."

As freely we ourselves receive,
So freely must we ever give;
Not with a grudging heart bestow
A pittance for our brother's woe.

Give tithes of all thou dost possess;
The cheerful giver God will bless;
Thy wealth thou canst not hold as thine,
Jehovah says, "The earth is mine."

Give prayers, for Jesus intercedes
For thee; before the throne he pleads,
That pardon, full, abounding, free,
For his name's sake be granted thee.

Give pitying tears to those who weep
In Babel's valley, dark and deep,
The blessed Saviour shed both tears
And blood, to give thee rest from fears.

Give sympathy for the oppressed,
On whom the galling fetters rest;
Thy fellow-men, whom God hath made
Of equal blood, but darker shade.

Give influence which may destroy
This curse that blights home's pure joy;
And shut from millions of our race,
A knowledge of God's saving grace.

Give pardon, when some erring one
Repents the wrong he may have done;
The measure thou dost hope from heaven,
Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven.

Give precious souls in heavenly light,
The never-fading gospel light,
All gifts thou freely dost receive,
To those in need as freely give. [Ehida.]

Things to Think About.

BY ALIQUIS.

NO. IX.

"All aboard."—At this well-understood signal the loiterers took their seats in the cars, and the engine was in motion.—Slowly at first; then more rapidly, until the speed became more formidable. With how much unconcern we commit ourselves to the railway. Few reflect—"This may be my last journey; a displaced rail; a neglected switch; an unseen water course, and my life may be prematurely terminated."

Near the other end of the line a party of men were engaged repairing the road; and in his zeal to accomplish his work the overseer forgot the nearness of the down-train. He had ordered the rails to be removed from a small bridge, without erecting the usual signal of danger at the proper point. On came the train, therefore, happily with diminished speed, for the descent required it; and the timbers being laid lengthwise, and very wide, the perilous passage was made safely. The danger had been seen a few rods further back, and the engineer had done his duty nobly. The engine was reversed, and the whistle shrieked forth: "Put on the brakes." The signal was instantly obeyed; and the hinder cars also separated from the locomotive and tender. Thus the passengers were saved. Meanwhile the engine having no track beneath it, began to rock ominously; and the fireman sprang for life, followed by the engineer, who could do no more. In a few seconds the noble locomotive lay, half buried in a sand bank.

Visiting the spot shortly after the accident, I could not but remark the picture of perfect helplessness which a locomotive thrown from the track presented. It seemed to me I had seen similar wrecks.

Here is a dwelling by the way-side. A warm light, through the red-curtained window, sends forth an invitation to the traveller to step within for comfort's sake. Shouts of laughter, snatches of songs, and boisterous tones from within appeal to the curiosity. You enter, and see the evidences of a drunken debauch. Haggard faces and blood-shot eyes are upturned inquiringly: "Off the track." "Aye, off the track! Wasting health, strength, talent, money; breaking hearts, and perpetrating suicide. Help, help, who love your fellow-men! Run up the signal of danger! Switch the train upon the track of sobriety, and it may be saved."

It is a pleasant Sabbath morning. Was the sky ever clearer, the air more balmy, the bush of the city more marked and refreshing! How merrily the bells chime, saying to the sons of toil as plainly as iron tongues can: "Come, come, come to the House of the Lord." Many obey. Young men and maidens, old men and children, all respectfully clad, throng the streets, and fill the churches. But there are exceptions. That youth, only one short twelve-month from the country, who is bending his steps to the river-side, is an exception. He is going to meet some companions who have planned a pleasure excursion on the water, "just to breathe the fresh air," he and they say. He has paused a moment as if irresolute. One bell—the last to chime—is tolling solemnly, and it seems to recall his mother's parting advice: "My son, always remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." But it is only a moment. He has not a minute to spare. His companions are waiting for him. "We did not know but what you had gone to church," says one of them. "Never fear," was the reply, "I'm no such fool, and they push from the shore. Are not these young men off the track?"

Hush! what sounds are these falling on the midnight air? What fearful imprecations! What terrific oaths? How can rational beings so recklessly invoke the pains of hell upon themselves and others? They are coming this way. That offensive odor indicates their nearness. Ah! three smoking, swearing youths. Can any one deny that they are off the track?

The group thickens, something interesting is evidently going forward. Two persons are engaged in earnest conversation. One and the chief speaker, is declaiming freely against that Book which our parents never opened without prayer, nor read without profit. By its light they found their way through the temptations of life, and were enabled to live soberly righteously, and godly in this present world. It soothed them in sorrow, and cheered them in death. Blessed Bible! He pronounces it a miserable forgery, and incomprehensible riddle, a Jewish relic; its readers are idiots; its believers a hundred years at least behind the age. How valuable in speech, how contemptuous in expression. He has wit and tact. He readily detected the weakness of an argument, and turns it to his own advantage. His

antagonist makes no pretensions to learning; but he knows in whom he believes, and is always ready to give an answer to every one that asks the reason of the hope that is in him, with meekness and fear. He appeals therefore to experience, and tells of the peace which passeth understanding, the joy that is unspeakable. The hope that purifies and sweetens life. He is met by ridicule; and beginning at length to comprehend the force of Christ's advice, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you," he withdraws from the contest. Then is the hour of triumph, and a gaping crowd hears a tirade of regular abuse delivered in lordly style, and not a few are poisoned for life—poisoned for eternity. O pity the infidel, for there is no one more sadly off the track.

"It is no use, cousin Mary; it is no use I cannot believe that God intended me to mope, and draw palms; pick my way through filth and mire to visit these distressing people who make believe one half and more; and give myself up to what you call usefulness. I am young yet, yet, and mean to enjoy life, while I can. Here Bridget, bring me my riding habit—Herbert will be here very soon; excuse me Mary I know you mean well; but I was never born to be a nun." So spake Carrie Mortimer, the type of a large class every one of whom is off the track.

A gentleman whom an errand of mercy has detained abroad till a late hour is slowly picking his way homeward, when he is accosted by a stranger who lays her hand upon his arm, and laughs out a bold "Go ye do!" His first impulse is to shake her off, but remembering that she came to seek and save that which is lost, he addresses her in words of warning and entreaty. He begs her to retrace her steps, and seek her Saviour, but with a scornful laugh and a dreadful curse she bounds away. How many such are off the track.

Let these illustrations suffice. They might be multiplied a thousand fold. But are they hopeless? no, not one of them, if abjuring him they put themselves under the protection of Jesus.—With Christ for our engineer we are safe from destruction. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

ANCIENT OPINIONS ABOUT HAPPINESS.

Four different opinions have divided antiquity in relation to happiness and its necessary elements. We will let each of the great representatives of these opinions speak for himself.

What is our condition in this life, and how must we deport ourselves in regard to the good and the evil which meet us here below.

PLATO answers: "We must find happiness by taking an interest in the things of this life; we must love life, but remember that after death we shall live again."

EPICURUS—"Live, accept life without thinking of ever again going to death."

ZENO—"We must take no interest in this life, in a measure we must make ourselves independent of life, and not live at all. We must be content from the present a free power, a God—we must triumph over fate, emancipate our natures, free them from all restraints, sure as we are that after this life, our connection with this world is forever broken off."

St. Paul, developed by St. Augustine: "Be not over-interested in this life; think with Plato that it is only a state contrary to the original nature of man, and like Zeno, that this chain will not last very long, nor reproduce itself; but, instead of seeking, like Zeno, a Saviour in yourself, seek him in God alone, the wisdom which has become incarnate in Jesus Christ our Lord."

The various means indicated by these different philosophers are in harmony with the divers aims which they point to us.

PLATO tells us: "Love, but seeking God in that love."

EPICURUS—"Love thyself."

ZENO—"Abstain."

St. Paul—"Love God only. Whether you eat or drink, or do any other thing, do all to the glory of God."

SECRATES, 450 B. C.—"Let sophists be silent. Let learned men cease to pride themselves on their learning, and to keep up foolish hypotheses in their attempts to explain the world. Let artists know that, without an object in view, art is nothing but puerility when it is not a poison. The only knowledge worthy of man, that which will furnish to science and to art an enduring destination, is the knowledge of what is good, and this knowledge can be acquired only through the knowledge of ourselves."

PLATO—"From the study of mortal human nature it is shown that man is originally a free power, but accidentally wedded to matter, which matter appears to be co-eternally joined to God. We tend to return to where we sprang from by the natural effect of life, which is aspiration; an elevated and endless love; but we can return to it effectively only by attaching ourselves to the various manifestations of divine beauty rendered perceptible to us. It is therefore toward God that man tends, science, art, and the whole of human life."

ZENO—"If, as says Plato, man is originally a free power, why does he not at once free himself entirely, and resume his true nature by separating himself rationally from the world?"

EPICURUS—"You are all dreamers! Do you not believe that you are placed under the yoke of nature, which created you out of one of its combinations? If so, all wisdom consists for you in obeying nature in its necessary prescriptions, and in sheltering yourselves from its blows, just as one does with a restless animal which one wants to use."

St. Paul—"I am a carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do I allow not; but what I would, that I do not; but what I hate that I do. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" It will be the grace of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

St. Augustine—"Sin has covered all with its impure slime and has left us nothing. The love which saves us is not from us. We have now left by ourselves. God gives it to us when he pleases and as he pleases. O my God! thou wilt have me love thee! Give me then what thou commandest, and command what thou wilt have."

Platonism was the greatest leveler of the moral perfection in man, and the most directly active instrumentality of sociability.

Stoicism has been the eternal and energetic spring of all the resolutions of the world.

Epicurism has presided over the industrial perfection of humanity.

The first system has considered before all our relations with God and with our fellowmen.

The second has endeavored to make us more perfect.

The third has busied itself mostly with our external nature.

The religion of the Saviour alone has brought to our poor lost humanity life eternal, and redemption from deep wounds it had received in its fearful fall. Alone that religion satisfies the heart, and silences its insatiable longings, by feeding it with that bread of heaven which perisheth not.

Jesus answered and said: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall

THE RELIGIOUS

HANNAH BAILEY, AND THE ROCK OF AGES.

One summer evening, years ago, a little girl, carrying a large bundle, was slowly walking along the principal street of the village of H., when the sound of music arrested her steps. The sweet tones proceeded from a cottage, which stood at a little distance from the road, and involuntarily the child drew near to the gate to listen.

All around was very calm and quiet; no passing carriages, no noisy, happy children disturbed the stillness of the moment, and as the music came floating down the lawn, blended with the faint rustling of the leaves and the indescribable hum of insect life, it might have attracted an older and more critical person than the ragged, weary-looking child, who had dropped her bundle, and stood peeping through the lattice.

The tune was simple, but the tones of the piano were rich and full, the voice sweet and though the child could not distinguish the words she felt they must be good.

"Ain't it pretty?" she said, half aloud, to herself, "her listening attentively for a few moments and her eyes brightened. 'I know who it is; it is the doctor's daughter playing' on the piano."

While she spoke, the music ceased. She waited some time but all remained quiet, and slowly and reluctantly she moved away, and prepared to take up her bundle, while the happy lull faded from her face.

Suddenly she turned, and again spoke aloud. "I mean," she said, "to go and ask her to sing something to me," and she hurriedly unlatched the gate, and took a few steps up the gravelled walk. Then she paused, and glanced down at her torn dress and bare feet. "I don't look very nice," she murmured, and an expression, half sorrow, half shame, shadowed her countenance; but then she thought of the good-natured, she added, "and I guess I'll go," and she walked hastily on to the porch.

The hall-door was open, as also was the parlor door, so the child could look in and see a young girl sitting before the piano. She was about sixteen, not beautiful, but she had soft, brown hair, a white brow, and a smile that seemed to fill the room with sunshine. She was busily engaged in arranging music, and did not at first observe the child, who began to sing the tune she had listened to in the street. The words were those of that sublime hymn—

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Nellie sang the verses with distinctness and expression, and in listening to her the child forgot the brightness about, and her own dark poverty; the color came to her pale cheek, and she remained perfectly motionless, with her head slightly bent forward.

"Do you like that hymn?" asked Nellie, when she had finished.

"A very much," answered the child, and a little sigh came from her full heart.

"Now," said Nellie, "will you tell me what your name is, and where you live?"

"My name is Hannah Bailey," was the answer; and I live with father in a little house by the bridge."

"And your mother?" said Nellie, inquiringly.

"Mother died four years ago," replied the girl, sadly.

"Who takes care of you?" asked Nellie.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"No, answered Hannah, I take care of myself. I'm eleven years old."

"Do you go to church, or to Sunday-school?"

"No, ma'am."

"Would you like to go?" persisted Nellie.

"I don't know as I should," said the girl indifferently.

"Hannah," said Nellie, after a pause, "do you like to hear me sing?"

"O yes, indeed, yes, indeed," was the animated reply.

"Well, said Nellie, 'If you will go to Sunday school, I will sing to you every week, if you will come here.'"

"I'll go," said the child, decidedly; and then her voice dropped, and she added, "perhaps father won't let me; he won't unless he's sober; and I haven't got any clothes."

The child, looked pleased. Then, as it was getting dark, she hastened home. Nellie watched her as she ran down the walk, and heard her repeating to herself all of those beautiful words that she could remember. "Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee."

Before the next Sabbath, some ladies interested by Nellie, visited Hannah's home. It was a wretched hovel, to which the heat and cold, storm and sunshine were freely admitted by the broken doors and windows, and was almost destitute of furniture. No one could doubt that little Hannah had often suffered from cold, and was pinched by hunger. A reluctant consent was obtained from her father for her to attend church, and clothes were provided. The next Sabbath the child was at church and the following Tuesday she came to hear Nellie sing.

The summer passed by, and the mellow autumn came and went. Little Hannah had been quite regular in her attendance at the Sabbath-school, never absent unless detained by her father. At first she was very shy, but as she neglected child in religious truth, what she was taught she so quickly forgot; but as she was really bright before long she began to improve. She never forgot to go to hear Nellie sing, and Nellie was always pleasant and ready to gratify her. In return for her kindness, the child lavished on her all the affection of her strong nature. No matter what else Nellie sang or played, each time before leaving Hannah would say "Now please sing 'Rock for me'."

It is not necessary to pursue the history of Hannah Bailey. My story has missed its aim if it has not already taught an important lesson.

—Those who possess personal advantages or accomplishments of any kind, never taste so sweet a pleasure in their exercise, as when employing them in gently winning the young, the ignorant, the neglected, or the vicious to ways of godliness.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.

EXTRA MESS PORK.—Just received—12 lb. cans. E. Island Extra Mess Pork, a superior article. For sale by J. W. HAMILTON, No. 4 South Wharf.