

Poetry.

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

The creaking wagon in the shed;
The busy field is heard no more;
The horse is litted down and fed.
The harness hangs above his head,
The wheel behind the door.

His leathern gloves and hooked bill
To-day the woodcock sits aside;
The blacksmith's fiery forge is still,
The wooden wheel of the old mill
Sleeps in the mill-dam wide.

The miller's boat is anchored where,
Far out, the water lilies sleep;
You see their shadows mirrored there,
The broad white flowers reflected clear,
Within the mill pond deep.

The harrow in the garden shed,
Hoe, rake and spade are put away;
Unweeded stands the onion bed,
The gardener from his work hath fled;
'Tis holy Sabbath day.

Upon the wall the white cat sleeps,
By which the church and milk pans lie;
A drowsy watch the house dog keeps,
And scarcely from his dull eye peeps
Upon the passer-by.

And sweetly over hill and dale
The silvery sounding church bells ring;
Across the moor and down the dale
They come and go, and on the gale
Their Sabbath tidings fling.

From where the white-washed Sunday school
Peeps out between the poplars dim,
Which ever throw their shadows cool
Far out upon the rusky pool,
You hear the Sabbath hymn.

From farm and field, and grange ground gray,
From woodland walks and winding ways,
The old and young, the grave and gay,
Unto the old church come to pray,
And sing God's holy praise.

HARVEST HYMN.

O, happy day, returned once more,
With golden plenty still replete—
As though she never gave before—
Earth pours her treasures at our feet!

O, thanks to God, whose love abides,
And scatters bounty everywhere;
Who in the heart of nature hides
The germ of his unfailing care.

More rich than Autumn's robe of leaves
Should be the garments of our praise;
And ampler than her ample sheaves
The charities that crown our days.

More fragrant than the meadow's breath
The incense of our souls should rise;
From Life's rude altars wreathed by Faith
With borrowed bloom from Paradise.

O, clearly then, could we behold
In flowers that fade, and fruits that fall,
Sweet hints, which earthly gifts unfold,
Of treasures stored in Heaven for all!

IDEAL HOUR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Thornton came home at his usual mid-day hour, and as he went by the parlor door, he saw his daughter, a young lady of nineteen, lounging on the sofa with a book in her hands. The whirl of his wife's sewing machine struck on his ears at the same moment. Without pausing at the parlor, he kept on to the room from which came the sound of industry.

Mrs. Thornton did not observe the entrance of her husband. She was bending close down over her work, and the noise of her machine was louder than his footsteps on the floor. Mr. Thornton stood looking at her for some moments without speaking.

"O, dear!" exclaimed the tired woman, letting her foot rest on the treadle, and straightening herself up, "this pain in my side is almost beyond endurance."

"Then why do you sit, killing yourself, there?" said Mr. Thornton.

Mr. Thornton's aspect was unusually sober.

"What's the matter? Why do you look so serious?" asked his wife.

"Because I feel serious," he answered.

"Has anything gone wrong?" Mrs. Thornton's countenance grew slightly troubled. Things had gone wrong in her husband's business more than once, and she had learned to dread the occurrence of disaster.

"Things are wrong all the time," was replied in some impatience of manner.

"In your business?" Mrs. Thornton spoke a little faintly.

"No; nothing specially out of the way there, but it's all wrong at home."

"I don't understand you, Harry. What is wrong at home, pray?"

"Wrong for you to sit in pain and exhaustion, over that sewing machine, while an idle daughter lounges over a novel in the parlor. That's what I wished to say."

"It isn't Effie's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see the child put down to household drudgery. Her time will come soon enough. Let her have a little ease and comfort while she may."

"If we said that of our sons," replied Mr. Thornton, "and acted on the word, what efficient men they would make for the world's work! How admirably furnished they would be for life's trials and duties!"

"You are wrong in this thing—all wrong," continued the husband. "And as to ease and comfort as you say, if Effie is a right minded girl, she will have more true enjoyment in the consciousness that she is lightening her mother's burdens, than it is possible to obtain from the finest novel ever written. Excitement of the imagination is no substitute for that deep peace of mind that over accompanies and succeeds the right discharge of daily duties. It is a poor compliment to Effie's moral sense to suppose that she can be content to sit with idle hands, or to employ them in light frivolities, while her mother is worn down with toil beyond her strength. Hester it must not be!"

"And it shall not be!" said a quick, firm voice.

Mr. Thornton and his wife started, and turned to the speaker who had entered the room unobserved, and been a listener to nearly all the conversation they were recording.

"It shall not be father!" And Effie came and stood by Mr. Thornton. Her face was crimson; her eyes flooded with tears, through which light was flashing; her form drawn up erectly; manner resolute.

"I can't all my fault," she said, as she laid her hand on her father's arm. "I've asked mother a great many times, to let me help her, but she always puts me off and says it's easier to do a thing herself than to show another. Maybe I am a little dull. But every one has to learn you know. Mother didn't get her hand in fairly with that sewing machine for two or three weeks, and I'm certain it wouldn't take me any longer. If she'd only teach me how to use it, I could help her a great deal. And indeed, father, I'm willing!"

"Spoken in the right spirit, my daughter," said Mr. Thornton, approvingly. "Girls should be usefully employed as well as boys, and in the very things most likely to be required of them when they become women in the responsible positions of wives and mothers. Depend upon it, Effie, an idle girlhood is not the way to a cheerful womanhood. Learn and do, now, the very things that will be required of you in after years, and then you will make easy what might come hard, and he felt as very burdensome."

"And you would have her abandon all self-improvement," said Mrs. Thornton. "Give up music, reading, society—"

"There are," replied Mr. Thornton, as his wife paused for another word, "some fifteen or sixteen hours of each day, in which mind, or hands should be righted these long and ever recurring periods of time. Come, my daughter, sit down. We have this subject fairly before us. It is one of a life long importance to you and should be well considered. How is it in regard to the employment of your time. Take yesterday for instance. The records of a day will help to go towards the result after which we are now searching."

Effie sat down, and Mr. Thornton drew a chair in front of his wife and daughter.

"How was it spent? You rose at seven, I think?"

"Yes, sir; I came down just as the breakfast bell was rung," replied Effie.

"And your mother was up at half past five, I know, and commenced her work. But, for all this she was at work until breakfast time. Now if you had risen at six, and shared your mother's work until seven, you would have taken an hour from her day's burdens, and certainly lost nothing from your music, self-improvement or social intercourse. How was it after breakfast?"

"The morning spent in my usual way."

"Practised on the piano an hour after breakfast?"

"So far so good. What then?"

"I read 'The Cavalier' until eleven o'clock."

Mr. Thornton shook his head, and asked,

"I dressed myself and went out."

"At what time did you go out?"

"A little after twelve o'clock."

"An hour was spent in dressing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you go?"

"I called for Helen Boyd, and we took a walk down Broadway."

"And came home just in time for dinner? I think I met you at the door."

"Yes, sir."

"I slept from three until five, and then took a bath and dressed myself. From six until ten I sat at the parlor window."

"And after tea?"

"Read the Cavalier until I went to bed."

"At what hour?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Now we can make up the account," said Mr. Thornton. "You rose at seven and retired at eleven. Sixteen hours. And from your own account of the day, but a single hour was spent in anything useful—that was the hour at half-past five, and went to bed, from sheer inability to sit at her work any longer, at half past nine. Sixteen hours for her, also. How much reading did you do in that time?"

"Reading! Don't talk to me of reading! I've no time to read."

Mrs. Thornton answered a little impatiently. The contrast of her daughter's idle hours with her own life of exhausting toil did not affect her mind very pleasantly.

"And yet," said Mr. Thornton, "you were always fond of reading, and I can remember when you were a child, a young lady of nineteen, lounging on the sofa with a book in her hands. The whirl of his wife's sewing machine struck on his ears at the same moment. Without pausing at the parlor, he kept on to the room from which came the sound of industry."

Mrs. Thornton did not observe the entrance of her husband. She was bending close down over her work, and the noise of her machine was louder than his footsteps on the floor. Mr. Thornton stood looking at her for some moments without speaking.

"O, dear!" exclaimed the tired woman, letting her foot rest on the treadle, and straightening herself up, "this pain in my side is almost beyond endurance."

"Then why do you sit, killing yourself, there?" said Mr. Thornton.

Mr. Thornton's aspect was unusually sober.

"What's the matter? Why do you look so serious?" asked his wife.

"Because I feel serious," he answered.

"Has anything gone wrong?" Mrs. Thornton's countenance grew slightly troubled. Things had gone wrong in her husband's business more than once, and she had learned to dread the occurrence of disaster.

"Things are wrong all the time," was replied in some impatience of manner.

"In your business?" Mrs. Thornton spoke a little faintly.

"No; nothing specially out of the way there, but it's all wrong at home."

"I don't understand you, Harry. What is wrong at home, pray?"

"Wrong for you to sit in pain and exhaustion, over that sewing machine, while an idle daughter lounges over a novel in the parlor. That's what I wished to say."

"It isn't Effie's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see the child put down to household drudgery. Her time will come soon enough. Let her have a little ease and comfort while she may."

"If we said that of our sons," replied Mr. Thornton, "and acted on the word, what efficient men they would make for the world's work! How admirably furnished they would be for life's trials and duties!"

"You are wrong in this thing—all wrong," continued the husband. "And as to ease and comfort as you say, if Effie is a right minded girl, she will have more true enjoyment in the consciousness that she is lightening her mother's burdens, than it is possible to obtain from the finest novel ever written. Excitement of the imagination is no substitute for that deep peace of mind that over accompanies and succeeds the right discharge of daily duties. It is a poor compliment to Effie's moral sense to suppose that she can be content to sit with idle hands, or to employ them in light frivolities, while her mother is worn down with toil beyond her strength. Hester it must not be!"

"And it shall not be!" said a quick, firm voice.

Mr. Thornton and his wife started, and turned to the speaker who had entered the room unobserved, and been a listener to nearly all the conversation they were recording.

"It shall not be father!" And Effie came and stood by Mr. Thornton. Her face was crimson; her eyes flooded with tears, through which light was flashing; her form drawn up erectly; manner resolute.

"I can't all my fault," she said, as she laid her hand on her father's arm. "I've asked mother a great many times, to let me help her, but she always puts me off and says it's easier to do a thing herself than to show another. Maybe I am a little dull. But every one has to learn you know. Mother didn't get her hand in fairly with that sewing machine for two or three weeks, and I'm certain it wouldn't take me any longer. If she'd only teach me how to use it, I could help her a great deal. And indeed, father, I'm willing!"

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

135 Union Street.

F. W. CLEAR, MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS, TOBACCO TABLETS, Grave Stones, Chimney Pieces, &c. Shop on Waterloo Street. (Near Mr. Dooley's Tannery.)

JOSHUA S. TURNER, Commission Merchant, Provisions, Fruit, and Groceries. No. 22 Water Street.

NEW BRONSWICK CURRENCY reduced to 10 CENTS per 100. N. S. & G. R. D. 55, KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

ENGLISH JEWELRY, &c. RECEIVED per "Canadian," large assortment of fine London Jewellery, in Gold Chains, Lockets, Keys, Chains, Brooches, Rings, Studs, Silver Bracelets, &c.

PISCATAQUA Fire and Marine Insurance Company of MAINE. Authorized Capital, \$500,000.

CHEAP LIGHT. GOOD PARAFFINE OIL. 3s. 6d. per Gallon.

SEWING MACHINES.—THE LATEST INVENTION.—This Most Useful Machine has been brought to the highest degree of perfection.

FLOUR.—Landing ex GEN. WILLIAMS from New York—200 bbls Extra State FLOUR, Napier and Castilla brands. For sale by J. D. UNDERHILL.

WINTER CLOTHING. HEAVY WINNER Over-Coats; Pilot and Beaver Reeling Jackets; Heavy Pants and Vests, Crises Hats, in great variety; Heavy Blue and Red Flannel Shirts, Under Shirts and Drawers, all kinds; Winter Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. Wholesale and Retail. Imperial Buildings, 2 King Street.

MR. WINLOW, An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers and infants...

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. MR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, Mass., has discovered in one of our common pastures...

ENGLISH JEWELRY, &c. RECEIVED per "Canadian," large assortment of fine London Jewellery, in Gold Chains, Lockets, Keys, Chains, Brooches, Rings, Studs, Silver Bracelets, &c.

PISCATAQUA Fire and Marine Insurance Company of MAINE. Authorized Capital, \$500,000.

CHEAP LIGHT. GOOD PARAFFINE OIL. 3s. 6d. per Gallon.

SEWING MACHINES.—THE LATEST INVENTION.—This Most Useful Machine has been brought to the highest degree of perfection.

FLOUR.—Landing ex GEN. WILLIAMS from New York—200 bbls Extra State FLOUR, Napier and Castilla brands. For sale by J. D. UNDERHILL.

WINTER CLOTHING. HEAVY WINNER Over-Coats; Pilot and Beaver Reeling Jackets; Heavy Pants and Vests, Crises Hats, in great variety; Heavy Blue and Red Flannel Shirts, Under Shirts and Drawers, all kinds; Winter Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. Wholesale and Retail. Imperial Buildings, 2 King Street.

SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR. NEVER DEBILITATES. It is compounded entirely from Gums and has become an established fact, a Standard Medicine.

SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR. NEVER DEBILITATES. It is compounded entirely from Gums and has become an established fact, a Standard Medicine.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. MR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, Mass., has discovered in one of our common pastures...

ENGLISH JEWELRY, &c. RECEIVED per "Canadian," large assortment of fine London Jewellery, in Gold Chains, Lockets, Keys, Chains, Brooches, Rings, Studs, Silver Bracelets, &c.

PISCATAQUA Fire and Marine Insurance Company of MAINE. Authorized Capital, \$500,000.

CHEAP LIGHT. GOOD PARAFFINE OIL. 3s. 6d. per Gallon.

SEWING MACHINES.—THE LATEST INVENTION.—This Most Useful Machine has been brought to the highest degree of perfection.

FLOUR.—Landing ex GEN. WILLIAMS from New York—200 bbls Extra State FLOUR, Napier and Castilla brands. For sale by J. D. UNDERHILL.

WINTER CLOTHING. HEAVY WINNER Over-Coats; Pilot and Beaver Reeling Jackets; Heavy Pants and Vests, Crises Hats, in great variety; Heavy Blue and Red Flannel Shirts, Under Shirts and Drawers, all kinds; Winter Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. Wholesale and Retail. Imperial Buildings, 2 King Street.