

Poetry.

UP AND DOING.

Up and doing, little Christian,
Up and doing while 'tis day,
Do the work the Master gives you,
Do not loiter by the way;
For we all have work before us—
You, dear child, as well as I;
Let us seek to learn our duty,
And perform it manfully.

Up and doing, little Christian,
Gentle be, and ever kind,
Helpful to thy loving mother,
E'en her slightest wishes mind,
Let the little children love you,
For your care and harmless play;
And the feeble and more wifely,
Help them by your kindly way.

Patience—patience, little Christian,
No cross look, or angry word;
Follow Him who died to save you,
Follow Jesus Christ, our Lord;
Help the poor whom Jesus loves;
Tell the sinner of the Saviour
Who still lives to bless above.

Pray then, pray then, little Christian,
Never, never cease to pray;
Pray for pardon—pray for blessing—
Pray for mercy day by day.
Render thanks for all the mercies
Which our Father sends to thee,
Most of all for the dear Saviour
Who once died on Calvary.

Up and doing, little Christian,
Trust not to thyself alone,
But work out your own salvation,
Through the grace of God's dear Son,
Jesus loves you, little Christian,
Turn not from His love away;
Go forth and do His bidding—
Up and doing, while 'tis day!

—The Children's Guest.

Miscellaneous.

The Sabbath.

HENRY. EDWARD. FRANK.
Henry. O, Ned! I know there is a
splendid lot of walnuts that we can have for the
picking.

Edward. O where! I haven't been nutting
this fall, I should so like to go!

H. About a mile from here, beyond the brook.
There are two or three of us going to-morrow,
and, as you are a particular friend of mine, I
thought I would ask you, too, though I wouldn't
let every body know about the place, I assure
you. I found it by accident myself.

E. I am much obliged to you for this mark
of your confidence and esteem—but when did
you say you were going?

H. To-morrow, if it is a fair day.

E. You don't mean to-morrow.

H. Why not to-morrow?

E. You forget that to-morrow is Sunday.

H. No, I didn't forget it, and the very reason
I said to-morrow, is because it is Sunday. There
is no work or school to bother you, you know.

E. Well there's what is much worse, there's
meeting, and Sunday school, and catechism, and
sitting still.

H. I don't have any of that to trouble me, I
never go to meeting unless I want to, that isn't
very often, I assure you.

E. Why, don't your father make you go?

H. He makes me, no indeed! He doesn't go
himself, very often.

E. Why, what does he do?

H. He reads the newspapers, sleeps in his
arm chair, or looks over his accounts, and
doesn't mind about me, if I am only quiet, for
he can't bear a noise, and then sometimes he
walks out in his garden and field to see how
his vegetables and wheat are flourishing, so I
don't think it is any more harm for me to walk
a little farther and pick a few nuts. Do you
see?

E. O I don't know. But about going with
you, I assure you I would like to go well, but I
don't have a minute to myself, Sunday.

H. What do you go to work?

E. No, not like week day work, but it is the
hardest kind of work to me.

(Enter Frank.)

F. What is this hard work, Edward?

E. The work I do Sunday. Harry asked me
to go nutting with him to-morrow, and I was
telling him why I couldn't go.

F. I hope you told him you didn't want to
go.

H. No he didn't say any such thing. He
would be as glad to go as I, if he could only get
away from home. But go on and tell us what
you have to do on Sunday to keep you in.

F. We have to go to church and Sunday
school.

E. O I have no fault to find about that, but
provided that were all, but before we go and after
we get home, we have to sit perfectly still and
learn hymns, and long pages of catechism, and
are not allowed to speak above a whisper, and
if we should laugh aloud, I don't know what
would be done to us. Then in the evening
father reads us a sermon full of long words which
I never can understand, until I often fall out of
my chair, fast asleep. Sometimes I pretend
to be sick and lie abed all day; but that is tedious,
and lose my dinner in the bargain. I heard
the minister say last Sunday that we should have
one eternal Sabbath in heaven, and I'll assure
you it wasn't a very delightful description to me.

H. Well, Ned, I pity you I am sure, I believe
I should die to be waked up so, I am glad my
father isn't like you.

F. I heard the minister say that very thing
about the Sabbath of heaven, and it made me
feel so happy, I have thought of it many times
since.

E. Why, you don't mean to say that the Sabbath
is pleasant day to you?

F. Indeed I do, the pleasantest day of all the
week, and I would say so too, if you lived at
our house.

E. How do you spend it to make it so delight-
ful to you, I should like to know? Not shut
up in the house I'll warrant.

F. We never go excepting to go to church.

H. Father says we can serve God just as well
out of doors, as in a church.

F. That may be, but once when I asked father
to let me go to walk on Sunday, just out into
the grove, he said no, and when I asked him
what the harm would be, he explained it all out
to me, so that I was perfectly satisfied, and have
never asked him since.

H. What did he say about it?

F. I cannot remember all he said, but I can
give you some of his ideas. He said that al-
though some might walk out into the fields and
be led to think, as they looked upon nature,
of the great Creator of all things it would be setting
a bad example to those who strolled out into the
fields and woods for mere idleness, instead of
going to church, or reading useful books at
home. It is God's day, and we have no right to
use it for our own pleasure. He says that thou-
sands go out of Paris every Sunday, into the
country around about, to spend the day in dan-
cing and making merry, and Paris is noted for its
wickedness, you both know. He says we must
avoid every appearance of evil, lest what we do
should be taken advantage of by those who do
not respect the Sabbath.

E. Well, we get up earlier than usual, so as
to have plenty of time to dress for church.

H. We lie in bed Sunday morning, an hour
or two later than we do other mornings. Father
says it's a day of rest, and it is just as much our
day to rest on that day as to work on other
days.

F. Well, my father says that rest does not
mean indolence, and that we are only to rest
from our labors and from the employments of
week on the Sabbath. But I was telling you
how we spend the day.

E. Go on, I want to hear you out.

F. After breakfast and prayers are over, we
sit down and look over our Sabbath school les-
sons, to be sure that we have them perfectly, and
father looks them over with us, asking us the
questions, and explaining anything that we do
not understand, and he often takes down some
large book from the library and reads us about
the manners and customs of the Eastern people,
so that things which looked perfectly blind to us
before, often seem as plain as can be. For in-
stance, the verse, "Cast thy bread upon the
waters, and thou shalt find it after many days,"
came up in our last Sunday's lesson, and father
took us that it referred to a custom they had
of going out in boats when their lands were all
flooded with water, and scattering their rice, and
then, when the waters abated, their seed would
spring up, and thus they would find their bread
again.

H. I never heard of that before.

F. He reads and tells us a great many things
that I never thought or heard of before. We all
get ready to start for church early, for father
says nothing looks worse than to see people com-
ing into church late, disturbing every one, and
the minister most of all.

H. Don't you find it dull, sitting up straight
and listening to preaching all day?

E. I am sure I do. I don't understand half
that I said.

F. Father says if we keep our ears open, we
shall understand a great deal of what is said, al-
though, of course, the minister says many things
which little boys cannot comprehend. But we
remember the text, and learn it, too, so that, in
a year, we have treasured up one hundred and
four texts, which father says are worth a good
deal more than gold to us.

H. Well, there are two meetings and a Sun-
day school, and that pretty nearly uses up your
day. I hope you are allowed to rest the rest of
the time.

F. When tea is over, then comes "our time,"
as we children call it. First, we tell father the
texts, and all we can remember of the sermons,
and he tells us many things which we did not re-
member, and explains whatever we ask him to
about the sermons, and sometimes mother tells
us a story! O, she tells such beautiful stories!

E. What! stories Sunday?

F. Yes, Bible stories, or stories that she has
read in some good book. She told us last Sunday
evening about a book she had been reading the
week past, about the first labors of the mission-
aries at the Sandwich Islands.

H. I didn't know the missionaries had ever
been there, I am sure.

F. Then after father thinks we have talked
long enough, we all sing. Sister plays sweetly,
you know, and we all gather around the instru-
ment and sing sweet hymns. Then father prays
and we retire, so peaceful and happy, ready to
begin the next day just right. Mother says,
"Sunday is the golden clasp that binds the week
together," and can understand it.

E. Well, I should love Sunday, if my father
was like yours.

H. And I believe I should be willing to stay
within doors, if my father took pains to make it
a happy or useful day, as yours does.

F. For my part, I wish most heartily that
Sunday was as delightful to every one as it is to
us at home; then I believe we should rejoice at
the hope, if we were so happy as to reach heaven
at last, of finding there a blessed and an eternal
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been one of the first to feel the power of the
Divine Spirit upon her heart, and she had, among
others and with some of her companions, fled for
refuge to lay hold of the hope set before her. She
had taken sanctuary in Jesus. She was now
about to be called away from her Brooklyn home
to her glorious home on high.

She had not a shadow upon her believing,
trusting heart. Not a doubt disturbed her. She
was only anxious that Jesus should hasten his
coming.

Her sickness was very sudden. Her coming
to the gates of death was entirely unexpected by
herself and the family. The summons had come
as a thief in the night. The disease had made
in short work. It had been very severe, as well as
hasty.

When the Superintendent of the Sunday
school called upon her, on first hearing of her
prostration, he asked her if she believed and
could trust in Jesus as her own Saviour?

She answered with seeming surprise at such a
question: "Why, yes! Why not trust him?"

When the physician's skill and all that kind,
loving hearts could do, failed and proved utterly
unavailing to arrest or remove disease, it was an-
nounced that her stay on earth would probably
be short. With much composure she replied:

"I would like to stay a little longer with
mother, but if God wishes me to go now I think he
will make me a little angel."

As time flew on, her parents and grand-parents,
brothers and sisters, were all called into her
room, when she requested her little playthings
to be brought to her, and from among them she
selected a little keep sake for each.

After bidding them all good-bye, and kissing
them, and telling them, one and all, to meet her
in heaven, she asked her father to read a chapter
in the Bible and to pray with her, which he did.
She wished, also, some of her beautiful Sunday
school hymns to be sung, and she endeavored to
sing with the others, but her voice failed her.

When the death angel seemed to be hovering
near to cut the brittle thread of life, her father
kneel down to commend her spirit to God, and,
while on his knees praying, a convoy of angels
came and conveyed little Josephine to her happy
home in heaven. Those lips that had spoken a
little while before, saying: "When will Jesus
come?" were now closed forever, and the tongue
that had attempted the song on earth was now
still in death; but another tongue had joined in
the anthem of redeeming grace on high, "Josie,"
as she was familiarly called, was another of the
lamb's gathered home. Oh! who will not bless
the Lord for his work of grace among the young.

Col. Anderson in Cincinnati.

COL. ANDERSON, on Sunday last, made the
following neat little speech to the scholars of the
German Mission Sabbath-school in Cincinnati:

"I did not expect, my dear children and friends,
when I came here, to be asked to address you,
but it is well, perhaps, for me to say a few words.
I have been placed, providentially, in a position
that has attracted the attention of our country to
me and to my little band. But I would not have
you misunderstand me or my position, and the
causes which have led me safely through the
dangers by which I have been surrounded. No
moral assistance, no individual aid, would have
sufficed to that end. I am willing, and I am not
ashamed frankly to tell you, my young friends,
that no event, no transaction took place there, in
any day, of any interest or importance to our
cause, without my first appealing to God in the
morning to give me a spirit of wisdom to under-
stand, that I might comprehend his will, to give
me strength of purpose and resolution to know my
duty to him and to my country. Therefore the
credit of whatever was done does not belong to
me. Be it left to Father! I received let-
ters from friends telling me that I should be in
more danger from my friends than I was from
my enemies—that I must be careful not to be
spoiled by flattery. The advice was well-timed;
but I trust God that he has saved me from the
dangers in which I was placed. Feeling be-
lieving, and hoping thus, I confess I have not
believed in my own mind that I was entitled to
the least credit for what I have done, because
God put it into my heart to do that which I did.
Therefore my young friends, I would urge upon
all of you, in the transactions of life that you
will be called upon to perform, and each indi-
vidual has transactions to perform as men-
tioned to him as what I have performed is to me, his
eternal happiness depends upon it—I would have
you all put your trust in God. Do that with a
humble heart, and you will be blessed in this life
and prepared for everlasting happiness in that
which is to come. I can say no more."

THE SUBSCRIBER has received ex "Parkfield"
from the celebrated Manufacturer of VICTOR
JAY & CO., London a full assortment of their New
Spring Style of Suits, Hats, and Shoes. These goods are
in our store, and for sale at the very low prices.

D. H. BAILL, 41 King-street.

SUMMER HATS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received from England and
the Continent a large stock of Spring and
Summer Hats, Suits, Mole-skin, Tweed, Felt, Panama,
Leighorn, Tuscan, Canton, &c., in all the new
styles for Gents, Boys and Youths, and will dis-
pose of the same Wholesale or Retail at very low
prices.

D. H. BAILL, 41 King-street.

1st May, 1861.

TO THE LADIES.

LADIES wishing rich Neapolitan Hats and Bon-
nets, and all the latest styles of Hats, and
Bonnets, 31 King Street, where they will find a
choice assortment of the following New Goods:

Festivals, Flowers, Borders, &c.

New Dress Goods of all kinds:

Boys' Garb and Rifle Caps;

Mantles, Shawls and Cloaks;

Ribbons, Ribbons, Flowers, and Trimmings;

Kedars, North Briton, and Arabia. The stock will
be kept up by each succeeding steamer, and will be
found to compete with any house in the trade, in
style, quantity and prices. An early call solicited.

may 15 41 King-street.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SUBSCRIBER has lately received—

The Four Georges, by W. M. Thackeray; The
Queen of Hearts, by Wilkie Collins; The
History of the Chinese Empire, 2 vols.;

Life of Frederick the Great, by Thomas Carlyle;
Lake Regions of Central Africa, by R. P. Borton;
South Africa, by Dr. Livingstone; Lord Rieu's
mission to China and Japan; Sir Wm. Hamilton's
Lectures on Philosophy; The Life in Egypt, by
T. L. Taylor.

Free Labor in the British West Indies, by W. G.
Buckle's History of Civilization in England.
Hopes and Fears, by the Author of "Heir of Red-
clyffe."

Doctor Antonio, by G. Ruffini.

Also Balcani, or Extracts from the Diary of a Pro-
scribed Sicilian.

Beatrice Cenci.

A Woman's Thoughts about Woman.

The Afternoon of Unmarried Life.

Secession, Concession and Civil War, The story of
1861.

J. & A. McMillan.

Timothy Clover Seed.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received from the Coun-
try a quantity of Timothy Seed, of equal
to the best of the Country.

Also from the United States—A supply of Nor-
thorn Red Clover Seed.

P. R. INCHES, 80 Prince Wm-street.

TAYLOR & McINTOSH, Rothsay, April 10, 1861.

NEW LONDON GOODS.

10 PACKAGES ex ships "Lampedo" and
"John Barbour," just opened, contain-
ing—

350 doz Brushes, viz.: Hair Cloth, Velvet, Tooth,
Shaving, Dusting, &c.;

48 doz. Pocket Books, Purse, Wallets Portmonies,
etc.

9 doz. Ladies Work Bags and Boxes, in various
styles.

60 doz Bedding Sticks of Oak, Thorn, Malacca,
Whalebone, &c.;

24 doz Chamois Skins, assorted sizes;

130 doz Cleaver's Celebrated Pomades, Hair Oil,
Perfumery, &c.

76 doz Cleaver's celebrated assorted Soap, in bars
and boxes.

6 gross Cleaver's Celebrated Cake Soap, in Honey,
Musk, Brown Windsor, Mellowell, &c.

35 doz Huxney's and Rigby's Perfumery, Soap, &c.

Also—A very large assortment of Drugist's Sun
dries and Fancy Goods.

Landing ex Ship Parkfield from London:

3 cases best E. I. Castor Oil, 2 cases Arrow Root,
1 case London Glue,

1 chest Cassia Bark, 2 bags Pimento,

1 case Carb of Magnesia, 12 cases Epping Salts,

1 case Spanish Liquorice,