

## Poetry.

## BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,  
A gaily dressed wife by his side;  
In satin and lace she looked like a queen,  
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed,  
The carriage and couple he eyed,  
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,  
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife—  
"One thing I would give if I could—  
I would give all my wealth for the strength and the  
health  
Of the man who saweth the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,  
Whose face as the morning was fair,  
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,  
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw,  
Arrayed in apparel so fine,  
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart  
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,  
So fair in her calico dress,  
And said, "I'd relinquish possession and wealth  
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus in this world, whatever our lot,  
Our minds and our time we employ,  
In longing and sighing for what we have not,  
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed,  
The heart has a void in it still,  
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,  
That nothing but heaven can fill.

## TO MY OLD SABBATH SCHOLAR.

WHO REVISITS HIS NATIVE TOWN, AND COMES TO  
SEE ME.

Oh! welcome to the dear old place,  
My own sweet child, once more;  
Now sit thee here, and let me trace  
The features of that well-known face.

The fresh warm tints have left thy brow;  
A fainter smile I see  
Round those kind lips is sporting now,  
Ah! thou art sadder; yet, 'tis thou;

And thou art all to me!

Well, thou hast borne the yoke of care,  
And through temptations pass'd;  
But Christ's sweet mercy everywhere  
Was waiting on thy fervent prayer,

And brings thee here at last.

And see, the pictures on the wall—  
The vase, which flowers fill—  
The tear that starts, but does not fall—  
Are tokens of past pleasures all—  
Thou art my scholar still.

Would this were heaven,—and thou no more  
Needst wander from thy home;  
Would that (life's toilsome journey o'er)  
On us had closed that peaceful door,  
Where partings never come!

OLD GEORGE ALBANY.

## Miscellaneous.

## TWENTY CHILDREN CONVERTED.

Many of our young readers will remember the account of the life and death of a boy in Syracuse, who had sent a request to the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. His voice has been speaking ever since his death. It is the voice of Scoville Hayes McCollum. It repeats over and over the words of his glorious triumph, over the last enemy, death; and his hope and assurance of an entrance into his heavenly Father's kingdom. This voice has been poured into many a young ear. Scores and hundreds of little boys and girls have heard it, all over the land. Scarcely a mail comes in, which does not bring to the notice of the Fulton street prayer meeting some evidence of this. Many a little boy and girl goes up into the upper lecture room in Fulton street, and asks to look at the copy of the following request, which is found in one of the great books of requests for prayer, which are preserved here.

March 18th, 1860.

To the Fulton street prayer meeting:  
I have heard that persons might ask for prayers. I thought you would be so kind as to pray for me, a little boy of ten years, that I may be converted.

SCOVILLE H. MCCOLLUM.

P. S.—Pray for me every day.

Many a boy and girl, far away from the Fulton street meeting, has read this request for prayer, as it has been borne on the wings of the wind, to distant places, and has sent to the meeting a similar request for prayer. And this is not all. Many a young heart has bowed to those glorious truths, which sent joy and gladness, and salvation into the bosom of this dying boy.

The clergyman who preached to him, the last sermon he ever heard, from the words, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this world, he shall be ashamed of me and of my Father, and of the holy angels," says:

"As I spoke of what it is to be ashamed of Christ, how absurd it is, and how awful are the consequences, he never moved in his seat, and never, during the discourse, withdrew his steady gaze from my countenance."

He says again of him:  
"Truly he was taught of the Spirit. Out of the mouth of a child God has perfected praise. From the heart and lips of a boy, God has elicited a testimony as it is in Jesus, which has been rarely equalled and seldom surpassed, by those of maturer years."

Assuredly, Scoville was not ashamed of Christ. To old and young, during his sickness, and on his death bed, did he speak of Jesus. His ministry was short, but earnest and impressive; and may we not hope, efficient in doing much good. Eternity alone can disclose the blessed results of his witnessing for Christ."

I saw him for the last time the second day before his death. I inquired of him, "Scoville, are you happy?"

"Happy?" he said, with beaming countenance.

"I am going to drink of the River of Life, and I shall never thirst again." After a long pause, he added, "Pray for me, that Jesus may be with me, till I die; and when I die, that I may be with Jesus."

"I knelt with him and offered a short prayer, and bade him farewell, till we met in heaven." These are the words of a Baptist clergyman in the place where he died.

Another clergyman, who preached the sermon of his funeral, said:

"How touching to us this God-commissioned child, to see us this brief gospel! Two days before he died his clear mind gave utterance to this sentiment: 'Only God and Jesus can save me.' And then to show that his heart was in harmony with his head in this matter, he added, 'I love them, and they love me.'"

He then describes his interview with him. "Grasping me by the hand, he said, 'I am going to die, but I am going to heaven. I have laid myself at Jesus' feet, and asked him to do what he has a mind to with me.'"

Again, he says: "On the morning of his death we all knelt around his bed in prayer. And often, when the name of Christ was mentioned, as our Saviour, he exclaimed, 'Yes! yes! He is all I have now! He is all I love!'"

This dying message was sent to the children in his Sunday School, "Be Christians, and meet me in heaven." "Tell all my mates to love the Lord and lay themselves at Jesus' feet."

To his mother he said, "I love you, mamma, dearly, but I love Jesus more, and you want me."

He repeated that beautiful Sabbath school hymn:—

"In the Christian's home of glory,  
There remains a land of rest:  
There my Saviour's gone before me,  
To fulfil my soul's request."

There is rest for you—  
On the other side of Jordan,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
There is rest for you."

Then placing his hands over his breast, he added— "There is rest for me!"

Such are the voices which are whispering in many a young heart all over the land, showing how God, by the triumphal death of the lovely boy of Syracuse, is bringing children to place their highest affections on Jesus.

Since the first published account of this case in the New York Observer, the writer of this article has kept an account of the number of conversions which have been reported, among children, through this instrumentality. As nearly as can be ascertained, at least twenty children, from 8 to 15 years, have followed the example of this dear boy, and given their hearts to Jesus Christ.

Among the numerous letters which have been read at the Fulton street meeting, was one from a Southern mother, asking prayer for her son, eight years old, who was awakened to earnest desire to become a Christian by reading the death of Scoville. While the reading was going on by the chairman, a little boy, eleven or twelve years old, who had wandered into the meeting, no one knew how, was sitting beside the missionary of the church. He burst into a fit of weeping. The good missionary leaned over and whispered kindly to him, and inquired:—

"Sonny, what makes you cry?"

"Oh! sir," said the boy, "I want to be a Christian, too."

Here follows the letter which so moved the heart of this little boy:—

Dec. 24, 1860.

To the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting:

It is at the request of my dear little boy of eight years that I now address you. He has been quite desirous, for several months, to be remembered in that dear sacred place, the Fulton street prayer meeting—more so, since reading the interesting account of Scoville Hayes McCollum, of Syracuse. On Friday morning last he awoke in great distress, saying, "Oh, mamma, I dreamed that God would only let me have one more day, and I was so wicked, I must be turned into hell, and I was so wretched!"

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"Oh! sir," said the boy, "I want to be a Christian, too."

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"Just as I am without one plea."

Where did you get this? said the missionary; "We found it," said the boy, in sister's pocket after she died. She used to sing it all the time, and she loved it so very much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put in a frame to hang it up. Won't you please to give us a clean one, sir?"

A little girl, a member of a sabbath school, was so delighted with the hymns they sang, that she was singing them most of the time. One day her mother took her to call on a lady who was not pious, and charged her not to sing while there. The lady called upon introduced the subject of religion, when the little girl began to sing. She looked up, caught her mother's eye, and stopped. But as the conversation continued, she commenced a beautiful hymn, sang it through, and then ran to her mother, knelt down, put her face in her lap and burst into tears, saying, "O mother, I did not mean to disobey you, but I could not help it. You may whip me, or do anything to me; but it keeps singing in my heart all the time, and it must come out. I must sing."

A little girl three years old, in the East Indies, was taken hopelessly sick with the jungle fever. As her strength ebbed, and sight dimmed, she may have thought the hour of rest drew nigh; clasping her hands, she began in a faint earnest voice to say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

And then she expired.

"MAMMA, GEORGIE'S IN THE WELL."

A few weeks ago, two little boys, one six years of age and the other three and a half, away off in Iowa, were playing "horse" with a piece of twine. The eldest said to the other,

"Let us measure this string down the well, and see if it will touch the water." So away they ran to the well.

The oldest stepped up in the spout and let down the string. Then he leaned over to see if it reached the water, and in his eagerness to see the result, he lost his balance, and down he went, head foremost to the bottom of the well, some twenty feet!

The younger brother came running into the house, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, crying,

"Mamma, Georgie is in the well! Georgie is way down in the well!"

I listened to the spot, and, dreadful to behold he was at the bottom of the well! And as the little fellow saw my face over the curbs, he raised his imploring hands above the water, (as he could just touch the bottom,) and with all the earnestness of a drowning child, cried,

"Mamma, take Georgie up, do take Georgie up, mamma!"

For a moment I knew not what to do. I looked up for help but could see none. In an instant it occurred to me, if he could stand, and had strength enough to steady himself by the rope, I could let down the bucket and possibly save his life. I said to him—

"I will lower the bucket, and you can get in to that." He replied—

"Yes, mamma, Georgie will get into it." I let it down, and after some effort he got one foot in. I told him to get-in with both feet and hold on tight to the rope, when he replied—

"Yes, mamma, Georgie will hold on tight!"

And the next moment I clasped him in my arms at the top of the well, with no other injury than the fright and a slight bruise on one limb. All this transpired in less than five minutes.

And now, my young readers, I hope this incident may remind you of the horrible pit into which we are all fallen by nature, and of the precious Saviour, standing as it were at the top, letting down one rope of salvation, and then another, that he may save any who may lay hold of eternal life. May you all be as ready to accept of any offer of salvation, as was this little boy to save his natural life. And, young friends, hoping you may never play around places of danger, and thus hazard your lives, and cause anxiety to your dear friends is the kind wish of Georgie's Mother.—Well-Spring.

## TWO BEARS.

A man and his wife were notorious, through their whole community as living in anything but peace. All at once there was a sudden change for good, and the house of discord became the house of concord, much to the astonishment and joy of the neighbors. An inquisitive old lady ventured to inquire the cause.

"Two bears did it," said the matron of the house.

"Two bears?" ejaculated the old lady, lifting up both hands.

"Yes two bears; and I'm glad they ever came into the house."

"But what in nature do you mean?"

"Two Scripture bears."

"Two Scripture bears! why, you puzzle me more and more."

"'Tis true."

"I don't read in Scripture of two bears but them two that eat up the wicked children that mocked Elisha; and they must be dead long ago."

"Two other bears are mentioned."

"I don't recollect 'em."

"Well, the Scriptures mention them, and their names are Bear and Forbear."

"Well I never!"

At this stage of the discourse we came away, and could not help most devoutly wishing that these two Scripture bears would travel through the land and enter into a great many houses."

FASHIONS—1861 FASHIONS.

JUST Received at No. 23 King Street, the London and Paris Fashions, for Dress, Gowns, Mantles, Bonnets, and Dress Caps, all of which will be executed with neatness and dispatch.

N. B. None but experienced hands employed.

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land—GLENHARRY, for Barbados, Agents, Messrs. New York, New York, and New York.

ST. JOHN MILLBURN AND MANTLE ROOMS.

Notice—Change of Trains.

ON and after 1st December next, the following trains will run between St. John and New Brunswick, as follows:—

St. John. New Brunswick. Shediac.

9 A. M. 10 A. M. 10.30 A. M.

1.15 P. M. 2.30 P. M. 3.45 P. M.

All these Trains will carry Passengers and Freight, by

Railway Commissioners Office, R. JARDINE, Chairman

St. John, Nov. 9, 1860.

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## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the estate of the late J. J. Bond, of the Parish of Kent, N. B., are requested to present the same duly attested, to either of the undersigned within six months from this date, and all persons claiming against the estate are requested to make immediate payment.

GEORGE H. BOND, Executor.  
JANE BOND, Executrix.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 9, 1860.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS.—The best assorted

Stock of Cheap and Pretty Toys is at

ROBERTSON'S CHINA STORE,  
No. 3 North Side King Square,  
St. John, N. B.

Small dealers can be supplied in any quantity at a low figure.

STRAYED.—The following Young Cattle

belonging to the Subscriber, 2 Yearling Steers, Red and White; 3 Yearling Heifers, 1 Black, 2 Red and White, Marked, halfpenny under each ear.

Any person finding the above Cattle, and taking care of them, upon giving notice to the subscriber will be suitably rewarded for the trouble.

OLBERT WILLIAMS.

Gagetown, N. B., 12th Dec. 1860.

CHINA GLASS AND EARTHENWARE.

Per the "Queen," and "Hannah Fowles," from Great Britain.—H. ROBERTSON, has just completed the Queen and Hannah Fowles from Great Britain, and has selected the finest China, Glass, and Earthenware, in the market, in the way of nice patterns at a low figure. Call at

No. 3 North Side King Square,  
St. John, N. B.

NOTICE.—To be Sold at Public Auction

on Thursday, the 23rd day of February next, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the under described premises in Sussex. All those pieces or parcels of land lying

and being in the Parish of Sussex, in King's County, and bounded on the South by land owned by Samuel Watters, on the North by lands, originally granted to William Graves, and conveyed to Richard Sanders, on the West by lands, granted to John Sprague, on the East by lands granted to John Sheek; comprising the whole of the Farm now in the occupation of the late LeBaron Graves, and which is more fully described in a Deed from William Graves and wife, to the said LeBaron H. Graves, recorded in Book No. 4623, pages 499 and 501, containing one hundred and twenty-five acres or thereabouts, of the one part, and the subscriber of the other part.

For terms and other particulars apply to the Subscriber, JOHN McLEOD, Jr., Montserrat, Upper Sussex, N. B.

C. W. STOCKTON, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

Dated 21st Nov. 1860.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!—Just received ex

D. Mail steamer at Halifax—Porter Works of Cambridge, Milton, Longfellow, in various bindings; Shakespeare's Works; Works of Josephus; The Land and the Book; by W. M. Thompson D. D.; Murry's Geography of the Sea; The History of England's

Graces in Government, Laws, Customs, and Science, by J. Wade; Clever's Lectures on Religion; Progress; Life of Wellington and Nelson; The Island of the South Sea; The History of the Crusades; Swiss Family Robinson. With a varied assortment of Prayers and Church Services.

J. A. McMillan.

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UNEQUALLED IN VARIETY AND UNRIVALLED IN

CHEAPNESS.

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FABRIC AND STYLE.

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IN ALL QUALITIES, AND AT ALL PRICES.

Clothes, Vestings and Trousers, of every

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superior manner and at low prices.

FALL, 1860.

Victoria House, Prince Wm. Street.