

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## LEAVES UPON THE RIVER.

"You are now going to die," said a young Chinese woman to her mother, who was on her death-bed. "You have often heard the missionaries preach of heaven and hell. To which do you think you are going?"

"I know not; but I go to see," were the last words of the poor dying mother.

Did you ever think how dark the world must seem to those who do not have the Bible? You read in that book about heaven just as you read in other books about any country that you have never seen! When a traveller comes from some strange land, how we love to sit down by him, and hear him tell of all things that he has seen. And how many questions we ask, if we expect ever to go to that country ourselves. We want to learn all about the different ways of going, and what is the shortest and easiest road.

We have a Friend, who has come from a distant country—heaven—that "happy land, far, far away," and he has told us all about its "sweet fields," its flowing river, and its many sources of delight. He has told us, too, all about the road, for there is only one; and how he himself is the way, and the door to the way, so that any one who has ever heard him speak can never miss that way, if he tries to walk in it.

And yet how very many there are who never have read Christ's words in his blessed book! When little boys or girls in dark Africa, or China, or India lie down to die, where do you suppose they think they are going?

I am afraid that if you should ask many, they would say, like that woman in China, "I don't know." For there are some people in Africa who seem neither to know nor care any thing at all about another world. Some tribes say that when a man dies his soul goes into a lion, or tiger, or a snake, and that he stays about his old home, creeping or crawling around for a few years, and then goes away—for ever.

You have heard, no doubt, of the Indians of our country, who think that when a great man dies he goes to beautiful hunting grounds, where he finds plenty of buffaloes and deer, and can kill them, as he used to love to do on earth. And they put his war-club and hatchet, his bow and his arrows, into his grave, and as they think the road to these hunting grounds is a long one, and he will need something to eat on the way, they put by his side food for the journey, and his pipe for him to smoke.

We learn from the Bible that when men die, they do not come back again to live on earth. But many of the heathen say that men return; that if they have been good while here, after death they will live again on the earth, and have the body of some holy man; and if they have been bad here, they will live again in the body of a low, or miserable man, or of one who is lame, or blind, or sick in some way; and that they even may become a bird, or dog, or rat, or tree, or plant.

Do you remember reading about the man, of whom the New Testament tells us, who was born blind? The people asked Jesus, "Who did sin?" This man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" Christ said, "Neither." But those people felt just as many heathens now do, that if a man is lame or blind, or very poor or sick, it shows that he has been a bad man; if not in this life, then in some other life before this.

One of the "holy books," as they are called, of India, tells what a man will be in the next world or next birth. I will copy a few verses:

"If a bad man dies, he is punished for a long time, and then sent back into this world again; if he steal grain in the husk, he shall in the next world be born a rat; if a yellow metal, a gander; if water, a diver (a bird); if honey, a great stinging gnat; if milk, a cow; if butter, a weasel. They who hurt any beings, are born cats and eaters of raw flesh; they who taste what ought not to be tasted, maggots or small flies."

I have heard of a tribe of wild people, who have very strange notions. They say that away off toward the place where the sun rises, is a rock, and on that rock sits the judge of all men. To that judge all go at once after death. The rock is called the Leaping Rock, and for this reason: Every one who dies tries to leap up upon this rock; if he succeeds, he goes to heaven to live with the gods. But many people in trying to leap up, fall, as these heathens say, and often break their arms and legs, and knock out their eyes, and have to be born over again on the earth with broken bones and no eyes. So they believe that all the blind and lame people that we see, were made blind and lame by falling from this rock.

I remember standing on a bridge one cool morning in autumn, and gazing upon the river below. During the night the biting frost had come and nipped the leaves of the trees that hung over the river. It had painted them in most brilliant colors, but they were the colors of death, and the wind was sweeping them off into the running water. And there they were—hundreds of these leaves, of various sizes and shapes, red, purple, brown, and yellow, and they drifted away, holding up their little stems, and nodding gaily one to another, like fairies dancing on the water.

I looked at them a long while. "Where are they going?" thought I. And then I remembered that only a little distance below, there was a mill, and a great dam, and waterfall. "There," thought I, "if those leaves sail down much farther, they will either be crushed in the big mill-wheel, or, tumbling over the dam, will float away to sea, and be lost."

Just then I saw six or eight of these leaves that seemed to be pushing their way up the stream. A little eddy in the water or a puff of wind had whirled them around, and they were going slowly back and toward the shore. And I saw that as they went they kept touching against the other leaves that were so cheerily sailing down, and some of them would wheel about too and go back.

And as I saw some of them land on the river bank, I thought, "These leaves will stay here all winter, and when the spring comes, and the violets peep out, they will be all the more gay and beautiful because these little leaves are lying at their feet." But those other leaves that float away to sea—what good will they ever do? These laughing leaves—so happy now, but so soon to die—are like the heathen, that know not Christ. They may seem to be cheerful and gay; but if no one turns them about, they will sail away and be lost. And then I thought again, "These other little leaves, that are drifting back, are like the little boys and girls, and older persons, too, who have

turned from going the road to death, and are trying to make these poor heathen go with them, by sending them Bibles and good teachers, and praying God to speak to them that they may turn." And when they reach the shore of that heavenly land, will not the holy angels and the saints from earth about still louder the praise of God for what these little ones have done?

Will you be one of these little leaves? Then the heathen children can sing with you about "the happy land above."

WHAT ABSALOM RELIED ON.—Behold Absalom! What did he rely on? We should say, on his birthright. He was the eldest of his brethren—the heir presumptive to the throne—the "Prince of Wales" of Palestine. This puffed him up. It fed his vanity and selfishness.

But he also relied on his personal appearance. There is no doubt but that he was exceedingly handsome—handsomer, it may be, than David himself had been. "In all Israel there was none so much praised for his beauty as Absalom: from the sole of his foot upward there was not a blemish on him." As for his hair, it was a sight: when he cut it (as he did occasionally), it weighed two hundred shekels—about fifty ounces! This noble countenance, and this mass of golden locks falling down over his shoulders, must have been fresh fuel to his vanity and selfishness.

And then, again, he relied on his popularity. The people admired him. He was a favorite with them. He aimed at this. He tried his cunningest arts to win them. Thus, "he rose up early and stood by the gate, and it was so, that when any man that had a controversy came to the king for judgment, then Absalom said to him, See, thy matters are right; but there is nobody deputed of the king to listen to them. Oh, that I were judge in the land, that every man who had any suit or cause might come to me, and I would do him justice! And it was so, that when any man came nigh to him to do him obeisance, he put forth his hand, and took him, and kissed him. So Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel."

He relied, then, on his birthright—his personal appearance—his popularity. As for principle, he had none; as for God's direction, he had no faith in it. He lived for himself. He planned for himself. He was resolved to have fame and power, cost what they might. Up that giddy ladder of ambition—up to its tip top round he would climb!—*Bolton.*

## "FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!"

When friends who seemed to love us  
Have proved unkind, unjust,  
And all our heart's affections  
Are trampled in the dust;  
And when—life's chief joys vanished—  
We mourn the false th' untrue,  
"Father," we cry, "forgive them,  
They know not what they do!"

When the keen shafts of malice,  
Of hatred, envy, pride,  
Have pierced the bursting bosom  
Which would not, could not chide.  
Yea, when men falsely charge us  
With faults that not our due,  
"Father," we cry, "forgive them;  
They know not what they do!"

And when in our distresses,  
Pretended friends betray,  
And blight in sorrow's season  
Hopes of a happier day;  
And when their false professions  
Lie open to our view,  
"Father," we cry, "forgive them,  
They know not what they do!"

And when our name is slandered,  
Our character made black,  
And calumny draws near us  
With venom in its track;  
Still, still for those who hate us,  
Who once our friendship knew,  
"Father," we cry, "forgive them;  
They know not what they do!"

'Tis hard—it is not human—  
To bear with scorn and wrong,  
Life's greatest ills to suffer  
With patience deep and long;  
Yet it is right and Christian,  
Therefore when foes pursue,  
"Father," we cry, "forgive them;  
They know not what they do!"

For He, our best Redeemer,  
When tortured on the tree,  
Prayed for the foes who slew him—  
For ours: why should not we?  
Oh, may the Holy Spirit  
Guide us to cry out, too,  
"Father," for Christ "forgive them;  
They know not what they do!"

ATTITUDES OF THE DEAD.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from the battleground near Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., thus describes the attitudes of the dead as they lay upon the field:

There was the old man, his locks sprinkled with grey, kneeling beside a stump, as if in the attitude of prayer, his face now resting in his hands and head reclining on the top apparently having gone to sleep in death while in the act of devotion. A ghastly wound in the side told of his end.

Another powerful looking man had just placed a cartridge in the muzzle of his gun, and had the ramrod in his right hand, as if about to ram it down. Death caught him in that moment, and as he lay with upturned face, the right hand clenched the gun, and the left the ramrod. There were many instances similar to this last. One soldier had loaded his piece, and paused to take a chew of tobacco. Beside his body lay the gun, and in his right hand was a flat plug of tobacco, bearing the imprint of teeth.

In one place lay nine men, four or five of ours and about as many rebels, who, from indications, must have had a hand to hand fight. They were dead and bore wounds made evidently with bayonets and bullets. Two had hold of one another's hair, and others were clenched in a variety of ways. One seemed to have had a gripe on the throat of his antagonist, and been compelled to relinquish it, judging from the frigid marks. The most singular attitude of any that I have observed, was that of a Union soldier, the position of whose body was similar to that of a boy's when he is playing at leap frog.

Some had lain down quietly with their heads resting against a stump or tree, their caps resting on their faces, and had thus died alone and untended. Yet the calmness and repose of the

countenance, as one raised the covering, indicated a peaceful departure to the spirit world. Death caused by a bullet leaves a quiet, calm look behind, while a bursting shell, bayonet or sword carry with them a horror that remains depicted in death.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

1862. NEW GOODS!—NEW STYLES!—The subscriber, in returning thanks to his numerous friends and customers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia for the liberal patronage hitherto received, wishes to inform them and the public generally, that he has now ready for inspection a large and varied stock of Staple and Fancy DRESS GOODS, received by late arrivals from Great Britain and the United States, consisting of: Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Tweeds, Vestings; Mantle Cloths, in drab, brown, black and fancy; Grey, white, and striped Corsets, Warps, Dye Ties; Onanburgs, Canvas, Duck, Towelling, Cotton Flannels, &c.; Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, Rugs; Coburgs, Lustres, Barges and fancy Dress Stuffs; Ladies' Mantles, in cloth, glaze silk, &c.; Boxers, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers and Feathers; Muslins, Laces, Netts, Blonds, Edgings, &c.; Printed Calicoes, Muslins, Shawls and Hdkfs.; Trimmings and Small Wares, in great variety; 2,000 SKELETON SKIRTS, newest styles, at the lowest prices.

An immense stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, in Merino and Lamb's-wool Shirts and Drawers; Fine White, Fancy and Crimea Flannels; Collars, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Ties, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, &c.

The above Goods were all purchased for cash, at the lowest possible prices, and will be sold very cheap, wholesale and retail.

CLOTHING.—CLOTHING.—Over 3,000 Garments, in Dress and business Coats, Reefing Jackets, Pants, and Vests, all made up in most fashionable style, by first rate workmen, at extraordinary low prices. Boys' Clothing, in all sizes; Rubber and Oil Clothing, Overalls, Flannel Shirts and Drawers, Sheath Belts, &c.

200 Yards Country Homespun, 100 dozen Wool Socks, 150 lbs White and Colored Yarn, &c. Over 2,000 yards superior WOOL CARPETING, selling off at cost.

CLOTHING of all descriptions made to order.

Furnishing Goods of any description, will find to their advantage to call at the

Imperial Buildings, 2 King st., St. John, N. B.  
Minister House, Canning, Nova Scotia.  
June 11.—w

1862. NEW GOODS.—CLOTHING.—CLOTHING.—NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE, North West King Street—R. HUNTER, having completed his Spring and Summer Importations, per Royal Mail Steamers, via Boston and Portland, and Packet ship Lampedo, from Liverpool, now offers for sale at unusually low prices, wholesale and retail, for Cash or Approved Payments, his large and well assorted stock of CLOTHING, Cloths, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., comprising in part CLOTHING of all descriptions, and in all fabrics, and made up in the best manner and in the most fashionable styles.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, consisting of White Dress and Fancy Shirts, Shirt Collars and Fronts, Under Shirts and Drawers, Fancy Saxony Flannel Shirts, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Ties, Braces, Half-Hose, Gloves, Umbrellas, &c. India Rubber Goods, in silk and Alpaca Egg. Reversible India Rubber Coats; also, a good assortment of I. R. Coats, Leggings, and Caps.

Trunks, Valises, and Travelling Bags, in great variety. In the custom department will be found a good assortment of Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Fancy Tweeds, Doeskins, Vestings, &c.

Having engaged the services of Mr. BONNEY ASH, well known as an expert and experienced and fashionable Cutter, Gents, who may favor us with their orders, can depend upon getting perfect fitting garments, at the lowest possible prices. (may 7.—wpi) R. H.

GRANITE HALL,  
10 MARKET SQUARE.READY MADE CLOTHING,  
RETAIL TRADE,SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES  
AND FOR ALL PURPOSES,  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins,  
and Vestings.CUSTOM WORK MADE UP IN A  
Superior Manner,At one quarter less than is usually  
charged.Furnishing Goods,  
In great variety.The largest and most complete  
STOCK OF  
Gentlemen's Furnishing  
GOODS.In the City—consisting of the finest  
makes of SHIRTS, COLLARS, SCARFS,  
Ties, and Neck and Pocket Hdkfs.REAL SCOTCH HOSIERY  
In all sizes—especially large.Macintosh and all Improved makes in  
Waterproof Clothing.Every article warranted to be what  
it is represented when sold, or the  
money returned.

## THOMAS R. JONES.

TO WHOLESALE PURCHASERS.—The subscriber has  
received by Boheiman, Canada, Jura, Lampedo, and  
Metropolis—50 cases and bales of London, Manchester,  
Sheffield and Birmingham Goods. From the United States:  
15 cases Men's Hats; 20 cases Boots and Shoes.

A prime assortment of Mincep Woollens, constantly on hand. The largest and best assortment of Ready Made Clothing in the Province, Domestic and Imported.

The whole comprising every article in the line, suitable for Country Trade, on sale at reasonable terms.

may 28.—wpi THOS. R. JONES.

HATS, Hats.—Received per steamer "British Queen" from England, via Halifax—One Case Oxbow HATS, various qualities. Selling low at 27 King street, opposite Canterbury street. (may 9.—wpi) A. MAGEE.

SHEATHING OR FLOORING.—10,000 feet of 1 1/2 inch Pine, 20 to 30 feet long, and from 6 to 12 inches wide. The above Plank is dry and would make good Flooring for Houses, or good Sheathing for Ships. For sale at \$21 per thousand. M. T. BREWER, Britain street, June 6. 3d wharf east of Boston steamboat landing.

THE SECOND BOOK OF LESSONS.—Just published the Second Book of Lessons. For sale wholesale and retail by PRINCE ALBERT, 45 Prince Wm street, may 21.—wpi F. A. COSGROVE.

EDWARDS.—Exhibition Medals for 1862, with portrait of Prince Albert. For sale at 45 Prince Wm street, may 21.—wpi F. A. COSGROVE.

NEW GOODS.—Mantles in great variety, of the newest styles and fashions; Scarfs, Shawls, quite new; a large assortment of Hats and Bonnets; Fancy Dress Goods, newest textures; Parasols; an immense stock of Flowers; Sewed Work; Stamped Muslin, for braiding; Window Netts, very low price; a case of Bonnet Fronts; Mantle Cloth; Photographic Albums; a variety of Fancy Goods. Further importations by steamers and sailing vessels, which, with the above, will be sold low for cash. April 28.—wpi DAVIES & MARSHALL.

ENNIS & GARDNER'S  
SKELETON SKIRTS.

April, 1862.

CHILDREN'S AND MAID'S, TIED, WHITE AND GREY.

3 Spring..... 9 cents. 8 Spring..... 24 cents.

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