AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR

REV. E. McLEOD,]

"THAT COD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE CLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

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The Intelligencer.

SABBATH SCHOOL RECITATIONS AND CONCERT.

At the suggestion of several friends, we have concluded to publish the following pieces, recited by the children of the Fredericton Free Baptist Sabbath School, at their last Concert, held on Tuesday evening, the 3rd inst. We give them in the order of the exercises. Only a part of the children belonging to the school gave recitations, and some of these more than one :-

EXERCISES.

OPENING HYMN-"Coronation," by the Choir. READING OF SCRIPTURES-Psalm xxxiv. 11-32, by the Pastor. PRAYER-by the Pastor. OPENING REMARKS - by the Pastor. CHOIR-" How levely is Zion"-Solo and Chorus, by G. F.

RECITATIONS. (Under the direction of Bro. E. C. FREEZE.)

The Bible.*

Recited by Wesley Carpenter. "Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord! Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star which rose on Time
And on its dark and troubled billows threw a ray

pre-eminence. The Book of Books for its super- Ere it can reach thee; who can fathom thee?

and apostles its penmen. Truth its matter, and salvation its end. How sublime its style. How transcendently

g'orious its themes. How varied its subjects; yet, how perspicuous and simple its revelations. Fraught with truths for all ages, and classes, and conditions of mankind. With elementary principles of religion for the child. With salutary counsels for the young. With wise instructions Of zephyr, waterfall, or birds, or bees, for the mature; and with sound philosophy for the aged.

With homely communications for the illiterate. With profound truths for the learned, and heavenly knowledge for all.

Its discoveries, how wonderful, -- its doctrines, how heavenly,-its warnings, how awful,-its threatenings, how terrible, its promises, how pre- There art thou: not in temples built by the hand cious, -its consolations, how abundant. It is the Christian's personal monitor; his Of the hot brow; or by the fierce command

closet counsellor, and family adviser. It is the nation's directory, and the world's Thy temple is the universe; thy throne light, and truth, and glory.

the philologist, the historian, the moralist, the poet, and the divine.

moral, intellectual, and spiritual. It is the field containing the hidden treasures of Who thy high spirit, pure, and beautiful, wisdom; the Casket in which are deposited the Tracks not through existence? All we have invaluable jewels of grace, and the peerless pearl And all we hope for is thy gift; and man

of untold price. It is the Spiritual Bank of Faith; the Granary of the Bread of Life, and the Well of Salvation. It is the Christian's citadel of strength and

security, and the holy warrior's sacred armoury. It is the Eden of moral loveliness, and the paradise of celestial delights. Divine Providence hath marvellously preserved it; the wise and godly of all ages have delighted

in it, and the evil powers of earth and hell have laboured in vain to destroy it. It is the only infallible test of real orthodoxy, the unerring touchstone of truth, the only immacu-

late code of laws, the only faultless system of morals, and the only immutable ground of hope. Some have attempted to falsify its statements, -others to mystify its doctrines, -others to monopolize its blessings,—and not a few to adulterate

its truths. All really godly persons read it with reverence and attention, meditate on it with spiritual delight, and appropriate its consolations with unutterable

They believe its averments,-hearken to its counsels, -imbibe its spirit, and delight in its com-

To translate it into all languages and tongues, to diffuse it to every tribe abroad, and circulate it to every family at home, is a work of soundest | drinks, or passions. philosophy, noblest patriotism, and purest benevo-

Abuse it not, by coercing it to speak the dogmas of thy creed, or to support thy sectarian views, or to establish thy peculiar rites; but ele- drinks. vate it, by making it the one test of sound Christian principle, spiritual worship, and daily practice.

solations in thy experience, and embody its holy precepts in thy life, and forget not to teach it diligently to thy children, and talk of its hallowed into a curse. contents "when thou sittest in thine house, and Abstemiousness in meats is conducive both to when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Jesus Christ.

Recited by George Biggar, Jesus Christ has lived and died-What is all the world beside? This to know is all we need-This to know is life indeed;

Other wisdom seek I none, Teach me this, and this alone; Jesus Christ has lived and died, Jesus Christ was crucified.

Can my soul on shadows vain Ever spend a thought again? No-before this light they flee-Jesus Christ has died for me.

The Source of Rest.

Recited by Ezekiel McLeod. With tearful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and stormy sea, Yet' midst the gloom, I hear a sound, A beavenly whisper, Come to Me!

It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee ; Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest, How sweet the bidding, Come to Me!

When the poor heart with anguish learns That earthly props resigned must be, And from each broken cistern turns, It hears the accents, Come to Me!

When against sin I strive in vain, And cannot from its yoke get free, Sinking beneath the heavy chain,

The words arrest me, Come to Me! When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, enjoy, and see; When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,

A sweet voice atters, Come to Me!

Come, for all else must fade and die; Earth is no resting-place for thee; Heavenward direct thy weeping eye; I am thy Portion, Come to Me!

O voice of mercy, voice of leve! In conflict, grief, and agony, Support me, cheer me from above And gently whisper, Come to Me!

Address to the Deity. Recited by Arthur Freeze. God of the morning! thou the Sabbath's God! Round whose bright footsteps thousand planets

A million beings, at thy mighty nod, Are born; thy frown turns millions more to clay; How great thou art! an unimagined deep Of wisdom and of power; thy laws how sure! Thy way how full of mystery! Thou dost keep Of Heaven's own light, and to the hills of God
Pointed the suner's eye." Pollok's Coursk of Time. Thy court among the heavens, sublime and pure The Bible is the Book by way of emphasis and And unapproachable; the tired eye breaks lative importance, intrinsic excellency, and Divine | Who read thy counsels? Thought exhausted seeks The path in vain; 'tis o'er the mighty sea, God its Author. Prophets and evangelists On the tall mountain, in the rushing wind,

Or the mad tempest. In a cloudy car, Wrapped in thick darkness, rides the Eternal O'er land and ocean, and from star to star, Hast thon not seen him in his proud career, Nor heard his awful voice? Oh! look around, For he is always visible, always near! Listen to his eloquent words in every sound

A thousand songs, these sweet and these sublime, All nature's intellectual harmonies, And the soft music of the stream of time. See him in the vernal beauty of the flower, In the ripe glory of the autumnal glow, In summer's rich and radiant festal hour, In winter's fairest robes of snow. Of vanity; by the unproductive toil

Of tyrants, or with shame collected spoil.

Raised on the stars; thy light is everywhere, Here are stores of knowledge for the naturalist, And everywhere songs to the Eternal One Are offered up; nor can the list'ning car Mistake that homage which all time, all space, The Bible is the Book of seeds, on subjects Pours forth to thee. What sense so dark and dull, That sees not thy bright smile on nature's face ? Without thee is a feeble, fettered slave, Driven by the winds of passion, without place

Or purpose, or pursuit becoming. Thou Art great, and great are all thy works, and great Shall be thy praise; before thy throne we bow; To thee our prayers, our vows, we consecrate. O thou Eternal Being ! clad in light, I, in the dust, before thy presence fall, And ask for wisdom in thy hallow'd sight To lead my steps to thee. How calmly all Sleeps in the stillness of the Sabbath-morn, As if to sanctify the sacred day

Glides gently on the tranquil morning's ray; And in a solemn pause all nature seems To feel the present Deity. He speaks In the twilight melodies-smiles in the fair beams Which from his locks the star of morning shakes; Heaven is his canopy -- his footstool, earth; A thousand worlds, his throne. O Lord, to thee

The spirit of peace, by the mild zephyra borne,

Noblest and mightiest-source of light, of worth, Be praise and glory through eternity! CHOIR-" Wake the Song of Jubilee"-Anthem, by W. B.

Bradbury.

Intemperance. Recited by Edward Yerxa.

Intemperance is defined, excess in meats, or

A man may have an intemperate spirit, or give way to intemperate practices. Gluttony is intemperance in meats; inebriety

is the consequence of intemperance in exciting Moderation is the rational and scriptural rule in the use of lawful things-abstinence in reference

Hide its treasures in thine heart, enjoy its con- to things of evil or even of doubtful tendency, An immoderate use of any created good is a perversion of it, and thus the blessing is converted

> health of body and vigour of mind. Repletion renders medicines necessary. Rigid moderation may in the main dispense with them; but intemperance in drink not only produces disease, but the train of its dire results is one of sorrow, wretchedness, and woe.

> It is the panderer to every vice—the patron of shame-the herald of misery-the instigator of crime-and the premonition of early decay, of premature death, and everlasting destruction. Intoxicating drinks insidiously undermine the powers of the mind, and the strength of the body,

> They first overcome the natural dislike-nature's antipathy; they then become agreeable; afterwards, necessary, and often ultimately ruinous. They flatter, fascinate, and destroy.

and the comforts of life.

The physical influence of these intoxicating drinks is to increase the action of the hearthurry impetuously through the system, the fluid of life-quicken the pulse-excite the brainredden the countenance-and if persisted in, spread impotence or temporary paralysis over the, whole frame.

Yet how diverse in appearance the effects they produce. Of one they make a companion for swine-of another, a serpent-and of a third, a tiger; one is transformed into a fifthy nuisanceanother, into a fool-and a third, into a madman; one grins with idiotey-and another raves with

"The Saviour," are from an excellent volume entitled "Christian Philosophy; or, Materials for Thought," by Jabez Burns, D. D. We cannot recommend this book too highly.

What misery intemperance produces in the social circle—breaking the hearts of fathers, mothers, and wives; overwhelming with shame him the secret of England's greatness. The Lizzie. Why, be doing right. mothers, and wives; overwhelming with shame him the secret of England's greatness. The Lizzie. Why, no, -I don't suppose she would sisters, and children, and friends!

violent assaults, and blackest crimes! How it tends to embezzlement, theft, manslaughter, assassinations, murders, and suicides.

It crowds the police offices with cases, the prisons with inmates, the calendars with criminals, the hulks and penal settlements with convicts, and the scaffold with its sacrifices.

It filleth the poor-house with paupers, the penitentiary with vagrants, the hospital with diseased, and asylums with the insane. It is directly hostile to education, industry, science, learning, and religion.

It is unfavourable to useful trade, to social order, and to a nation's prosperity. Its trophics have been gathered from all generations; it has been the curse of most countries, and the immediate destroyer of unnumbered millions of beings.

It has corrupted the youth—degraded the father—and polluted the mother and the wife. It has entered into the sanctuary of Godincreasing apostates-impeding truth-preventing conversions-and, in some cases, has degraded the deacon and elder from his office, and blotted

out the stars of the churches. It had gone forth in its career of blackness, crime, and woe, and cursing, without direct opposition, until men conspired to assail it, and wisely became pledged to effect its annihilation.

Thus its crowded ranks have become thinned, some of its champions reclaimed, and the cause of sobriety and happiness extended.

Men may use stimulating drinks without excess, but not without injury. He who would be wise, safe, and happy, will avoid them altogether. If by using them philoso phers, statesmen, moralists, even divines have been overcome, who will presume on his own strength? or depend on his own stedfastness? Is it not vastly more desirable, to abstain even

from the appearance of evil? Let not appetite allure, nor customs enfetter thee; but be resolved, at any rate, to escape the path of the intemperate, the drunkard's death, and grave, and perdition.

Mr. Me. - A Dialogue. Recited by George and Mary Marsh.

The infant class, a bappy throng, Who meet to cheer in joyous song Each other's loving heart, Are here to-night, all full of glee, To join in this our jubilee, And one of us is Mr. ME.

I sometimes wish I could grow faster, And be as rich as Mr. Astor; I'd give the school a thousand books Just to enjoy their pleasant looks. And then when Missionary meeting came, All other gifts would seem quite tame, For a thousand dollars, as you see, Would be subscribed by Mr. ME.

And all the children in the street. Who run about with naked feet, And never have a mother's care, To wash their face, or comb their hair, Should each receive some clothing free From one whose name is Mr. ME.

So on I'd go, and blessings sow-

But stop, my friend; do you not know That there's another way to sow? And people as they grow so rich, 'Most always learn to take the stich.

Their purse, you see, gets very full, And they begin the strings to pull Until they break. And then, ho! ho! They first begin to learn to sow.

For some whole nights they'll keep awake, For fear some one their wealth will take; And oft, in words of simple measure, They thus address their shining treasure :

" My darling gold, you're packed away, And for a future rainy day I'll keep you there, and not a quarter Shall make the package so much shorter."

Some people say 'tis good to give; I think it's better to receive, You need not tell the heathen's fate, And pass round a collection plate. And though my purse is pretty long, You see it's sewed so very strong I can't get at if I would : And if I did 'twould do more good

To give it to the heathens here, Who, as it must to all appear, Live without God from year to year. GEORGE.

I'll never be so mean a man, To say I can't when I know I can, And refuse to help, or do my part To cheer some sad and broken heart.

I'll give a little while I'm poor, When I get rich a great deal more; And make an effort thus to be Worthy the name of Mr. ME.

How Much I Owe.

Recited by Frederick Carpenter. When this passing world is done, When has sunk you glaring sun, When we stand with Christ in glory, Looking o'er life's finished story, Then, Lord, shall I fully know-Not till then-how much I owe.

When I stan I before the throne, Dressed in beauty not my own, When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with unsinning heart, Then Lord, shall I fully know-Not till then-how much I owe.

When the praise of Heaven I bear, Loud as thunders to the ear, Loud as many waters' noise, Sweet as harp's melodious voice, Then, Lord, shall I fully know-Not till then-how much I owe.

Queen Victoria and the Bible.

Recited by Albert McLeod. Queen gave the ambassador a beautiful bound copy be doing right.

How it is the main auxiliary to insubordination, of the Bible, and said-" Tell the prince that the is the secret of England's greatness."

Rich gifts were borne from o'er the wave, Where Afric's summer smiles: A treasure rare the monarch gave The Queen of Britain's Isles.

He saw the stately palace walls, With pictured beauty rare, And stood within the royal halls A wondering stranger there.

"Oh! tell me how our wealth may change To splendors such as these, And I will bear the secret strange To lands beyond the seas.

"Our skies are fair-our mountain streams In golden ripples flow; Oh! bright the crystal current gleams When diamonds flash below

"The sea-breeze wins a breath of balm In summer's sultry hours, When sweeping o'er the fragrant palm Or floating 'mid the flowers.

The acacia and the vine-Oh! why is not our land so blest As this fair realm of thine?" She counted not her armies o'cr, Who, proud her rule to own,

"The cocoa shadows where we rest,

The English flag in triumph bore To honor and renown; Not her proud ships, whose spreading sails Swept ocean's farthest foam, While southern winds and northern gales

Were wafting treasures home; -She held a volume richly bound Its golden clasps between, And thought not of the wealth around That shone for England's Queen.

"Take this: these precious leaves unfold, And find what gems are there; There's wealth beyond the purest gold Within its pages fair. "Tis this makes blest our English homes,

Where peace and quiet reign, This is the star to him who roams Upon the land or main. "This is the secret of our fame; To praise the King of Kings,

Adoring His most holy Name,-Our land its homage brings. "'Tis He that gives the wealth we win, This Word that makes us free-Our life and blessing it hath been-

Thus may it be to thee." CHOIR-" Calm on the listening Ear"-Anthem, by W. B.

Call to Prayer.

Recited by Charles Atherton. Let me speak a parting word to THOSE WHO DO

God's behalf. Prayerless hearer, I can only warn you, but I do saw him, beheld the Father. your present state, you are a lost soul. You will of men.

prayer. Prayer is the simplest act in all religion. It is arrogant, cheering the disconsolate, and making within, and examining how matters stand between simply speaking to God. It needs neither learn- the wretched happy, ing nor wisdom nor book-knowledge to begin it. | Healing the foulest diseases, rescuing from the | tice is the true account for many a backshiding which It needs nothing but heart and will. The weakest | most frightful maladies, and delivering from the shocks the Church, and gives occasion to the world infant can cry when he is hungry. The poorest | most imminent perils. beggar can hold out his hand for alms, and does

only a mind. It is useless to say you have no convenient place | Quelling the tumults of the winds, assunging | A BRIEF ESSAY ON MAN AND WOMAN. Man to pray in. Any man can find a place private the roaring of the seas, and quieting the waves by is strong; woman is beautiful. Man is daring and an oratory, and a Bethel, and be to us the pre- scorn, and the derision of the vile. sence of God.

Truthfulness and Honesty.-- A Dialogue.

Recited by Lizzie Vradenburg and Adelia Carpenter. Lizzie (alone.) There, it is almost school time, and I have not learned my lesson yet; how provoking that I must go to school this morning! Adelia (enters.) Good morning, Lizzie! Are a God, you not going to school?

Lizzie. Yes, I suppose so; but I have not learned my lesson. Adelia. O! I am sorry. But why haven't this unparalleled deed of malignity and evil.

you learned it? Lizzie. Because I have not had any time; but | direful tragedy. I know what I will do.

school-girls, that they haven't had time to get their lessons; but what is it you are going to do ? I should think by your looks that you were going to do something very strange. you guess?

I am not very good at guessing. Lizzie, Well, you know Jane Moore stands beside me in our class, and I shall get her to tell me. But to be on the sure side, I shall see what question is coming to me, and I shall learn the to me, Jane can tell me.

Adelia. To be sure I can guess - but what is it ?

some apples, and then I know she will.

Adelia. But think a moment; do you think that would be right? Should you ever dare look in your teacher's face again? Lizzie, O! as to that, I should not let her find it out?

Adelia. But should you feel happy, while you were deceiving your parents and teacher? Lizzie, O! I do not intend to deceive my parents; and, besides, if my mother would let me stay at home to-day, I should not deceive any one. Adelia. But would your mother do right in

Adeha, Well, you do not wish your mother to do wrong, do von?

Lizzie. O, no indeed! Adelia. You said a little while ago you did not intend to deceive your parents; but they suppose, of course that, you are learning your lessons in school, and reciting them properly, and if you do not, is it not deceiving them? Lizzie. Why, yes; but I never thought so

Adelia, Because you never thought about it, I suppose; but I have one question more to ask call her, or she will be half-drowned again." But you, and I wish you would answer it. Can you as she spoke the child moved, sprang from the be happy if you deceive your teacher, by doing as rock, and, through sea and sea-weed, came swiftly you said you intended to do? Lizzie. I will answer you truly, Adelia. I shall

not be happy, if I do so. When I go to school I will study my lesson all the time till my class recites, and then, if I have not learned it, I will tell our teacher the true reason, and learn the rest woman told her gently to go and get dry: " It's at recess or after school. Adelia, Do so, dear Lizzie, and you will be

much happier than if you deceived her. But, we shall be late.

The Saviour.

Recited by Arthur Freeze. The Saviour is the most excellent of all themes, the sweetest of all subjects, the subtimest of all

contemplations. His titles, how resplendent, dignified, and glorious! His divinity, of one essence with the Godhead. Jehovah's fellow-" for he thought it not went up that the tried heart might soon be taken robbery to be equal with God;" by whom all far away from the great ocean, whose every sound things were created, and for whom they are per- seemed like the tolling of the bell for the dear dead petuated, and to whom all their glory belongeth. ones. And little Nelly wondering, asked, "Are As the Word, speaking worlds into being, and by his fiat, establishing all things according to his will. am, I like it so much." " Ah, no, dearie, I'm glad committed; to whose authority all creatures are sea there; it has taken from me almost all he

destiny of all. His throne higher-infinitely higher, than that And the old tale was told and heard for the hunof seraphin and cherubin; flaming hosts his dredth time, how her mother had gone with her servants, and the myriads of the redeemed, offering incessantly, the incense of their praise. Very God by nature, and indisputable right, yet very man by the voluntary assumption of our flesh. In great ship to come home to his motherless girk Him united, the Ancient of Days, and the Babe The end was not told. "Some day," said the old of Bethlehem-the Almightiness of Deity and in- woman," I will tell her, but I can't yet." So the child fantile weakness-infinite intelligence, and the prayed that night for her " father," while the old dawning mind of the child-the majesty of the woman, as she listened, mouned and wept, for she

by confusion of natures, but by identity of person. amongst the sea-weeds. And as the wind rose and The God of the universe, and the suckling at the breakers roared in the darkness and the mist, breast of the virgin.

Immanuel, God with us, by his real presence; able gift of God. Presented in the temple, circumcised according to the Jewish ritual, and growing in stature, and in wisdom, and in favour, with God and man. told that when the apostles returned from their Baptized in the Jordan, tempted in the desert, ministerial work, our Lord "took them and went and succoured by angels. Teaching as the great aside privately into a desert place." We cannot NOT PRAY. I dare not suppose that all who hear prophet, interceding as the world's high priest, and doubt that this was done with a deep meaning. me are praying people. If you are a prayerless per- assuming all rule and power by the mandate of It was meant to teach the great lesson, that those son, suffer me to speak to you this evening on the Father. Living to express the divine charac- who do public work for the souls of others, must

only rise again to be eternally miserable. I warn Beantified with all graces; fragrant with all who neglects them is in great danger of a fall. To you that of all professing Christians you are most virtues; and in all things, holy, harmless, and be always preaching, teaching, speaking, writing, utterly without excuse. There is not a single separate from sinners. Honouring the law, open- and working public works, is unquestionably a sign good reason that you can show for living without | ing the mysteries of heaven, and glorifying his | of zeal according to knowledge. It often leads to

not wait to find fine words. The most ignorant mysterious passage of the ear to the deaf, loosen- but my own vineyard I have not kept," Cant. i. 6. man will find something to say to God, if he has | ing the tongue of the dumb, cleansing the impure, -- Rev. J. C. Ryle. and even raising the dead,

enough, if he is disposed. Our Lord prayed on a the power of his bidding; conversing with angels, confident; woman is diffident and unassuming. mountain; Peter on the house-top; Isaac in the forgiving sinners, and overwhelming with horror Man is great in action; woman in suffering. Man field; Nathanael under the fig tree; Jonah in the the legion of the demons. The reprover of the shines abroad; woman at home. Man talks to conwhale's belly. Any place may become a closet, oppressor, the victim of prejudice, the object of vince; woman to persuade and please. Man has

arraigned in the hall of the high priest, mocked in has science; woman taste. Man has judgment; the palace of Herod, and condemned at the tribu- woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice; nal of Pilate. Scourged, hated, maltreated, crucified!

as a man, and affecting the elements of nature as and God is honoured .- Quiver. Rocks rended, upbraiding the callous spectators; the retiring sun refusing to witness human atrocity; and the rent veil attesting in the temple,

The soldier's wanton thrust, terminates this Joseph's request is met with courteous acqui-Adelia. Ah, that is the general excuse of escence; and the tomb of the rich becomes his Franklin said of dollars and cents, so we say of dwelling among the dead. He lies down in weakness, he slumbers in majesty, and rises in the

splendour of his Godhead! Death is overcome, the grave vanquished, the Lizzie. Not so very strange either; but can't | seal broken, the stone rolled away, the guards smitten with overwhelming effulgence; and the slain one comes forth as the resurrection and the

> He gives solace to the Marys, sends the glad tidings to his disciples, reinstates Peter in his office, and breathes peace upon all. He issues the commission of mercy to the world,

> through his death, to every creature, welcome! The gates of the celestial world are

> flung wide open, and the God-man, the Divine

of the majesty on high. highest heaven, "and they sung a new song, Christ, dear teachers in the Sabbath School, if, in saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to your instructions, anything seems to stand out more open the scals thereof; for thou wast slain and prominent and more beautiful than the glory of hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every | Jesus-forget it all, dash it out. If in your labors as kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

Collection taken up, \$10.60.

Solo, Duet, and Chorus. (To be Concluded next week.) NO MORE SEA.

Far away on our southern coast, where, beneath

massive cliffs, the sea rolls in upon dark outstretched rocks, there is a little cottage. One afternoon, not long ago, an aged woman watched from its window with auxious eye a little figure standing on a rock surrounded by water. The figure, intent on a passing vessel, forgot the approaching tide, and dress and hair fluttered unneeded in the breeze. "Poor creature! she's looking for one as will never come again : I must on to the cottage - "Grandmother! grandmother! he's coming now, indeed he is: please go out and look how near the great ship is!" All covered with salt spray, panting for breath, she was a picture of wild excitement and joy. But the old not his ship, dearie, he won't come just yet." So tearfully and silently she did as she was told; she knew her grandmother spoke the truth always, come, it is school time, and we must run along, or though it was often very grievous and hard to bear, for whenever a vessel came in sight she felt sure her father was coming, but was as sure to be againand again disappointed. In the evening they read in Revelation that beautiful chapter which begins, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea." Than there was a long pause, while tears fell upon the page, and a prayer you sorry, grannie, that there's no sea in heaven !-To whose hands the reins of the universe are enough, and I thank God that we shall have no subjected; and whose lips shall pronounce the gave-the Lord's will be done; but I build upon these words.' . Tell me about mother again, please.' husband, Nelly's father, to a land very far off. how she was buried out there, with a tiny child at her side, and how the father had set out in a Godhead, and the fragility of the woman's seed. seemed to hear a splash of dark waters, and to see Yet thus, not by admixture, but by unison; not a dead white face sinking slowl down to its rest God sent his pitying angel to bring her weary spirit where its beloved ones waited, and where there for us, in our very nature; and to us, the unspeak- was "no more sea" to part them for ever and for ever. And the child was left, but God cared for her.

"WENT ASIDE INTO A DESERT PLACE,"-We are ter, and exhibit the divine perfections; that whose be careful to make time for being alone with God. The lesson is one which many Christians would warn you most solemnly. I warn you that you | Submissive to divine rites, obedient to divine do well to remember. Occasional retirement, selfare in a position of fearful danger. If you die in laws, and the ministering servant to the children inquiry, meditation, and communion with God, are absolutely essential to spiritual health. That man untoward consequences. We must take time oc-It is useless to say you know not how to pray. Assailing hypocrisy, banishing error, awing the casionally for sitting down and calmly looking ourselves and Christ. The omission of the practo blaspheme. Many could say with sorrow, in the Illumining the sightless eye-balls, opening the Canticles, "They made me keeper of the vineyards,

> a rugged heart; woman a soft and tender one. Prostrate in the garden, seized by the soldiery. Man prevents misery; woman relieves it. Man woman of mercy. Each possesses peculiar gifts and a wide sphere of usefulness, and, by the wise Suspended on the cross as a malefactor, dying use of these respective gifts, society is benefited

> > IMPROVE THE MOMENTS .- Some one has said. Spare moments are the gold dust of time." If they are, they are often wasted-lost, and that inadvertently. They slip away as easily and imperceptibly as the dust, nay, more so! We gather up the dust of gold with care, and foolishly neglect the dust of time, which is far more precious. As years and moments. Take care of the moments and the years will take care of themselves. Moments make up the years. If they all are rightly improved, the years will be improved, and there will be no gaps left for Satan to enter the fruitful field within .- Morning Star.

HOLD UP JESUS .- A painter once, on finishing a magnificent picture, called his friends around him to regard it, and express their judgment concerning it. The one in whose taste the author most confided answer to that, and if any other question comes and commands the utterance of heaven's amnesty, came last to view the work. "Tell me truly, brother," said the painter, " what do you think is the Adelia. But perhaps Jane will not tell you, and His warfare is accomplished, his work finished, best point in my picture?" "O, brother, it is all his undertaking consummated, and from Olivet's beautiful, but that chancel ! that is a perfect master-Lizzie, O, yes, she will; for I shall carry her summit, amid admiring disciples and ranks of piece-a gem l' With a sorrowful heart, the artist angels, he ascendeth to glory. Myriads hail him took his brush and dashed it over the toil of many a weary day, and turning to his friends, said, "O, brothers, if there is anything in my piece more Son, entereth and sitteth down on the right hand beautiful than the Master's face, that I have sought Hosannah to God's anointed! Hosannah in the to put there, let it be gone!" Thus, brethren in a teacher anything seems to reflect more leveliness, or excite more admiration or desire, than Jesus, however beautiful the work may seem, blot it out. Let An African prince once sent costly gifts to letting you stay at home, if she knew your reason | Choin-" Then thou will shew me"-Anthem, by Zingarelli. Jesus be all, and in all. Hold him up to your soul. "I was glad when they said unto me." -- Authem. Hold him up to your scholars, and your work shall be judged perfect in its beauty, and you shall not fail of your reward. - Rulph Wells.

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