

## Poetry.

From the Morning Star.

## SPEAK KINDLY.

BY CLAU AUGUSTA.

Speak kindly to the erring,  
Though reckless, stern and cold,  
Perhaps beneath the surface deep  
May lie the hidden gold;  
Sometimes a gentle word will melt  
The ice to living flame—  
O, do not turn away in scorn,  
Speak kindly in his name.

The smitten rock may yield a stream  
And 'neath the frozen snow  
The sweet flowers lie, all folded up,  
To wait the summer's glow—  
So, touch with tenderness each heart  
By sin led far astray,  
You may induce the wandering feet  
To seek the Perfect Way.

I count no man so great as he  
Who lives for other's good—  
Who has, with love and faith, and prayer,  
God's system understood;—  
Though, heedless of the sacrifice,  
And heedless of the cost,  
Toils bravely on to save some soul  
That, but for him, were lost.

## Miscellaneous.

## TOO LATE!

The funeral was over; the body laid in the deep earth, to be seen no more forever; never a touch of the hand again, never a touch of the lips. "Dead—buried"—we say the words often, sometimes we feel them, but seldom till too late, till there is nothing left for us but regret and agony; when the heart that would have thrilled at love and kindness throbs no more; when the ear is dull to consolation, and the voice silent even to the cry of our remorse.

All over! The carriage that had moved so slowly and reverently behind the corpse, had hurried the mourners back to their homes at its usual pace; they were to go on with life again as before. As before? No, never as before; nothing is the same to them, nor can be; they are not the same, nor can be.

How dismal is the room where she used to sit! Did her presence bring such sunlight? What had they not known it? The whole house is dismal. "How I miss mother!" exclaims the young son. "I didn't think I should miss her so."

"No, James," said his wayward sister, gravely, "You used to wish her away sometimes; her presence was a restraint to you; you remember it now with anguish."

"If we could only have her back!" groans the penitent boy.

He goes to his own room. He was a bluff, honest boy; very manly and straightforward, but apt to be rude and obstinate. Now, however, all his hard nature was softened. He flung himself on his bed in passionate grief. He thought long of all his mother's care; and something more than that comes into his mind—he remembers his own complaints, his fault-finding. But he would never complain again, never find fault with her again; could he only have her care and kindness back again.

His hands are tightly clasped; his eyes fixed on the wall. He is remembering. Alas, such memories! He was sitting by his mother and sister, polishing his skates, trying to renew them.

"Have you learned your lessons, James?" asked his mother. "I wish you'd learn them."

"I shall."

"I wish you'd learn them now."

"Is it any matter to you when I learn them?"

"James!" And his mother gave him a look of pain as well as reproach. Will he ever forget that look—that tone? O, if remembering would do any good!

His pride was roused; his temper was already irritated. "Well, you're always worrying about my lessons," was his poor attempt at self-justification. The grieving mother said no more. In the boy's mood more had been useless; and sulkily James rubbed away at the skate.

"What mean old skates these are! Can't I have a new pair?"

"Not this winter."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot afford it."

"You haven't got to afford it; the money comes from father, not from you."

"Your father gives me the money to spend for you, and he has given me all he can spare for the present."

"I mean to ask him myself."

"No, my son, you must not trouble him; he is already troubled for money."

"You never give me anything I want, nor let anybody else."

The next evening his mother laid a package on his knee. He read the address. "For my dear son, James, with the love of his devoted mother." The crimson rushed to his cheeks, the tears to his eyes.

He opened the package—a pair of skates! He knew it was a pair of skates as soon as he saw the package. He was moved at his mother's kindness, ashamed of his ill-treatment of her, but foolishly, weakly proud; and determined not to show what he felt.

"Why, you said you couldn't afford me any skates."

"I thought I could not."

"How came you to change your mind?"

"I changed my purpose. I had intended to buy some new boots for myself; but when I saw your feeling about the skates, I gave them up. Do you like the skates?"

"Yes, I am sure I shall like them; I haven't tried them. But I don't want you to give up your boots for me."

"I can do without them. I may not be able to go out much this winter. Try on your skates, and see if you like them."

James tried them on. "They fit well," he said, "but I am sorry you bought them."

"I wanted to please you."

"But can't you have the boots, mother?"

"No, my son; but never mind that. I hope you'll like your skates."

"Thank you for them," said James, not cheerfully, and took them to his room.

He went to his lessons, but it was hard to learn them; somehow, he could not remember what he had read; everything went from his mind but the skates. He was sorry he had ever said a word about them.

The new skates were on the table. He put them out of sight; perhaps he could forget them sooner if he did not see them. But they would be in his mind.

There was good skating the next day; but James did not skate. He had not the heart to try the new skates, and was too proud to show his feeling about them by wearing the old ones. At last he tried them, and found them capital. All the boys praised them, but their praise stung him, knowing as he did, their cost.

His skating was spoiled for the winter. It was the most unhappy winter of his life. He was troubled lest his mother should suffer for his selfishness.

When she stayed at home, he thought it might be for want of the boots she had denied herself; when she went out, he thought she might have suffered cold without them. He laid his skates away, both old and new, to forget them if he might.

"I'm afraid you don't like your skates, James," said his mother.

"You haven't skated with them half as much as you did with the old ones."

"I don't care so much about skating as I used to," answered James.

Why did he not tell his mother all his shame for selfishness, all his penitence for the wrong he had done her, and ask her forgiveness while her lips might speak it? Because he was too proud—too foolish.

And now she was dead. James sat with pale, quivering lips, and a wretched heart, remembering. Too late! O, those dreadful words, "Too late!"

What can be done? James throws himself upon his knees. God still can hear. God lives. His soul to him. The penitent son pours out his soul to him. Will he forgive? Yes; he will forgive all who go to him in sorrow and in trust.

But sin forgiven is not forgotten. James cannot forget; he will mourn his mother and his sin to her as long as he lives.

He never wears the too costly skates—never has worn them since his mother died; but they have grown very precious to him. Often does he unwrap them and lay his lips to them, and drop great tears upon them, thus keeping his sin and sorrow fresh in his mind. And it is well, for so his heart has grown tender and unselfish, and he has become more like her, because, but whose love and worth he never fully knew until he mourned her.

## GET A HOME AND KEEP IT.

A leading object of every young man should be to acquire himself a permanent home. And for its greater stability, it should consist partly in land, and partly in a certain limit, the more of it the better, if paid for. The house should be as comfortable and attractive as one has the means of making it. It should be one that the heart can grow to, and will cling around more and more firmly with every passing year. Its owner should desire and purpose to keep possession of it as long as he lives, and his children should grow up feeling that there is one place fixed and stable for them through all changes.

Americans are altogether too roving in their habits. We build houses cheaply and pull them down without regret. Or we sell out and move away a half dozen times in a lifetime, in the vain hope of bettering ourselves. It is better to choose a homestead early in life, and then lay plans with reference to adding there. Even though our gains be less than are promised elsewhere, a certainty seldom be given up for an uncertainty. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Only those who have experienced it know how firmly a family become attached to their long-loved homestead. No children love homes as well as those who have known only one. As the young become of marriageable age, they should go out, one by one, from the old homestead, feeling it to be the model after which their own should be established, and knowing that this will remain unchanged as long as the parents live, a place to which they can return, and where they will ever be welcome. A pleasant writer confirms our doctrine thus:—"There is a great gain in being settled. It is two-fold. First, year accumulates about the farmer the material by which labor is lessened."

"The rough channels of labor become worn and smooth. The change involves a great loss, and rarely is there a corresponding gain. Time is lost, labor expended, money paid; the wear and tear of removal is no small item; and above all, the breaking up of old associations is often disastrous in the extreme. Parents and children become unsettled in their habits, if not in their morals. Let a man who has a home ahead keep it; let him that has none get one, and labor to render it a treasured remembrance to the absent, and a constant joy to those who abide in it." To all of which every intelligent, thoughtful person must give a hearty approval.—*American Agriculturist.*

## WHICH BOY LOVED HIS MAMMA?

One rainy afternoon, Frank sought his aunt's room and listened to a story. "There was once a little boy who slept in a room just like yours, Frank, and just such a nice little white bed in the corner."

"Was it I?" asked Frank. "Listen, and then tell me if it was," said his aunt. "One bright sunny morning this little boy's mamma opened her door, and walking softly to his bedside, found his eyes wide open, and himself ready to jump up, and longing to have a romp with Carlo, who stood barking on the lawn. He flung his arms around his mother's neck, exclaiming, 'Dear mamma, don't I love you?' Then he knelt in prayer, and, perhaps the prayer that he said was like the one which you said this morning." This was the prayer which Frank had said.

"For the blessed Saviour's sake, Heavenly Father hear my prayer; Let thy daily mercies show."

Please forgive my every sin; May I never tell a lie, Never quarrel, never fight, But remember God is high. Give the blessed Saviour, kind, Daily may I try to be; And let all my playmates do."

"Then mamma helped him to dress, and he went down to his nice breakfast—a tumbler of milk, some light biscuit, and a nice fresh egg laid by his own little pet lamb."

"Soon it was time for school, and giving him his satchel and cap, mamma went to the gate with him, and said, 'Darling, don't stop near the pond to play, but go straight to school.' And again he flung his arms around his mamma's neck, as she stooped, and again exclaimed, 'O, dear mamma, how I love you!'"

"But he didn't go straight to school; when he came near the pond he heard the frogs croaking, and trying to forget what mamma had said, though consciousness repeated her words loudly, he thought, 'What funny big throats those fellows must have! I want to see them. So he got a long stick and poked it along the edge till he made one hop out, and then he wanted to see another and another. But then he feared that he should be too late, and that his mother would see it in his report, so he hurried on to school, and got there with a very red face and very much out of breath, just as Miss Fanny took up the Bible to read. By the time that she had opened school he was cool and rested, so Miss Fanny didn't notice anything; and in going home, though he played at the pond again for a little while, yet as he did not slip in, mamma didn't know anything about it either. But do you think that he felt happy?"

"No," said Frank.

"Now there was another little boy who had a nice little room and bed to sleep in, a good breakfast to eat every morning, and a dear mamma to give him his cap and satchel, and kiss him good-bye on the door-step. And he loved to kiss his mamma, too, but I don't know that he flung his arms around her neck, exclaiming, 'O, dear mamma, how I love you!'" quite as often as the other, but when she said, 'Darling, don't go near the pond,' he was so afraid that he might be tempted to disobey her, when he heard the funny croakings, that he went right over to the other side of the road, and walked along faster until he got quite past the pond."

## THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

"But sometimes towards evening, or on a holiday, his big brother would walk with him there, and then they would have great fun hearing the big frogs croak and the little ones answer."

"Did the first boy love his mamma or the second?" Frank said. "The second boy." Was he right?

"And who loves the blessed Saviour? the child who seeks to know and do his will, or the child who says, 'I love the Saviour,' yet who does not try to be like him?"

HATS, CAPS, &c.

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## NEW READY!

Barnes's New Brunswick ALMANACK, for 1865.

Just published, and for sale Wholesale and Retail.

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