

Poetry.

"LOOK ON THE FIELDS."—JOHN IV. 35.

Christians! the reapers of the earth
Are adding field to field,
And all around their harvest mirth
Proclaims a bounteous yield.

With energy they cultivate
The long-neglected ground,
And patiently, with hope, they wait
Till golden fruit is found.

The reaper Death is busy, too,
His sickle swift he wields,
While gathering those who turn to you
With loud despairing cries.

"Look on the thousand fields" that lie
In distant, heathen lands,
Unreaped and uncared for—dig
And sow with liberal hands.

The prophecy of old fulfill;
Scatter the Gospel seed,
O'er every valley, every hill—
Let naught the work impede.

Soon fertile deserts shall rejoice,
The reaper's time will come;
And you shall join with grateful voice
To sing "The Harvest Home."

Miscellaneous.

THE HONEST BOY; OR, TEMPTATION
RESISTED.

When the wind was blowing! Around the street corners, rattling sign boards, and roaring chimneys, and bearing upon its unseen wings millions of tiny snow-flakes.

"Wouldn't it be fun, though, to travel about like one of these?" thought Herbert, brushing away the melting, plummy particles of snow from his face and eyes. Right on through the dark night, with its storm and cold, the brave boy went trudging; intent upon an errand with which his father had entrusted him.

The gas lamps winked, and shook out uncertain flames of light; for there still remained a wide black roofing of sky hiding every star. Now he entered a handsome street, brilliant with gay shop windows, whose various stores were displayed in tempting profusion.

Herbert paused before a book shop, charmed by the array of volumes, edged and lettered with gold.

"Oh, if I had money!" whispered the boy to himself, "such a library as I would collect! I should care more for books and pictures than anything else, I think." And he bent near an engraving lying just within the window, a sweet tender face, with that smile of lip and eye which his dead mother's had worn. Several minutes passed as Herbert stood looking at it.

At length, with a start, he hurried on, nor had he gone far when a sudden gust snatched the cap from his curly head, and sent it spinning down the side walk, Herbert following after in close pursuit.

"Was ever such a plague?" he cried, catching and setting it in its former place. In stooping to regain the cap, a paper parcel lying near attracted his attention.

"Halloo! what's this?" The boy stepped beneath a lamp to examine his prize; the string confining it had loosened, and the contents were slipping out. Books! new and shining in holiday dress.

"Isn't this a windfall. Of course, in so large a city I shall never find the owner."

The tempter suggested this to Herbert's first thought, but he was not doomed long to remain in suspense as to the rightful claimant; turning it over he read upon the wrapper in plain characters, "William Maylie, Esq." The very merchant whom Herbert knew.

"Well, I have another walk to take this stormy evening," he murmured, reflecting soberly. "I must carry this to Mr. Maylie's house in Russell Square; there is no help for it."

"Stop a moment, Herbert," pleaded a stealthy voice. "Why must you be at so much trouble for a bundle of books which Mr. Maylie can easily replace?"

"No, no! Herbert remember your promise!" And now the tones were altered, and the darkness forced a back ground for the shining of a pure, transparent face, while again the voice seemed to whisper, "Remember!"

"Then his thoughts went back to the chamber where she had died; with almost her last breath, exclaiming upon him a petition which should be his shield from all coming trial: 'Lead us not into temptation.' With this reflection his strength returned."

"Can I see Mr. Maylie?" A rosy-faced, bright-looking boy stood in the vestibule, as the servant opened the door of a mansion in Russell Square.

"Yes," answered the man, good-naturedly; "though he is very busy, just now. Come in!" Such a change from the outer, to that inner world of warmth and luxury! Herbert seated himself in a comfortable hall chair as directed, gazing about him in a bewildered way. Why this was like the air castles he had built hour after hour, lying in his little, low-roofed chamber, where the moon remembered him in her lonely track, and stopped to make even the dingy walls and clumsy furniture beautiful as for a king's palace! Soft carpets upon the floor, and marble statues looking down from above, and through two or three half-opened doors a glimpse of long, rich drawing-rooms, occupied by many people.

"This way, my little man," said the tall servant returning and leading Herbert to another part of the house. It was the library door before which he paused, saying respectfully, as he threw it open, "This is the library, sir."

"Ah, Herbert! is it you?" Mr. Maylie extended his hand kindly to the boy, whom he had frequently brought up as being active and industrious. "What brings you here, such a terrible night?"

"This, sir," said Herbert, handing the parcel, and explaining how he had chanced to discover it.

"Sure enough!" exclaimed the gentleman, glancing at his overcoat thrown hastily upon a couch. "I was obliged to write some letters directly upon returning, and had not thought of my purchase, though," he added laughing, "I presume my children would have taken me severely to task, if I had neglected it altogether." Then, meeting the wistful glance roving over his well-filled book-shelves, he asked—

"Are you fond of reading, my boy?"

"O sir, I cannot tell you how I like it!"

"And did you not want to keep these handsome volumes?" lifting one by one the treasures which had cost Herbert so severe a struggle.

The keen yet kindly eyes were fixed upon his, and the boy answered frankly, "Yes, sir, very much."

"And what prevented your doing so?" inquired Mr. Maylie, pleased with his straightforward replies.

"The thought of my dear mother," faltered Herbert, after a pause. "And my prayer, too, the Lord's prayer, you know, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

Herbert's gaze was fixed upon the carpet; he did not, therefore, perceive the shadow creeping over the

face of the strong man before him, nor, if he had, would he have suspected its source.

Only the day before, a moment of fierce temptation had beset this upright Christian merchant; and he, too, might have fallen but for the restraining power of that temptation.

"It is a blessed prayer, Herbert," said Mr. Maylie, thoughtfully. "I am glad you have tested it."

In one of the drawing-rooms which Herbert had noticed, a group of children were romping and laughing with a tall young man whom they called "Uncle Harry."

"Now for a story, please; there's a good fellow!" said one coaxingly. "You have been all over the world, and must have a tremendous stock on hand."

"Yes, indeed! a story, Uncle Harry," cried many voices.

About his chair the little ones clambered, clinging to his neck and seated upon his lap.

"Let it be a good real story," whispered Fanny—"little Bunch," as her brothers called her.

"Here comes papa," interrupted one of the audience, as Mr. Maylie, entered, just in time to tell his story of the boy.

So while our friend Herbert enjoyed his treat in the cosy and quiet room, Mr. Maylie repeated to a group of eager listeners the history of that night's struggle and triumph.

"What shall we give to Herbert?" Mr. Maylie asked.

"A book," said one.

"And I would give him my dolly, with eyes that open and shut," put in Fanny, anxiously, "only the wire is broken, and one eye is always open, and the other always shut!"

A general laugh greeted this generous proposal, and then the question was seriously discussed.

"I think," said the father at last, decisively, "it will be best to give Herbert a book, and I will see what can be done towards securing him a situation where he will be able to attend school."

And upon that, Mr. Maylie returned to the library, and laid before the astonished lad a large and handsome volume, on the fly leaf of which was written,

"EPIGRAMS REWARDED."
"HERBERT R—"
"A New Year's gift from his friend,"
"WILLIAM MAYLIE."

Herbert returned to his home a happy boy, because when tempted to do wrong he had prayed, and found strength to resist. "Blessed is he that endureth temptation."

"JUST THAT WAY WHEN A CHILD."

An estimable woman and a devoted mother once said to us, with tears in her eyes, "I cannot imagine what makes my Mary so wild and thoughtless; it seems impossible for her to have one moment of serious reflection upon any subject. But she was just that way when a child; and if I reproved her she did not seem to listen to me, and when I punished her, she would often laugh in my face."

The same lesson was given in some remarks made by a person remarkable for neatness, industry, and some other domestic virtues, but also for a terribly passionate disposition.

"I suspect," said she, "you hear me scolding all over the neighborhood. I know that I have a dreadful temper, but I never can get rid of it. I was just the same way when I was a child. If my mother made me angry any way, I'd jump straight up and down, and scream with all my might!"

If you see a young man who hates and avoids all useful employment, and thinks of nothing but securing his own pleasure, and ministering to his own selfishness, ask his unhappy parents, and they will tell you that he never was an industrious, obedient, unselfish boy.

When these persons, as children, indulge their reckless, bad-tempered, idle, or selfish inclinations, it is probable that they did not intend to be that kind of men and women, or to be distinguished for such qualities among their acquaintances when they grew up. But no one can ever depend upon such a plan as that of changing his or her character at nature's pace. The miserably blind fanatic, who, when a young man, goes along with one hand always clenched until the nails have grown into the palm, might as reasonably expect to be able to open and use that hand when he arrives at middle age.

And our young friends will find that all the good qualities which they now cultivate will come natural to them when they grow up. The little girl who, at a number of years ago, showed so much care, and kindness, and attention to her younger sisters and brothers, is not considered by all who know her as the very model of an excellent wife and mother. The boy who once showed addressed to the teacher the earnest request, "Don't whip my brother! whip me!" secured for himself afterwards a world's admiring sympathy, by sacrificing his own life to the unavailing search for Franklin, the lost Arctic navigator! It was the same selfless devotion in the breast of the little Elihu, which afterwards inspired the generous heroism of D. Kane.

LEARNING TO PRAY.

What is prayer? It is not readiness in utterance. It is not a feeling of complacency with ourselves. It is not a mere intellectual exercise. It is not a repetition of words. But it is the application of want to Him who only can give it. It is the earnest desire of the soul for those blessings which come from God, and which he only is able to bestow. This desire the Saviour can understand, though it be manifest in the burden of sigh, the falling of a tear,

The upward gazing of the eye,
When midnight God is near."

And through his mess, as the all-prevailing Advocate, who was tempted as we are tempted, these sighs, and tears, in view of our sins and these desires for pardon, and peace, all holiness, will be heard and answered.

It is related of a poor fiddler, in Southern Africa, whose heart was awakened to a sense of sin, and who lived in the family of a Dutchman, where family prayer was observed, but as once his master read the parable of the Pharisee and Publican, "Two men went up into the temple to pray," he looked earnestly at the reader, and whispered:

"Now I'll learn how to pray."

The Dutchman read on. "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men—"

"No, I am not, but I am worse," whispered the fiddler.

Again the Dutchman read: "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess."

"I don't do that. I don't pray so. What shall I do?" said the anxious fiddler.

The good man read on until he came to the publican, who "would not lift up himself as his eyes to heaven."

"That's me," cried the fiddler.

"That's what I am!" said the fiddler.

"But smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"That's me, that's my prayer," cried the awakened fiddler, and smiting on his breast, he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner, until, like the poor publican, he went down to his house a saved and happy man.—Parish Visitor.

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2 tons Brand's Raw and Refined Oil;
1 ton (valley) Oil; 250 kegs Brand's No. 1
White Lead—25, 50, and 100 cwt. kegs;
50 kegs Brand's Colored Paints; 10 kegs;
50 kegs Brand's White; 50 (4 tons) ALUM;
8 do (3 tons) COPPERS;
2 do Ground LIME; 4 do Washed RED LEAD;
7 do Indian RED; 1 do Umber with Bone; 10 kegs;
1 barrel Vermilion; 1 cask Refined SALTPEPER;
1 cask Epsom SALT; 20 do Bicarbonate SODA;
3 cases Refined CAMPHOR; 1 do Macevaca;
1 cask Refined BORAX; 1 cask CASSIA;
4 cases E. 1 CASTOR OIL; 1 bale Senna Leaves;
1 case Castile SOAP; 1 do Oil of Lemon; 1 do Quinine;
1 do Gum Shellac; 1 do Oil Bergamot;
1 cask Gum Acacia; 1 do Lard Meal;
124 chests Florence Oil; 1 case 15,000 Large Deep Gold
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Findings, at the lowest possible prices for Cash.
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Dishes, Teas and Coffee, by the dozen.
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a pint of water; and for cleansing the Mouth, Teeth,
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a tumbler of water. It renders white and healthy, and
unlike other preparations, at the same time preserves the
skin. It contains nothing injurious to life. A child
cannot use it with impunity, and it is not
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so much improved, and keeps their original brilliancy. Flan-
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THE Best Remedy known for the following complaints:
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Stiffness, Headache,
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Lodged Food, or Phlegm, Coughs, Colic, Pains in the
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an immense sale, is that they are always made up to the
original standard, of highly invigorating material and of
pure quality, although the prices have so largely ad-
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The Tribune just hits the nail on the head. The Plantation
Bitters are not only made of pure material, but the people
are told what it is. The keepest is published around
each bottle, and the bottles are not reduced in size. At
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They impose upon the people once and then the last of them.

The Plantation Bitters are now used in all the Govern-
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"The Plantation Bitters have cured me of a
derangement of the kidneys and the urinary organs, which
has disturbed me for years."
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NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Nov. 24, 1850.
DEAR SIR—I have been afflicted many years with severe
prostrating cramps on my bowels, cold feet and hands, and
general debility of system. Physicians and medicine
failed to relieve me. Some friends in New York who were
using Plantation Bitters, prevailed upon me to try them.
While the first bottle was in use, I felt a great relief.
Feeling better by degrees in a few days I was enabled to
find the coldness and cramps had entirely left me, and I
could sleep at night through, which I had not done for
years. I feel like another being. My appetite and strength
have also greatly improved by the use of the Plantation
Bitters, and I feel like another being.

If the ladies knew what thousands of them are
constantly relating to us, we would believe one-half of the
weakness, prostration and distress experienced by them
would vanish. James Marsh, Esq., of 105 West 14th St.,
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and puffy, his wife has been laid up for some time, and
then, but that she has taken Plantation Bitters for the last
two years, she has a child now eighteen months old which
she has nursed and reared herself, and both are hearty
and well. The article is invaluable to mothers." &c.

Such evidence might be continued for a volume. The
best evidence is to try them. They speak for themselves.
Persons of sedentary habits, troubled with nervousness, inas-
sistable, palpitation of the heart, loss of appetite, distress
after eating, torpid liver, constipation, headache, &c., will
find speedy relief through these Bitters.

Every bottle for exportation and sale at the United
States, has a metal cap and green label on the neck.
Beware of imitations. See that the cap has not been
mutilated. Any person pretending to sell Plantation
Bitters in bulk or by the gallon, is an impostor. We sell it
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at the lowest prices.
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ENGLISH GOODS.—Balance of Fall Stock just received

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Nova Scotia; 25 cases, containing 100 doz. Scrub, Store and
Shoe Brushes; 1 case containing Trusses and Surgical
Instruments; 1 case Trusses; 2 cases Trusses; 1 case
Glass Ware; 1 case Druggists' Sundries and Patent Medi-
cines; 1 case Fruit Essences; 1 cask Lard Meal; 1
bar Cream Tartar; 1 cask Fine Olive Oil; 1 case containing
72 dozen Genuine Eau de Cologne; 1 case Paint Brushes.
Wholesale and Retail by
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SPECIALLY for Christmas.—ENNIS & GARD-
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Furs; Cheap Hats; Cheap Mantles; Cheap Shawls;
Cheap Dress Stuffs, from 81 cent; Cheap Skeleton Skirts,
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in price, especially for Christmas, and very much be-
low the lowest market prices.
ENNIS & GARDNER,
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