

Porten.

(From the Morning Star.)

IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

Dark, dark and cold!
So long I've wandered that I know the fall
Is closed, and now the shepherd takes his sleep;
The storm sweeps wrathful from the angry sky,
And all unsheltered on the moors I lie
While battling winds blow wild and bleak.

Light, light and heat!

The rain no more on the shorn lamb may beat
Safe sheltered in the watchful Shepherd's breast,
For well He knows and loves His chosen flock;
Nor any straying foot unnoticed walk
While He in slumber turns to rest.

Wrecked, wrecked and lost!

My bark like any shell is hurled and tossed,
And hungry waves the cruel froth-lipped sea;
I see the mocking lights gleam from the shore—
That happy land which I shall tread no more,
For Death calls in the gale for me.

Peace, peace and calm!

Hushed the wild war and all the dread alarm,
For One there is who curbs the tempest's will;
Had ye no faith that ye forgot to call
On Him who feeds the lonely sparrow's fall,
And bids the raging seas "be still!"

Furled, parched with thirst!

Dry are the parched that once so freely burst,
And broken are the world's poor dieters all,
Our lips are stiff—our very hearts seem flame,
And burning eyes search vain the sandy plain,
And strained ears for water's fall.

Gleam, clear and cool!

New shines on pilgrim's eyes a shining pool,
A radiant form stands smiling at the brink,
Ho! ye who thirst! drink of this cup so cold,
This living draught that without price is sold,
Nor any lip shall more need drink.

Faint, faint and worn!

With life-wear weary and with anguish torn,
My dreams are broken and my hopes are dead;
I reach for flower and only grasp the thorn,
My joy is sorrow and my youth is gone,
When shall these pains and cares be fled?

Calm, calm and rest!

There is a living shelter for the blest,
Nor ever any shall watch or weep;
The earth may rock with tempest's roar and roar,
But vexed with earthly toils and strife no more,
"God giveth His beloved sleep."

Miscellaneous.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

Though a man of very strict principles, no man
ever enjoyed a more than Dr. Byron, he had a
vast fund of humor and ready wit, and with children,
particularly, he loved to chat familiarly, and draw
them out. As he was one day passing into the
house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who
asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables.
The Doctor inquired if such a tiny thing was a
market man. "No, sir; my father is," was the
prompt answer.

The Doctor said, "Bring me in some squashes,"
and passed into the house, sending out the change.
In a few moments the child returned, bringing back
part of the change. The Doctor told him he was
welcome to it; but the child would not take it back,
saying his father would blame him. Such strange
manners in a child attracted his attention, and he be-
gan to examine the boy attentively. He was evi-
dently poor, his jacket was patched and patched with
every kind of cloth, and his trousers darned with so
many colors that it was difficult to tell the original
fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean withal.

The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the Doctor,
while holding him at arm's length, and examining
his face. At last he said:—

"You seem a nice little boy. Won't you come
and live with me, and be a doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoke like a man," said the Doctor, patting his
head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came
to say there was a little boy, with a bundle, down
stairs, waiting to see the Doctor, and would not tell
his business to any one else.

"Send him up," was the answer; and in a few mo-
ments he recognized the boy of the squashes (but no
squash himself, as we shall see); he was dressed in a
new, though coarse, suit of clothes, and his hair
very nicely combed, his shoes brushed up, and a lit-
tle bundle tied in a homespun checked handkerchief,
on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and lay-
ing it down with his bundle, he walked up to the
Doctor, saying:—

"I have come, sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you, and be a doctor," said the
child, with the utmost sincerity.

The first impulse of the Doctor was to laugh im-
moderately; but the importunate gravity of the lit-
tle thing rather sobered him, as he recalled, too, his
former conversation, and he vowed he never felt so per-
plexed in his life. At the time he felt he needed no
addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming?" he
asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I told him that you wanted me to come and live
with you and be a doctor; and he said you were a
very good man, and I might come as soon as my
clothes were ready."

"And your mother—what said she?"

"She said Dr. Byron would do just what he said
would, and God had provided for me. And," said he,
"I have a new suit of clothes," surveying him-
self, "and here is another in the bundle," undoing
the handkerchief and displaying them, with two
shirts, white as snow, and a couple of neat checked
aprons, so carefully folded it was plain none but a
mother would have done it. The sensibilities of the
Doctor were awakened to see the fearless, un-
doubting trust with which the poor couple had
sought their child upon him, and such a child. His
cognitions were not long; he thought of Moses in
the wilderness, abandoned to Providence; and, above
all, he thought of the child that was carried into
Egypt, and that the Divine Saviour said, "Blessed
be little children," and he called for the wife of
his bosom, saying, "Susan, dear, I think we pray
in church that God will have mercy upon all young
children."

"To be sure we do," said the wondering wife,
"and what then?"

"And the Saviour said, 'Whosoever receiveth one
such little child in His name, receiveth Me.' Take
this little child in His name, and take care of him,
and from that hour this couple received him to their
hearts and home. It did not then occur to them
that one of the most eminent physicians and best men
of the age stood before them in the person of that
child; it did not occur to them that this little crea-
ture, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined

to be their staff and stay in declining age—a pro-
tector and more than son to themselves; all this was
then revealed; and they cheerfully received the
child they believed Providence had committed to
their care; and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it
was in this instance.—Family Circle.

HOT-HOUSE CHILDREN.

Europeans are surprised, we are told, at the pre-
cocity of American children, boys and girls, and the
variety of their attainments at an early age. We
take no pleasure in hearing these reports. Our pa-
triotic pride is now and then pleased by them—we
feel slightly American-eagle-ish, perhaps—but we are
often reminded of the thin, pale-faced little children,
especially little girls, whom we pass on their way to
school with books under their arms. Our children,
like our women, are made to know too much, and
are allowed to play too little. The sooner American
mothers begin to take pride in the development of the
limbs, the muscles, the solid flesh, of their little boys
and girls, the better for their country. When we
meet a mother who is proud of her children, it is be-
cause they are "intelligent," they "learn so fast,"
they are "at the head of their classes," they are
"ambitious." Fathers pore over the reports sent from
distant schools, and are pleased at the progress of
their boys in such a "variety of studies;" they do
not notice the "old" look of their young faces when
they come home for vacation, that lack of the round
fullness of youth, which American school-boys nearly
always exhibit. A precocious child is always a sad
object to us. Precocity promises nothing—experi-
ence teaches us that. It is merely a premature de-
velopment which interferes with physical health, and
in the end defeats the very hopes which it has
created. Robust health, on the other hand, roys
cheeks and plump ones, full limbs, lungs which
make the air ring with laughter and shouts, and now
and then with screams, are all promises of future man-
hood and future womanhood, which nature will keep
as sacredly as she does her other promises. From
strong children, unless art with its bungling and im-
pertinent interference forces her to change her plans,
nature will produce strong men and strong women—
men who can labor for their families and their coun-
try as strong men only can labor—women who can
assist their husbands as none but strong women can.
We have heard enough of precocity, we have heard
enough of variety in studies, we have heard too
much of ambition, and classes, and proficiency; we
have heard too much of this unfortunate superiority
of American children. No child ought to know more
at eight years old than it can learn at its mother's
knee. The new object-teaching and the plan of
mingling study with play, has rapidly developed in
this country into a hot-house pressing system. Our
schools for older children are as bad as those for the
younger, and our colleges are no better. Precocious
children, precocious girls, precocious young men,
precocious women, are too common in this country.
We take no pride in them—mothers take too much
pride in them, so do fathers. The country needs
health, vigor, freshness in its youth—not precocity.
—Evening Mail.

A DINNER OF TONGUES.

Æsop was the servant of a philosopher named
Xanthus. One day his master, being desirous of
entertaining some of his friends to dinner, ordered
him to provide the best things he could find in the
market. Æsop thereupon made a large provision of
tongues, which he desired the cook to serve up with
different sauces. When dinner time, the first and
second courses, the side dishes, and the removes were
all tongues.

"Did I not order you," said Xanthus, in a violent
passion, "to buy the best victuals which the market
afforded?"

"And have I not obeyed your orders?" said Æsop.
"Is there anything better than tongues?" Is not the
tongue the bond of civil society, the key of science,
and the organ of truth and reason? It is by means
of the tongue cities are built, and governments es-
tablished and administered; with it men instruct,
persuade, and preside in assemblies; it is the in-
strument with which we acquire ourselves of the chief
of all our duties, the praising and adoring of the Deity."

"Well, then," replied Xanthus, "go to market to-
morrow and buy me the worst things you can find.
This same company shall dine with me, and I have a
mind to change my entertainment."

When Xanthus assembled his friends the next day,
he was astonished to find that Æsop had provided
nothing but the very same dishes.

"Did I not tell you," said Xanthus, "to purchase
the worst things for this day's feast? How comes it,
then, that you have placed before us the same kind
of food, which, only yesterday, you declared to be
the very best?"

Æsop, not at all abashed, replied: "The tongue
is the worst thing in the world as well as the best;
for it is the instrument of all strife and contention, the
fountain of law-suits, the source of division and war,
the organ of error, of calumny, of falsehood, and even
of profanity."

The conduct of Æsop, in this affair, my friends, is
instructive. For it is certainly true that the tongue,
according to circumstances, may be, and is the best
or the worst thing in the world. Rightly used, it is
the fittest organ of wisdom; wrongly used, it be-
comes the foulest medium of folly and wickedness.

"For," says the Bible, "every kind of beast, and
of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is
tamed, and has been tamed of mankind; but the
tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of
deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the
Father; and therewith curse we men, which are
made after the similitude of God. Out of the same
mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren,
these things ought not so to be."

TAKING A STAND.

Tom—was invited to the room of a friend,
where he found a party of young men.

"Will you smoke, Tom?" Tom did not smoke.
He said he had given up smoking, and went to stick
to it.

"A little hot punch, Tom?"

"No, sir," very decidedly.

"We are getting up a club, Tom, and want you,
as one of the old Croquet Club, to join the new one."

Tom still declined; and when asked why, frankly
told why. Members of the old Croquet club occa-
sionally drank whiskey; and what assurance was
there that they would not do the same thing again,
or worse? In clubs, or associations of any kind, bad
habits of the few often drag the whole club down,
and bring its members to disgrace; "so I must stay
out," said Tom, "even at the cost of losing a friend."

On his way home, Tom was joined by another of
the company. "I was so glad to hear you say 'No,'
Tom," said the young man, who wanted to, but
did not quite dare to, unless somebody else took the lead.
"How many thousands of young people, not strong
enough to say, 'No' themselves, hail with thank-
ful joy the 'No' of a companion. They need the
training, there would not be so many sad wrecks
among us."

"Be steadfast," says Paul, "immovable, abounding
in the work of the Lord;" and I am sure it is a
noble part of His work to strengthen the weak.

LEATHER. LEATHER. LEATHER.

FOR SALE at the CITY TANNERY, No. 125 Union St.
Having, in connection with my business, secured the
use of a First Class Patent Leather Finisher, I now
offer for sale cheap for or approved notes—300 Sides
of Patent Leather; 100 Sides Sole Leather; 500 Sides
Grain and Buff Leather; 24 Dozen Grain Calf Skins; 1 Ton
Splita. Also—200 lbs. Cold Oil.
Mar 26. CHARLES H. PETERS.

DRIED APPLES.—11 bbls. Dried Apples, good quality.
For sale low and for cash, at
T. B. BARKER & SONS.
Apr 16.

SELLING OFF.

LESS THAN COST.

A PORTION OF STOCK REDUCED TO

Half Price.

As the Subscriber intends devoting his whole

attention to the

BOOT, SHOE,

AND

ROOM PAPER

Business, he has determined to sell his whole

Stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS,

AND

MILLINERY,

WITHOUT RESERVE.

For less than Cost, till the whole Stock is

disposed of

SALE COMMENCED ON

MONDAY,

the 2d day of December, inst.

A large assortment of Boots, Shoes, and

Room Paper, at our usual low prices.

TERMS—CASH. A. LOTIMER.

Frederickton, Dec. 6, 1867.

CHEESE VATS.

THE Subscriber having made a CHEESE VAT after the
improved pattern of those made in Canada, has for
sale on hand for inspection. He also is prepared to receive or-
ders to supply any Company wanting Cheese Vats.
W. M. PETERS, 125 Union Street,
New Brunswick.
Boxes, March 6.—12m.

SKIRTS.—The cheapest place in the City to buy Skirts
is at the VICTORIA HOUSE, Prince Wm. street.

SALE FIRST RATE SKIRT, New Style, for Forty

Cents.

BUTTER.—Fifty Tubs Choice Butter; 40 firkins choice

Butter. For sale by

HIDES—HIDES.—Expected daily from New York

and Boston:—

4 Bales Dead Goat Pains Hides; 4 do Slaughter Pains

Hides; 200 Wet Slaughter Cow Hides; 150 Dry and Fat

Slaughter Hides, 35 lbs. average. For sale by

W. M. PETERS, 125 Union Street,
New Brunswick.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92

Leinster-street, London, and Agents for New Brunswick

and the Kingdom.

At the Annual Meeting held in August 1865, the following

highly satisfactory results were shown:—

ALL descriptions of property taken at fire and marine, and

the most gratifying proof of the soundness of the busi-
ness is exhibited in the one following fact: that the in-
crease of the last three years exceeds the entire business of
the year of 1865, and that the majority of the recently de-
fined insurance companies of this kingdom.

The Premiums for the year 1865 being..... £120,140

While the Premiums for the year 1866 were..... £125,000

Showing an actual increase of..... £6,860

or upwards of 5 per cent. in three years.

Only one company in the Kingdom for Government for this

year (1865) again show the "Royal" as more than

maintaining the ratio of its increase as stated in former years.

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GARDEN, FIELD AND FLOWER SEEDS.—Our Ger-

den, Field and Flower Seeds arrive at Portland by
Steamship Nova Scotia, on 27th March, and will be re-
ceived here and open on Wednesday. Not only in all
warranted fresh and genuine, and will be sold low at
wholesale and Retail.

227 Catalogues are now ready.
H. H. HARRINGTON, Foster's Corner.

AND in being constantly increased, and
a dark Nerdal, and for sale by
T. B. BARKER & SONS.

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON have now

open a very large Stock of Latest Styles Dress

Goods, consisting of—

Chene and Marbled Chiffon; Plain, Mottled and Chene

Alpaca; Marble and Chene Poplinette; Black and White

Alpaca; "Takko," a quite new material for day

weather—in Plain, Mottled and Broche; Josephine

Alpaca—These Goods are highly recommended for durability

and cheapness. Broche Grenadine, light and dark ground; Plain

Alpaca—Beautiful Gowns and fast colors; French

Poplin, in black and colored; Summer Serges, in new

styles. Broche Grenadine, light and dark ground; Plain

Alpaca—Beautiful Gowns and fast colors; French