

Poetry.

THE BRINK OF THE RIVER.

I have been to the brink of the river,
The cold, dark river of Death;
And still in the valley I shiver
Where my child yielded up his breath.
The sweet silver cord must be broken,
And the pitcher all shattered must lie,
That midnight was starless and dreary
When our child had to fight the last foe—
At length, of the conflict weary,
Loveless him, and sobbed: "Let him go."
Great Father, receive the sweet spirit
That is bursting its fetters of clay!
He slept—he was gone to inherit
The crown and the kingdom of Day.
That smile, like an infant's escaping
From danger to mother's own breast,
Told the moment the angels were taking
Our weary one home to his rest.
We pressed to the edge of the river,
And caught but one vanishing gleam,
As he entered the portals for ever
That opened the bright city to him.
And still on the borders we linger,
And gaze up the pathway he trod:
We hear not the voice of the singer,
But we know him at home with his God.
And silently still though I wander
Mid wrecks that are left by the tide,
Repeating the fearful surrender
Of the life that with Christ must abide;
I hear a soft whisper of pardon,
And promise of wiping all tears;
A meeting, beyond this dark Jordan,
To last through unchangeable years.
And oft in my solitude musing,
Sweet breezes my soul seem to stir;
Such halm and such fragrance diffusing,
As come from the mountains of myrrh;
The hills, past all sin and all weeping,
Where our lost ones are watching for day.
Soon, soon, in Immanuel's safe keeping,
We shall meet—where death's shadowed way.

Green, green are the pastures, thoughtfully,
Where the mourners are led by their Guide;
And the ground wet with tears should be holy,
Where we, for a while, must abide.
Oh! green be the fruits from such sowing
Of patience, of faith, and of love!
Thrice precious this season for growing,
More meet for the kingdom above!

Miscellaneous.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO COULD SEE.

There were two little girls in the family, Emma and Sophie Conover. Both were pretty and sweet-tempered, though I think Sophie had to make the least effort to be pleasant always, for Emma was not quite so patient; but there was a great difference between the two. Emma was very necessary to everybody, and a real sunbeam in the house, because she could see while her sister could not.

Do not all exclaim that it is dreadful to be blind? Sophie had lovely blue eyes, and they could see very well, except in one or two particulars. It was a rather curious, but not unusual kind of blindness. I have seen a good many children, and a good many grown people, for that matter, who were affected in the same way. It is not quite the eye of faith, but I believe it may safely be called the eye of truth.

They came home from school one day—Sophie was the elder, but Emma was nearly as large—and their mother considered them quite able to assist a little in the work, for their one servant had her hands full. There were three boys younger than Emma—quite a baby indeed. And George had been unusually cross on this day, so Mrs. Conover was looking pale and tired.

Emma had been a good deal bothered with her sums the last hour in school, and she had quite hard work to be really sweet and good; but she was trying, and that helps one along wonderfully. She was thinking, though, that if her mother wasn't entirely too busy, she would tell her about the knotty examples, and get her to explain them, for Miss Whitney had gone over them in a great hurry.

But she saw the tired face, and her little heart was filled with sympathy. So she hung her hat and sack in the pantry, and came out with a smiling face, before Sophie had even glanced round the room.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, cheerily, "I'll take George and amuse him, for I know he has worried you ever so much. Come, and let sister show him the birds."

With that, she stretched out her dimpled hands and actually smiled; and Emma carried him across the room and began to tell him about the pictures. "I haven't been able to take a stitch this afternoon, and Jamie needs his clothes so much. Ah! you little rogue, you can laugh now!"

So Mrs. Conover took her sewing. Sophie, in the meanwhile, had laid her hat on the table and hung her cloak over the corner of the chair.

"Why don't you put them away?" asked her mother.

"Oh! I am going over to Maggie Robert's to get her to show me a new crocheted stitch; it was trying to think where my needle was."

Sophie considered a long while. Harry ran in and tumbled all the articles top-sy-turvy on the table to find a picture book. Off went Sophie's hat on the floor.

She searched her work box, and the drawer of the table, where she was allowed to put some of her sewing materials. She stirred them up, and a great collection they were, to be sure—one thing tangled another.

"Sons' one's had that needle," she said. "It's too bad, mother, the children go to my drawer continually."

"I told you to lock it!"

"Let me think," said Emma, as baby's head was laying sleepily on her shoulder. "I saw it somewhere—oh! on the top of the bureau upstairs."

"Why, how could it have come there? I'll go and look," and away she started.

"I shall be obliged. I was going to ask Sophie." "There! I lent my thimble to Rose Tracy, and she did not return it. I'll see if I can find Sophie's." It was not in the work box. The first thing she put her hand on in the drawer was—the missing crocheted needle.

"Well, this is funny; Sophie looked all over for it," and she held it up.

"She looked as she usually does," said her mother. Sophie came in, followed by Jamie. She was, of course, very much surprised that it could have been there.

"Don't step on Sophie's hat, Jamie," said Emma, just as the next step would have crushed the crown.

"Why, I put it on the table, I am sure."

"Harry pushed it off, but I had George almost asleep, and didn't want to speak at that moment!"

"I wish you could see a little, Sophie," said her mother.

Sophie put it on. The sock, in the meanwhile, had slipped down in the chair, and, not seeing it handily—she was very blind, you must admit—she took a shawl from the closet.

When she had gone, and the room was quiet, Emma asked her mother if she was too tired to tell her a little about her sums.

"Oh! no; especially as you are kind enough to help me sew, it will be a pleasure to me."

They had a very nice talk, and presently Emma understood the whole matter. She laughed gaily, it appeared so simple.

By this time, it was nearly dark. Mrs. Conover drew a long breath of relief, for her work was done. Emma ran out to play with Jamie awhile; but presently they saw papa coming up the street, so all the entered the house together. While Jamie was making himself presentable, she brushed Harry's hair, and put on a clean apron.

"What a nice, clean boy!" said his father—"Why, you look good enough to kiss."

"Emma did it," was the triumphant announcement.

"Emma! the girl for my money, isn't she?" and with that papa gave her a kiss.

Sophie struggled in and flung her wrappings on the pantry shelf. She had learned the new stitch, and was in high spirits.

"And what new stitch has Emma learned?" asked her father.

"She has been practicing the stitches of thoughtfulness," answered her mother. "She put them in the bottom of Jamie's trousers, and it gave me just time to lie down and take a little rest, for George almost wore me out this afternoon."

"O, mamma," exclaimed Sophie, "I would have done it, if you had only asked me."

"I didn't ask Emma; she saw it for herself."

"Is George asleep?" asked her father.

"Yes; another of Emma's good deeds. We couldn't keep house without you, little girl."

Emma colored and smiled at this. Sophie thought it rather hard that no one ever praised her.

When supper was over and they had sung their evening hymn, Jamie took himself and Harry off to bed. Emma helped her mother pile the dishes together and take them in the kitchen, but Sophie snuggled herself down into an easy chair, and began to read a book. Then George woke, and while his mother was holding him, Emma went out for his bowl of bread and milk, and then brought his little gown and nightgown.

Sophie had occasion to get up presently.

"What is that in your chair?" asked her mother.

"Oh! isn't anything? Why, my school-sack; and it's in a thousand wrinkles! How did it come here?"

"You hung it on the corner of the chair, and I suppose it slipped down," said Emma.

"Oh! yes; I was going out again right away."

"Well, what did you wear?" said her mother's question.

"My shawl!"

"I wish you could see, Sophie," said her mother in a discouraged tone; "you are so very, very careless."

"Mamma, I don't mean to be," returned Sophie, penitently.

"It is almost as bad as if you really were blind, for then we should expect to wait upon you. If you are sent for anything, you can never find it, and you wish your own belongings continually."

"What a misfortune!" said her father rather mischievously. "Why, Sophie, no one would think you were nearly so blind to look at your bright eyes. I shall have to get you a pair of spectacles. Emma is the girl who can see," and her father placed his hand softly on her brown hair.

Sophie wiped away a few tears. As I said, she was sweet tempered and obliging, willing to do all that was asked of her. She would stammer over anything without ever once thinking of putting it in its place, and as her mamma said, she never could find an article, through drawers and boxes and baskets.

But the little girl who could see was a great comfort. I hardly know how the house could have gone on without her. Papa would have missed his slippers and dressing gown, the boys would not have been half so tidy, and poor mamma would often have been worn and worried to the end of her strength.

"FOR THE BOYS."—The subscriber has just received from London—100 Imperial Suits for Boys. The most, cheapest, and most becoming Dress for Boys ever offered for sale in the city. Parents are respectfully invited to call and see these Goods at the Imperial Building, 2 King Street. (July 23.) SIMON NEALIS.

Saint John Building Society
AND INVESTMENT FUND.
IN SHARES OF \$200 EACH.
Entrance Fee 50 cents, and Transfer Fee 50 cents each per Share.

Subscribed Capital, \$200,750.
And is being constantly increased.

BOARD OF MANAGEMENT:
CHARLES N. SKINNER, Esquire, President;
DAVID MILLER, Esquire, M. D., Vice President;
EDWARD ANDERSON, Esq., Treasurer;
THOS. MEADLEY, Esq., Secy.

BANKERS:
JAMES P. STEVES, Esquire, M. D.,
JAS. K. HICKMAN, Esquire, Merchant,
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, Gentleman,
JAMES CHRISTIE, Esquire, M. D.,
EVAN EVANS, Esquire, Merchant.

SOLICITOR:
JAS. G. FORBES, Esquire.

THIS Society consists of an indefinite number of Shares of the nominal value of \$200 each. In the issue of this Stock peculiar inducements are offered to capitalists and others seeking a perfectly safe and remunerative rate of interest, free from the anxiety and doubt incident to investments requiring constant watchfulness, and to enable every one who can save from his income or invest surplus money to participate in the savings which overtake ordinary charges in a common fund.

Advances are made to depositors from those who do not wish to invest periodically, for which interest is paid in January and July, at the rate of Six per cent. per Annum. Interest is made to members (only) to buy, build, or redeem property, upon the security of approved Real Estate, repayable by easy monthly instalments.

By this time, it was nearly dark. Mrs. Conover drew a long breath of relief, for her work was done. Emma ran out to play with Jamie awhile; but presently they saw papa coming up the street, so all the entered the house together. While Jamie was making himself presentable, she brushed Harry's hair, and put on a clean apron.

"What a nice, clean boy!" said his father—"Why, you look good enough to kiss."

"Emma did it," was the triumphant announcement.

"Emma! the girl for my money, isn't she?" and with that papa gave her a kiss.

Sophie struggled in and flung her wrappings on the pantry shelf. She had learned the new stitch, and was in high spirits.

"And what new stitch has Emma learned?" asked her father.

"She has been practicing the stitches of thoughtfulness," answered her mother. "She put them in the bottom of Jamie's trousers, and it gave me just time to lie down and take a little rest, for George almost wore me out this afternoon."

"O, mamma," exclaimed Sophie, "I would have done it, if you had only asked me."

"I didn't ask Emma; she saw it for herself."

"Is George asleep?" asked her father.

"Yes; another of Emma's good deeds. We couldn't keep house without you, little girl."

Emma colored and smiled at this. Sophie thought it rather hard that no one ever praised her.

When supper was over and they had sung their evening hymn, Jamie took himself and Harry off to bed. Emma helped her mother pile the dishes together and take them in the kitchen, but Sophie snuggled herself down into an easy chair, and began to read a book. Then George woke, and while his mother was holding him, Emma went out for his bowl of bread and milk, and then brought his little gown and nightgown.

Sophie had occasion to get up presently.

"What is that in your chair?" asked her mother.

"Oh! isn't anything? Why, my school-sack; and it's in a thousand wrinkles! How did it come here?"

"You hung it on the corner of the chair, and I suppose it slipped down," said Emma.

"Oh! yes; I was going out again right away."

"Well, what did you wear?" said her mother's question.

"My shawl!"

"I wish you could see, Sophie," said her mother in a discouraged tone; "you are so very, very careless."

"Mamma, I don't mean to be," returned Sophie, penitently.

"It is almost as bad as if you really were blind, for then we should expect to wait upon you. If you are sent for anything, you can never find it, and you wish your own belongings continually."

"What a misfortune!" said her father rather mischievously. "Why, Sophie, no one would think you were nearly so blind to look at your bright eyes. I shall have to get you a pair of spectacles. Emma is the girl who can see," and her father placed his hand softly on her brown hair.

Sophie wiped away a few tears. As I said, she was sweet tempered and obliging, willing to do all that was asked of her. She would stammer over anything without ever once thinking of putting it in its place, and as her mamma said, she never could find an article, through drawers and boxes and baskets.

But the little girl who could see was a great comfort. I hardly know how the house could have gone on without her. Papa would have missed his slippers and dressing gown, the boys would not have been half so tidy, and poor mamma would often have been worn and worried to the end of her strength.

People often say, "What a pretty, lively-like girl Sophie Conover is!" but at home, Emma was the favorite. I think Sophie could have cleared her vision if she had exercised a little more thought and perseverance in good resolves, for she used to make many of them. It certainly is a great misfortune to be blind; but, girls and boys, do you always make the best use of your eyes? Can you see duties and errands as easily as you can see pleasures? For that is what makes good and useful men and women—Methodist.

The Best Remedy.—Not long since a gentleman took an acquaintance upon the top of his house to show him the extent of his possessions.

Waving his hands about he said: "There, that is my estate."

Then, pointing to a great distance on one side—"Do you see that farm?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is mine."

Pointing again to the other side—"Do you see that house?"

"Yes."

"That also belongs to me."

Then said his friend: "Do you see that little village out yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, there lives a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this."

"Ay; what can she say?"

"Why, she can say, 'Christ is mine.'"

He looked confounded, and said no more.

No Use For It.—At school, little boys and girls learn lessons about how many inches make a foot; how many ounces make a pound; and how many farthings make a penny. One day, when the lesson was the table called "Ale and Beer Measure," a little boy, remarkable for the correct manner in which he usually said all his lessons, was quite unprepared.

"How is this John?" said his teacher.

"I thought it was no use," said John.

"No use!" interrupted the teacher.

"No, sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John.

"I know it," said the teacher.

"Well, sir," said the little boy, "father and I both think it is no use to learn about ale and beer, as we mean never to buy, sell, or drink it."

CASHMERE YARN—In balls—A further supply received.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
Sept. 2.
BARNES, ANDERSON & KERR would call attention to their Irish Silks in all the leading shades, and Fancy Silks, Grenadines, &c., suitable for Ball Dresses.

BALL DRESSES—Manchester, Robertson & Allison have in stock—Light Silks, Moire Antiques, and Irish Poplins; French Brocade Grenadines, White Lace Dresses, Black Brocade, White Lace, Moire Antiques and Roulons, Tartans, Laces, Trimmings, Gloves, &c.

LONDON HOUSE—Wholesale Department—1st Sept., received per Fairly selected—Dresses, Gowns, Trenches, Black Duckings, Fancy Prints, Hosiery, &c.

EX NEW ENGLAND—4 bbls. Apples 1 bbl. Corn 3 bbls. Melons; 2 bbls. Bartlett Peas; 2 bbls. Bell do.; 15 boxes Tomatoes; 10 bbs. Peaches.

GENTLEMEN'S FRENCH KID GLOVES, black and colored, just received per Steamship Tarifa, from MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

BAIRBRIDGE HOSIERY, Bleached and Unbleached, and Partial.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

CAUTION! CAUTION! CAUTION!
The Proprietor of PICKETTES' WASHING AND CLEANSING CRYSTAL, deems it his duty to caution the public against spurious imitations of his highly celebrated Washing Crystal, which he has been manufacturing for many years.

SWEDISH LERCHES—A lot of large, healthy Swedish Lerches. For sale by T. B. BARKER & SONS.

CHICKENS—Just received—1 ton Cheese from Annapropolis Valley. J. O. S. TURNER.

EXTRA WINTER STRAINED LARD OIL—In Stock—Extra Winter Lard Oil; Extra Sperm Oil. No 30 Prime Wm. street.

LIQUID ANATO—Now landing ex Amazon—1 gal. Liquid Anato. For sale by J. G. GABRIEL.

SILK STOCKINGS, &c.—50 pairs assorted sizes, just received. HANINGTON BROS.</