

Poetry.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

HYMN.

God of the morning light,
God of the evening's gleam—
God of the shadowy depth of night,
And noon tide's fervid beam.
God of the verdant spring—
The summer's glorious bloom—
The days when harvest hymns we sing,
And winter's snowy gloom.
God of the mountain fair,
And of the valleys green;
The rivulets and rivers fair,
And ocean waves unseen.
God of the angel host,
And host of the forgiven;
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Who rules in highest heaven.
Our Father, God and ours,
Whose goodness crowns our days;
These who have granted all our powers—
With all our powers we praise.
A city from thy hand,
On sure foundation rose—
Thy shining thought its mansions planned—
Its slightly station chose.
A river fair and broad,
Whereon no galleys glide—
Makes glad the city of our God,
Where holiness abides.
No sail of merchant man,
Or pennoned man-of-war,
With shining mast and corage trim,
Gleams by its winding shore.
Our little realm of earth
Thou gavest thy only Son to bleed—
To save a wretched race.
Our Father, God and ours,
Whose goodness crowns our days,
Make pure our hearts, exalt our powers,
That we may sing thy praise.

M. G. C.

The Fireside.

WHY CHARLIE SELWYN SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

BY MRS. M. PARKER WOOD.

"And so, Charlie, you ask me, do you," said Uncle Robert, pausing in his walk up and down the room, "why I am so anxious to have you sign the temperance pledge?"

"I do."

"When I have told you fifty times that I consider it a young man's only duty,"

"Yes, Uncle Robert; but what are your reasons for believing that? You never saw me in the least degree under the influence of liquor; you know that I don't particularly care for it; but it does look queer, when a young man is out with his friends, never to treat, and it also renders him very awkward and noticeable at an evening party to refuse a social glass of light wine?"

Charlie Selwyn was the only son of a deceased friend of Uncle Robert's, and Uncle Robert, a kindly bachelor, had been his guardian and almost father since the age of ten. Now he was nearing manhood, and on this eve before his twenty-first birthday Uncle Robert again approached him on the subject of temperance, anxious that he should start right in manhood's path.

"If you sign the pledge, Charlie, you are sure to be safe," said Uncle Robert, patting the young man's head as affectionately and earnestly as he would have done ten years previous.

"Yes, Uncle Robert, I grant that; but where is my manhood if I cannot depend upon it to carry me through the world's trials? Where are my principles if I cannot restrain myself when I am in danger?"

"But, Charlie, my boy, the desire is so gradual that you may not realize your danger until the habit has a strong hold upon you—until, may be, your prospects for life are blighted."

"I am never blighted by a blind, and before,"

Slowly Uncle Robert crossed the room, and, turning the key in his private secretary, also unlocked an inner drawer, from which he took out a small box, and, drawing a chair in front of the table, sat down by Charlie's side. With trembling fingers he loosed the cord that bound the box, saying: "These are sorrowful mementos," then taking from it a dagger-point, said, as he handed it to Charlie Selwyn, "It is old and faded, but tell me what characteristics you see in the face?"

"Intellect, firmness, and a noble, after a careful examination, 'Sensitiveness and pride.'"

"Yes. He was a dear college mate of mine, a young man of uncommon mental endowments. He acquired the habit, when lessons pressed too heavily, of taking a glass of champagne, 'just to liven him up,' as he said. He wrote several brilliant articles for one of our leading weekly papers, and found a glass of wine just exhilarating enough to enable him to express his ideas in glowing language. But the habit grew upon him, and before the end of our college life his customary preparation for evening study was a glass of wine, supplied by the waiter."

"The evening. He left college to take a leading place on the paper for which he had regularly contributed. His intention to discharge his duties to the best of his ability as the political campaign came on, he depended more and more upon stimulants, and, before he was aware of the fact, the habit had become so fixed that he could not break loose from it. He lost his situation, for he could no longer be depended upon. Friends greeted him coldly and reproachfully, and, in a fit of despair following a deep indulgence, suicide ended his life. Look at that forehead, Charlie; would you not say the man was a noble?"

Repeating the picture in the box, Uncle Robert brought forth a soiled slip of paper, and, unfolding it, said: "This was brought to me one evening some fifteen years ago by a shivering, tattered lad. It reads thus:

"For the sake of boyhood days, Robert Weldon, will you follow this child to the miserable hovel where lies a poor, bewitched wretch?"

"I followed the lad, and through the long hours of that wretched night I remembered him, and the sick man's bed, and he related to me his painful history. In the wretched hovel of the death-stricken man before me I never should have recognized the playmate and friend of my childhood and youth. He/Charlie, was like you—thought his principle would check him if he should ever be in any danger of excess; he thought signing the pledge was confessing his inability to resist temptation; and he lacked the moral courage to render himself noticeable by refusing the social glass. He married quite early in life, and the first winter was but a succession of gay festivities. At the wedding feast wine flowed freely, and before the winter was ended once, twice, and even thrice was

he brought to his home in a helpless condition, and yet he would not yield his manhood by signing the pledge, though his fair young wife and other friends brought him in the path of rectitude. But he did not look to mean, so friends were treated, and, alas! the appetite got the better of him. It is a long and sad tale, Charlie. Neglect, lack of food, and abuse caused the death of the child and also that of the wife, but not until after she had brought into the world two sons, one of whom was the wretched stranger that summoned me. At last death released Edward Keelam, and I opened a correspondence with the friends who had cast him off, on behalf of the two orphan boys, whose only heritage from their father was a diseased appetite and the shame that attaches to a drunkard's child. The years have passed, but already the eldest is hastening with rapid steps towards his father's doom; while the youngest, knowing total abstinence alone can save him, is making strenuous exertions to prove the seeds implanted at birth."

"This, Charlie," continued Uncle Robert, unfolding a slip of paper, from which he reverentially took a long lock of hair, "is gray now; it has been cut from the head of a woman of seventy; but she was only thirty. Ellen, my only sister's hair."

And tremulous fingers tenderly stroked the white lock, "she married at twenty a young man of fair prospects, a rising lawyer, of no bad habits. To be sure he occasionally indulged in a glass of wine, but so did nearly every one else. Ellen's husband had no inherited tendencies that way, and there were no special causes that led to his ruin. Gradually he fell—so gradually that we noticed the dejection, worn look on Ellen's face months before we knew the cause. Friends begged her to leave him, but she resolutely refused, saying that the marriage vow was 'for better or for worse.' The worst had come, but, God helping her, she should keep the wife's place by his side while life lasted. In ten years' time he died of delirium tremens, and in one short week the faithful wife who had borne so much yielded her life. One more, Charlie, and I am done."

This time Uncle Robert handed Charlie an exquisite painting on ivory—the face of a young girl, rarely beautiful in features, but with an expression of the saddest. A curl of ruddy brown hair lay beside it.

"This is the portrait of Alice Fane, at whose feet I laid my boyish heart. She was some five years my junior. I finished my college career when but twenty-one, and pleaded for an engagement; but to that her father—her mother was not living—refused to consent for at least two years. Seeing the propriety of his objections, and with all the hopefulness natural to youth, expecting that period soon to draw to a close, I spent the time travelling. When, at the expiration of the two years, I returned to my home, it was to find a sad change. It was now Alice who refused my suit. Mr. Fane had always been a moderate drinker, but some embarrassments in business, superinduced by an unfortunate speculation, occurred almost immediately after I left home, and he began to take a little more and more. He died, however, as this reverse was followed by another—until the daily potations had become so deep that he was recognized as a common drunkard; that is a hard word, Charlie. Alice's little sister, a child of only eight years, was condemned to suffer, as the price of one of his drunken orgies, from a spinal complaint, the results of which, he had inflicted. To these two Alice devoted her life, refusing my love. At my earnest request she had this picture painted. For five years long—her father lived, until he had drunk up the greater part of his large property, and had not a small sum been left the children at their mother's death, they would have been penniless. Then again I sought Alice's aid, urging her to become my wife; but, with love looking from her eyes and trembling in her voice, she refused, saying she could not properly perform the double duties of nurse and wife. Both Bessie and myself were neglected. Though her heart was linked to mine, her life she could not give. Bessie is still a patient sufferer, and Alice an unwedded nurse. If unseen coronets ever gleam on woman's brow, Alice's must be resplendent."

Uncle Robert's husky voice faltered, and he bowed his head on his hands, while great tears trickled through his interlaced fingers.

Charlie Selwyn's voice broke the silence, saying,

"Uncle Robert, give me the pledge. I will sign, and, with God's blessing, keep it."

Did you hear about the young man stealing from his master's drawer? He came from the country a promising boy. But the rest of the clerks went to the theatre and smoked, and he thought he must do so too. He began thinking he would try it once or twice. He got a-going and couldn't stop. He could not resist the temptation when he knew there was money in the drawer. He got a-going—he will stop in prison."

Some young men were some years ago, in the habit of meeting together in a room at the public house, "to enjoy themselves"—to drink and smoke. One of them, as he was going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right about face!" He dropped his cigar, went back to his room, and was never seen at the public house. Six of the young men, however, who had been with him, did not stop till they landed most of the evening in a drunkard's car. Beware, boys, of the first cigar or chew of tobacco. Be sure, before you start, that you are in the right way, for when you are going down hill, it is hard to stop!

One night a miller was awakened by his camel trying to get his nose into the tent.

"It is very cold out here," said the camel, "I only want to put my nose in."

The miller made no objections.

Soon the camel asked to have his neck in, then his feet, and, meeting with no opposition from his master, he soon had his whole body in. This was very disagreeable to the miller, who complained of the camel's conduct.

"If you don't like it you can go," answered the camel, "as for me, I have got possession and shall stay; you can't get rid of me now."

Boys, this ugly camel represents the evil habits and little sins which, if not constantly watched, creep into your lives unawares. The drain it makes, the cigar, get hold of a boy or a young man, and say to him, "You can't get rid of me!"

"I followed the lad, and through the long hours of that wretched night I remembered him, and the sick man's bed, and he related to me his painful history. In the wretched hovel of the death-stricken man before me I never should have recognized the playmate and friend of my childhood and youth. He/Charlie, was like you—thought his principle would check him if he should ever be in any danger of excess; he thought signing the pledge was confessing his inability to resist temptation; and he lacked the moral courage to render himself noticeable by refusing the social glass. He married quite early in life, and the first winter was but a succession of gay festivities. At the wedding feast wine flowed freely, and before the winter was ended once, twice, and even thrice was

Every Free Baptist Family in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia should send a copy of this paper to the ministers of their churches. Will the ministers endeavor to improve this fact on their minds?"

MODES OF SALUTATION.

In the United States, one friend meeting another asks, "How do you do?" and then passes on, without a word, to some other topic, being careful not to touch the subject of the other's health. A pump-handle shake of the hand generally precedes the inquiry.

In England, the usual mode of greeting is a hearty shake of the hand, with a "Good morning, sir; how do you do?"

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

J. A. & W. VAN WART,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Notaries, Public Conveyancers, &c.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

OFFICE—McNall's Building, Queen Street, opposite People's Bank.

Accumulated collections and loans negotiated on good security.

J. A. & W. VAN WART, A. M. W. VAN WART, A. M.

COCHRANE'S WRITING INK.

JUST RECEIVED—New Lamp, Candles, Writing Inks, in all the various shades—Red, Yellow, Green, Blue, Scarlet, Black, and Blue Black for Copying.

Also—A new lot of RED INK, for Balling, do not injure the Red Ink. For sale by

BARNES & CO., 55 Prince William Street.

PRINTING INK.

HAVING been appointed Manufacturers' Agents for the sale of PRINTING INKS of all kinds, we are enabled to sell a first class article of NEWS INKS, in Kegs of 50 lbs.

Orders from the country enclosing cash will be promptly filled.

BARNES & CO.

S. W. GRIFFIN & CO., GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

FOR THE SALE OF FRESH, SMOKED, DRY AND PICKLED FISH, FISH OILS, LUMBER, AND ALL KINDS OF EASTERN PRODUCE.

No. 176 ATLANTIC AVENUE, HEAD T. WHARF, BOSTON, MASS.

General Commission Merchants and Ship Brokers. All kinds of Merchandise bought and sold on commission.

Aug 7-ly

SUPERPHOSPHATE, FISH PUMICE, &c.

IN STORE:

25 BLS. SUPERPHOSPHATE;

50 BLS. LAND PLASTER;

75 BLS. FISH PUMICE;

Superior for Root Crops and Top Dressing. For sale by

H. D. & H. A. AUSTIN.

May 1st, 1874.—ly

CONCENTRATED ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.

THIS popular preparation possesses all the most valuable properties of Jamaica Ginger, in a highly concentrated form.

It is an Excellent Tonic, and is particularly recommended to the invalids of all climates, in the attacks of fevers and other debilitating diseases, and in those cases of "Weak Stomach" and "Indigestion" among persons advanced in years. It gives tone and strength to the Digestive Organs, and by its stimulating influence in the stomach, diffuses its warmth, thereby gradually exhibiting the whole system.

It will be found highly beneficial in cases where a general disposition to Rheumatism, or of Gout, exists, and to the sufferer from Dyspepsia.

It quickly removes Bile, Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, and Dysentery.

Dose.—From twenty drops to a teaspoonful well required. Prepared by

HANCOCK BROS., CHEMISTS, Foster's Corner, St. John, N. B.

dec 4

"BRITISH HOUSE."

Tailoring Department!

NEW GOODS—NOW OPENING.

Beavers, Flots, Cassimeres,

Broad Cloths, Coatings, etc. etc.

All the very best Goods and Newest Styles, from the first Houses in Great Britain.

MR. JENNINGS, who has charge of this Department guarantees a perfect fitting Garment in all cases.