

Counting Room Calendar for 1848.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Jan. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				
Feb. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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29	30					
March 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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29	30	31				
April 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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May 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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June 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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July 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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Aug. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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Sept. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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Oct. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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Nov. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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29	30					
Dec. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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29	30	31				

POETRY.

MY CHILD.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

I cannot make him dead,  
His fair, sunny head,  
Is ever bounding round my study chair;  
Yet, when my eyes, now dim,  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,  
And, through the open door,  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;  
I'm stepping toward the hall,  
To give my child a call,  
And then I think me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street,  
A satchelled lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and coloured hair;  
And, as he's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid in every street,  
Under the coffin lid;  
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;  
My hand that marble felt;  
O'er it in prayer I knelt;  
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!  
When passing by his bed,  
So long watched over with parental care,  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek it inquiringly,  
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool, gray break  
Of day from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air,  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To Him who gave my boy;  
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;  
Whate'er I may be saying,  
I am, in spirit, praying,  
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?  
The form I used to see  
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.  
The grave, that now doth press  
Upon that cast-off dress,  
Is but his wardrobe locked,—he is not there!

He lives!—in all the past  
He lives; nor, to the last,  
Of seeing him again will I despair;  
In dreams I see him now;  
And, on his angel brow,  
I see it written, 'Thou shalt see me there!'

Yes, we all live to God!  
FATHER, thy chastening rod  
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
That in the spirit land,  
Meeting at thy right hand,  
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

George Wilson.

A few years since, as the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary first-sight appearance, but whose fine intelligent eye fixed the gentleman's attention, as the boy inquired, 'Sir, can you tell of a man who would like a boy to work for him, and learn to

read?' 'Whose boy are you, and where do you live?' 'I have no parents,' was the reply, 'and have just run away from the work-house because they will not teach me to read.' The reverend gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates, by his faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary after a while that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighborhood. There, the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room finished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in the mathematics, in the French language, and other branches.

After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family, one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France. 'Go to France?' said his master, 'surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation—' for what? 'Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening,' continued George, 'and I will explain.' His reverend friend was invited accordingly, and at tea-time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France. 'In the time of Napoleon,' said he, 'a prize was offered by the French government, for the simplest rule for measuring plain surface of whatever outline.—The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered.' He then demonstrated his problem to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to Hon. Lewis Cass, then our Minister at the Court of France. He was introduced to Louis Phillipe, and in the presence of king, nobles, and plenipotentiaries, the American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits of the court. He received the prize, which he had clearly won, besides valuable presents from the king. He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the Court of St. James, where he took up a similar prize offered by some royal society, and returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery, by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose Ministers had witnessed his demonstrations, at St. James, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit. He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Autocrat of all the Russias.

This narrative the writer has never seen published; but the gentleman who related to him the circumstances, attributed the singular success of young Wilson, to his integrity and faithfulness.—N. E. Puritan.

Children be Prompt.

Never say, when told to do any thing, 'In a minute,' or 'By and by.' This leads to a bad habit, which, if not overcome, will prevent all confidence in you as you grow up. You will then put off duties you owe to your neighbour, in the same way, and lose his confidence. Many men, lose the respect of their neighbours, not so much because they mean to do wrong, as through mere carelessness.—By and by, and to-morrow, have ruined thousands, robbed them of their character, and made them any thing but blessings in a neighbourhood. Little confidence can be placed in their word, not because they mean to tell falsehoods, but because of their carelessness. No obligation is fulfilled when it should be. And it is sometimes so in their own affairs. They lose days and weeks because it is not attended to when it ought to be. A tool is lost because not put promptly back when done with. Fulfill every promise made promptly. Put it off not an hour.

One anecdote. A little boy borrowed a tool from a neighbour, promising to return it at night. Before evening, he was sent away on an errand, and did not return till late. Before he went he was told that his brothers should see the tool returned. After he had returned and gone to bed, he enquired and found the tool was not returned. He was much

distressed to think his promise was not fulfilled, and was finally persuaded to go to sleep, and rise early and carry it home. By day light he was up, and no where was the tool to be found. After a long and fruitless search, he set off to his neighbour's in great distress to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool at his neighbour's door. And it appeared from the prints of little bare feet in the mud, that little Henry had got up in his sleep and carried the tool home, and went to bed again, and knew it not. Surely a boy prompt in his sleep is prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbours, and many offices of trust, and died lamented. If you form a careless habit in such matters, you will carry it into religion. It will be in the concerns of the soul, 'by and by,' 'to-morrow,' 'in a short time,' &c.; and if you do not get rid of it soon, it will rob you of your character, of your soul, and heaven. To-day—now. Let this be your word. Be prompt for time and eternity.—S. Baptist.

High Living and Mean Thinking.

How much nicer people are in their persons than in their minds! How anxious are they to wear the appearance of wealth and taste in outward show, while their intellects are poverty and meanness! See one of the apes of fashion with his coxcombs and ostentation of luxury. His clothes must be made by the best tailor; his horse must be of the best blood; his wines of the best flavor; his cookery of the highest zest; but his reading is on the poorest frivolities. Of the lowest of the animal senses he is an epicure—but a pig is a clean feeder compared with his mind; and a pig would eat good and bad, sweet and foul alike, but his mind has no taste except for the most worthless garbage. The pig has no discrimination and a great appetite; the mind which we describe has not the apology of voracity; it is satisfied with but little, but that must be of the worst sort, and everything of a better quality is rejected by it with disgust. If we could see men's minds as we see their bodies, what a spectacle of nakedness, destruction, deformity, and disease they would be! What hideous dwarfs and cripples—what dirty and revolting cravings, and all these in connection with the most exquisite care and pampering of the body. It may be, if a concealed coxcomb could see his own mind, he would see a thing the meanest object the world can present. It is not with beggary in its most degraded state that it is to be compared; for the beggar has wants, is dissatisfied with his state, has wishes for enjoyments above his lot; but the pauper in intellect is content with his poverty; it is his choice to feed on carrion; he can relish nothing else; he has no desire beyond his filthy fare. Yet he piques himself that he is a superior being; he takes to himself the merit of his tailor, his wine-merchant, his coach-maker, his upholsterer, and his cook; but if the thing were turned inside out, if that concealed nasty corner, his mind, were exposed to view, how degrading would be the exhibition!—Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.

How to GET RID OF MISERY.—When you are unhappy from any cause, look around you and find some poor person to whom you may do good. There is a sweet relief in this. Every tear you wipe away from a widow's or a sick man's face, will be a drop of balm to your own wounded heart. Thus you seem to get amends of the adversary. Satan would tempt you to selfish grief and misanthropy; break forth into active well-doing, and you utterly thwart him.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.—Aye mother, well mayest thou, with that young immortal in thine arms, looking to thee for its happiness here, and, as an instrument, for happiness hereafter, trusting in thee for guidance, and forming its character from thine,—well mayest thou wear a thoughtful countenance, and look upon thy precious treasure with deep emotion. How difficult, yet how responsible thy task! And how unspeakable the consequences of success or failure in rearing and training this now tender and yielding plant! How can a mother ever forget or remember with levity, the trust she has when the Lord has said to her, take this child and bring it up for me.

The little Soldiers of the Cold Water Army yesterday received an excellent treat from a few Patrons of the Institution. Several excellent addresses were delivered on the occasion; and of the numerous muster not one appeared to be dissatisfied. The arrangements were principally under the management of Mr. D. D. Currie, to whom the little Band of Tee-totalers are under many obligations.—New Brunswick Reporter.

A CARD.

The Proprietors in introducing this establishment to the notice of the Clergy, Gentry, and the Public of Saint John and the Province of New Brunswick, feel that they have removed an inconvenience long and greatly felt in this part of America, namely, the want of a CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT sufficiently extensive to meet the varied tastes and wants of an opulent and respectable community. It has often been justly remarked that St. John, notwithstanding its increasing prosperity and advancement in almost every branch of business, was far behind other cities and towns in America, in FASHIONABLE TAILORING, and Ready Made Clothing Establishments; and that to such an extent was this deficiency felt that a great number of Gentlemen, who, although anxious to encourage trade at home, were obliged to send to the Old Country in order to get fashionable well-made clothes, which in Saint John were difficult to obtain. Under these circumstances, the Proprietors have been encouraged to commence this business, and have spared neither labour nor expense to make their establishment, in every department, commensurate with the want of the public, and worthy of their support, which shall be their constant study to merit.

The system upon which we conduct our business is exclusively, for Ready Money, being the only system upon which any establishment can offer decided advantages to the public, the truth of which is becoming more apparent every day.

See advertisement in succeeding column.

GARRETT & SKILLEN,  
November 16, 1847.

EXCELSIOR OFFICE,  
Boston, Nov. 22d, 1847.  
This is to certify that  
Messrs. BAILEY & DAY,  
St. John, N. B.,  
in the Province of New Brunswick,  
Have been appointed our Agents for the Sale of  
Official Emblems, Diplomas, Regalia, &c., &c.  
Of the Sons of Temperance,  
and that all orders through them will be duly acknowledged.

STACY, RICHARDSON, & CO.,  
Publishers Excelsior.

TO THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE Proprietors of the Albion having been duly appointed to act as Agents in this Province, for STACY, RICHARDSON & Co., wholesale dealers in all the articles appertaining to the Order, beg to state that they are in daily expectation of receiving a further large supply of OFFICIAL EMBLEMS, DIPLOMAS, TASSELS, BREAST PINS, BOOKS, &c., &c., which they will be happy to dispose of to the brethren at the lowest possible rates for Cash, a single lot.

The superior manner in which these articles are got up, and the reasonable price at which they are disposed of, must meet with general approbation. For sale only at the Albion Office, Prince William Street, over Vaughans & Lockhart's Store.

BAILEY & DAY,  
N. B.—Members of the Grand Division supplied with full Regalia.  
December 21, 1847.

GROCERIES, TRUNKS, &c.  
THE Subscriber offers for sale a general and well selected assortment of Groceries, Teas, &c. &c. which he will sell at the lowest market prices. Also, on hand—A number of superior TRUNKS of all sizes and qualities. For sale cheap.  
Jan. 4. JAMES E. McDONALD.

LATE STYLE OF PANTALOONS.  
Gaiter Bottoms made to fit the Boot without Straps. An excellent plan for those who wear Gaiters. (From Peel's Paris and London Fall and Winter Fashions.)  
CALL and see a pair just finished, of heavy double milled Oxford Doeskin. Price only 25s.  
Pantechnecca, Dec. 21.

LIST OF AGENTS.  
The following Agents are authorised to receive subscriptions for the Christian Visitor:—  
Mr. Alexander Stevenson, St. Andrews.  
Rev. Wm. Hopkins, St. David & St. Stephen.  
Rev. J. Reed, Hampton.  
Rev. J. Ring, Springfield.  
Rev. T. W. Saunders, Prince William.  
Rev. D. Crandal, Jemseg.  
Rev. J. Walker, Grand Falls.  
Rev. J. Blakeney, Bay de Chaleur.  
Rev. G. F. Miles, Grand Lake.  
Rev. W. D. Fitch, Canning.  
Rev. Wm. Harris, Nashwaak.  
Mr. Samuel Keith, Battered Ridge.  
Mrs. John Keith, New Canaan.  
Mr. Joseph Blakeney, Bend of Petitediac.  
" Michael D. Harris, Moncton.  
" J. O. Sentell, Salisbury.  
" Joseph Crandal, P. M. Bend.  
" Cyrus Black, Sackville.  
" James Ayer, Do.  
" Isaac Cleaveland, Upper Settle, Sussex.  
" Christopher Burnet, Norton.  
" J. V. Tabor, Johnston, Q. C.  
" George Parker, Johnson, Q. C.  
" Lewis McDonald, Wickham.  
" Wm. Caldwell, Jemseg.  
" A. Hamm, Grand Bay.  
" David Dow, Dumfries.  
" Mark Young, St. George.  
" Dea. Churchill, Jacksontown.  
" Mrs. John Good, Sussex, Upper Settlement.  
" Rev. J. Francis, Rev. A. McDonald, Mr. J. V. Tabor, and Richard Crabb, are General Agents for the Province.