

Poetry.

[From the New York Tribune.]

[An unknown correspondent sends us the following exquisite poem. It is shaped with as sweet, tender and delicate a beauty as the "darling blossom" it addresses.]

TRAILING ARBUTUS.*

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When earth's grief is sorest,
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds
have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood.
While the low south wind sighs, but dare not
be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of the air and dew;
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue;
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets
for you?

Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from Nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace as makes the
dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost
childhood played.

* Commonly known as the "May-Flower."

The Family.

"Mother, Please tell me a Story."

How many a mother has complied with this oft-repeated request until every page of incident in memory's annals has been thrice rehearsed to the eager listeners! And yet they ask for more.

Next to "what mother did when a child," "true stories" about others please. Where is the mother who reads this Magazine, that has not been thankful for the rich and almost exhaustless fund she has in hand, from which she may at any time draw stories "all true," and of such variety as to be adapted to almost every peculiarity of character or circumstance incident to the family circle? Do our sons love tales of heroes? Where shall they look for examples of pure heroism but on the sacred page? Where for the truly pathetic, which, while it melts the tender heart, leaves upon it an impression in favour of goodness, of stern, unflinching integrity? And when does a mother ever enter into all the details of the sacred narrative, and draw out and enforce the truth it is designed to teach, without feeling her own heart benefitted?

But there is another reason, not often mentioned, why we should early make our children familiar with the character of those ancient worthies who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises. *They are the living*—we and ours *the dying*. They now inhabit that "better country" which they sought, and which we, if indeed their followers, are now seeking as the eternal home of ourselves and children. With what glorious company of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles we hope soon to mingle, and to this honour and blessedness we would have our children aspire.—First, we would lead them to Jesus, then in the footsteps of His flock, till redeemed from earth they sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.

It was a beautiful remark made by a bereaved mother in India—the wife of a German missionary—to one of the ladies of the American mission. In one week she was called to lay in the grave *three* lovely, intelligent children, between the ages of five and ten years, I think, who had loved the Bible and loved prayer. After going through the affecting details of their sickness and death, she added, "It is a great comfort for me to

think they have not gone among strangers! for, said she "I have made them acquainted with Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Paul, and all the Scripture saints." Her mind dwelt with pleasure on the delighted hours she had spent with them in this way, and now, though gone from her embraces, she felt a sweet assurance that they were mingling with the spirits of those "just men made perfect," of whom they used to converse.

How many hours of anxious toil will parents cheerfully endure to prepare their children to occupy, for a few brief years, a respectable place in society! This is well.—But how much more earnestly should we strive to fit them for a *home* and *work* among the redeemed, which will be eternal!—Mrs. Whitelsey's Magazine for Mothers.

THE GREAT READER.

"John is getting to be a great reader, wife," said my sister's husband, as he seated himself at the tea table. "He has always loved to play so well that I feared he would never be a book worm, but I am happily disappointed. He has built him a little book case in the corner of the counting room, and there he keeps his library and spends all his leisure hours."

"What does he read, husband?" asked the wife, with evident anxiety. "You know he may be as improperly employed with a book, as at the gaming table." "I suppose it possible, my dear, but I am too busy to examine his books, besides, he's always been a steady boy, and I haven't suspected him of getting bad books."

At this moment the son appeared at the tea table.

"John," said his mother, "we shall have your company in the sitting room, I presume, this evening. Your aunt has come to visit us."

"But I have a book to finish and return to the owner."

"What is the title of the book, son?"

"Why—I—I forgot just now."

"Well, bring it in and read to us."

The colour mounted the cheek of the young man in a moment. "Dear mother and aunt, excuse me to night, and I will read to you to-morrow eve. I must read so fast in order to finish it, and I promised to return it." "But what books have you in your new library, my son?"

"Tracts, periodicals and almost every thing."

A mother's heart can find no repose when she only fears that her child is in danger.—And his mother asked me to repair to the counting-room with her after the family had all retired, to examine the library.

Late at evening we bent our steps thither, and finding the little book case locked, we soon found means to open it, and as we tumbled over a huge mass of infidel tracts, frivolous newspapers and periodicals, together with some of the most corrupting novels of the day, I involuntarily exclaimed, alas! what incalculable mischief is the press doing in our day!—What devastation and death is it spreading over our fair community! And riveting fast the chains of moral and eternal death.

This reading was almost all of it in the form of tales or stories, written not in a coarse vulgar style, but so tarnished over as to seem to give it consequence and recommend it to the taste of the young. And our child, together with six others, all under nineteen, had furnished themselves with these works, which with a few poisonous volumes loaned to them by a modern infidel, their superior in age, formed their library; the reading of which occupied their leisure hours. Amusement was their avowed object, and though their consciences were too wakeful to allow them to inform their parents of what their library consisted, they fancied their amusement innocent.

Let us all be jealous of mere amusement. He who has no higher aims is not on the road to virtue or happiness. And let parents watch over the pursuits of their children. But for female watchfulness these would in all probability have been ruined. O woman, blessed is thy watchfulness. While man is busy in the various pursuits of life, thou art the guardian angel of thy sons, and great is thy reward even in Heaven.—Cultivator.

AN ALLEGORY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-

bird, "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice. Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

MOVE ON.—If you are ever to be anything, you must make a beginning; and you must make it yourself. The world is getting too practical to help drones, and push them along, when there is a busy hive of workers, who, if anything, live too fast. You must lift up your own feet, and if you have a pair of clogs, which clatter about your heels, they will soon be worn off and left behind on the dusty pathway. Mark out the line which you prefer; let truth be the object-glass—honesty the surveying chain—and eminence the level with which you lay out your field; and thus, prepared, with prudence on one arm and perseverance on the other, you need fear no obstacle. Do not be afraid to take the first step. Boldness will beget assurance, and the first step will bring you so much nearer the second.

Immoderate pleasures shorten the existence more than any remedies can prolong it.

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

Riches take away more happiness than they bestow; but one must have a soul to feel this.

IMPORTANT ARRIVALS

AT THE

HAT AND CAP STORES

East side Market Square, and North side King Street.

C. D. EVERETT & SON

HAVE Received per Olynx from Glasgow, *Fast* and *Caros* from London, and *Speed* from Liverpool:—100 dozen HATS, consisting of Satin, Velvet, Moleskin, Silk; Felt Hats, various colors; Glazed Thrashers, &c.

Also—Cloth and Glazed CAPS, Cap Covers, Leather Hat Cases, &c.

A further supply expected in a few days. All the above goods will be sold at the lowest possible rates for "Cash on delivery." May 9.

NEW GOODS.

M. Francis & Coughlan,

No. 13, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

HAVE received per ship *Faside*, from London, their Spring Supply of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses and Children's BOOTS and SHOES, of all descriptions, qualities and sizes, which they will sell at their usual low prices.

On hand, of Domestic Manufacture, a large assortment of Ladies', Misses and Children's BOOTS; also Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes of Gutta Percha and Cork inner soles, various styles. An excellent assortment of Gentlemen's 'Ladies', and Children's INDIA RUBBERS, which will be sold at their usual low prices for cash.

Saint John, May 9th. 1851.

MUSHROOM SPAWN, for raising delicious Mushrooms—36 packages of the above valuable article, just received from England. Also, a lot of excellent Garden and Flower SEEDS, by Steamship *Europa*.

Call and get a Catalogue.

March 28. FELLOWS & CO.

READ'S HOTEL.

THE subscriber, in returning thanks to the public, for the liberal patronage received during some years past, wishes to intimate to his friends, and the public generally, that he has taken that large and commodious house in King Street, owned by Mr. Peter Reed, a few doors below the Saint John Hotel, and is now ready to receive permanent and transient BOARDERS, and trusts from long experience and strict attention to business, to merit a share of the patronage heretofore received.

Good Stabling, and an experienced Hostler always in attendance.

JOSEPH READ.

P. S.—The above establishment is conducted on strictly Temperance principles.

St. John, December 29, 1877. J. R.

WILD CHERRY SYRUP, a new article, combining the Medical Properties of the bark, with the flavour of the Fruit, rendering it one of the most healthy and pleasant beverages in use. A splendid assortment of other SYRUPS on hand, comprising 180 Gallons RASPBERRY VINEGAR; 60 do. do. SYRUP; 75 do. STRAWBERRY; LEMON, SAPARILLA, GINGER, Orgeat, Vanilla, New Tonic, and Rose Syrups in any quantity to suit purchasers. Prepared only by

FELLOWS & CO., Druggists,

Foster's Corner, St. John, N. B.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

WE have now on hand and are constantly making up, THE SPRING STYLES OF HATS AND CAPS FOR 1851, and are determined to sell them at such low prices as cannot fail to give satisfaction to any reasonable person. Every care is taken that our goods shall not only be cheap but durable, as we are anxious that our friends should continue their patronage.

We expect to receive in a few days a large supply of French Plushes and other raw materials and trimmings; parties in want of a really good and fashionable Hat or Cap will do well to call and get one of our own manufacture.

We have just received per late arrivals:—100 dozen English Hats and Caps, which we will dispose of at the lowest possible rates.

Our terms are—Cash on Delivery.
Our Stores—East side of Market Square, and North side of King street.

May 9. C. D. EVERETT & SON

Gent's Summer Fashions.

May 20th, 1851.

RECEIVED this morning another lot of PLATES, DRAFTS, MAGAZINES, &c., &c., for sale to the trade—Apply immediately.

J. GARRETT & CO.
Woollen Hall, Wiggins' new Building, Prince William Street, near the Bank.

HATS and CAPS!

Spring Style of Hats for 1851.

CROWN:—7 7-16 High, 3 16 Bell, rounded off slightly at the sides of the Tip, tapering to front and rear.

BRIM:—From 2 inches to 2 3-16 wide.

C. D. EVERETT & SON having received the Spring Patterns, are now prepared to furnish their friends and the public with fashionable HATS and CAPS, of every quality, and at the lowest possible prices, for Cash only. Our best Hats, which we will warrant equal to any manufactured on this Continent, are only 20s. each. All other qualities equally low.

Call and see us at either of our Establishments—East side of Market Square, Prince Wm. Street; or North side of King Street, at the store formerly occupied by the late H. Porter, Esq.
March 18. C. D. EVERETT & SON.

Favor's Package Express.

FAVOR'S PACKAGE EXPRESS for the United States will in future be made up every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, to go by the Steamer "Admiral." Goods purchased, Notes and Bills collected, and Money carried on reasonable terms. All business connected with this Express will receive the personal attention of Mr. Favor.
L. H. WATERHOUSE, AGENT.
June 10, 1851. South Market Wharf.

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J. GARRETT & CO.

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