

## Poetry.

## MY DEAR OLD WIFE.

Time has dimmed the lustre of her eyes that brightly shone,  
And her voice has lost the sweetness of its girlhood's silvery tone;  
But her heart is still as cheerful as in early days of life;  
And, as fondly as I prized my bride, I love my dear old wife.

When the spring of life was in its bloom, and hope gave zest to youth,  
We at the sacred altar stood, and plighted vows of truth;  
And since, though changeful years are past, with joys and sorrows rife,  
Yet never did I see a change in her, my dear old wife.

Her gentle love my cares have soothed, her smile each joy enhanced,  
And fondly, through progressive years, together we've advanced;  
Though calmly now the current flows, we've known misfortune's strife,  
Yet ever did she cheer my woes, my faithful, fond old wife.

And ever since that joyous day I kissed her as my bride,  
In joy or sorrow, calm or storm, I've found her at my side;  
And when the summer from above shall close the scene of life,  
May I be called to rest with thee, my good, my dear old wife.

## GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER.

## A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,  
And half our misery from our foibles springs—  
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease;  
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;

Oh let the ungentle spirit learn from thence,  
'A small unkindness is a great offence';  
The mild forbearance of a brother's fault,  
The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought;  
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife  
Which clouds the color of domestic life,  
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs  
From the large aggregate of little things,—  
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,

The almost sacred joys of home depend.  
There, Sensibility, thou mayest reign;  
Home is thy true, legitimate domain."

Hannah More.

## The Family.

## ENGLISH WOMEN IN THE COUNTRY.

There are other guests in the house—Sir Charles M——, Lady P., some Irish ladies without titles, (but so rich in natural gifts, as to make one feel the poverty of mere rank,) and a charming family of grown-up daughters. It would be difficult, perhaps, to have a better opportunity to judge of the life of the educated middle class of this country, than in such homes as this. And what impressions do such examples make upon your mind, you will ask? I will tell you, (not without remembering how many fair young readers you have at home.) The young English woman is less conspicuously accomplished than our young women of the same position in America.—There is, perhaps, a little less of that *je ne sais quoi*—that nameless grace which captivates at first sight—than with us, but a better and more solid education, more disciplined minds, and above all, more common sense.—In the whole art of conversation, including all the topics of the day, with so much of politics as makes a woman really a companion for an intelligent man in his serious thoughts, in history, language, and practical knowledge of the duties of social and domestic life, the English women have, I imagine, very few superiors. But what perhaps would strike one of our young women most, in English society, would be the thorough cultivation and refinement that exists here, along with the absence of all false delicacy. The fondness of English women, (even in the highest rank,) for out-of-door life, horses, dogs, fine cattle, animals of all kinds—for their grounds, and in short everything that belongs to their homes—their real, unaffected knowledge of, and pleasure in these things, and the unreserved way in which they talk about them, would startle some of my young friends at home, who are educated in

the fashionable boarding-school of Madame —, to consider all such things "vulgar" and "unlady-like." I accompanied the younger members of the family here this morning in an exploration of the mysteries of the place. No sooner did we make our appearance out of doors, than we were saluted by dogs of all degrees, and each had the honour of an interview and personal reception, which seemed to be productive of pleasure on both sides. Then some of the horses were brought out of the stable, and a parley took place between them and their fair mistresses; some favourite cows were to be petted and looked after, and their good points were descanted on with knowledge and discrimination; and there was the *basse-cour*, with its various population, all discussed and shown with such lively, unaffected interest, that I soon saw my fair companions were "born to love pigs and chickens." I have said nothing about the garden, because you know that it is especially the lady's province here. An English woman with no taste for gardening, would be as great a marvel as an angel without wings. And now, were these fresh-looking girls, who have so thoroughly entered into these rustic enjoyments, mere country lasses and dairy maids? By no means. They will converse with you in three or four languages; are thoroughly well grounded in modern literature; sketch from nature with the ease of professional artists, and will sit down to the piano forte and will give you an old ballad, or the finest German or Italian music, as your taste may dictate. And yet many of my young countrywomen of their age, whose education—wholly intended for the drawing-room—is far below what I have described, would have half-fainted with terror, and half-blushed with false delicacy, twenty times in the course of the morning, with the discussions of the farm-yard, meadow and stables, which properly belong to a wholesome country life, and are not in the slightest degree at variance with real delicacy and refinement. I very well know that there are many sensibly educated young women at home, who have the same breadth of cultivation, and the same variety of resources, that make the English women such truly agreeable companions; but alas, I also know that there are many, whose beau ideal is bounded by a circle that contains the latest fashionable dance for the feet, the latest fashionable novel for the head, and the latest fashionable fancy work for the fingers.—*Horticulturist*.

## THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

Many years ago in a farm house in Western Virginia, a young girl lay apparently dying.—The cold, clammy sweat, the fixed eye, the laborious breathing, all gave fearful indication that the hour of dissolution was fast approaching. The mother hung over her, with such feelings as none can realize, but a Christian parent, who sees her darling child about to be carried to the tomb, without a ray of hope.—Must our daughter die? said she to the father, who paced the room in anguish. "She cannot live beyond the ebbing of the tide," was the reply. "O that God would grant us one sign by which we might have hope in her death. But I fear she will never speak again." So saying he left the room.

Walking to some distance from the house, he entered a little thicket and there poured out his soul unto God. As Abraham prayed for Ishmael so did he pray for his beloved daughter.

Meanwhile the mother watched beside the bed. Once and again she wiped away the death dew, adjusted the pillows, bathed the throbbing temples, and performed all those little offices which affection dictates. After some time, having walked to the door to catch the cool evening breeze, she espied her husband crossing the yard, with an agility of motion, and animation of countenance that attracted her attention. She advanced to meet him, when he clasped her in his arms, and exclaimed, "Our child will live." Startled, she drew back and scanned his countenance narrowly. "Our child will live," he repeated. "I have asked of God that she might live, and become a follower of the blessed Saviour, and I know he has heard me." "But, my dear husband, she cannot live, she has every appearance of death." With God, my dear wife, all things are possible." Thus conversing, they entered the sick room together. There lay the unconscious sufferer. The evening breezes lifted the clustering curls from off the cold, damp forehead, the glassy eye exhibited no sign of returning consciousness, and the labored breathing still seemed to indicate that the lungs had well nigh ceased to play. But

again the father said, "I know she will live, and yet more, she will live to obtain a hope in Jesus Christ."

All night the weary watchers kept their accustomed vigil, without any apparent change. Towards morning, however, the sufferer slept, and before noon, the crisis had passed. Slowly but surely, the disease was removed, and the maiden once more walked among the living.

The prediction of the father was still further fulfilled; for not long after, she made a profession of religion, which she adorned by a godly walk and conversation until she has nearly attained the age of four-score. The difficult and self-denying duties of a preacher's wife she performed faithfully, for many years. Of these duties, the preacher's wives of the present day can scarcely form any idea. Having raised a large family of children, she was permitted to see them all professed followers of Christ. Some have joined her in the glorious abode of sainted spirits, and some are standing as watchmen on the walls of Zion; or as pillars in the church, waiting until they too shall be told that their work is done.

This narrative is attested by a living witness, an aged relative of the parties.—*Ch. Index*.

**FAMILY PRAYER.**—A person of great quality was pleased to lodge a night, in my house. I durst not invite him to my family prayer, and therefore for that time omitted it; thereby making a breach in a good custom, and giving Satan advantage to assault it. Yea, the loosening of such a link might have endangered the scattering of the chain.

Bold bashfulness, which durst offend God whilst it did fear man; Especially considering, that though my guest was never so high, yet, by the laws of hospitality, I was above him, whilst he was under my roof. Hereafter, whosoever cometh within the doors, shall be requested to come within the discipline of my house; if accepting my homely diet, he will not refuse my homely devotion; and sitting at my table will be entreated to kneel down by it.—*Fuller's Good Thoughts*.

## RELIGION IN EARLY LIFE.

No one at the close of an advanced life has ever regretted that his early years were spent in the service of God, but thousands have regretted, when upon a dying-bed, that the morning of their days was spent in rebellion against the King of kings.

"If," said John Angell James, "there be true honor in the universe, it is to be found in religion. Even the heathens are sensible of this; hence the Romans built the temples of Virtue and Honor close, together to teach that the way to honor was by virtue. Religion is the image of God in the soul of man. Can glory itself rise higher than this? What a distinction to have this lustre put upon the character in youth! It was mentioned by Paul as a singular honor to the believing Jews, that they first trusted in Christ; and in referring to Andronicus and Junia, he mentions it to their praise, that they were in Christ before him. To be a child of God, an heir of glory, a disciple of Christ, a warrior of the cross, a citizen of the new Jerusalem, from our youth up, adorns the brow with amaranthine wreaths of fame. A person converted in youth is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine through a long bright day; but a person converted late in life is like the evening star, a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing till the day is closing, and then but for a little while."

## DREAM OF A QUAKER LADY.

There is a beautiful story told of a pious Quaker lady who was much addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged herself in this habit, until it increased so much upon her that she was not only smoking her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in bed for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied upon returning, that he could not find it. "Oh," said she, "do look again; it must be there." He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying, "it is not there." "Oh," said she in agony, "it must be there; I have the assurance it is there! Do look again!"—The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, "We have found

it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke, that we could hardly see it?" The woman upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

**NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.**—I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor hit and kicked another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said, "see what comes of kicking when you hit." Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning. Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "take care, my children, remember how the fight in the barn-yard began.—Never return a hit for a kick, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."—*London Child's Companion*.

**FAMILY READING.**—Dr. Chalmers, in a letter to his sister, says, "One part of our family system we derive much pleasure and improvement from. From dinner to tea I read aloud to Mrs. Chalmers, and I never wish for a single creature to be with us whose call would interrupt this process. \* \* \* Perhaps you have anticipated me in this matter. I would recommend above all things religious lives to you. I think you will be pleased with the very progress of this operation, and long, as I do, for the coming round of this agreeable family exercise."

## White Washing.

**THE** undersigned (lately from Boston) having pursued the above named work for several years, as a business, begs to acquaint the citizens of St. John that he is prepared to attend to any commands in that line at short notice. Persons wanting his services, can leave their names and particulars of residence on a slate to be found at the shop of Mr. A. PAGE, Hair-dresser, Prince Wm. Street. April 18, 1851. JOSEPH M. MILLER.

## NEW GOODS.

## M. Francis &amp; Coughlan,

No. 13, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

**B**E leave to return their sincere thanks to their friends and the public for the very liberal patronage bestowed on them during the short time they have been in business, and hope by strict attention still to merit their future favors.

They have just received per *Lisbon* from London their Fall Supply consisting of LADIES' MISSES, and CHILDREN'S BOOTS and SHOES, of all descriptions, quality and style; also GENTLEMEN'S SPRING GAITERS of a superior quality.

On hand, of Domestic Manufacture, a large assortment of Ladies' Misses, and Children's Cloth Boots, lined with chambray and flannel, warm for the winter; 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, October 11th, 1850.

**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, SARAPARILLA, 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.

## 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. JOSEPH READ.

Good Stabling, and an experienced Hostler always in attendance.

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

St. John, December 29, 1849

J. B.