

Poetry.

ASPIRING TO HEAVEN.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Yes, let me die! Am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger here where spirits fell,
Lying the stain they cast on all of earth?
O make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell.
'Tis sweet to die! The flowers of earthly love,
(Fair, frail spring blossoms,) early droop and die;
But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits evermore to lie.
Life is a dream, a bright but fleeting dream,
I can but love; but then my soul awakes,
And from the mist of earthliness a gleam
Of heavenly light, of truth immortal, breaks.
I shrink not from the shadows sorrow flings
Across my pathway; nor from cares that rise
In every foot-print; for each shadow brings
Sunshine and rainbow as it glooms and flies.
But heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure,
There angels fold in love their snowy wings;
Their sainted lips chant in celestial measure,
And spirit fingers stray o'er heaven-wrought strings.
There loving eyes are to the portals straying;
There arms extend, a wanderer to fold:
There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying
His own in spotless robes and crowns of gold.
Then let me die. My spirit longs for heaven,
In that pure bosom evermore to rest;
But if to labour longer here be given,
"Father, thy will be done!" and I am blest.

The Family.

"GIVE WISELY."

One evening, a short time since, the curate of B, a small village in the north of France, returned much fatigued to his humble dwelling. He had been visiting a poor family who were suffering from both want and sickness; and the worthy old man, besides administering the consolations of religion, had given them a few small coins, saved by rigid self-denial from his scanty income. He walked homewards, leaning on his stick, and thinking, with sorrow, how very small were the means he possessed of doing good and relieving misery.

As he entered the door, he heard an unwonted clamor of tongues, taking the form of a by no means harmonious duet,—an unknown male voice growling forth a hoarse bass, which was completely overscreed by a remarkably high and thin treble, easily recognised by the placid curate as proceeding from the well-practised throat of his housekeeper.

"A pretty business this, Monsieur!" cried the dame, when her master appeared, as with flashing eyes, and left arm a-kimbo, she pointed with the other to a surly-looking man dressed in a blouse, who stood in the hall, holding a very small box in his hand. "This fellow," she continued, "is a messenger from the diligence, and he wants to get fifteen francs as the price of the carriage of that little box directed to you, which I'm sure, no matter what it contains, can't be worth half the money."

"Peace, Nanette," said her master; and taking the box from the man, who, at his approach, civilly doffed his hat, he examined the direction.

It was extremely heavy, and bore the stamp of San Francisco, in California, together with his own address. The curate paid the fifteen francs, which left him possessed of but a few sous, and dismissed the messenger.

He then opened the box, and displayed to the astonished eyes of Nanette an ingot of virgin gold, and a slip of paper, on which were written the following words:—

"To Monsieur the Curate of B.
A slight token of eternal gratitude, in remembrance of August 28th, 1848. CHARLES F.
Formerly Sergeant-major in the —th regiment; now a gold digger in California."

On the 28th of August, 1848, the curate was, as on the evening in question, returning from visiting his poor and sick parishioners. Not far from his cottage he saw a young soldier with a haggard countenance, and wild, bloodshot eyes, hastening towards the bank of a deep and rapid river, which ran through the fields. The venerable priest stopped him and spoke to him kindly.

At first the young man would not answer, and tried to break away from his questioner; but the curate fearing that he meditated suicide, would not be repulsed, and at length, which much difficulty, succeeded in leading

him to his house. After some time, softened by the tender kindness of his host, the soldier confessed that he had spent in gambling a sum of money which had been entrusted to him as sergeant-major of his company. This avowal was made in words broken by sobs, and the culprit repeated several times, "My poor mother! my poor mother! if she only knew —"

The curate waited until the soldier had become more calm, and then addressed him in words of reproof and counsel, such as a tender father might bestow upon an erring son. He finished by giving him a bag containing one hundred and thirty francs, the amount of the sum unlawfully dissipated.

"It is nearly all I possess in the world," said the old man, "but by the grace of God, you will change your habits, you will work diligently, and some day, my friend, you will return me this money, which indeed belongs more to the poor than to me."

It would be impossible to describe the young soldier's joy and astonishment. He pressed convulsively his benefactor's hand, and after a pause, said:

"Monsieur, in three months my military engagements will be ended. I solemnly promise that, with the assistance of God, from that time I will work diligently." So he departed, bearing with him the money and the blessing of the good man.

Much to the sorrow and indignation of Nanette, her master continued to wear through the ensuing winter, his old threadbare suit, which he had intended to replace by warm garments; and his dinner frequently consisted of bread and *soup maigre*.

"And all this," said the dame, "for the sake of a worthless stroller, whom we shall never see or hear of again!"

"Nanette" said her master, with tears in his eyes, as he showed her the massive ingot, whose value was three thousand francs, "never judge hardly of a repentant sinner. It was the weeping Magdalen who poured precious ointment on her Master's feet; it was the outlawed Samaritan leper who returned to give Him thanks. Our poor guest has nobly kept his word. Next winter my sick people will want neither food nor medicine; and you must lay in plenty of flannel and frieze for our old men and women, Nanette!"

Saved by a Word.

In the gracious revival which we attended at Hartsville, last week, there was a most interesting little girl, daughter of John Seay, and grand-daughter of S. Debow, Esq., converted and added to the church, whose salvation may, so far as the instrumental cause is regarded, be attributed mainly, to one sentence, from the pen of her dying mother. A few minutes before the mother breathed her last, she called for paper, pen and ink; and with her tremulous, dying hand, wrote the following solemn request:—

"My daughter, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

How thoughtful the departing mother!—And with what power does she yet speak! Though the daughter was, at the death of her mother, but a few days old, yet these solemn words were carefully preserved; and as soon as the child could appreciate them, were shown her, by her pious grandmother; and as might have been expected, had the desired effect on her tender heart;—her eyes ran full of tears, as her young heart ran over with filial emotion. She obeyed the instruction, written by the pale, bloodless hand of her mother;—she remembered her Creator in the days of her early youth (she is, probably, about twelve years old); and we saw her, with a countenance beaming with light and love, approach the sacred altar, in connection with nearly a score of others,—mostly young persons,—and, by receiving the ordinance of baptism, dedicate herself to God. Yes, she remembered God,—sought early, and found him,—even "in the days of her youth."

How emphatically may it be said of this sainted mother, that she, "being dead, yet speaketh." This was all she could do towards "training up her child in the way it should go." But God requires no more of us than we can do;—this done, done in good faith, and we may die satisfied, that God will be "faithful to his promises."

Oh, what a lesson to mothers! Mothers, whether you live to see your children saved or not, you may be the means of saving them. If they cannot appreciate your faltering words, you may, with your trembling pen, leave to them, in the hands of some faithful friend, a salutary word. Every mother, whether living

or dying, should think of her children; and if she can think at all, she will think of them; but every mother may not be able, in the last moments of dissolving nature, to pen her wishes, in reference to her child. Then might it not be a happy precaution in a pious mother, to place a copy of the Bible, or of some other valuable book, in the hands of each of her children, or some friend as a keepsake, with some such admonition as the one recorded above, to be read when she is gone?—*Banner of Peace.*

Young Men.

It should be the aim of young men to go into good society—we mean not the rich, nor the proud, nor the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good.—When you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to associate with them. It has broken down many a man to associate with the low and vulgar, where the ribald song was sung, and the indecent story told to excite laughter or influence the bad passions.

Lord Clarendon attributed success and happiness in life to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves. If you wish to be wise and respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, or in the ranks of profligates and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course, once secure a love for good society, and no punishment would be greater than, by accident, to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

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E. D. VERY, Chairman.
St. John, N. B., October 25th, 1850.

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.

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St. John, December 29, 1849. J. R.

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